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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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The New Committee.

It is hard to understand in just what way a committee of fifty or a committee of a thousand can do more for the city than an efficient municipal government can already do with the forces at its command. Every city administration in these democratic days is fully in touch with current needs. It is fully informed as to conditions. Every section of our population can speak for itself, and does speak for itself continuously, not to say vociferously. There are no hidden grievances awaiting their spokesmen, no hardships without their champion. Why, then, should we have a new and cumbrous organization when the great need of the day is for simplicity rather than intricacy, a minimum rather than a maximum of counsellors?

Unless human nature has greatly changed in the last few years we shall see a repetition of what we have already discouragingly seen many times before. We shall see a number of well-meaning citizens who will carefully refrain from all mention of the things that ought to be mentioned, but who will show their high qualities of mind and heart by impassioned declamations on the glories of San Francisco, past, present, and to come. They will also dine, early and often. There will be feasts of reason—and of other things, and flows of soul—and of other things. There will be such an atmosphere of good-fellowship that it would seem almost indelicate to introduce any of those topics that "are not usually talked about."

The matter will soon be put to the test. Labor-union pickets at the present time are a scourge and a disgrace to the city and their abolition by the toe of the policeman's boot would do more for the credit of San Francisco than even the hounding of a rich man or the building of a municipal railroad to the top of the ferry building. Now if the committee of a thousand will get straight down to business and handle this pest with its gloves off it will at once justify its existence. To that end we will gladly dispense with all preliminaries, banquets, bouquets, resolutions to the effect that we are the people, and the usual exercises of a like nature. The committee may in fact do this very thing, and if it shall have that much courage and public spirit it will be upborne by a wave of public approval that will insure its future. But we have our doubts.

The Indianapolis Conviction.

Nobody who followed the course of the long trial at Indianapolis has had any doubt about the guilt of the thirty-and-more leaders of union labor charged with participation one way or another in the crimes at Los Angeles and elsewhere. Evidence in varied and conclusive forms has connected each of the convicted men with acts contributing directly to tragic deeds. Yet the verdict of the jury was a surprise, for the reason that juries summoned to try causes related to union labor have commonly failed of their duty. The agents of unionism usually find ways to play upon the fears of individual jurymen and so, if not to bring about acquittal, to make the outcome a futility. A juryman convinced that if he renders a verdict of guilty he will forever thereafter be a man marked for persecutions and possibly for assassination, that his family will be pursued in secret and malevolent ways, is more than likely to lose his nerve. The unionist conspirators have understood this principle and have employed it as a resource for the ultimate protection of their criminal agents. How efficiently this policy has worked has been illustrated many times in the failure of trials involving union men in Idaho, in Colorado, here in California, and elsewhere. That at Indianapolis there were found twelve men sufficiently resolute to do their duty in the face of obvious hazards is a tribute to the moral stamina of a community perhaps more intensely American in character and sentiment than any other in the United States. There was, indeed, no doubt as to the guilt of the defendants. The only doubt was as to the courage of the jury, and this doubt has been solved in a way which revives old-time faith in the moral stability of the American character.

If there were involved with this result nothing more significant than the punishment of a scurvy gang of incendiaries and murderers the matter would be of no great importance. Only vindictive minds find satisfaction in personal vengeance. But in this case it was not so much a group of criminals as a criminal system that was on trial. The procedure, with its result, is important because it exposes and emphasizes in its essential infamy a scheme founded in pretensions of social justice and making fraudulent appeal in the name of human beneficence.

The vital fact in the Indianapolis case is its demonstration that unionism—in the form it has assumed in recent times in this country—is not what it pretends to be, a scheme for amelioration of the condition of the working man—but an outrageous conspiracy aiming at monopoly of labor for a particular class or group and ready to support this purpose by any means, however outrageous or criminal. The evidence adduced at Indianapolis leaves no room for misinterpretation, no chance for doubt. Organized labor under the Ryans, McNamaras, and the Tveitmoes is nothing more or less than a conspiracy to dominate the affairs of the country through destruction or intimidation of any force opposed to its demands, however selfish, arbitrary, and aggressive they may be. Whoever or whatever stands in the way of this tyrannous scheme is to be pushed aside by whatever method may be most effective. The Los Angeles explosion, only one of many similar instances, fairly illustrates the principle. The *Times* newspaper, under its right of free speech, stood opposed to unionism. The decree went forth that it should be destroyed. The boycott was tried and failed. Business opposition in half a dozen forms was attempted, and this likewise failed. Personal intimidation of the owners and managers of the *Times* ran up against an invincible courage and so like the previous efforts came to naught. Efforts to break down the advertising patronage of the paper were futile. Then there was resort to destruction and assassination. The office of the *Times* was blown up; twenty-one men were murdered; concurrently, attempts were made to murder the owners and managers of the property in their private homes. The dark ages supply no instance of a more calculated, a more villainous, a more remorseless purpose—a purpose carried into execution without compunction, without pity, without regard to any consideration of human feeling.

And this was not the work of a madman or a group of fanatics. It was a coldly calculated project in which the leaders of organized labor the country over had a share. The scheme was conceived at "headquarters." It was talked over in a dozen secret councils. It was made the subject of interchange of views by correspondence. It had the approval, positive or tacit, of the whole hierarchy of the labor conspiracy. Trained agents of destruction dispatched to do the job were received and aided wherever coöperation was necessary. They were helped in the purchase, concealment, and transportation of explosives. They were promoted in their unspeakable work not only from headquarters at Indianapolis, but in multitudinous ways by the managers of organized labor elsewhere—San Francisco and Los Angeles included. They were assisted to get away from the scene of the crime; and when finally they were brought to book, organized labor contributed vast sums for their "protection," and through professional agents committed still other crimes, including attempts to corrupt a court to save them from punishment.

The real value of the conviction at Indianapolis, we repeat, lies not so much in the assurance which it gives of the punishment of a group of incendiaries and murderers as in its identification of organized labor with a criminal system which has dominated the country for some six years or more. It means—if American manhood is what it has been in the past—destruction of a system which stands in deadly opposition to every principle of American life—indeed to every principle fundamental in civilization itself. And in this, as in many other things, we may note the operation of that principle under which great evils are made to contribute to their own correction. Criminal unionism has not been broken by its enemies, but by itself—it has been made the instrument of its own destruction. It has been outlawed, it has become despised of men because of its own infamies.

The court at Indianapolis has very wisely recognized the frailty of human nature in the forms and terms of the punishment it has prescribed. Full knowledge of the crimes and adequate sense of their enormity—these plainly were in the mind of Judge Anderson. But there was in an individual sense no bitterness, no spirit of personal reprisal. Detestation of criminality rather than vengeance against the criminals was manifest alike in the terms in which sentence was imposed and in the periods of punishment prescribed. And herein there was wisdom as well as mercy. However the punishment of the convicted men may be resented by their co-conspirators and supporters, there can be no just complaint on the score of vindictive feeling. The sentence of the court leaves no ground for the development of a false sympathy to be worked up later on into a foundation for a false issue. The country will applaud the terms of sentence as it has approved the conviction. The rank and file of organized labor will realize its justice. Even the inner circle of unionism. directly responsible as it is, in the immediate instance and in many another, know in their hearts that the punishment meted out is deserved.

In this connection it seems right to say over again, even for the thousandth time, that a legitimate organization of labor is not only permissible, but necessary. Labor has precisely the same rights of co-operation that capital has; and experience has demonstrated by unnumbered proofs that unorganized labor is defenseless as against organized capital. Organization of labor, we repeat, is not only legitimate, but necessary for the maintenance of the rights of labor under modern conditions. But labor gains no new rights through organization. Organization gives it no privilege of monopoly, endows it with no jurisdiction over property, gives it no mandate to enforce its judgments upon those who for any reason decline to accept its principles. The unionist, individually or in the mass, has no rights save those of suasion as against the man who is not a unionist; he has no rights which justify him in interference with any man or group which may choose to take up any work which he lays down.

A legitimate organization of labor should look to the efficiency of labor, as well as to its rights: for in the last analysis it is through efficiency that rights may most easily be secured. If the union label stood as a mark of quality rather than as a badge of tyranny, unionism would today absolutely rule the industry of America. If unionism meant a demand for justice rather than a threat of tyranny, it would command a public respect instead of public contempt. If unionism stood for justice, for law, for social order, it would find support where now it is most positively condemned. If unionism stood for individual efficiency, for economic efficiency, for social efficiency, it would be a blessing to the country instead of a curse.

No man of ordinary humanitarian sympathies wishes to see unionism of labor, regarded as a principle in the conduct of industrial affairs, destroyed. Every man of observation knows that it would be fatal to the best interests of society to leave labor unorganized and defenseless as against consolidated and organized capital. But labor organized in behalf of justice is one thing and labor organized in support of selfish and aggressive demands and seeking to enforce them by terrorism is quite another. The hope is that through this experience at Indianapolis the eyes of the rank and file of unionism may be opened—that they may see that their true interests lies in right courses rather than in the schemes of selfish aggression and of criminal activities into which they have been seduced, at least as supporters, by demoniac leaders.

The Indianapolis case is a fresh reminder of the fact that the great mass of self-respecting working men and women of this country stand outside the ranks of organized labor. The enormous force, moral and material, which they could and would bring to organized labor under other conditions is lost to it. And for what reason? Because they are unwilling to accept the theories and act under the assumptions which have dominated organized labor; because they will not surrender their independence of character by yielding unreasoning obedience to frenzied leaders; because they object to the heavy taxation which organization imposes, and for a multitude of other considerations fixed in the traditional American character. This is why it is that organized labor is so disproportionately recruited from the foreign element—why it submits to foreigners like Gompers and Tveitmoe. Now, a proper scheme of organization of labor—a scheme that would include the bulk of the labor of the country—must be in harmony with the broad basic principles of American life. It must respect individual liberty as well as class rights; and until it does this it will not win the support of Americans generally for the good reason that it will not deserve it. Just as the Gompers-Tveitmoe scheme has worked out in dishonor and contempt, so must every scheme encounter a similar fate until the lessons of reason, moderation, and justice are learned and practiced.

Now, in the State Courts.

The specific charge in the indictment under which thirty-and-more criminal labor leaders have been convicted at Indianapolis was that of transporting explosives in disregard of laws governing interstate commerce. Far more serious than this charge upon which the indictments were based was the purpose and intent of the thing done. And Judge Anderson, whose general moderation and discretion merits commendation, was fully justified in his remark to the convicted men—"Many of you have been proved to be guilty of murder."

This remark has a special and particular significance in view of the fact that two of the convicted men—Clancy and Tveitmoe—with at least one other of our local San Francisco labor leaders are very soon to be put on trial at Los Angeles for participation in the *Times* blow-up by which twenty-one men were murdered. The indictment for murder against these men will be supported by the evidence adduced at Indianapolis with other evidence more directly relating to the Los Angeles explosion. In addition to the investigations of the state prosecuting attorney which served as a basis for the Los Angeles indictment, there was a special investigation by government agents, and it is reported from Washington that the findings of this inquiry will be turned over to the Los Angeles authorities for use in the coming trials.

Now that Clancy and Tveitmoe have been convicted under one charge, and upon a mere fraction of the testimony available in relation to the new charge soon to be urged against them at Los Angeles, it is not outside the proprieties to say that the case is likely to go hard with them. Evidence connecting them with the crime, sufficient indeed for conviction, has already been presented and its validity verified by the result at Indianapolis. Practically the only question as to the result of the trial now soon to come relates to the character of the jury. Can there be brought into the jury box at Los Angeles twelve men with the courage to do what has been done by a jury at Indianapolis? A little time will answer this question.

San Francisco is not without motives of judgment respecting the men soon to be put on trial. It knows them as unscrupulous leaders in a criminal conspiracy—as men ready to do anything necessary to the advancement of the unworthy cause to which they have been attached. It knows one of them as an ex-convict for a calculated and detestable crime. Every man at once intelligent and unbiased who read the paper edited by Tveitmoe at the time and after the Los Angeles blow-up found abundant moral proof of sympathy with the criminals, with probability of responsible association with them.

Tveitmoe will find no sympathy in San Francisco, where his character is known. And the same may be said of Clancy. The two men have been congenial associates in activities which merit only public and private condemnation and which have found approval only among the most selfish and debased elements. Of course they are not without those whom they may style "friends." P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council and erstwhile mayor of San Francisco, gives them public and private support, precisely as he has given it to every unionite picket, thug, incendiary, and assassin in San Francisco this half a dozen years and more.

Mr. Roosevelt and Japan.

It is likely enough that there is a partial truth in the story that the Emperor of Japan wrote personally to Mr. Roosevelt inviting his good offices to end the Russian war. But it is most unlikely that the emperor took subsequent steps to recover possession of his letter, steps that would be alike undignified and indiscreet. But if it should actually be shown that Japanese ambassadors were instructed to demand the return of the letter it would be an extraordinary comment on the estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's character that had been formed by the Japanese government. Even the proverbial "man in the street" is supposed to hold a private letter sacred from unprovoked publication. How much more sacred would be a letter from the head of one country to the head of another, and a letter that would necessarily provoke a dangerous state of public sentiment in Japan by its disclosure of national weakness. Mr. Roosevelt's itch for notoriety has been evident enough for these many years, but we can hardly suppose that it would carry him so far as wantonly to publish a letter that would be certain to have grave effects upon public opinion in Japan. If indeed he should do such a thing it will be easy to understand that the knowledge of his character possessed by the Japanese authorities was sufficient justification for their apprehension that he might do so.

But it is quite probable that the emperor wrote to Mr. Roosevelt. Possibly the Czar did the same thing. The passage of time has now made it evident that Mr. Roosevelt's good offices in the matter amounted to little more than the loan of a council chamber for the convenience of the delegates. It was not in his power to do more than this. The delegates were seasoned statesmen, saturated with their countries' policies, past-masters in diplomacy, and needing nothing except a benevolent silence. Mr. Roosevelt's functions were confined to the formal introductions, but of course he did his conventional part so spectacularly as to persuade the Nobel peace prize arbiters to give their award to the most provocative and bellicose figure of the day. If Mr. Roosevelt in the search of further notoriety should now rake over the ashes of the past and publish a letter that ought to be buried in the secret archives of the office of the Secretary of State he will commit an act without a parallel in history.

The State Legislature.

The California state legislature, which meets this coming week at Sacramento, appears on the face of the record to be Republican, just as our state administration by the same token appears to be Republican. A majority of its members sought nomination as Republicans and were elected as Republicans. But under the same species of dishonesty illustrated in the late presidential campaign in California they now proclaim themselves Progressives and are seeking to break down the party by whose favor they were elected. No one of them all has had the manhood to resign his office in view of his changed political affiliations. The spectacle, judged by the ordinary standards, is an anomalous and a shameful one.

The first thing that this precious collection of fraudulent Republicans will be required to do—we use the word required in its most offensive significance—will be to so modify a law of its own creation as to enable them to establish their new party as a "regular" political group. This they might have done in a legitimate way prior to the presidential election; but, choosing to proceed by fraudulent rather than by honest means, they posed officially as Republicans after they had really ceased to be Republicans, and so missed the chance to give their movement a legitimate legal status. To save themselves against the results of this shabby crime—for crime it was—they must now back-track by means of modification of a law of their own creation. A humiliating business it would be truly to men of decent sensibilities; but the shame of it, even the humor of it, will probably be lost upon men whose political and moral sensibilities have been vitiated by such practices as we have seen in state affairs during the past two years.

It is understood, although not definitely declared, that this legislature, realizing that the vogue and authority of the Progressive party in California is only temporary and brief, will "go the whole hog" of reform in the coming weeks. The programme includes a series of proposals conceived in the spirit of resentment and hatred against everybody and everything not affiliated with the Progressive movement. The kind of vindictiveness illustrated in Governor Johnson's frenzied utterances and in the still more frenzied outgivings of Mr. Eshelman will seek to write its theories and standards upon the statute book. And there is no reason why it should not do it. The Progressive majority is in full control of the legislative body and is itself a mere puppet under the hand of Governor Johnson. Whatever Governor Johnson shall wish done will be done, no matter how biased, how extravagant, how rankly in violation of every principle of moderation and equity.

Perhaps it is just as well; for since the state is getting an object lesson in political madness it may as well get a good one. The lesson involved is one needed to be learned, and while we are about it we may as well learn it good and plenty. It will make some difficulty, perhaps some serious trouble, but time will correct whatever wrong may be done. And the more wrong done, the more positive and certain the return to common sense and political legitimacy.

It is a curious principle in political and social organization that the doers of mischief are usually made to serve, through their extravagances and follies, as their own political executioners. Almost invariably power ruthlessly assumed and vindictively exercised runs so wild a course as to disgust reasonable men, and so in the end to bring about changes destructive of the mischief wrought. So it will be in California. Let us hope that public resentment against the abuses of the Johnson régime will not likewise proceed so blindly and madly as to serve some new scheme of personal and arbitrary government.

California has had in its state history a good many régimes, but since the earlier days of the state no one of them founded and carried out in harmony with the ideals of representative government. The state ought to have—we came near saying it deserved to have—something better than it has had this forty years and more; and it is to be hoped that when Johnsonism shall have destroyed itself the pendulum will not swing so far the other way as to give new motives of grief to those who would like to see a system founded upon right principles and conceding nothing to passion on the one hand, or to interest on the other.

The Parcel Post.

In spite of radical assurances that a parcel post could never be established in face of the "vested interests" supposed to be ranged against it the parcel post is today an accomplished fact. And it becomes an accomplished fact through an administration denounced from one end of the country to the other as reactionary.

We have yet to see the measure of success that awaits the new departure, and success need by no means be considered as foreordained, even with the best will and the best skill that the country can command. That a parcel post is successful in England and in other European countries is no guaranty that it is equally suited to America. England, for example, is a country of small distances, with a population so densely packed as to be almost continuous, and with a mechanism of postal transportation that has been slowly developed to the utmost intricacy and efficiency. Conditions are indeed so different that we can learn little or nothing from European experience.

The theory that government must necessarily do well what private enterprise must necessarily do badly is one of the popular superstitions of the moment against which only time can argue successfully. A government activity is supposed to be under popular control and this, of course, is the initial fallacy upon which many other fallacies are built. The postoffice, for example, is a government department, but when Mr. Wanamaker offered to take over all postal activities and to do them better and cheaper there was a very general opinion that he could have "made good" if the chance had been given him. Those who have noted the recent tyrannies, vagaries, and irresponsibilities of the postoffice will hardly feel inclined to congratulate themselves on a "popular control" that may exist in theory but that certainly does not exist in fact. The public does not control the postoffice, but the postoffice does very decidedly control the public, and in the parcel post we may yet find that we have still another creation of official incapacity.

The Police "Scandal."

Public hypocrisy—for no lesser word can be chosen—is nowhere better displayed than in the assumed amazement with which we greet the statement of some fact already so generally known as to be a commonplace. Captain Mooney's complaint that the police are so far subject to "outside influences" that they are unable to do their duty is a case in point. Now there is not a man, woman, or child in the city who does not know this to be true. It is so obviously and patently true as to be taken for granted, as to be hardly in the category of disputable or even of conversational topics. It is true of San Francisco and it is true of every great city in the country and perhaps in the world. But Captain Mooney's statement is received with a simulated gasp of amazement, as though a reflection upon the capacity or character of the police were incredible and unprecedented, as though the immaculate purity of the police were among the unassailable facts of life. A pose such as this deceives no one. It is merely stupid.

There is nothing mysterious about these "outside influences," nor is it only the police that they terrorize. They are equally aggressive against every department of city government from the mayor downward. A few weeks ago a reputable citizen was arrested for the heinous offense of objecting to a labor-union picket outside his restaurant and for saying so in his own window. In other words, he was arrested by order of the labor unions. There were no shoddy denunciations of "outside influences" upon that occasion. Indeed the newspapers took very good care not to refer to the matter at all lest they, too, fall under the same ban. We were not told anything about a "startling and intolerable condition," nor that the matter must be "sifted to the bottom." At the present moment the streets of the city are infested with scarecrow pickets, all of whom are breaking the law, and all of whom are permitted to break the law by order of these same "ontside influences" that Captain Mooney has been telling us about. Why, then, should we raise our hands in hypocritical horror at the vague and unspecified statements of a police officer while we remain wholly indifferent to the facts themselves that are before our eyes on every city block? And if we are in doubt as to the reality of the control exercised by these "outside influences" we can easily put the matter to the test. Let any one not a member of a labor union walk up and down before the door of any doctor, lawyer, or clergyman against whom he has a supposed grievance and shout "unfair, unfair," and see how long it will be before he is arrested.

To diagnose the disease is easy enough, but to cure it is quite another matter. Only a subhuman gullibility will believe that anything can be done by a nine-day outcry or by inquiries and investigations. Every police force is representative of the community in which it exists. Every social evil is sustained by the public equanimity that tolerates it. Bismarck said once that every nation had as good a government as it deserved. It might be said with equal truth that every community has as good a police force as it merits. If there are evils in the police they are the symptom of a disease that must be sought elsewhere.

Mexico and an Ultimatum.

We are so used to lying stories from and about Mexico that the latest report of an ultimatum sent by President Taft to President Madero may well be taken with the customary grain of salt. The President's character is not of the kind that associates itself readily with ultimatums or heroics, and there are now special reasons why he should hesitate to take a new and radical departure. The man who is so punctilious of the proprieties—we might say the courtesies—of official life as to leave to his successor the filling of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's place in London is not likely to commit the country to a grave policy of military intervention in Mexico just as he is upon the point of laying down the responsibilities for that policy. And a policy of intervention would indeed be of the gravest kind. Mexico is peculiarly adapted to guerrilla warfare and her people may be said to know of no other kind. The value of military skill, of weighty armaments, and of personal courage would alike be discounted against an enemy with mosquito tactics, innocent of discipline, unimpeded by commissariat and baggage, and able to disperse and disappear with baffling rapidity. It is only fire-eaters and the ignorant who talk lightly of war with Mexico.

But to deny its possibility would be as foolish as to invite it. Putting sensationalism and alarmism upon one side, it is clear enough that Mexican affairs are going from bad to worse. Madero can not suppress the hordes of mongrel desperadoes whose patriotism is merely a disguise for ruthless pillage and for worse. The extent to which Americans and American interests have already suffered is still uncertain, but the injury must be considerable. The brigand half-breeds that make up the rebel forces have no respect for flags or nationalities, and it is clear enough that things have happened and are likely to happen that it is not pleasant to think of. America can not tolerate a perpetual Donnybrook Fair on her frontiers, nor can she tolerate the evils associated with the ordinary Latin-American government. There must be peace in Mexico, and if Madero can not secure it, then it must be secured in some other way.

There is another consideration that can not be overlooked. Americans are not the only foreigners whose lives and interests are at stake in Mexico. Germany, France, and England have rights in that country, and presently they will be justified in asking us what we propose to do in the matter. If Mexico were anywhere else but on the American continent the European powers whose interests are threatened would know exactly how to protect themselves, but in this case the Monroe Doctrine is a vital factor in the situation. And the Monroe Doctrine implies obligations as well as privileges. If we take the position that no European power must right its own wrongs on this continent we thereby enter into a tacit undertaking that there shall be no wrongs to be righted, or that if there are wrongs we will right them ourselves. Germany or Great Britain have just as good a right to protect their own large interests as we have to protect ours, and if either country should make representations to Washington it would place the administration in a position of some delicacy. The matter is therefore not wholly one for our own determination. It does not depend wholly upon our own power to be patient. That Mr. Taft has sent an ultimatum is highly unlikely, but it would be rash to predict that no ultimatum will be sent by the coming administration. Indeed it is certain that pressure upon Mexico must steadily increase, whether by ultimatum or otherwise, until such time as peace, order, and security shall be assured.

Editorial Notes.

The suggestion that every sympathizer with Ruef shall wear a button testifying to that fact deserves some record even at a time when silliness is the most potent of all passports to publicity. The cause of the martyr must, it seems, be kept before the public, and what could be more impressive than the spectacle of thousands of citizens proudly displaying the badge of a convict who, fortunately for himself, was convicted before the white slave law became a reality? But perhaps the suggested button would not help us very materially. Even without its aid there is no difficulty in recognizing the adherents of Mr. Ruef. A net thrown over the Barbary Coast at midnight would catch most of them, and the others can easily be identified by their expression of mental vacuity tempered by viciousness.

The promise confidently made that "there will be no friction" among the Democrats with respect to a comprehensive revision of the tariff schedules betrays a child-like trust, truly beautiful if not truly wise. Already the agricultural interests are asking to be "let alone." Likewise the manufacturing interests of the South, of Indiana and of other states affiliated with the now dominant party. Fruit interests of Florida and Georgia are likewise asking to be "let alone." And so along a long line of interests in districts represented in Congress by Democrats—by Democrats committed to the policy of protection to their special interests. Is there anybody so guileless as not to know that these protestants will make themselves heard at first singly and ultimately in chorus when the work of tariff revision shall get well to going? The theory that the tariff may be modified to meet the pledge of the Democratic platform "without friction" is all very fine—in theory—but it won't work in practice. The late H. W. Scott of the Portland *Oregonian* used to say: "Yes, the tariff will have to be radically reformed. The public will demand it and the thing will be done. But the party which does it, no matter by what process or under what inspirations, will get itself terribly smashed for its pains."

Young Mr. Glavis, with a detail quite unnecessary and futile, gives his reason for retiring from the perfunctory job provided for him at Sacramento in payment for his services as a pestiferous gadfly in the unholy business of be-deviling ex-Secretary Ballinger. In truth the gentleman doth explain too much; for in the very fulsomeness of his reasons there is betrayed the fact that he had to get out. He is by nature a cantankerous, troublesome little creature, swollen with vanity, tortured by a consuming self-conceit, a bother and a nuisance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Compliments of the Season.

SMITH, EMERY & COMPANY.
ENGINEERS—CHEMISTS.
San Francisco. Los Angeles. Portland.

San Francisco, December 27, 1912.

Editor Argonaut: For the past twelve months your journal has come regularly to our "business fireside." You have given us the best that was in you and we have profited.

We are hurried folks and of few words, and our business friends may not always know of the high esteem in which we hold their helpful labors.

Therefore, as the after glow of the old year fades into the dawn of the new, we thank you for what you have done.

In all sincerity we wish you a new era of personal happiness and business prosperity.

Greetings! Smith, Emery & Co.

Wednesday, December 18, was "sweet potato day" on six of the principal Southern railways, which undertook to serve sweet potatoes free on all dining-cars, the chefs making special efforts to show in how many delicious ways the favorite vegetable could be cooked.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It seems that the celebration of the hundred years of peace between the United States and England is to include the erection of a statue of George Washington in Westminster Abbey. It would be a fitting conclusion to an epoch of better understanding that began with the publication of Trevelyan's history. The world is now wise enough to recognize that there are only two main divisions of humanity—the friends of liberty and its enemies. Washington fought for liberty just as Oliver Cromwell fought for it and just as Joan of Arc fought for it. There is a statue of Cromwell in Parliament Yard itself, and almost in sight of the spot where he ejected the House of Commons at the point of the pike. English liberties owe much to Cromwell, the greatest Englishman that ever lived, but perhaps they owe even more to Washington. If liberty rather than nationality be the inspiration of homage, by all means let there be a statue of Washington in the Abbey.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has secured permission to publish in the New York *Evening Post* a letter from Ng Poon Chew, leader of the Chinese reform party in California, which effectually settles the question of the military status of Homer Lea. The writer states definitely that Lea was never a general in the reform army and that there was no such army. He never commanded a Chinese regiment and he never saw a Chinese soldier in China. All his titles were created by himself. He had a scheme long before he associated himself with the Chinese reform leaders, and that was to get himself into public print and public notice in order to develop a field for the sale of his books. Although it was of importance that his visit to China as revolutionary military adviser should be kept a secret he himself sent a notification of the fact to the San Francisco newspapers in furtherance of his personal wish for publicity. As a result he was of no value to the movement and even had to go into hiding in the Portuguese colony of Macao. The Chinese revolutionists in China, says Ng Poon Chew, have never heard of Homer Lea, who "was a schemer pure and simple." So much for the legend of Homer Lea, whose military writings have just about the same value as his military achievements—that is to say, none at all.

The English newspapers report a coroner's inquest on the body of a "little girl scout" who was apparently lured into an empty house and murdered. With the murder we need not concern ourselves, but this is the first intimation we have had of the existence of little girl scouts, this particular scout being twelve years old. So the war fever is now being industriously communicated to girls as well as boys. But how about the babies? Can no place be found for them? It seems a pity that any human being should be left outside the charmed circle of warriors.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is said to be much interested in prison reform, has written to an American friend to express his horror at certain revelations that have recently been made as to the prisons in California, and especially San Quentin. He says: "I have read of nothing in the Middle Ages more terrible than the use of torture in that prison. That it could go on in a progressive state like California is to be perfectly amazing." For which many thanks. There will be no disposition to defend cruelty anywhere, and it is to be feared that cruelty can be found everywhere. But since one good turn deserves another we should like respectfully to ask Sir Arthur Conan Doyle if he ever read a poem called "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

If any one wants a plot for a story that the critics will pronounce impossible it can be obtained from the following story: A London linen draper, during his recent examination in bankruptcy, was asked to account for a sum of $3000 obtained from the sale of a previous business. He explained that he and five friends had traveled to Tripoli in order to fight for the Turks against the Italians. The $3000 had been spent in the cost of the journey and in the purchase of ammunition which they had presented to their Turkish friends. That their expedition was a serious one was proved by the fact that one of the party had been killed and two wounded, while the bankrupt himself had been forced to come home on account of illness. And this was a linen draper. How easy to understand his revolt against the effeminate monotony of his life, the delight with which he must have exchanged the yardstick for the rifle, the counter for the trenches. And what memories will be his as long as he lives. However many years he may yet spend among underclothing and tapes, nothing can ever rob him of the knowledge that he was once a man and did things.

Dr. C. V. Piper, commissioner of education at Manila, has just arrived in Washington with the surprising news that only about five per cent of the Filipinos desire independence. Now it might be argued plausibly that the Filipinos ought not to have independence even though they all desired it. Because we have made it a domestic rule that children ought instantly to be given whatever they cry for is no reason for an extension of the rule to infant nationalities. But that is not the question. The question is, Why did the Filipinos elect Manuel Quezon to the United States Congress, seeing that Quezon is an avowed advocate of independence? Were the other 95 per cent of the Filipinos terrorized, coerced, or bribed? Or were they disfranchised? Dr. Piper has now an opportunity to explain his arithmetic.

War scares evidently play a large part in human migrations. It is equally evident that there are a good many Germans who have no immediate ambition to die for the Fatherland in a struggle against perfidious Albion. Emigration from the ports of Bremen, Hamburg, and Antwerp increased over 50 per cent during the month of November, and while all these additional emigrants were not Germans, the authorities believe they were all actuated by a desire to escape a war that, if it should come, is likely enough to be general.

England has discovered a new poet in the person of T. W. H. Crosland, whose poems are said by an enthusiastic reviewer to be "things of exquisite loveliness." Unfortunately we are not allowed to judge for ourselves as to the loveliness, although we are favored with a couple of stanzas called "Votes for Women," in which the author compares the women of history and romance with their modern sisters whose political ambitions have led them into such fantastic acts. The stanzas are as follows:

> Mark how their shining effigies are set
> For ever on the firmament of Time,
> Like lovely words caught in a lovely rhyme,
> Or silver stars kept in a faery net.
> Ivory and marble hold them for us yet,
> And all our blossomy memories of them chime
> With all the honest graces of the prime—
> Helen, and Ruth, Elaine, and Juliet.
>
> And You, in this disconsolate London square,
> Flaunting an ill-considered purple hat
> And mud-stained, rumpled, bargain-counter coat,
> You of the broken tooth and buttered hair,
> And idiot eye and cheeks that bulge with fat,
> Sprawl on the flagstones chalking for a vote!

Perhaps we shall have to wait a long time before either fiction or the drama presents us with the figure of a suffragette that is not either pathetic or absurd. A good many suffragette novels have been written, but so far we have not been given a single figure that could live in an admiring memory for more than ten minutes. It may come, but the prospect is not encouraging.

When the Canadian Parliament voted the new warships as a contribution to the imperial navy we are told that members and spectators joined in singing "Rule Britannia" and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had to wait for some time before he could continue his speech. The incident was a creditable one, not so much because of its patriotic display as from the fact that so many loyal subjects were acquainted with the words of that spirited song. Most people know the chorus, but how many are there, even in England, who can repeat the verses?

We are still barbarians when it comes to our funerals, and the more important the funeral the greater the barbarism. The late Dowager Duchess Elizabeth of Genoa, mother of Queen Margherita of Italy, was buried with enormously valuable jewelry upon her body, which for the sake of security was enclosed in three coffins and protected by a mass of brick work and iron bars. But in spite of all these precautions the tomb and the coffins have been forced open and the jewels stolen. It is hard to understand the psychology of thus decorating a corpse with costly jewels. It is still harder to understand the extraordinary efforts to prevent the natural and proper processes of decay. To say that they are pagan is hardly fair, since pagans do not do these things. There is certainly something incongruous in a funeral service which speaks piously of "dust to dust" while every resource known to science has been adopted to prevent that desirable consummation. And so far as the theft is concerned we can hardly suppose that even burglars could put the jewelry to a worse use than thus hideously to decorate a corpse.

The reported discovery of a platinum deposit in Lassen County, California, reminds us that we have lately been threatened with a platinum famine. Not that the average man would be actually conscious of the fact if the platinum supply were to be quite exhausted. But scientists would notice it because many of their finer instruments are made of platinum. Jewelers would notice it because platinum is used in the setting of precious stones, and photographers would notice it because chloride of platinum is used in the production of some of the finer photographic "tones." The present price of platinum is $47 an ounce, considerably more than gold, so that the Lassen County discovery, which is said to run from three to seven ounces to the ton, is an important one.

General Louis Botha, who has just resigned from the premiership of the South African Union, has had a career almost unexampled in history. Eight years before he became premier he was in supreme command of the Boer forces fighting against the British army. He never approved of the war, but after it was once begun against his advice he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle. And eight years after his surrender he became premier of the country he had so finely defended and one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in the imperial conferences in London. General Louis Botha is now regarded as one of the military giants of the empire, and if England should ever have to fight for her possessions in South Africa there is little doubt that the supreme military command would be in his hands. And he would give a good account of himself if he fought against England's enemies with half the energy and ability that he displayed against England herself.

Lillian Nichia, writing in *Harper's*, says that Rubinstein and Tolstoy quarreled seriously and almost violently over the latter's "Kruetzer Sonata." Rubinstein told Tolstoy that he had altogether missed the meaning of Beethoven's music, and Tolstoy replied, "No matter, one piece of music or another, I have written a romance." There were heated words and as Tolstoy left the room Rubinstein shook his fist at the door and said vindictively: "I never knew a novelist yet who could write anything but trash about music." And perhaps Rubinstein was right. Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In round numbers there are 1,015,000 persons employed in coal mines in the United Kingdom. During the year 1911 they extracted coal equal to a tunnel five feet high and five feet wide and 93,000 miles long.

OLD FAVORITES.

Olivia.

What are the long waves singing so mournfully evermore?
What are they singing so mournfully as they weep on the sandy shore?
"Olivia, oh, Olivia!"—what else can it seem to be?
"Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else can the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return, she can not return, to thee!"

And strange it is when the low winds sigh, and strange when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepiest streamlet's flow,
Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the same sad moan,—
"She sleeps: let her sleep: wake her not. It were best she should rest, and alone."
Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea,
For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who can not return to me.

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea, or the trees,—that strain;
I fear 'tis a wrung heart aching, and the throb of a tortured brain;
And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll,—
I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul,—
Are only the passionless echo of the voice that is ever with me:
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

I stand in the dim gray morning, where once I stood, to mark,
Gliding away along the bay, like a bird, her white-winged bark;
And when through the Golden Gate the sunset radiance rolled,
And the tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold,
I said: "To thine arms I give her, O kind and shining sea!
And in one long moon from this June eve you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands came back, and it sang with a sigh,—
"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has hidden from you and the sky."
And where, amid rocks and green seaweed, the storm and the tide were at war,
The nightly sought waste was still vacant when I looked to the cloud and the star;
And soon the sad wind and dark ocean unceasingly sang unto me,
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven,
For the growing morn and the low west moon on everything shine even;
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem,
And Nature, in light sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn, and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free!
Oh, come from the caves of the ocean! Olivia, return unto me!

What thrills me? What comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind, or a whisper? a touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from my slumber my broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dearest, or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean: "Bow down to the solemn decree,—
The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

And still are the long waves singing so mournfully evermore;
Still they are singing so mournfully as they weep on the sandy shore,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia!" so ever 'tis doomed to be,—
"Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else could the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return,—she can not return to thee!"

—*Edward Pollock.*

To the Southern critic there are fine degrees of racial distinction. From "The Negro Year Book" it is learned that in Virginia one is a negro who possesses one-sixteenth of negro blood. That seems a fine drawing of the line, but the constitution of Oklahoma goes further. It says: "Whenever in this constitution, or in the laws of this state, the word or words 'colored race' or 'negro' or 'negro race' are used, the same shall be construed to mean or to apply to all persons of African descent. The term 'white' shall include all other persons." The statutes of Southern states variously define a negro. In Alabama negro blood anywhere in the ancestry for five generations makes one of the race; in Florida, Georgia, Missouri, and South Carolina one-eighth of negro blood causes classification with the African race.

Iconium, or Konia, as it is better known today, in Asia Minor, 300 miles east of Smyrna, held by some archæologists to be the oldest city in the world, derived its name from the elkones, or images of mud, which, according to the ancient legend of the place, were made by Prometheus and Athena at the command of Jupiter, who, after the great flood, caused the winds to blow upon the elkones and they became living men and women. Thus, according to this tradition, Iconium was the first place settled after the flood.

One of the most remarkable documents ever published by the government is the "Check List," just issued in Washington. It records every publication of the government from its foundation down to and including 1909. It contains more than 1500 pages, and approximately fifteen years were required in its preparation.

When sugar first was made from beets it took about twenty tons of beets to produce one ton of sugar; now it requires but six tons, due to scientific breeding of the beets.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN NEW YORK.

For the First Time an Open-Air Event, with Chimes, Music, and a Big Blazing Christmas Tree.

Undoubtedly the suggestion of such an innovation came across the continent, from San Francisco, but without the faintest recognition of that fact New York has arranged for out-door municipal festivities on Christmas eve. In Madison Square a big Christmas tree has been set and trimmed with electric lights, and this evening it will glow and gleam for all comers. Meantime singers and band men will make music for the throng. This is the first time such a thing was ever attempted on Manhattan Island, or even thought of. The singing of Mme. Tetrazzini in your city on Christmas eve two years ago has evidently established a custom that in time will reach around the world. It is a good thing, and though weather conditions here will not be so favorable as on the Pacific Coast, the open-air observance should be a joyful event.

I admit that my knowledge of the arrangements has been gained altogether from the daily papers. Quite a number of really important celebrations might take place simultaneously here in this town and many of us remain in total ignorance of their presence in our midst, at least until we had read our morning *Sun* or *Herald.* Let me give you the poetical description of the Madison Square occasion, as anticipated by one of those bright young men who go here and there looking for things to write about. It is much better than anything I could do on such a topic, though I am completely saturated with the merry and benevolent spirit of the season. The quotation is from the *Sun:*

"At ten minutes to 5 this afternoon everybody within sound of the bells on the Metropolitan tower will know that our town's Christmas eve has begun. At exactly 4:50 the chimes high up in the big white tower will begin to ring, and for ten minutes they will send their message out across the housetops to the sons and daughters of old Father Knickerbocker. At 5 o'clock the bells of the city churches will take up the refrain and all the brazen tongues of all the spires will peal out a joyous call. For twenty-five minutes the bells will have the freedom of the city air. Then for five minutes all the tumult will be hushed while this busy, gay, somewhat wicked city waits for its first real Christmas party to begin at the foot of the family Christmas tree in Madison Square. At 5:30, on the big band stand, which will be a small forest with its 250 evergreen trees, trumpeters facing east, west, north, and south, will sound the fanfare from 'Parsifal,' beginning softly and gradually swelling in a crescendo of sound. With the first note of the music lights will begin to glow in the great tree. They are not to be turned on in a sudden blaze; but as the fanfare grows so will the light, until both reach their climax. After that will come the programme."

Now for some of the more prosaic particulars. The big fir-tree was presented by the Adirondack Club, and will stand in its new position in Madison Square until after the holidays. It is sixty feet high, its lower branches cover a sweep of twenty feet, and at the present moment it is well sprinkled with natural snow. The Edison company donated the incandescent bulbs, and they will be illuminated every night until the new year is fairly begun. The programme tonight will consist of glees, choruses, and solos, by a host of chosen vocalists, and after the singing is over the band will play numerous appropriate compositions, national airs and hymn tunes. What is usually the loneliest spot in a New York winter night will be surrounded on this occasion by a crowd as big and as patient as the time and the temperature—two conflicting influences—will permit.

This demonstration is but one of the evidences of general prosperity and happiness. Never was the giving and able-to-give part of the population in a more generous mood. There are innumerable evidences of unselfish interest and kindliness on a large scale. At Ellis Island the immigrants were treated today to views of well-laden Christmas trees which held gifts for all, big and little—candy and toys for the children, combs and brushes for the women, and pipes for the men. The Red Stocking Christmas Committee is a new organization for systematic pleasure-giving, and its work is deserving of more than a line. From its headquarters in Brooklyn charitably disposed persons may obtain on application big red cambric bags in stocking form, attached to each of which is the authentic name and address of some child or needy adult who will be cheered by the gift of clothing and other necessities, and receive an added thrill of joy if something superfluous and luxurious in the form of fruit or confectionery is also included. Hundreds have made use of this new and efficient means for well directed dispensations. At the postoffice there is the usual flood of mail applications to Santa Claus for remembrance. These are sifted by the clerks, to exclude the manifest frauds, and the remainder given to proxies of the good saint, who will give prompt attention to the requests. All in all, the season was never more generally Dickensonian in beneficence.

On the side of worldly distraction and amusement the city is exceedingly well provisioned—never so lavishly. The columns of the press display the advertisements of sixty theatres, concert halls, and panoramas. These are all of the sort whose patronage may be influenced by announcements to the reading public, and there are, of course, in addition, hundreds of lesser places, moving-picture rooms, and the like, that as certainly offer attractions to a public not so critical or extravagant but even more keen for holiday indulgence. Two appearances of the week are most appropriate to the time. Maude Adams is once more the boy who never grew up, in "Peter Pan," and her inimitable appeal for a real belief in fairies wins the never-failing and emphatic affirmation. At the Casino Harry Lauder is to be seen once more, and the Scots comedian and singer was never more assured and certain in his art. He has not appealed in vain for a welcome on any of his visits, and he never will, so long as he retains his remarkable gifts.

This letter will come to San Francisco readers of the *Argonaut* when the Christmas of 1912 is only a memory, but it will not be out of tune with the New Year festivities. Twelve years ago I was among the crowd of merrymakers on Market Street, and that night left an impression on my mind that the dozen holiday seasons succeeding have not effaced. And little old New York has seemingly been infected with the same gay, reckless, holiday enthusiasm since that time. Each year it increases in volume and speed. It will reach the legal limit this year I have no doubt.

New York, December 24, 1912. Flaneur.

◆

A case is on record in England of a professional somnolist, who, by his annual performance, it is asserted, gained "enough to keep himself for a twelvemonth." The *Daily Courant* of August 9, 1711, contained the following advertisement of the performance: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." Some further particulars of the sleeper are to be found in the *Spectator* for October 1st of that year. It appears that Hart was every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which began on August 5 and ended on the 11th. Its various stages are thus described: "On the 1st of that month he grew dull; on the 2d, appeared drowsy; on the 3d, fell a-yawning; on the 4th, began to nod; on the 5th, dropped asleep; on the 6th, was heard to snore; on the 7th, turned himself in his bed; on the 8th, recovered his former posture; on the 9th, fell a-stretching; on the 10th, about midnight, awakened; on the 11th, in the morning, called for a little small beer."

◆

Missouri—particularly the Ozark hills—furnishes the greater part of the wood used in making lead pencils. Though many other varities have been tried, none has proved as satisfactory as the red cedar. The cedars grow on the rocky hillsides all through the White River district of Missouri. They are small, stunted trees, seldom reaching a diameter of more than a foot at the butt. The logs are either hauled to the railroad and sent to the mill or floated in rafts down the river. At the mill the logs are first cut lengthwise by circular saws into planks. These are cut into right lengths for lead pencils and those chunks go into the hands of men who, with circular saws, rip them up into what are called "slats." Only the red heart of the log is used. The white sapwood is thrown away. The slats are bound in bundles and sent to New York, where the greater part are worked up into lead pencils, and the remainder goes to lead pencil factories in Germany and other European countries.

◆

A map made of precious stones, the whole being the gift of Russia to France, forms one of the most extraordinary international gifts on record. It is now in the Louvre. The map is forty inches square and composed entirely of gold and precious stones framed in slate and colored jasper. The gold is all Siberian and every gem that stars the map came from the imperial Russian mines in the Urals. Almost every mine in European and Asiatic Russia was ransacked for the necessary material, some of the gems being found only in mines appropriated by the emperor and never figuring in commerce at all. The jasper employed is some of the most beautifully veined that ever has been found, while the polishing is a marvel to behold. So exquisitely do the lines of each section meet that they are invisible to the naked eye. The unique map is said to be worth $500,000.

◆

Hundreds of pounds of mud turtles are shipped from Chicago to Philadelphia, where they are placed on the market as ocean terrapin. So fine and highly flavored is the flesh of these turtles that a great market has been opened for them in the East, where even a connoisseur of ocean turtle can not distinguish them from the real article. The variety of turtle shipped is the diamond-back, about the gamiest and best-known fighter of the mud turtle family. The diamond-back turtle brings the shipper from $3 to $5, according to his size, and they range in weight from thirty to fifty pounds.

◆

Recently twenty American engineers and expert construction men sailed from Galveston, Texas, for Barcelona, Spain, to begin contracts for power plants and irrigation projects approximating $40,000,000. The principal part of the work will be in northeastern Spain, where thousands of arid acres will be irrigated.

◆

Postal department statistics show that the souvenir postal card is competing seriously with Uncle Sam's regulation product. Last year the number of government postal cards used was only a little more than one-half that of 1911.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King George of England has been elected an honorary member of the New York Yacht Club.

Captain Simon Brown, a unique Canadian fisherman, living at Wilson Beach, New Brunswick, has followed line and trawl fishing for more than three-quarters of a century, and is yet engaged in this trying work at the age of eighty-five years.

Eldridge H. Jordan, who will be chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements for the inauguration of Wilson and Marshall as President and Vice-President, March 4, is president of the Merchants and Mechanics' Bank of Washington, D. C.

William G. McAdoo, who has been appointed by President Taft to fill the vacancy on the board of directors of the American National Red Cross Society, caused by the resignation of Admiral Dewey, is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Miss Carrie Benton of Cincinnati is the first woman in this country to be placed in full charge of a railway dining-car. She is stewardess of a car on one of the branch lines of the Baltimore and Ohio. She announces meals and makes certain that the diners are comfortably seated and properly waited on.

Sir John Simon, England's solicitor-general, in his recent address to the railway commissioners on the telephone arbitration proceedings, spoke for ten days, and made the longest speech on record in a court of law. During this period he also addressed political meetings and spoke on several occasions in the House of Commons.

Signor Bertolini, signally honored as the first Italian colonial minister to be appointed, was formerly minister for public works. The creation of the post has been necessitated by the recent war between Italy and Turkey, and as soon as seems practical Signor Bertolini will take over the administration of Tripoli and Cyrenaica from the ministers of war and marine.

General Menocal, who will take office next May as President of Cuba, earned his title in the field, proving himself a daring and resourceful leader in the struggle against Spain. He is to the point, an administrator rather than an orator, and his spare, wiry frame seems to know no fatigue. He is managing director for the Cuban-American Sugar Company, which operates an immense plant.

Adrian Pollock, the new chamberlain of London, has been for some time remembrancer of the city, receiving $10,000 a year. In that position he transacted the legal business of London, giving advice when necessary on points of law. He comes of a distinguished family, which has given a number of prominent judges to the country. Among his new duties he will be required to act as the recognized public orator of the city.

William J. Flynn, who has been appointed chief of the United States secret service, succeeding John E. Wilkie, resigned, has for years been in charge of the New York division of the secret service. He was brought prominently before the public in connection with his investigation of the sugar-weighing frauds in New York. During the early days of Mayor Gaynor's administration he was deputy police commissioner of the city.

Henry Bacon, winner of the prize offered for the best design for the Lincoln memorial, which will be erected at a cost of $2,000,000 in Potomac Park, a suburb of Washington, D. C., is a New York architect, and since 1903 has been practicing alone. He is a native of Watseka, Illinois, a graduate of the University of Illinois, class of 1888. He won a scholarship which afforded him two years in Europe. The memorial will take the form of an immense coliseum.

Henry Gassaway Davis, who ran for Vice-President with Parker in 1904, recently retired as president of the Coal and Coke Railway Company of West Virginia, having reached the age of eighty-nine, which, he considers, entitles him to a rest. He went to the United States Senate in 1871, serving until 1883, when he refused a third term. Primarily he has been a developer and builder, and railroads, mines, factories, colleges, and churches stand as memorials to his part in the making of a state.

Maurice Connolly, the newly elected Democratic congressman from the famous "monkeywrench" district of Iowa, so called because as laid out in 1883 it was thought to be immovably Republican, is a native of Dubuque. He graduated from Georgetown University in 1897, was admitted to the bar at twenty-one, and then went to Oxford. Later he attended Heidelberg. Returning to Dubuque, he took up the carriage business, founded by his family. He is interested in insurance and other business.

Professor Hiram Bingham, head of the Yale Peruvian expedition, has returned to this country, having conducted extensive exploration work chiefly at Manchu Picchu, the Inca city discovered on a previous exploration journey. The jungle was cleared away and more than one hundred caves were discovered. Ruins of baths, houses, and palaces were also laid bare, and practically the entire city uncovered. Owing to opposition on the part of President Billinghurst and his congress, Professor Bingham declares he does not intend to return to Peru in the near future.

MIKE CATON'S PARTNER.

A Delayed Vengeance.

Everybody in Tuolumne knew Mike Caton; everybody knew his story. A stranger, in twenty-four hours, would certainly have gleaned it from one place or another. The very hills would have shouted it out to them, had all else kept silence. Not infrequently the enlightenment came from Mike Caton himself. He would tilt his chair back against the bar of the one store, and between puffs of the old clay pipe regale the new listener. He were a callous one whom it did not impress.

It began simply enough, and usually in the same way: " 'Twar way back in the 'eighties, mind ye, wid the railroad undreamed, an' a passel o' gold-crazed min——" The listener, nine to one "gold-crazed" himself, would edge a little nearer. As the tale progressed, you could have heard a pin fall. Those who knew the story by heart thrilled even as the tenderfoot. At the end the heights of emotion were reached. Men found their hands clenched, beads of perspiration on their foreheads, beads of something else in their eyes. Mike Caton himself was transfigured. His lean old figure rose to its enormous height; the power and the fire of his youth came over him; the mild blue eye shot the lightnings of long ago. And he ended with a vow to all that he held sacred that he would be revenged on his faithless partner.

The tension relaxed only when he drew his faded sleeve across his eyes, like one brushing away unwelcome thought, and said: "Billy, set 'em up. Boys, what'll you have?"

Then came the sound of expelling breaths, of chairs pushed forward or back, of the rattle of the red-faced barkeeper's glasses. And the evening went on with much card playing, more drinking, and a goodly sprinkling of profanity. So went most of the evenings in the mining town. Not that the tale was nightly told—far from it. And no one ever asked for it. But some chance word, some question as to the ore-hiding hills, would cause the man to tell his tale of wrong. Some of the oldest men knew the story at first hand; had known the partner even as they knew Mike Caton himself. And they cursed him, too, for the black-hearted scoundrel that he was.

But none except the real sufferer himself had known what it meant when the Jubilee mine had been filched from him. Frankly as he narrated the tale, there was ever something kept back. And he hid the secret in his heart, cheek by jowl with his vow of vengeance.

No one ever suspected him of a love affair; no one had ever heard him mention a woman's name. But when he had come from the East, young Mike Caton then, with all the world before him, he had carried the love of a girl and her promise in his hopeful heart. Also he had carried her father's promise—with restrictions. If he won the gold, he won the girl. If not—why, there were others. The old man was not minded to see his girl blasted by Poverty's fire. He had not won out of it himself without some remindful scars. And, as the burnt child dreads the fire for himself, so the larger-statured one dreads it for those he holds most dear. He was not as unreasonable as the lovers deemed.

Small wonder that with this incentive Mike Caton worked with a will. There was a time limit, too, which further urged him on. The three allotted years seemed an eternity, and yet all too short. He lengthened them somewhat by rising before day and working as long as the light held. But with all good will in the seeker, the old hills do not yield up their secrets lightly.

One leaden-winged year slipped away—then another. Hope gave way in the boy, but in her place came her sterner, better sister, Determination. He *must* win.

He did as well as could have been expected. Little "bunches," "pay dirt," were not unusual. Occasionally they were varied by the finding of a "pocket." But the "pocket" was never enough to properly line his own. He put every ounce faithfully away, subtracting for only the barest necessities. He made his spendthrift soul slave to his larger desire. But work as he would, save as he would, there was not time to accomplish his end that way. His only hope lay in some master strike. The anxious time traced lines in the boyish face, and placed the seal of middle life on his youthful mouth.

It was at this time, when things looked blackest, that he met the man who was to become his partner. He came strolling over the hills one morning, a seasoned old prospector, with nothing but his tools to show for the delving years. And he walked into Mike Caton's camp and heart. In No Man's Land friendships are cemented in a day. The boy poured his sore hungry heart on the stranger. He shared his scanty store generously. And in return the man lavished his unavailing ore wisdom on him. He learned of "formations," of "veins," of the likeliest places for the gold-god to dwell.

With all the man's loquacity as to mining, he told little of himself. But he drew the boy on to talk of the girl, and gazed long at her pictured face with his heavy-lidded eyes. Before they had been together a week he had scraped the boy's heart bare.

They usually worked together, side by side, stopping to chat only when they "panned out" a bit of thankless earth. But one morning Mike Caton paused at their usual place irresolutely.

"Ye'll laugh, Jawn," he said, "if I do be tellin' you, but I've the strangest feelin' drawin' me to the other side the mountain. 'Tis nothin', belike. But strange things happen."

The man whistled.

"What's up?" he said.

"Sorra the bit I know what it means. But 'tis like hands pullin' me over there forninst."

He pointed to the mountains.

"An', sure, I had a dream——"

"What'd you dream?"

"It hadn't to do wid minin' at all, at all. But 'twas a strange dream; a strange dream. God sind it manes no ill. 'Twas mixed up some, but plain as day. It was here, an' still was home—you know how dreams be. I was meself, an' still the looker-on. I seen Daisy dressed as a bride, God bless her. I knowed her though the veil did hide her face. An' a man stood beside her. They was to be wed I knew in me dream. If 'twar me or another, sure, I couldn't tell. For the lad's face was turned from me. God kape harm from us. Dreamin' o' weddin's is a sign o' death."

He paused, but the man said no word. Then he went on.

"An' I woke up wid the heaviness o' that sign on me—thinkin' o' her, an' nothin' else. But as I walked down here, hands seemed to be pullin' me the other way. 'Tis a strange thing."

The man put his hand caressingly over his partner's shoulder.

"You're a bit upset," he said, "the dream an' all. Take your pick, an' fall to. 'Tis so you'll see the bridal veil on your Daisy."

And Mike Caton fell to as he was bid. But only for an hour. Then he shouldered the pick and held out his hand.

"Wish me luck, Jawn. I must be away. Sure, there's hands pullin', an' pushin', an' beckonin'. I must go."

It was late afternoon when his partner climbed the mountain in search of him. Mike Caton met him half way. His face was white and awe sat upon it.

" 'Twar the hand o' Gawd," he said, simply. "Come an' see."

And he led him to the earth he had loosened—earth studded and streaked and overcast with a wealth of virgin gold.

"You've struck it," said his partner.

"*We've* struck it," corrected the boy. "It's ourn—share an' share alike. We're rich min, both. It manes—sure, it manes——"

Then as the thought of all it meant came to him, he put his hands before his face and sobbed.

Before a week the secret was out. Mike Caton's face would have told if his lips had not. The place was filled with gold-mad men. His partner chided him sharply.

"What'd you do it for? We'd o' had it all."

"Why, Jawn, there was plinty for all. We got enough."

Once assured of success, Mike Caton was eager to be off and tell it. He gathered together the few ounces of gold he had saved. His partner urged him to supplement this with some from the mine, but he refused.

"We'll divide whin I come back," he said.

Just at the last, before he began his long trip over the mountain, his partner brought him a paper to sign.

"It's to give me power to work while you're gone," he explained.

And Mike Caton added his scrawl to the close written page.

He was half way through his journey when a telegram recalled him. A man had ridden forty miles to be the breaker of bad news. He turned back mystified, certain there had been a mistake. But the man's words held good. With the signing of that last paper, he had signed away all his rights in the Jubilee—in any jubilee. His partner had sold the mine for an immense figure, and decamped for parts unknown. Word was added to word; proof was added to proof. After an interval, even Mike Caton believed.

The men, rough fellows most of them, welcomed the fever that struck him down. It was better so, they thought. Also, they thought it would be better if he died, though they fought against it night and day for weeks. And when he was out of danger there was much rejoicing. But he lay day after day hollow-eyed and weak. At last there came the joyful bearer of a letter. Letters were scarce enough.

"That'll rouse him," they said among themselves.

It did. There was just one cry. Then he turned his face to the wall.

No one ever saw the letter. Yet any one might have read it. It was just a short notification from Daisy's father. And it set forth the fact that she was married, and asked him not to try to see her or write.

It was years before he knew that she had married his partner, who had squandered her fortune and his own, and broken her heart before she died. Then it was that he had made a great cross on his cabin door, and sworn to be revenged. And this was the story of Mike Caton, as he knew it—and God.

He kept his hate alive and it kept him. Without it he would have gone mad or died. With it he was miserable enough. But after the first, he did not brood upon it continually. He never did any prospecting to speak of again. But he did not become a recluse. Little by little he watched the place settle up and the years slip away. As ranchers located in the place he found plowing, haying, the felling of trees to do. And he teamed over the mountains in the winter while the thunder roared and trees crashed.

But with all his work, he found time to make friends with every one for miles around—at least, they came to him ready made. Children discovered the child in him, and men and women found the man. Something lay in that great heart ready to the hand of each. The young prospector loved his very name. He was heart, head, and hands to many a sore discouraged man. And he gave of his abundance or his dearth with a free hand. The two years of forced economy had exhausted that virtuous vice for him.

The winter of 'ninety-three was a hard one. There had never been such storms known—storms of snow, of hail, of fierce, wind-driven rain. Even Mike Caton, urging his team along the heavy roads, was often forced to turn in and rest the frightened horses with the journey but half done.

One night he came swinging down the down grade that led to his cabin. There had been lightning and thunder early in the evening. But now it was over and but the soft snow told that winter held. As he swung his sure-footed horses around a bend, they shied. He set the brake sharply.

"Whist, ye crazy pair!" he said. "Is it over the bank ye'd be pitchin'?"

He waited a moment, then tried it again. As before they gave the swift, sidewise spring that threatened death to themselves and him. He quieted them.

"Now, be still, ye darlint tormints, an' I'll be seein' what Banshee's trail ye've struck."

He wound the lines around the brake and climbed down. And he found the huddled, snow-covered shape before he had gone many feet. There was no sign of life in the man, but he rubbed the cold hands between his own, and forced the liquor from his ever-ready flask between the close shut lips. He slipped his hand under the coat at last, well nigh discouraged. His own heart beat faster when he felt the faint heart-beats of that other. He lifted him up in his strong arms and laid him in the wagon, tearing off his own outer coat to wrap him in. Then he loosed the brake and shouted to the horses.

"Prince! Dandy! Away wid ye, bys, like the wind. Mother o' Gawd, but there's life or death in yere feet!"

He pulled up with a dash at his cabin. There were yet four miles before the horses reached their home. But he must attend to the stranger first. He carried him in and laid him on his own rough bunk. The light from the candle cast flickering shadows as he worked. After a little he was rewarded by a long-drawn sigh. Then he pulled the covers over the man.

"Ye'll do till I come," he said. " 'Tis the dumb animals I must see to now, or they'll be worser nor you."

He ran the horses to their home, rubbed them down, fed and bedded them; then back to his cabin with hurrying feet. The door of the cabin stood wide.

"Now, I'd o' sworn I shet it," he mused.

He struck a match. The cabin was empty. He searched it with fearful eyes. There was no one there.

"Out o' his head," he said half aloud. "Why'd I niver think o' that wid the fever he had? An' the snow fallin' in this wild place. He'll be dead come the mornin' if I can't find him. Poor old lad! Poor old lad!"

He searched the trackless snow, digging at each mound with his hands and feet. Long he went this way and that, forward for a few feet, and then back. For all his frenzied searching he was becoming numb with the cold. And then, with his strength nearly spent, he stumbled over a tree root and fell. Half stunned, he made no effort to rise. It did not seem worth while. He thought dreamily that the end had come to everything; that the falling snow would answer for a pall.

Of a sudden he sat up, his sluggish heart, new roused, beating down the power to listen. It was some moments before he caught the sound again. And he knew it for what it was—the despairing groan of a man in sore distress. He cast off the snow-thralldom and the events of the evening came back to him. He worked his mittened hands together till they had the power to feel. He took up the search again. It was not long before he found him, crouched in a rude cattle shed.

"The blissed saints guided me," he said. " 'Tis two lives saved this night."

But when he tried to raise the stranger he struggled like an unwilling child. He was not much more in Mike Caton's strong arms, and he soothed him as if he had been one.

"Whist, now, aisy, aisy! There's a wee bit cabin beyant where we'll do well. 'Tis a welcome awaitin' ye, an' a fire better nor a feast a night like this."

Bit by bit he struggled toward the cabin with the struggling man. Once within he laid him down, slipped off his shoes and chafed the half-frozen feet. While he worked he had whisky heating. He poured it into a granite cup, and presented it coaxingly.

"Whist, now! 'Tis the gran' drink. It'll sweat the cold from ye."

The man made no motion to take his hands from his face. Mike Caton set the cup down and began to loosen them gently. And at last he brought to view the fever-ravaged face. The eyes were open now and they looked at him. The face was not that of a stranger. Mike Caton staggered where he stood. Then he sprang on his long-awaited prey.

"You!" he said. "You, dom ye! Ye've come at last to pay!"

The man made no attempt to save himself as the horny hands closed about his throat. The eyes closed, that was all. And after a little, the scarlet face took on a purple tinge. Mike Caton loosed his hold and brought his hand across his face with the old gesture.

"Mother o' Gawd!" he whispered. "Mother o' Gawd!"

He sat, his head buried in his hands. The man babbled unceasingly. By and by the sound penetrated the numbed brain of the listener. He stood up.

He had whisky, hot water, mustard. They were all he had, all he knew. And he fought pneumonia with them till the sky turned red in the east.

A jingle of bells sounded outside. He hailed the passing teamster.

"Send Doc Rodgers to oncet, to oncet!" he said.

It seemed long before the doctor came. His grave face was graver as he examined the man. Mike Caton caught his arm in a grip that hurt.

"Dochter?" he pleaded. "Dochter?"

The doctor's hand fell pityingly on his own.

"I won't deceive you," he said, "he—hasn't much chance—double pneumonia—aggravated case. But, Mike, we'll do the best we can. Who is he?"

And then, though his face went red, Mike Caton's eyes met those of the doctor fairly and squarely.

"He was—my partner," he said.

The doctor was familiar with the story. He whistled softly to himself once the door was closed.

"Whew, but these mountaineers get queer ideas! Must be the air!" Ida Alexander.

San Francisco, January, 1913.

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Every one knows that the diamond is only charcoal crystallized; but there are a great many other things in nature that, though possessing widely different properties, are composed of exactly equal quantities of the same elements. The white of an egg and rattlesnake poison are formed of identically the same amounts of the same elements. The oil of roses and common coal gas are each formed alike, both being composed of four atoms of hydrogen and four atoms of carbon. Sugar and gum arabic are likewise brothers of the same weight and texture. All the hydrocarbons, known to science as a combination of sixteen atoms of hydrogen and ten atoms of carbon, are alike in their composition. To enumerate some: Oil of orange, lemon, cloves, ginger, and black pepper. The suggested explanation of these peculiarities is that the atoms are placed differently toward one another in the molecules of the different substances. Other things just as peculiar are evident when certain substances are united chemically. Thus hydrogen gas, which is odorless, and nitrogen gas, which is also odorless, when united go to make ammonia, which has a very strong odor. Copper, which has no odor, and zinc, which also has none, when melted and mixed to give us brass, produce a substance with a characteristic one.

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It may be taken that practically the whole of the ostrich feathers produced by South Africa are sold and handled in London. The importance of the industry is very great; yet the average man-in-the-street, or the woman who wears the feathers, has little or no idea of its magnitude. Oudtshoorn has been called the cradle of the ostrich-farming industry, and has risen in a decade to be the wealthiest South African inland farming town, chiefly by reason of its ostriches. It is the country of the plumed ostrich, or rather of "the plucked bird," and every one talks feathers. The industry was born in its present form only fifty years ago, and in 1865 there were but eighty-two tame birds in South Africa; while only sixteen thousand pounds of feathers were exported in that year, and these came for the most part from wild birds brought down by hunters. The 1911 census showed 746,736 domesticated ostriches in South Africa, and an export of a value of $11,265,220.

◆

Even a chemist, surrounded with all his scientific laboratory equipment, can not distinguish beet sugar from the cane product. Although derived from different species of plants, the refined product from the juice of the cane and beet is the same in composition, in sweetening power, in dietetic effect, in chemical reaction, in all other respects. Furthermore, if maple sugar were reboiled and passed through the process of refining, it would lose its aroma and flavor, which are wholly in the impurities, and the white crystals would be identical with those derived from sugar-cane and sugar-beets. Pure sugar, whether derived from beet or cane, is as identical as is pure gold, whether mined in the Rocky Mountains or in the Transvaal.

◆

The largest telescope in South America is to be set up at Cordova, Argentina, by the government of that republic. The telescope, which will be constructed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is expected to extend the researches in the southern heavens, begun many years ago at Cape Town by Sir John F. W. Herschell. The refractor will have an object glass of 610 millimeters, or 24 inches.

◆

An articulated or snake-jointed street-car has been invented in Boston, adapted to use in the crooked streets of that fine old town. With the new invention a speed of several blocks per hour is easily attained, the car clinging to the track around the most tortuous curves.

◆

Liverpool, England, boasts of quite an extensive Chinatown. In this quarter of the port are to be found numerous Chinese shops, sailors' boarding-houses, several restaurants, and a Chinese seamen's mission.

SHAKESPEARE AT HIS WORST.

A London Elizabethan Finishes His Life-Work.

There were two footnotes printed in italics; the first was mercenary, the second philanthropic. It was the second which decided me. "On the Sunday afternoon" —so it ran—"tea and coffee will be obtainable at the hall half an hour before the commencement of the performance." The other footnote need not be quoted, but in brief it warned the reader of the circular that admission could not be obtained by payment at the door. But what was the said circular about? It announced an "important revival" of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" for three performances only, intimated that the play would be produced under the direction of William Poel, and wound up with the declaration that with that venture the aforesaid Mr. Poel would say good-by to his more than thirty years' labor in the interest of pure and undiluted Elizabethan drama.

To fall back on the metaphor once used by the late Joseph Cook of Boston, it is probable that Mr. Poel is not of sufficient stature to be seen across the Atlantic. But his influence on the drama has certainly made the passage. For, to get down to the bed-rock of things, there is no denying the fact that he was the pioneer in those independent theatre movements which have passed through the New Theatre stage and are now illustrated by the Little Theatre of New York and the Toy Theatre of Boston. Mr. Poel became an innovator more than thirty years ago, for a whole generation has passed since he revived the "Hamlet" of the First Quarto and played it without scenery. And nearly twenty years have elapsed since he founded the Elizabethan Stage Society, an organization for the production of those plays of the "spacious times" in which there is no money for the practical theatrical manager. He has a long list of archaic revivals to his name, including Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," Milton's "Samson Agonistes," and that now popular morality, "Everyman." To affirm that Mr. Poel has made money out of his theatrical connoisseurship would be to qualify for immediate admission into full membership of the Ananias Club; what may be said without fear of contradiction is that his labors have endeared him to all the dramatic cranks of London and have had issue in results which he hardly foresaw. What is good in his austere dramatic gospel is being applied by his two most faithful disciples, Gordon Craig and Granville Barker. And if the Little Theatre of New York and the Toy Theatre of Boston make good, Mr. Poel's biographer will doubtless claim some of the credit.

But to return to the tea and coffee of Sunday afternoon. It was that, I say, which decided me. The tea especially; inasmuch as to expect an Englishman to sit through a three hours' traffic of the stage on a Sunday afternoon unfortified with his favorite four o'clock beverage would be unthinkable. Hence that adroit footnote. And afternoon tea for nothing would discount something of the price of the ticket. The only surprising thing is that Mr. Poel did not promise a cup of sack or malmsey instead, for Shakespeare, poor man, knew nothing of either tea or coffee.

Mr. Poel, however, is not so confirmed a literalist that he will not make you a concession here and there. There were glaring anachronisms, for example, in his "Troilus and Cressida." We had Achilles sporting top-boots, Thersites garbed as an Elizabethan clown, Trojan soldiers in a flaming Renaissance costume, Greeks dressed as the fighting men of the Virgin Queen, Hector displaying his anatomy in trunk hose, and Ulysses smoking a pipe! After this one was fortified to hear Greeks intoning in a kind of cockney twang and a Trojan woman scolding in the accent of a Scots fishwife.

Of course the scenery was severe and classic. Indeed, when one examined the stage one could not help wondering how the producers had spent that thousand dollars which was stated to be the cost of the revival. The stage was arranged as a platform in tiers, with a tent on the O. P. side for Achilles to sulk in, and a curtained room at the back for the conversation pieces and councils of war. That inner shrine was the undoing of the play. The jabberations of Priam and Hector, the arguments of Ulysses and Agamemnon, the tirades of Thersites, and the cursing of Patroclus lost a good deal of their point by being sometimes almost inaudible. Mr. P. L. Eyre as Hector, however, and Miss Gingold as Cassandra, and Miss Edith Evans as Cressida, and Mr. Poel as Pandarus made their lines carry.

As in the play itself, the performance lived by fits and starts. There were dreary tracts now and then only comparable to the wordy discussions of G. B. S.; there were episodes which were of the water-tight compartment order; now and then a snatch of love-making seemed reminiscent of "Romeo and Juliet"; and then, at intervals, there came those splendid purple patches which saved the situation and hall-marked the authorship of the play. So there are some figures which stand out in the memory and will abide there for many a day. Troilus himself is one, a degenerate, plaintive, lovesick, unbalanced youth; and Cressida is another, a wanton of the first water, an accomplished member of the oldest profession in the world; and Pandarus is another, a lecherous old pimp, prototype of his procuring tribe; and Thersites is a fourth, to the life the "scurvy railing knave, the very filthy rogue" of his own confession. Perhaps Thersites is the most vivid of all these memories, the Caliban, as Coleridge called him, of demagogic life, a vitriol-etched portrait of intellectual power devoid of all grace or moral principle. Miss Elspeth Keith—for with Thersites the Elizabethan tradition of reversing the sex of the players was followed —reveled in his amazing vocabulary of abuse and slander, pouring out his stream of coarse vituperation with infinite zest. She might have been a parson in layman's clothes indulging in an unwonted opportunity to use strong language.

And what did it all amount to? "Troilus and Cressida" has always been the despair of the devout Shakespearean. He would not care a straw if it were removed from the canon of the orthodox works; he would give it up to Bacon tomorrow and be thankful to be rid of the responsibility of explaining how Shakespeare came to write it. For there is no getting away from the fact that "Troilus and Cressida" shows the bard at his worst. It is meat and drink to such scoffers as Tolstoy and G. B. S. It is cited again and again as the most convincing proof that the man who could write such a play must have been devoid of all taste. The utmost that the loyalist disciple can say for the play is that it is a bad play with many wonders and beauties. It can not be defended for its construction, and it has no discoverable unity of purpose or meaning. It really comes to this: Shakespeare happened upon an "ugly" mood, a liver-attack perhaps, and thought fit to give it a dramatic memorial. So he mocks at everything, at love and war and friendship and statecraft, and then turns round to mock at his own mocking. The best thing to do is to admit the worst and leave it at that.

Sunday's performance, however, cleared up one mystery: its effect was sufficient explanation why "Troilus and Cressida" has been revived only three times in the three hundred years that have elapsed since Shakespeare's death. It is the century-plant, the bitter aloe of his garden, which, in keeping with the old botanical legend, flowers but once in a hundred years. And if the legend were fulfilled in that other particular which made the aloe die in flowering the stage would be none the poorer. But as the dying century-plant could be reproduced from an offset of its stem, so is it probable that another William Poel will nurse the plant into efflorescence again. And then it will be necessary to excuse Shakespeare once more on the plea that we all have our "ugly" moments, and hurry the evidence out of sight as soon as possible. Henry C. Shelley.

London, December 17, 1912.

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The finest emeralds are found in the Republic of Colombia, at the famous Muzo mines in the department of Boyaca, seventy miles north by west of Bogota, which have been worked since 1558. The Spaniards mined there in the middle of the sixteenth century, but withdrew after a time, owing to continual fighting with the Indians; with the result that for a while the locality of the mines was unknown. They are now worked by an English company, in partnership with the government. The emeralds at Muzo occur in calcite veins running through black carboniferous limestone in all directions and at all angles. Often the limestone is covered with earth, in which bushes and trees are growing: this has to be cleared before prospecting is possible. When calcite veins have been located, the side of the hill is dug away in "banks," usually by Indians, whose chief tool is a steel bar forged to a point at one end. The pieces of calcite vein are examined superficially for emeralds, and are then set aside for conveyance to the sorting-shed, where a detailed examination is made, and the emeralds are divided into fifteen grades according to color, transparency, size, freedom from flaws, and so on.

◆

Any one who sits down in a coffee shop in Bagdad is first given a cup of Turkish coffee and then a narghile, a sort of native pipe in which Shirza tobacco is smoked. The charge for the coffee and the use of the narghile is about two cents. The coffee shop Quahwat Pasha is the "bourse" for the native business people. Here the merchants gather to discuss trade bills and other subjects. Representatives of the banks ascertain here the number of bills to be taken up and secure the facts from which they can determine the exchange rates for bills and for foreign coins. The rates are practically determined in the coffee shops.

◆

The story of Calumet, in the northern peninsula of Michigan, illustrates the immigrant's monopoly of the mining industry in America. It is a city of 45,000, and almost as un-American as Naples, Warsaw, or Trieste. There is a babel of tongues, twenty different races constituting its population. Sixteen nationalities are represented in its school-teaching force. Its people are the foreigners and their children, who live by the copper mines under Lake Superior. The native born are the ones who have colonized at Calumet, and they have named their settlement "Houghton."

◆

St. Michael's Church, recently dedicated at Hamburg, in the presence of the emperor, claims the largest organ in the world. It is over fifty-seven feet high, and is divided into five stories. The organ is played on five different keyboards. Two electric motors, each of five horse-power, supply the air pressure.

◆

Water is sold by the ton at Pernambuco, Brazil. It is piped from springs eight miles out from the city, and is furnished to ships at eighty-one cents a ton within the harbor.

"MEMORIES."

ederick Wedmore Recalls Some of the Great Men and Women Whom He Has Known During a Half-Century.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore tells us in the opening chapter of his "Memories" that he was stirred to his task by the flippant remark of a young friend to whom he had boasted of having seen Kate Terry, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Kendal acting together in a burlesque. "You had a jolly sight better look sharp, sir, and write your reminiscences; for it must be a century since you saw that burlesque," was the prompt rejoinder. As a matter of fact it was in 1863, at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, in the palmy days of the local stock companies. The manager was Chute, a relative of the Macreadys, himself an actor of repute but who will be remembered also for the fact that in 1862 he added two young women to his company who were afterwards to become famous as Kate and Ellen Terry.

Mr. Wedmore took the advice of his friend, and the present attractive volume of memories is the result. And we may wonder in passing why any one ever writes an autobiography—unless it be from an inflamed ego for which surgery has found no cure—when it is so much easier and so much more attractive to write one's reminiscences. As a volume of reminiscences Mr. Wedmore's book is ideal because he so evidently prefers to write of other people rather than of himself. He seems to have known every one worth knowing and every anecdote that comes from his well stored memory is a miniature character sketch.

Mr. Wedmore has a good deal to say of Sarah Bernhardt, and he knew her "when she possessed a youthful charm certainly in excess of any that was hers when she became world-famous":

> Almost the first time I saw Sarah Bernhardt off the stage was in an ante-room at the Théâtre Français. I mention the circumstance because she said a thing that was characteristic. She had come out tired from rehearsal—"tired," but more than "tired," exhausted, *énervée, exténuée:* what people now call "dead." She was abusing her fate and her profession, in no measured terms. "If I had a daughter," declared Sarah, "rather than that she should go upon the stage, I'd take her out in the place there, where the fiacres are, and roll her head under the first cab wheel"—and the "extenuated" tragedian suited her action to her word. "The *stage,* indeed, for any one!—*c'est le dernier des métiers.*" I have no doubt that half an hour afterwards, when Sarah had lunched and rested, the stage returned to its position as, to her mind, the greatest of great arts.

The author saw much of Sarah Bernhardt in London. He was present at the private view of her sculpture and heard her comments on the people represented. Here was an aged dramatist, and she chucked him under his marble chin. She was looking forward with curiosity to meeting Henry Irving and with anxiety to meeting Ellen Terry:

> The last time I saw Sarah—and it was years ago—I did not see her at all—except, that is, for a minute at the very end of the function. Mr. Horace Sedger had arranged a series of tableaux vivants, and, if the initial experiment had been quite successful, he would, I suppose, have carried them into the ordinary afternoon or evening bill, at what was then his theatre—the Prince of Wales's—but, as it was, I think their representation was confined to that one occasion. Sarah herself could not, of course, have appeared on any other, as a reciter of verse between tableaux. Bigger engagements prevented her. But for a single afternoon that was her task. She managed it marvelously. If there was failure or fear of failure, Sarah at least had no share in it—it rested with the tableaux—with the subjects—with the poet, Armand Silvestre, if you will; for his work, though of a certain grace and freedom, is not the work of a master. Between the tableaux Sarah, behind a screen all the time, recited his verses: being herself by reason of the screen quite invisible, as has been implied already. What severer test could there possibly have been of the charm and potency of the famous *voix d'or!* That, and her elocution, told perfectly. And when, in response to the applause, she came before the screen for a moment, in her bow of thanks, you felt the charm of her gesture. It was "as if the spirit bowed," as Laurence Sterne says, beautifully.

Among the Frenchmen who shared the author's friendship was François Coppée, whom he describes as a very lovable person with the melancholy inherited from those who have looked long on the vast and empty distances of Breton landscape, but none the less a cheerful and lively person to sit with at table, or afterwards, with a cigarette, in his room in the Rue Audinot:

> When I first knew the Coppées there were three in the house: old Mme. Coppée, a brown little Bretonne; the poet, her son; and his sister Annette, cordial, expansive, and flourishing. I said "three," but there was a servant, who, though quite young, had established relations with them all, of a kind much commoner in France than in England. She did not sit at the table indeed; yet counted as one of the family; and if Coppée remarked at breakfast that he would go somewhere or other next Wednesday the young woman, awake and agreeable, immediately interposed, "You can not do that; you dine with M. de So-and-So," or "Impossible! It is the first night at the Gymnase."

Another distinguished Frenchman was Sarcey, who once said to Mr. Wedmore the hardest thing a Frenchman ever said about the English theatre: "Dites donc! Chez vous, en Angleterre, vous n'avez pas de théâtre, n'est-ce-pas."

The author met Tennyson twice, and heard him recite "The Revenge." He says he "never felt more crushed by the mere presence of any human creature":

> Notwithstanding a reputation for a behavior severe and distant, Tennyson was, as a matter of fact, extremely kind, simple, and pleasant, as far as my personal experience is concerned. He came into the Brooke's drawing-room in his morning jacket, uttering an apology for being, as he said, "in working clothes." His son Hallam—the present Tennyson—was with him. Among the guests—and there were few—were the Walter Cranes.
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> There had been some difficulty, Stopford Brooke told me, in getting Tennyson to come. The constitutional indolence, of which he was himself well aware, asserted itself continually. And besides, "What was he going to be given to drink?" On its being jocularly promised and arranged that he should have a bottle of old port—the days were claret-drinking days, remember, and Tennyson, in the matter of wine, was simply twenty years before his time—he said he would come. He *had* his bottle of old port, which contained not a drop too much for him—for he became only more and more mellow under its genial influence.
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> Except his apology for appearing in morning dress, I heard nothing that was said by him that night, till he got down to dinner, when on making an inquiry, natural at the time—the time of certain difficulties with Russia, that were occupying the public mind—Miss Brooke, who in Manchester Square was at the head of the table, said to him, "Mr. Tennyson, do you like the Russians?" In one of the deepest voices it was ever given to me to listen to, the answer came—"I hate them like the devil."

Mr. Wedmore met William Morris upon two or three occasions, once at the house of Henry Arthur Jones in order to hear a reading of "Wealth." Bernard Shaw was present, and "one is always the merrier when he is present—and the more optimistic." But the author's first introduction to Morris was professional, and he may well be left to tell the story in his own way:

> William Morris I had a few dealings with: professional, so to speak, on his part, as well as social. The first time that I saw him it was apropos of the furnishing of our small dining-room, in Church Row, Hempstead. I had chosen practically everything myself; but his people had sent me a carpet which made me ill. They said that it was all right; I, that it was all wrong; and the upshot of it was that Morris wrote to me to say he would come himself to see it.
>
> He came. It was not then upon the floor. He talked about pictures; about old Church Row; looked at the Liber Studiorum prints upon the walls—took particularly kindly to the print called "Hedging and Ditching," which represents a cold, clay country, poplars, bare fields, and "pollard laborers," as Ruskin well calls them. Mr. Rawlinson does not like it; and it has its faults—and its charms also. "There must be a pleasant walk beyond that turn of the road," Morris said, pointing to the path on the low hillside. "And now about the carpet." It was brought into the room; laid down. Morris backed himself against the wall, to note the effect of it. A moment, and he looked at me expressively. A tragic disillusion. "Roll it up," he said.

Nowadays we have almost forgotten Henry Vaughan, described as the Father of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the collector and connoisseur who knew Turner and who gave the author a pleasant impression of the great artist. Moreover, Vaughan had known Coleridge, although his recollections of him were vague:

> In Henry Vaughan, more than ninety years old when he departed, I had a friend who was actually a little in touch with Coleridge. But Vaughan's references to "Mr." Coleridge were, to tell the truth, never quite satisfactory. He went, he has told me, with two or three others who happened to know Mr. Gillman of Highgate, to the abode of the surgeon—in the later years of Coleridge's residence with him. Mr. Vaughan's reverence for great literature was, I fancy, by no means on a par with his reverence for great pictorial art; and I gather that he took it rather ill, that on going to tea with Mr. Coleridge "Mr. Coleridge talked all the time." That was all he remembered.
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> Speaking to Vaughan one day about the stage, I recollect asking him—when the great actor had been thirty years before the London public—"Have you ever seen Henry Irving?" Vaughan paused a moment; gave a tranquil smile—as if the contingency was improbable. I must have seemed very young to him, to put the query at all. "No"—he said, at last—"I have never seen that gentleman. I have seen Mrs. Siddons—*driving round the Regent's Park.*"

Oliver Wendell Holmes and W. D. Howells were among the author's acquaintances, and of the former he tells us that perhaps the "gifted, keenly intelligent old man knew that, though well equipped indeed—happy, informed, and balanced—even the creator of Elsie Venner was not quite so great as Boston had got to think him." Another friend was Margaret Gillis, whose intimate acquaintance with Wordsworth gives occasion for a good story:

> Walking alone with her to church one day, as soon as they were well started, the poet laureate gave Miss Gillies to understand that he had become conscious he was too thinly clothed; that he feared taking a chill while sitting in church; and that he had devised a plan by which she could come to his help. "Margaret" must sit very close to him—he gave her to understand—and he trusted, sincerely, that her skirts were ample enough to envelop and protect his legs. There must be no mincing matters—Margaret's skirts must be well round him. His behest was fulfilled, and an attack of rheumatism discreetly averted. But it appears that the parish clergyman did say, afterwards, "How badly you were behaving—you and Miss Gillies!"

There is another story of Miss Gillies and Wordsworth that will bear repetition and that is in full accord with what we know already of the poet's disposition:

> On the morning of Margaret Gillies's leaving Rydal Mount, a matter of some moment seemed to occupy the elderly poet. He had become attached to Miss Gillies, and, like the very human person that it may be the author of "The Leech Gatherer" and the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" was accustomed to prove himself, in the intimacy of his home, he was of opinion that the conventional or even the more ardent handshake would be but an inadequate expression of his sentiments towards his young friend—on her departure. In plain English, he was bent upon kissing her. Some men would have deemed it wiser to forego this satisfaction. Others would have settled the matter out of hand. It was characteristic of the very dutiful and meditative poet that he referred the matter to Mrs. Wordsworth. And so impartial and admirable a court of appeal did he find in her that she pronounced immediately in favor of the embrace. I imagine the poet making it plain to Miss Gillies that it must be clearly understood that his wife "associated herself"—as a Frenchman might have put it—with this parting salutation.

The editor of the *Academy* at that time was Charles Edward Appleton, and the author tells us that he made his début in that journal with a sober little article on Ingres written on the kitchen table as his family were taking possession of their new house. It was at Appleton's house that Mr. Wedmore met Prince Lucien Bonaparte:

> At Appleton's I saw one evening a nephew of Napoleon. This was Prince Lucien, the philologist, long resident in London. Like his cousin, the undesirable "Plon-Plon," and unlike his other cousin, the great poetic dreamer, the lovable if faulty thinker, who reigned in France till the catastrophe of Sedan—and to whom, only now, intellectual England (influenced at last by Olivier) may be beginning to do justice—Prince Lucien bore a striking—dare I say, in its real, and not in its slang sense, an almost awful resemblance, to the Man of Austerlitz and the Code of the Hundred Days. Prince Lucien though, in bearing and in conversation, had something of the graciousness of English royalty. I could not talk to him about philology. He saw my feebleness, and talked to me about the theatre.

Another anecdote of royalty relates to James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century.* Mr. Wedmore seems to have had a high opinion of Knowles, as indeed every one had, and to believe that he well deserved the honors that came to him:

> I have seen at Queen Anne's Lodge, St. James's Park, a pretty, tasteful water-color, by Queen Alexandra. She had given it to Knowles during his first "week-end" visit to Sandringham. It was at a later visit there that there occurred a little incident that he related to me soon afterwards. On the Saturday evening he had admired the design of the Cross of the Victorian Order. On the Sunday morning, as the guests were assembling in the hall, ere starting to attend church service, King Edward appeared upon the scene; a sword became visible, and Knowles received the accolade, followed at once, if I remember, by the "gaud"—I use the word in no disparaging sense—by the "gaud" he had approved of. And "This should have been done before." said King Edward, very nicely: remembering—apparently a little more effectually than his "responsible advisers": the government of the day, whatever it may have been—the length and range of James Knowles's services.

Of French actors Mr. Wedmore tells us that he has enjoyed Favart and Delaunay, Got, Réjane, and Croizette. From Philippe Burty he learned a great deal of Constant Coquelin, the elder and greater Coquelin, "for about Coquelin *cadet* there was always something, quaint and sympathetic if you like. but still well-nigh aggressively bizarre":

> Coquelin was a good deal in the society of Gambetta, at the period I speak of, and it used to be hinted, broadly, that he had a certain political influence—never, perhaps, was it quite asserted that, like the splendid Rubens, he was a great, informal ambassador. In later years, a corrected version of Coquelin's relations with Gambetta has come to me from a source more distinctly authoritative. It is the one that I believe. Gambetta, when he rose to power, knew little of the ways of the polite world. He was a genuine patriot, but unfamiliar—it seems—with society's usages in a thousand little circumstances and affairs. Unwittingly—by speech, by silence, by hearing, even by behavior at table, the very handling of that which was before him—he would, I am assured, transgress the social rule at every hour. Coquelin, for a while, was about to tell him of his mistakes. Coquelin, in a difficult situation, would "put him through"—until, in fine, Gambetta, great himself, though also, in his hatred of Napoleon the Third, the enemy of greatness—learnt "his way about."

Walter Pater comes in for a full share of attention, but Mr. Wedmore seems a little uncertain how to "size him up." He once appealed to Pater to be moved by some singular exhibition of womanly beauty, and he responded coldly, explaining that his life at Oxford had made him so much more familiar with the beauty of boyhood. But of Pater's conversation the author has something interesting to say:

> His "That is quite true," very slowly uttered—uttered *staccato*—had an impressive effect, as of grateful meditation; and I believe I have found myself sometimes wondering whether it was extended, out of sheer politeness, to cover the reception of the sufficiently obvious, as well as of the happily surprising; since not only the new thought, but the obvious thought, may have truth, and "That is quite true" may mean "That is quite unnecessary." William Sharp, I remember, told me—but to William Sharp, with his Celtic imagination, much strange experience was vouchsafed—that Pater could follow at one and the same time two currents of meditation: that he could think out, quite calmly, in the recesses of his mind, some elaborate problem, while taking part in, and apparently being absorbed in, the discussion of some trivial topic. This was an alarming revelation; discounting, if one believed it in its entirety, the value of "That is quite true."

We have many good stories of Irving and Ellen Terry, one of them relating to a congratulatory visit paid by W. P. Frith to Irving during the progress of a play:

> However, from a remark of Irving's when Frith, on this occasion, had taken his departure, I gathered that he had vexed Irving a little by believing him to be incapable of that in which he had soon afterwards confessedly succeeded. What the part was does not matter. Frith knew the actor had succeeded, and so had, in his brief visit, complimented Irving; but Irving's benediction—"God bless you!"—as he went followed him to the door and beyond it, from rather distant heights—indicating almost that the ingenious painter would be a peculiarly fitting object of help and succor. "Bless you!"—and a turn to me, as soon as the Academician was beyond ear-shot. "He *thought* I could not do it!" On the stage, one night, the instant the curtain had fallen, Irving, rather absent-mindedly, introduced me to Ellen Terry. "I knew him *before you were born,* Henry!" was the remark that followed this introduction. Very characteristic of Miss Terry was that picturesque and gracious exaggeration.

Room may be found for one final story of Whistler and Haden and the causes that produced the rupture:

> Among a score—a hundred—people and subjects that we talked about freely, in those leisurely days at Woodcote, Haden and I got back to Whistler pretty often: in so many ways he interested us both. "The longer I live, the more I admire Whistler as an artist," said Haden of his brother-in-law; or rather of his step-brother-in-law (for Lady Haden was but Whistler's half-sister), "The longer I live, the more I admire Whistler as an artist, and the more I feel it to be my business to avoid him as a man."
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> But then again—a pleasant light breaking out over his face—"Yet Whistler was quite *lovable,* as a youth. Something turned him; something warped him—I don't know what." And then, after a moment or two of quiet reflection, "I am sure I don't wish him any ill!" It was incompatibility of temperament—and heat on Haden's part, and "cussedness" (if one may use the word) on Whistler's—that had really separated them—that had made separation necessary.

Mr. Wedmore may congratulate himself on a successful book, successful without question from the literary point of view as well as, let us hope, from the circulation standpoint. And it owes no small part of its excellence to the self-effacement of the author and from which we infer all sorts of complimentary things.

Memories. By Frederick Wedmore. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Wind's Will.

When John Christopher is at the point of death he directs that his young son shall be brought up on a farm in ignorance of his parentage and also of the fact that he is the heir to the great Christopher steel mills and therefore a millionaire. A worse training for large commercial responsibilities could hardly be imagined, and we can only wonder that the boy should make as good a showing as he does. When at last he assumes the control of his property he finds that his hundreds of workmen are resentful rather than appreciative of his condescending benevolences, and prefer to be paid whatever is due to them in wages rather than in reading-rooms and bath-houses. John, in point of fact, is a failure at the mills, so he returns the control to his manager and decides to live unemployed in New York. But his training has fitted him as little for the metropolis as for the steel works. First he falls in love with the wrong girl and then he nearly allows himself to be persuaded into joining a steel trust that would take from him all control of his own property in return for a yearly dividend. We need not follow the vicissitudes of John Christopher to their happier conclusion after he has nipped in the bud the strike engineered by the steel magnates, but we note with satisfaction that the hero is gradually acquiring wisdom in the usual way by a preliminary recognition of his own ignorance, folly, and conceit. This presumably is the intention of a good story, but we may still wonder why John's father should so carefully select a training that would necessarily prove a handicap even to an archangel.

The Wind's Will. By Albert Britt. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.30 net.

The Problems of Philosophy.

In the introduction to her finely competent treatise on "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy" the author, Mary Whiton Calkins, disavows any desire to guide unwilling footsteps into the "pleasant paths" of philosophical speculation. She writes, on the contrary, for earnest students who need no water in their milk and who wish to study metaphysics under the guidance of the great philosophers. But the author feels in no way bound to confine herself to the duties of the expositor and the recorder. She openly avows her adherence to a particular school and she allows her preferences to appear all the way through her book. That she is able to do this without damage to the value of her critical presentation, without departure from a rigid accuracy of definition, is no small evidence of her own philosophical capacity.

The author divides her work into three main heads, and an introduction. First we have "Systems of Numerical Pluralism," including pluralistic dualism, pluralistic materialism, pluralistic spiritualism, and pluraiistic phenomenonalistic idealism. This is followed by "A Criticism of Preceding Systems," and this in turn by "Systems of Numerical Monism," including Spinoza, Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, and Hegel. And then we have a conclusion dealing with the issue between pluralistic and monistic personalism. Here the author states more clearly than elsewhere her own position, which is, of course, the idealistic. The universe is regarded as immaterial, conscious, and personal in its ultimate nature. Pluralistic idealism conceives the ultimate reality as existing in the many individual selves. Monistic personalism, on the other hand, goes behind the many selves and finds one all-inclusive self, of which the many individual selves are manifestations. There seems no very practical difference between the two, except that monistic personalism goes one step further back in the search for a unity of consciousness that must always be desired by the philosophic mind that would begin at the beginning and end at the end. It would be hard to do justice in a review to a work at once so complete and so lucid. It is one on no account to be overlooked by earnest students who are willing to work hard for what they get.

The Persistent Problems of Philosophy. By Mary Whiton Calkins. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50 net.

Aspects of Home Rule.

Even the strongest adherents of self-government for Ireland will admire the strong and lofty plea against Home Rule expressed in this volume by Mr. A. J. Balfour, leader of the Conservative party in England. Mr. Balfour lives permanently in the upper stories of the mind, and while his arguments are vigorous and forceful, there is nowhere a suggestion of heat, and still less of personality. When we have read this volume we feel that we know all that can be said, and the best that can be said, against Irish self-government.

A point of some interest to Americans is Mr. Balfour's reply to the contention that since separate governments work so well in America they would work equally well in Great Britain. America, says Mr. Balfour in effect, is great in spite of her separate governments, not because of them. "But to tell us that because they work well in many cases, although often with difficulty, with friction, with inconvenience, and in some cases with civil war—although they work on the whole reasonably well, to tell us they are an ideal commonwealth, and that we all should start from unity and go to this federal system because they have started from separation and are tending toward unity . . . is to misunderstand the whole way that constitutions develop."

Aspects of Home Rule. By Arthur James Balfour. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1 net.

The Spell of England.

This is the fourth volume of the Spell series and as brightly and entertainingly written as its predecessors. It is a feat of no small difficulty to compress the description of a country into some three or four hundred pages, but when it comes to the "spell" of that country one naturally selects those features that make special appeal to individual taste. In this case the author seems to favor historical antiquities, churches, and a sufficiency of royalty. Her choice is usually judicious, her stock of legends an ample one, and her anecdotes wisely chosen from the borderland between what we knew already and what is untrue. But there is one incident, not of antiquity, that is worth repetition. The author tells us that she met an old lady who was much interested in American missions. "In fact," she added, "I knew the first missionary who introduced Christianity into America." It appeared that her conception of America was Patagonia. Fifty good illustrations add markedly to the interest of a well-written volume.

The Spell of England. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $2.50 net.

An Artist in Egypt.

When Mr. Walter Tyndale, R. I., wrote his first book on Egypt he proved that he can write nearly as well as he can paint, which is to say a great deal. Now he gives us another volume after somewhat similar lines and from material collected during some years' residence in the Nile Valley. Certainly the author shows no loss of the vigor of description which comes from first impressions. He writes still under the spell of the fascination that Egypt always exercises upon cultivated minds and with the better knowledge of the people that comes from long acquaintance.

Mr. Tyndale, as an artist, devotes himself naturally to the Egypt of today, but fortunately not to the Egypt that is contaminated by the tourist. He delights in the native life in its setting of immeasurable antiquity, in its festivals, mosques, cafés, and bazaars. Perhaps in a few years there will be little of this left if the devastating and uglifying will of the white man is allowed an unchecked sway. Therefore we may appreciate all the more the pictorial effects of Mr. Tyndale to record so beautifully the Egypt of today. His twenty-seven illustrations are gems of color, as fine as anything of the kind that has been done. The volume as a whole is a library treasure, and beautiful within and without.

An Artist in Egypt. By Walter Tyndale, R. I. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Winter Sports.

Winter sports have not quite the importance in California that they are said to have elsewhere, the essential ingredient of winter being missing. But for those elsewhere who are compelled to mitigate by movement the rigors of the season Mr. Dier's book may be warmly commended. He has collected a large number of writings by more or less celebrated people on ice-motoring, skating, curling, snowshoeing, skiing, tobogganing, sleighing, and other winter amusements, not only showing how these sports are carried on, but writing of them with an enthusiasm that would be contagious if we could believe it to be sincere. And the illustrations are so selected as to corroborate the text and to intensify the doubtlessly assumed semblance of enjoyment.

A Book of Winter Sports. Edited by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

The Face of Air.

Every one has heard of the *Nancy Hanks*—if that was actually the name of the ship—that was found drifting about in perfect order but with no crew on board. A crew was supplied by the *Aurora*, but the next day the *Nancy Hanks* was again found without a crew and no trace of the missing men was ever discovered.

In this story the author tries to explain as mysterious and bewildering an incident as is to be found in the annals of the sea. He tells a capital story of adventure, but so far as the problem is concerned his proffered solution is too improbable for acceptance. But as the solution does not come until the last page we can enjoy a good yarn to the utmost.

The Face of Air. By George L. Knapp. New York: John Lane Company; $1 net.

Saints and Heroes.

Andrew Lang in his preface to this beautiful book by Mrs. Lang reminds us that there was a time when grown people were more like children than they are today and when no unusual credulity was needed to believe in fairies, in birds and beasts that could talk, and in all kinds of wonders that are now supposed to be impossible. It must have made the world an interesting place to live in because the unexpected was always happening. As a consequence all sorts of extraordinary tales were told about the early Christian saints and teachers, stories of miraculous happenings, and although for some reason we do not believe them now they still make capital reading, especially when they are told as Mrs. Lang tells them and with so many fine colored illustrations to help us understand what actually happened. All these stories are about people who actually lived, such as Hypatia, St. Francis, Colette, and many others. Whether these things actually happened to them is another matter.

The Book of Saints and Heroes. By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.60 net.

Nancy Porter's Opportunity.

This is the fourth volume of the Popular Books for Girls series, and we are allowed once more to watch the progress of Nancy toward womanhood. The author who can present magnetic portraits of really nice children is rendering a service to youth, and in this respect Miss Taggart's Nancy is all that she should be.

Nancy Porter's Opportunity. By Marion Ames Taggart. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "Sermons in Summer" the Arthur H. Crist Company of Cooperstown, New York, has published a volume of sermons delivered by the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, M. A., in Christ Church, Cooperstown. Price, $1.

"The First Part of Henry the Sixt" and "The Third Part of Henry the Sixt" have been added to the First Folio Shakespeare, under the general editorship of Charlotte Porter, and now being issued by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, 75 cents per volume.

"Seeing Europe on Sixty Dollars," by Wilbur Finley Fauley (Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; 75 cents net), is a travel diary, brightly written, full of practical information and with every appearance of accuracy. It records a notable achievement and one that should easily find its imitators.

The Neale Publishing Company has published a little volume entitled "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," by Randolph H. McKim, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L. Dr. McKim describes his work as "an examination of the arguments of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and others."

"There Are No Dead," by Sophie Radford de Meissner (Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net), is a volume of spiritist communications. We can only express our surprise at so great a waste of good ink and paper. They are, of course, cheap, but not nearly so cheap as most of the ideas in this feeble book.

"Masterpieces of the Masters of Fiction," by William Dudley Foulke (Cosmopolitan Press; $1.25 net), is a collection of forty-three literary essays, each one devoted to a work of fiction. It need not be said that Mr. Foulke's appraisals are always interesting, even if we do not share them. The only criticism of these essays is on the ground of their brevity, a fault rarely to be found with the modern essay writer.

The Blue Bonnet series of books for girls has now reached the dignity of a second volume, which appears under the title of "Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party," by Caroline Elliott Jacobs and Edyth Ellerbeck Read (L. C. Page & Co.; $1.50). The story is a sequel of "A Texas Blue Bonnet" and it conducts its many pleasant characters to a ranch in Texas. The story is brightly written and the illustrations are vigorous and good.

"Partners for Fair," by Alice Calhoun Haines (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25 net), is a particularly good book for boys because it contains an element of sentiment and treats of the boy as a human being instead of a young animal. The hero is a boy whose understudy is a dog, and the wanderings of the pair and their many adventures are told with energy and with the pathos that belongs properly to the homeless.

Those who like problem novels de[illegible]ith the drink evil—it is an acquired [illegible]ill find an unobjectionable example i[illegible]ton's Investment," by Eva Morl[illegible]phy (Crane & Co.; $1.25 net). It is c[illegible]endable for its avoidance of physical nastinesses, while its romantic interest is marked and well sustained.

"The Arnold Bennett Calendar," compiled by Frank Bennett (George H. Doran Company; $1 net), is the latest tribute to the literary distinction of the novelist. To have said 365 good things is a great achievement, and we are not sure that Mr. Bennett has actually said quite so many. But then most of us have never said anything at all worth repeating and so will not grudge Mr. Bennett this particular shrine to his genius.

We can see no reason why Sunday night should be the occasion for special culinary efforts, but it is evident that Alice Laidlaw Williams thinks differently, since she has given us a little book called "Sunday Suppers" (Duffield & Co.; $1). It is described as "a little book of menus with the necessary recipes for a different repast for every Sunday in the year. Most of them are adapted to chafing-dish cookery. Lancing Smith contributes a whimsical illustration to each page. The price is $1 net.

All Books that are reviewed in the
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CLUBBING LIST

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes:

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Trooper Police.

Of the Canadian "Mounted Police" we know a good deal. Of the corresponding force in Australia we know very little, and yet the Australian force seems the more remarkable of the two. Australia has had to face difficulties from which Canada has been free. For years she was the dumping ground for the criminality of England, and when that ruinous policy was abandoned the gold discoveries brought a swarm of fortune-seekers hardly more desirable. How much Australia owes to her mounted police for bringing order out of this chaos it would be hard to say, but certainly the debt must be a large one, and the author helps us to understand how the work has been done so effectively. Fitness for his position is the only thing that gives the police trooper his job and that keeps him in it. Physically he must be perfect. He must ride the horse and the camel, and he must know something of law, medicine, and commerce, so that he can act intelligently and alone upon all occasions. He is well paid and he has only to behave himself to be sure of his place until old age and a pension afterwards. Since influence counts for nothing, it is only the best men that are secured, the kind of men whose intelligence takes the place of numbers. The author explains all this and more. He gives us the history of the force from its start, the story of some of its more successful achievements, and the process of evolution that has brought it to its present high state of efficiency. The police problem is one common to the whole of civilization, for although conditions must vary in various countries the essentials of law and order must remain the same. Australia has certainly succeeded so far as her trooper police are concerned. Canada also has succeeded, although on a smaller scale, and in each case the story is worthy of a sympathetic hearing. The volume is well illustrated from original photographs.

The Trooper Police of Australia. By A. L. Haydon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Flaw in the Crystal.

This weird and curious story hinges on some of those theories of mental healing now so much in vogue. Agatha Verrall discovers that she has a certain power of mental abstraction and concentration that enables her not only to control the action of others, but to heal their maladies. She discovers also that this mysterious force has laws of its own and that those who invoke it must take the consequences of violating those laws. For example, after she has cured the insanity of her friend, Harding Powell, she finds herself in an unpleasant predicament. She must either maintain the undesirably close mental *rapport* that she has established with her patient or else break the link and allow him to fall back into his former state. And if she maintains the relationship it becomes evident that the insanity will be transferred to herself.

The story is saved from repulsiveness by the extreme delicacy and restraint of its telling. The author seems anxious to convey the idea that such a power can only be used safely from a standpoint of complete disinterestedness and that danger begins with the first trace of self-interest. Apart from the underlying theory, about which the reader must form his own opinions, the story is gracefully and even daintily told in spite of a certain sombreness inevitable to the subject.

The Flaw in the Crystal. By May Sinclair. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.20 net.

Sixty Years in the Far East.

These two volumes may seem a little bulkier than their topic warrants, but a glance through their large print pages shows that they are well written, bright with anecdote and incident, and rich in information of much commercial importance. The work is practically the life story of John Dillon Northwood and his son, who were the creators of regular trade communications between Singapore and Borneo. Reflections based upon so large an experience must necessarily be valuable, and even if some of the opinions expressed may seem to be extreme there is no sign of heat or prejudice in their utterance. Thus we have an estimate of the Japanese which credits them with bravery and ability, but describes them as "cruel, vindictive, unscrupulous, and licentious, dominated by insatiable ambitions and by a pride intolerable to men of other nations." The Japanese constitute the Yellow Peril which is a reality, according to the author, and he seems fully to credit the prediction that "the day was coming when the despised yellow-skins would hurl the arrogant white man into the depths of defeat and ruin."

Another point, and where the author seems to be on surer ground, is his protest against the infliction of education upon the Asiatic. Education means sedition and discontent. It gives to the Asiatic much of the power of the white man while leaving his nature unchanged. The author's protest, and a hundred like it, will of course be futile, since we are still wedded to the superstition that a spelling-book is the royal road to all social pieties instead of, as is often the case, to all social deviltries.

As a comprehensive, well-written, and humorous review of conditions in the East Mr. Ross's work may be warmly commended.

Sixty Years: Life and Adventure in the Far East. By John Dill Ross. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $7 net.

The Berlin Galleries.

This latest addition to the Art Galleries of Europe series is by David C. Preyer, A. M., who has done his work with the skill demanded in a volume intended neither for the expert nor for the tyro, but for the intelligent visitor who wants to know what he should see and why he should see it. We have a competent history of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and a brief story of the National Gallery of XIX Century Art, the whole being illustrated with forty-seven good plates. The author gives us six chapters devoted to the Italian, Spanish, French, English, German, and Dutch and Flemish pictures, as well as an historical chapter and a bibliography. As a guide-book there could be nothing more useful, while the volume has its distinct value for reference purposes.

The Art of the Berlin Galleries. By David C. Preyer, A. M. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $2 net.

Public Speaking.

Professor Winter has probably chosen the best way to impart the principles of oratory. He gives us first a few pages of "principles," a few mechanical hints, and a little sage advice, and he follows this with copious examples of public speaking arranged under such heads as "The Public Lecture," "The Informal Discussion," "Argument and Persuasion," and "The After-Dinner Speech." Just as a literary style may be acquired by the study of great writers so the art of public speaking may be gained by an imitation of those who have it. It may suffice to say that the author's principles and hints are of sound practical value and that his examples are always well selected and of the utmost value as types and models.

Public Speaking. By Irvah Lester Winter. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

The Life of the Bee.

There are some works deserving the honor of the *édition de luxe* that never receive it, and others with lesser merit that appear in all the bravery of stout paper, bold type, decorations, and fine illustrations. But there can be only one opinion of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee." It is not within the power of printer and artist combined to do it greater honor than it deserves. Therefore there should be a welcome for this beautiful book with its sumptuous setting and its thirteen colored plates by Edward J. Detmold.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $4 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" the wonderful style of Walter Pater is compared to "the face of some old woman who has been to Mme. Rachel and had herself enameled."

It is announced that the next volume of "Who's Who"—the English one—will contain 25,000 biographies. The Macmillan Company, its publishers, will give the book a larger page to accommodate the increase of matter.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, is writing his first novel, a philosophical tale, an installment of which has just appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The story is named "Entre Les Deux Mondes."

Thomas Nelson Page, author and Virginian, is mentioned as a possible selection by President Wilson for the post of ambassador to the court of St. James. Mr. Page is an accomplished gentleman, and the cost of maintaining the diplomatic responsibilities would be no burden to his fortune.

Frederick Warne & Co., New York, are to publish soon "Rights of Citizenship," a striking survey of the safeguards for the preservation of the rights of the people, with a preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K. G., and contributions by Sir William R. Anson, Bart., F. E. Smith, K. C., M. P., Professor A. V. Dicey, D. C. L., Lord Hugh Cecil, M. P., and the Earl of Selborne, K. G.

A new publishing house has been established in Chicago by F. G. Browne, for many years head of the publishing interests of A. C. McClurg & Co., and a member of the directory of that corporation. Mr. Browne will have associated with him Mr. Frank L. Howell, who has for years been traveling book-salesman for McClurg's and lately covering the Eastern territory. The firm name will be F. G. Browne & Co., with offices at 1575 Transportation Building, Chicago, and it is the plan to issue a general line of books, specializing on popular fiction. The first book bearing the imprint of the new firm will be published this month, and will be called "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth," by Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Woman from Wolverton."

New Books Received.

The Lyric Year. Edited by Ferdinand Earle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.

One hundred poems, including the three poems awarded $1000 in cash prizes.

The Mortal Gods and Other Plays. By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50 net.

Including "The Mortal Gods," "A Son of Hermes," and "Kidmir."

Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons. By Grace G. Montgomery. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

As played since the adoption of the new count.

The Peace Movement of America. By Julius Moritzen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.

"A picturesque presentation of later-day incidents."

The Woman Movement. By Ellen Key. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

A statement of the new phase upon which the movement is now entering.

Black's Guide to Ireland. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75 net.

Twenty-fifth edition.

Provence and Languedoc. By Cecil Headlam. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.50 net.

"Swift with the impetus of a traveler's adventure and leisurely with knowledge."

CURRENT VERSE.

Wisdom.

I know what the wild stars say now,
And what the seven still planets say,
And why the oak trees mourn and how
Along the water edge all day.

I know the words of the sea-song,
And what the wheeling birds would find
That wail and circle all night long
Through the eight crossways of the wind.

Oh, I am lonely! Dim the crowd
And desolate the friended way.
I know now what winds cry aloud
And what the seven still planets say.
—*Margaret Widdemer, in the Craftsman.*

The Cathedral of the Pines.

Within the dim cathedral of the pines
The snowy birchen tapers stand alight.
Far-aisled, with lifted flames of leaf-spired gold,
While gray and old
The verger autumn wind slips through the night.

Soft-robed in frost-starred vesture mid the dusk,
With moon-pale arms, dim Autumn's acolyte
Swings smoke-sweet censers through each grass-brown glade,
And from the shade
The hills bend near, close-veiled in moon mist white.

While clear and sweet, from oak-empaneled choir,
By gray and wind-bared branches screened from sight,
The sudden song of shadow-cleaving bird,
Far distant heard,
Breathes benediction through the fading light.
—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The Poet and His Dead.

I've lit my tall, white candles and placed them by the bed,
Two by her little dancing feet, two by her nodding head;
Ah, feet that dance not, eyes that see not, Love for ever dead!

I've picked my tall, white lilies and lined them by her side,
In either hand a lily droops, a lily for my bride;
She can not feel them, no, nor see them, they watch her open-eyed.

And all the love God gave me, to spend in knightly quests,
In pomp and pride of living, with her, with her, it rests,
In her silent lips and quiet eyes and the stillness of her breasts.

The earth yet lingers with me, and yet I see the sky;
The winds are here, and the sun and moon, and the stars that multiply;
And sometimes she is cold and dead, and sometimes it is I.

Between us now there stretches a dim unmeasured space
The loving dead can bridge not nor any living grace;
I can not hear her breathing, she can not see my face.

My poor hands touch and tremble, my poor lips kiss and yearn
For a little sudden warmth—but the dead shall not return;
The lilies droop and falter, the tall, white candles burn. . . .
—*Richard Middleton, in the English Review.*

◆

Will Carleton, the poet, newspaper man, and lecturer, died at his home in Brooklyn, New York, December 18, aged sixty-seven. Mr. Carleton was born in Michigan and while at Hillsdale College in that state gained more than local attention by his verse. In 1870 he became editor of the Detroit *Tribune* and a year later published his first book of poems. "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" was the best known of his earlier works. In 1884 Mr. Carleton moved to Brooklyn and for a number of years he had been editor of an illustrated magazine, *Everywhere*. From 1873 to 1896 he wrote many poems of farm and city life and traveled extensively as a lecturer. Mr. Carleton was married in 1881 to Miss Adora N. Niles.

Two Great Institutions

San Francisco can proudly boast of the largest baths in the world, as well as of the institution which furnishes them with light and power.

Since the famous Sutro Baths opened, something like eighteen years ago, they have been recognized as the largest in existence. From the time they were opened until quite recently they were operated independent of any outside power, but like other large establishments they finally realized that a private power plant was not altogether satisfactory. While it did the work, yet it had serious drawbacks, which led to a thorough investigation of outside possibilities.

As the result, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company secured one of the large pieces of business which made the year 1911 memorable for it.

During the year the Union Iron Works, builder of the *Oregon* and other noted ships, also discovered that cheaper and more reliable service could be obtained from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company than from any private steam plant that could be built. It therefore contracted for "Pacific Service," which is proving every claim advanced for it.

Another large concern which adopted "Pacific Service" last year is the Illinois Pacific Glass Company, Fifteenth and Folsom Streets. It consumes from 500,000 to 600,000 cubic feet of gas per month.

The United Railroads, at its Geneva shops, has made a number of important changes in apparatus, calling for the use of gas as fuel, and "Pacific Service" is supplying the large demands.

But, to get back to the changes made at Sutro Baths.

It is necessary to maintain a large boiler installation to heat the water for the tanks, as well as to furnish hot water and steam for the laundry, where the towels and bathing suits are cleaned. In the beginning an engine and a generator were installed to furnish light for the building, and a small engine to operate the machines needed. This was a good combination, but it had many uneconomical as well as inconvenient features, necessitating the operation of the entire plant when only a few lights were needed, in addition to a great many other things not necessary to mention.

With the central station service now in operation all this is changed, as it is possible to use any number of lights from one to the whole number at any time, and also to use all sorts of electric apparatus. It was found expedient to make many changes in the installation, which now gives better lighting results and economizes in the consumption of current and in the general upkeep. The steam engine which operated the big pump at low tide has been replaced with a 35-horsepower 2-phase motor which can be controlled from the switchboard, and can be operated at any time, day or night, without previous preparation in the way of getting up steam.

"Pacific Service" is available at any time, and, of course, is the most convenient form of motive power. It supplies two-thirds of the State of California.

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WOODLAND HACKNEY STUD

CHRISTMAS WEEK VAUDEVILLE.

Confirmed Orpheumites, numbering at least 15,000, know Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge," very well. He has conferred personal benefits on all of them several times, said benefits being the provoking in and eliciting from said Orpheumites divers and sundry laughs as frame-shaking as the physical safety limit will allow. But when Judge Kelly came back to the Orpheum this week, after extended touring in foreign lands, his hearty welcome was immediately succeeded by an unmistakable shiver of apprehension in the audience. His stories began with an Irish colloquy in a Dublin hotel, and though it was as perfect in brogue, tone, and characterization as anything he had ever done, it was less original, less distinctive, less inimitable than the darkey dialogues which have made him famous. But the judge didn't mind. He went right along with his Hibernian anecdotes from many foreign ports until he reached that one in which the newly arrived, dining by chance in a big New York hotel, objects to the size of the check. "Ninety cints for corrn beef and cabbage!" he shouts; "I'll bet ye two dollars ye can't lift ninety cints' worth of corrn beef and cabbage." And with this the laughs come up to the old keynote of entire satisfaction. Then the judge opened the docket, now familiar, of the Virginia police court, and a long line of delinquents was examined, interrogated, exploited, and dismissed. Here was genuine darkey humor, and of all sorts, from the whimsical to the sardonic. All the old favorites were there, from Peace-in-my-heart Parthenia to the truculent Jackson who comes back with a knife long enough to row a boat with. Parthenia describes with self-effacing modesty a family dispute in which her husband had done her undeserved injury, and asks that he be arrested "nex' Thu'sday mawnin'." "But why not now?" queries the judge. "Well, suh, the doctor 'lows he won't be out o' de hospital fur three, four days." And then comes that triangular fruit-stand difficulty, in which a negro, an Italian, and an Irishman figure, and the audience suddenly remembers that Rafferty, the Irishman, had demonstrated on earlier visits the judge's familiarity with the brogue, and that momentary misapprehension of introduction is wiped off the slate. The fruitseller had been warned of Rafferty's mood and rolled-up sleeves, and attempted propitiation with his salutation, but was unfortunate in his reference to color. Rafferty looked at the bananas. "Da greena ones no good," said the Italian, with overcivility. "What!!" roared Rafferty, and the trouble was on. No apology is necessary for these more or less expository references to Mr. Kelly's stories. Nobody else can tell them with the effects that he produces. As "studies of the underworld" his characters are much more valuable than all the Jimmie Valentine sentimentality that has reached the stage. And they get what is coming to them. The judge is willing to forgive repentant transgressors, but he does not reward their crimes with a medal of honor.

Almost as artistic, but with a narrower range, are Winona Winter's imitations. Her Scandinavian maid at the telephone is a genuine joy. Miss Winter is graceful, dainty, and winningly cheerful, and her songs are not badly done, but her forte is the delineation of types. Her ventriloquism, with the regulation dummy, is quite as clever as that of the more common male professional.

Jimmie Barry and Mrs. Barry have a new sketch with the old characters—an overshrewd country boy and a tender-hearted musical-comedy actress. It is notable chiefly for Mr. Barry's rather unsympathetic study of the "Rube," though it contains one or two of the surprises that are more carefully developed in Will Cressy's sketches of rural life. Mr. Barry gets his laughs, but he works hard for them, with incessant play of feature and only occasional, strictly confidential, lapses from his intensely serious mood. Mrs. Barry, as the actress, would have more fun with her bucolic admirer if he didn't happen to be her husband, and the star of the play. What May Irwin or Marie Cahill would do to him in such a situation would be quite another story.

The dish of olives in the Orpheum programme is a playlet by Edgar Allen Woolf, entitled "Little Mother." So far as the four women in the cast are concerned, it is played with skill, but it is bitter, nevertheless. A silly, adoring mother has produced the inevitable worse than worthless son, who goes the pace, lies continually, and even steals the household treasures to pawn for vile purposes. Really devoted mothers do not have that kind of sons. The young female person who has drained the boy's pockets brings on the catastrophe by an appearance in the home and a demand for money settlement. The mother gives up $2500 of her long and carefully hoarded savings without hesitation, "saves" her boy, and the pair sit down to dinner with a presumably innocent girl acquaintance, as if nothing had happened. Mr. Woolf was ill advised to offer this as a comedy for vaudeville. Its satire, with better craftsmanship, might be made as biting as any of George Bernard Shaw's, and fit it for the stage of the legitimate drama.

An odd but funny mixture of horseplay and audacious humor, pose and swagger, and newspaper wit, is offered by an unmistakably English music-hall couple, Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton. Mr. Clark is a comedian whose gifts do not require such constant bolstering with the tricks of cheap burlesque. When in character his tones, his affected posturings, his ease and assurance are admirable. Miss Hamilton plays the difficult part of feeder to her companion's humor with complete success. When he insists that they have met before, in the garden of the duchess, and that she presented him to King Henry VIII, it is with a charmingly natural laugh that she recalls the fact of that uxorious monarch's death, "hundreds of years ago." "Good heavens," rejoins the seedy swell, with genuine surprise, "you don't say so. How time does fly, to be sure!" Exhumed from the tombs of buried Crete, this witticism is still good with the audience at the Orpheum, but only when it is given in the manner of Mr. Clark.

There are two athletic numbers on the bill, both of which are pleasing to the eye, and so daringly clever that they are interest-holding. The Hassans perform on a tight wire some notable feats, the acme of which is a journey across the stage and back by the male of the trio on a pedestal unicycle seven feet high, whose wheel adheres to the slender wires only by a miraculous sense of equilibrium possessed by the rider on his gravitation-defying perch. The two young women who share in his triumphs are models of robust feminine beauty, and dance with grace and schooled agility. The Schmettans are a well-muscled pair whose poses, hand-to-hand balancing, and skillful exhibitions of strength have new refinements.

Were the natural talents of Ruby Raymond and Bobby Heath equal to their energy and undaunted good-nature, they would be prime favorites on the circuit. Even the coldest audience can not long withhold the approbation that they so painstakingly solicit. Mr. Heath's recitation—it is called a song in the book—"Railroad Sam," sets a new mark for swift utilization of all the known resources of reciters, in the way of comedy inflections and "mugging." George L. Shoals.

◆

Forbes-Robertson's Farewell Season.

According to arraugements just completed by Arthur Collins, managing director of Drury Lane Theatre Royal, with Percy Burton, Forbes-Robertson's general manager, the famous English actor will appear at Easter under his own management, with Miss Gertrude Elliott, at that historic house, where Sir Henry Irving appeared for the last time in London. It will constitute Forbes-Robertson's farewell season and positively last appearances in London in a repertory comprising "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Light That Failed," "Mice and Men," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and probably "Othello," if a suitable Iago can be found. For the smaller plays it is possible that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will avail himself of the "false frame," which has previously been used in London and on the Continent. This frame fits into the proscenium opening, and thus reduces the size of the stage. Forbes-Robertson's last London season will be necessarily a short one, owing to a subsequent tour.

In the autumn of 1913 Forbes-Robertson returns to America for his farewell tour here in the above repertory.

◆

Maurice Maeterlinck has just finished a new play—"Marie Madeleine"—which will be produced at the Municipal Theatre, at Nice, on March 15. Beyond the fact that it deals with the life of Mary Magdalen and other biblical personages, the greatest secrecy is being maintained in regard to the details of the play, which is written by Maeterlinck for his wife, Georgette Leblanc.

◆

The final performance of "The Rose Maid" at the Columbia Theatre will be given next Sunday. On that night Werba & Luescher's musical hit will end one of the most profitable three weeks' engagements any theatrical offering has enjoyed at the popular Geary Street playhouse. There will be a matinée on Saturday, January 4.

◆

Robert Warwick seems to have taken up comic opera work seriously. He is with Lina Abarbanell in "Miss Princess."

THE MUSICAL SEASON.

The Godowsky Concerts.

Leopold Godowsky has done more to advance the art of piano playing than any other man since Rubinstein and Liszt, and he now holds the highest position of the kind in the world, viz., head of the Master School for Pianists at the Royal Conservatory of Vienna.

So much has been written about Godowsky and his art that all there is left to say is that the first Godowsky concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, January 5, at 2:30 at the Columbia Theatre, when a programme of quite unusual beauty and interest will be given. It includes the too seldom heard Sonata in B minor by Chopin, and works by Brahms and Liszt, and Godowsky's wonderful contrapuntal paraphrase of Strauss's "Artists' Life Waltzes," and his skillful free adaptations of old masterpieces by Corelli, Rameau, Loeilly, and Dandrien.

The second and farewell Godowsky concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 12, with an entire change of programme.

Tickets are on sale at the music stores, and on Sunday at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre.

In Oakland a special programme is being arranged to be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, January 14, at 3:15. For this event the box-office will open at Ye Liberty next Thursday, January 9.

The Beel Quartet.

The fourth concert of the Beel Quartet will be given Tuesday night, January 7, in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. The programme is a particularly beautiful and novel one, and consists of a Beethoven Quartet, a Brahms Quartet, and a set of "Bagatelles" for strings and harmonium by Dvorak. Mr. Henri Salz will assist in the rendition of this last work, which will be given its first performance in this city.

Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores and at the door on Tuesday night.

Seventh Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The first popular concert of the new year, and the seventh of the present series of ten popular concerts to be given by the San Francisco Orchestra, will be given at the Cort Theatre Friday afternoon, January 10, at 3:15. The programme will be:

Verdi	Grand March from "Aida"
Lalo	Overture, "L'Roi Dys" (Concerto for Violin and Orchestra)
Renaldo Hahn	Suite from Ballet, "Chez Terese"
Hadley	Suite from "The Atonement of Pan" (New—first time in San Francisco)
Tschaikowsky	Overture, "1912"

The Sembrich Concerts.

If you ask an artist like Melba, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, or Gadski, who their ideal singer is the answer will invariably be Mme. Sembrich. She is esteemed most among her own greatest colleagues—no greater praise than this could be given any artist. All singers and musicians look upon Sembrich as an authority. If she sings an aria or a *lied* in a certain way, it is looked upon as the right way. Her musicianship is undisputed. She is equally as accomplished on the violin and piano as in her vocal art. But it is the absolute perfection of her vocal method that makes Sembrich unique; she is past-mistress of the true art of bel canto, and vocal students should listen to every note and phrase as it comes from the throat of this queen of song and strive to imitate her style and method of voice production. A Sembrich concert is worth a score of vocal lessons.

This artist will give two concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, January 19 and 26. She will be assisted by Gutia Casini, a seventeen-year-old 'cello prodigy, whom she discovered in Russia and promised to stand sponsor for, and Frank La Farge, the well-known pianist and composer.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he will now receive mail orders for the Sembrich concerts and that the regular box-offices will open Wednesday, January 15.

The Sembrich concert in Oakland will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 24, and for this event the mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at that theatre.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey and Claude Cunningham.

Two of the very finest singers that this country has yet produced are Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Claude Cunningham, baritone, who have for the past few years made a special feature of joint recital work. In the East, where these artists are known, their names are synonymous with crowded houses. This will be their first visit to California, and Manager Greenbaum predicts that after one concert their consummate art will meet with the same appreciation as it has in Europe and the Eastern cities. The dates of these concerts will be announced in a few days.

Lambardi Opera Forces to Complete Season Here.

The projected permanent grand opera company to be devoted exclusively to performances on the Pacific Coast, and with its big chorus and orchestra composed entirely of local artists, has come to stay. Impresario Lambardi's venture has met with [illegible] encouragement all the way from San Diego to Vancouver and Victoria. Of course the many weeks of constant performing has greatly improved the ensemble work, and Lambardi now has an organization that the Pacific Coast, and especially San Francisco, has every reason to feel proud of.

Realizing that the American public is fond of change and novelty, the management arranged to have many new principals for the second half of its season, and for its return engagements in Los Angeles (the company opened a month's engagement there last Monday) and in San Francisco many well-known stars have been secured. Among these will be recognized Ester Adaberto, whose performances here three years ago resulted in her engagement by the Metropolitan Opera Company for special performances of "Aida"; Regina Vicarino, the young coloratura soprano who was the sensational feature of the season at the Garrick two years ago, and who has just completed a triumphal season with Bonci in Mexico. Lina Bertossi, a lyric soprano well remembered as a star of the Milan Grand Opera Company which appeared here when the new San Francisco was getting its opera at the Chutes, and Blanche Hamilton Fox, an American contralto, who has won her laurels in the principal opera houses of Italy, and who has also just completed an engagement with the Sigaldi Company in Mexico.

Among the new male artists will be two tenors, Eugenio Folca and S. Bellingheri, and the new chief conductor will be Arturo Bovi.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
The HIGHEST STANDARD of VAUDEVILLE
MISS CONSTANCE CRAWLEY, the English Star and Company, including Mr. Arthur Maude, in "A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde; The HARVEY FAMILY; CHRIS RICHARDS; MERRILL and OTTO; HOPKINS and AXTELL; WINONA WINTER; MR. and MRS. JIMMIE BARRY; THE SCHMETTANS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Hit, WALTER C. KELLY, "The Virginia Judge."
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse
Geary and Mason Streets
Phones: Franklin 150 C 5783

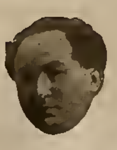
Beginning MONDAY NIGHT, Jan. 6
Engagement Limited to Two Weeks
Klaw & Erlanger's Stupendous International Production of General Wallace's
BEN-HUR
200 people—16 horses in the Great Chariot Race.
Prices: Evenings and Saturday Matinee, 50c to $2.00. Wednesday Matinee, 50c to $1.50.

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460

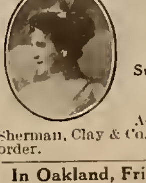
Sunday Night—Last Time of WHITESIDE in "The Typhoon."
Starting MONDAY Night—Two Weeks.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
Maeterlinck's Exquisite Fantasy
THE BLUE BIRD
Original New Theatre (N. Y.) Production. Cast of 100—Augmented Orchestra. The Newest and Most Elaborate Spectacle the American Stage has Ever Known. Prices: 50c to $2.

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason

Week Starting Sunday Matinee, Jan. 5
World Famous Acrobatic Sextet
TASMANIAN VAN DIEMANS
6 Society Lady Gymnasts
A Treat for Big and Little Folk
TIEBER'S SEALS
Marvelously Trained Sea Monsters
7 OTHER BIG FEATURE ACTS
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.



GODOWSKY
MASTER-PIANIST
COLUMBIA THEATRE
This Sunday aft, Jan. 5, at 2:30
and Sunday aft, Jan. 12
Prices $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at Theatre.
In Oakland, Tuesday aft, Jan. 14, at 3:15
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
Knabe Piano used.



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Sembrich
CONCERTS
Sunday afts, Jan. 19 and 26
COLUMBIA THEATRE
Prices $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s enclosing check or money order.
In Oakland, Friday aft, Jan. 24, at 3:15
Mail orders to Ye Liberty Playhouse
Baldwin Piano used.
Coming—Mme. RIDER-KELSEY, Soprano, and CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM, Baritone.

VANITY FAIR.

Our ceaseless inquiry into the subtleties of the feminine mind cause us to wonder at the method chosen by the women of a Kansas association to celebrate the granting of the franchise. It seems that two hundred leaders of the movement—that is to say, the whole of the association—assembled in the public square of the town, lit a bonfire, and jubilantly burned their old hats. Now why did they burn their old hats? If they intended their act as a sort of burnt offering to the franchise gods they should have burned their new hats. Then indeed we should know that the ceremonial represented the deepest feelings of the human heart, although why any kind of a god should covet a woman's hat, old or new, it is hard to say. The incident has attracted a good deal of attention and more than one newspaper has tried to solve the problem, but without success. A New York scribe who ought to know better and probably does know better, but who is doubtless married and therefore broken-spirited, says that the women burned their hats for the same reason that men throw their hats into the air under the impulse of jubilation. Now a man throws his hat into the air because it is the only immediately detachable garment that he has. He could hardly be expected to throw his boots into the air or his pajamas. That is a very different thing from the deliberate lighting of a fire in order to consume articles of apparel brought for the purpose.

But the problem is not difficult to any one who has studied the sex from that cold and dispassionate standpoint which we have made peculiarly our own. It is evident that the women of Kansas had been taught to associate the franchise with new hats. There is only one problem to the average feminine mind, and that one problem is the acquisition of a new hat. The questions of the day, social, political, and religious, either conduce to new hats, in which case they are burning and vital questions, or they do not conduce to new hats, in which case they are of no importance. Evidently the women of Kansas felt that they had won a great victory for new hats and that henceforth there would be no difficulty about getting them, since all that they would have to do would be to pass a law. Why the women of Kansas should think such a thing it is not for us to say. Possibly for the same sort of reason that led Miss Jane Addams to support Mr. Roosevelt because she favored playgrounds for the children of Chicago. It is not for mere man to ask to be shown the connection between votes for women and hats for women, or between Mr. Roosevelt and playgrounds for children. The man who is not satisfied with "because" has no valid reason for continuing to live.

* * *

There is no reason to ask why Professor Patton of the University of Pennsylvania should go out of his way to commend a girl for spending nine-tenths of her income on millinery. No doubt the learned professor felt that the University of Pennsylvania has just as good a right to a showing in the Sunday supplements as the University of Chicago and that a monopoly of professional silliness is bad for the cause of education. The professor seems to suppose that the girl who dresses cheaply must necessarily be a dowdy, and that the $10 hat on the $8-a-week girl will assure for her that kind of respect that means advancement or a husband. Evidently the professor is rather a vulgar fellow as well as a silly one, since the exact converse of his theory is usually the fact. The $8-a-week girl who buys a $10 hat will usually select an atrocity that will serve as a danger signal alike to employers and to husbands, while if she confined herself to a hat that she could afford she would probably call upon her own good taste to supplement the poverty of her purse. What a blessing it would be if we only had some sort of a national board whose duty it was to punish university professors whose ears grow too long and mobile.

* * *

The *Millinery Trade Review* devotes an article to "various ways of wearing the Parisian hats." We are told that "Another soft toque made loose and rather full in breitschwantz has for trimming two white ostrich tips—pretty long curved over—one fastened over the left ear drooping forward, and the other over the right ear turned a little backward." We should think that this new arrangement of ears would be quite striking and we hasten to make it known. We knew a fellow at school who could move his ears, and it was an accomplishment much admired and emulated. But both ears moved synchronously, so to speak, unanimously and in the same direction. Now it seems that the fashionable lady with a Paris hat must cultivate a left ear that droops forward and a right ear that turns a little backward, and we can not imagine how she does it.

* * *

The chef of a large hotel, being asked to talk about his noble profession, remarked in the course of much other matter of interest that while some women are good cooks no woman ever yet became a chef. And he wondered why. But the explanation is quite simple. Let the average man examine a cookery book prepared for the use of women and he will understand in a moment why a woman's culinary operations are always in the nature of a gamble and why she never knows until the last moment how her handiwork will turn out. These cookery books are really staggering in their incompetence, in their vagueness, in the haphazard way in which they deal with weights and measures. Such a book is before us at the moment, and upon a single page opened at random we find instructions to take a "cupful" of sugar, a "little" salt, a "lump" of butter, a "spoonful" of this, "sufficient" of that, and a "handful" of something else. Now what kind of result can one expect from recipes of that kind? If you ask a chef for a recipe you will find that it contains precise measurements, that it assumes the use of a good scales, and that instead of spoonfuls, and cupfuls, and handfuls you will have to deal with pounds and ounces. As a result the chef knows exactly what he will get when he sets out to cook. There is no guesswork and no uncertainty and he can repeat the same dish a hundred times and without the slightest variation in the results. His formula is as precise as a medical prescription.

The same lack of accuracy distinguishes the woman dressmaker, and this is reliably said to be the reason why the best dresses are made by men. The woman dressmaker ignores all measurements less than a quarter of an inch. The man uses the sixteenth, and the difference in accuracy is shown clearly enough in the results.

* * *

It is to be wished that the German government had seen its way to give its reasons for its recent order as to the wives of its diplomats. Henceforth no official in the service will be allowed to marry a foreign woman and remain in the service. Those who have already committed this offense will not be asked to resign nor even to secure a divorce, but future offenders will be dealt with summarily.

Some of the newspapers who have commented upon this decree assume it to be a reflection upon woman's supposed inability to keep a secret. That, of course, is absurd from any point of view. If German diplomats were forbidden to marry at all there might be something in it, and of course women are extraordinarily good at keeping secrets if they really want to. But since German diplomats are permitted to marry German women it is evidently the fear of the government that a foreign wife might think more of the interests of her own country than of the country of her adoption, and so use her irregularly acquired knowledge in a way hurtful to Germany. Certainly the wife of a diplomat can find out anything she chooses if we may draw conclusions from our own inability to keep anything hidden from the all-seeing and usually censorious eye of the household deity. History tells us of a certain English statesman who had unquestioned claims to inclusion in Lord Palmerston's cabinet. But his wife was known to be not only of the penetrating but also of the loquacious kind and the difficulty seemed to Palmerston to be insuperable. At last he surrendered to the representations of his colleagues, but with the suggestion that "the rest of us will have to take it in turns to sleep with them." At the present time there are thirteen American wives of foreign ambassadors and ministers in Washington, including both Germany and Great Britain.

* * *

The case of Norway goes a long way to disprove the frequent assertion that easy divorces mean many divorces. It also proves that America is by no means the pioneer in easy divorces, as she is usually assumed to be. The Norwegian law provides that if the husband and the wife are agreed in their desire for divorce they may have it without any statement of reasons, but there must be a year of separation between the application and the final decree. And the cost of all this luxury ranges from $1.25 to $25, and this in spite of the high cost of living. But the Norwegian people seem strangely insensible to these blessings of civilization thus brought to their very doors, as it were. In 1910 there were only 390 divorces out of 400,000 existing marriages, or a percentage of about two and a half a year.

* * *

The London *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that Victor Hugo's powers of digestion were of no ordinary calibre. In some reminiscences contributed to *Le Temps* M. Edouard Lockroy relates that the poet when served with crayfish invariably ate them whole, swallowing the claws and shell with great gusto. Oranges were dealt with in the same way, the peel being eaten with as much relish as the fruit. A dinner party at Hugo's was a trying ordeal for people of normal appetite. "On one occasion," writes M. Lockroy, "we were fed for three hours without intermission. And after forty minutes' respite in the drawing-room we were marched back to partake of pastry and syrups."

* * *

"What makes your baby so headstrong?" "He was raised on goat's milk."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

First Departure—

Sunset Limited

Train de Luxe

Winter Season 1913

From San Francisco (THIRD ST STATION) 6:00 p. m. January 7th
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A Once-a-Week Extra Fare Train

With every comfort and convenience for travelers, including

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Will leave San Francisco on Tuesdays, Los Angeles on Wednesdays, and save 24 hours in running time to New Orleans.

Observation-Clubroom Car with Ladies' Parlor and Library. Compartment Car. Two Standard Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, providing Three-Room Suites if desired. Dining-Car Service unexcelled.

The route through the South is most interesting and delightful, and particularly enjoyable at this season.

Close Connection at New Orleans with fast trains to Eastern cities; also with Southern Pacific's commodious Atlantic steamers sailing to New York on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

The wealthy old lady was very ill and sent for her lawyer to make her will. "I wish to explain to you," she said weakly, "about disposing of my property." The lawyer was sympathetic. "There, there, don't worry about it," be said soothingly; "just leave it to me." "Oh, well," said the old lady resignedly, "I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway."

* * *

Here is an excerpt from Paul West's "Just Boy" letters (just published by the George H. Doran Company) which reads like a clipping from the "Little Johnny" papers by Ambrose Bierce in tbe early volumes of the *Argonaut:* "I ast my father why minnisters move so mutch and he said he guessed they was forced to on account of thare sons. I wisht my father was a minnister."

* * *

Counsel for the defendant in a criminal case had made an eloquent speech, bringing tears to the eyes of many present in court; but tbe jury, composed of hardheaded old countrymen on whose ears oratory and sentiment fell like snowflakes on a warm chimney, were unmoved. Counsel for the prosecution, rising to reply, took their measure at a glance. "Gentlemen," be said, "let it be understood to begin with that I am not boring for water!"

* * *

At an advertising man's banquet in Denver, Dr. H. Wood Avery, the author of many advertising monographs, ended an address with this story. "The power of the 'ad,'" he said, "is truly miraculous. I know a young actress who mislaid a string of pearls. She inserted a 'lost and found' advertisement and the next day I asked her: 'Well, did you get your pearls back?' 'Yes,' she answered—'and isn't advertising wonderful? Tbe string I lost were only scientific, but those that have been returned to me are the real thing.'"

* * *

It was early in the bistory of the new household. "What have we got for breakfast, dear?" asked Mr. Justmarried. His wife looked at him with troubled eyes. "It was to have been bacon," she said, "but poor cook's burnt it." "Poor cook! I should think so, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Justmarried. "Confound her! Have you given her notice?" "Oh, no; we mustn't be too cross with her, darling," said his wife. "She's so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast?" she coaxed archly. "All right, dear," replied Mr. Justmarried, suddenly pacified. "Call her in!"

* * *

Tbe temperance reformer was justly proud of having converted the biggest drunkard in a little Scotch town, and induced him—he was the local gravedigger—to get on the platform and spout his experiences. "My friends," he said, "I never, never thocht to stand upon this platform with the provost on one side of me and the toon clerk on tb' ither side of me. I never thocht to tell ye that for a whole month I haven't toucbed a drap of anytbing. I've saved enough to buy me a braw oak coffin wi' brass handles and brass nails—and if I'm a teetotaler for anither month I shall be wantin' it!"

* * *

Peter Buck recovered from his long siege of typhoid fever and began circulating among his old friends and receiving their congratulations. That is, those who recognized him congratulated him. Before he was ill Pete weigbed 220 pounds easy; now his clothes don't fit him and when he stands on the platform and drops a penny in the slot the little pointer stops at 150. "Well, well," said a friend, "where's your bay-window, Buck? I'll bet a fellow could count your ribs." "Count my ribs?" repeated Buck, ruefully. "Let me tell you something, Charlie. On Moudays I get into the stationary tub and my wife uses me for a washboard."

* * *

In the smoking-car the conversation turned to the merits and demerits of various ways of preserving health. One stout, florid man held forth with great eloquence on the subject. "Look at me!" he said. "Never a day's sickness in my life, and all due to simple food! Why, gentlemen," he continued, "from the age of twenty to that of forty I lived an absolutely simple, regular life—no effeminate delicacies, no late hours, no extravagances. Every day, in fact, summer and winter, I was in bed regularly at nine o'clock and up again at five in tbe morning. I worked from eight to one, then had dinner—a plain dinner, mark my words; after that an hour's exercise; then——" "Excuse me, sir," interrupted tbe facetious stranger in the corner, "but what were you in for?"

* * *

A prominent French critic, the story runs, once said to George Bernard Shaw: "You are putting on a new comedy Monday night. Let me attend one of the dress rehearsals, won't you?" "Impossible," said Mr. Shaw. "My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to refuse even the most distinguished critics access to them." "But," said the other, "I want to write a careful criticism. If I have to write it and telegraph it in a few minutes on Monday night it will be very hurriedly done, and I fear that it will give a wrong impression of your comedy in Paris the next day." "Have no anxiety on that score," Mr. Shaw replied. "My comedies are not written for the next day."

* * *

One of Mrs. Fiske's favorite stories goes back to the days when neitber she nor David Belasco nor Charles Frohman were as celebrated as they are now, although, secretly, all three of them probably had no doubts of what was going to bappen. Even in the earliest days Mr. Belasco was a keen and quite unreticent admirer of Mrs. Fiske, who was then Minnie Maddern. In this enthusiasm he had a warm but friendly rival in Mr. Frohman. When Miss Maddern appeared as Chip in "Fogg's Ferry" at the old Park Theatre her two admirers were naturally among the foremost leaders of the applause. Before the end of the play, however, Mr. Belasco excused himself, pleading an urgent engagement. "Well, Dave, I'm glad you've got a date," said Mr. Frohman, "because I've got one, too." "All right, Charlie—see you tomorrow," said Mr. Belasco. And they parted outside the theatre. Mr. Belasco immediately hurried to a florist's, where he squandered the greater part of ten dollars—all he then possessed in the world—on a huge bouquet. It was the day of the old-fashioned "bokay," shaped like a large cabbage with an enormous stalk, an island of flowers entirely surrounded by ferns and frilly paper. Armed with this he hurried to the stage door of the old Park Theatre. The first person he met was Cbarles Frohman. Mr. Belasco promptly thrust his "bokay" behind his back and hastily engaged in light conversation. Presently he noticed that Mr. Frohman also was apparently suffering from a disability of the left arm, which he held behind his back. When they gained admittance to Minnie Maddern's dressing-room it finally came out that each of the rivals had left the theatre with the same purpose. That was in—never mind the date.

* * *

A Reminiscence.

Ex-Senator Evarts was discussing indigestion and dyspepsia and that sort of thing with a lady the other day, and the lady remarked that she supposed the greater part of the trouble men had with their stomachs was due to the different wines they drank.

"It was tbe indifferent wines that gave me the most trouble," replied the venerable statesman.

The above perfectly good anecdote was sent to us by a valued correspondent yesterday. The only trouble with it is this—we read it, ten years ago in the *Argonaut,* a fine California paper. Also, ex-Senator Evarts isn't telling stories any more.

Isn't it a shame how such things happen? —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

THE MERRY MUSE.

"There Was a——"

There was a young man of Ky.,
With ladies was almost too ly.
Wherever he'd go
They would bother him so,
By calling him "darling" and "dy."
—*Indianapolis News.*

* * *

Her Sorrows.

Ho! my lady bought a hat,
Trimmed with—oh, well, this and that.
It was chic, high priced, becoming—quite a gem in every way.
But how short lived was her pride
(For her milliner had lied!)
She saw another like it—then there was the deuce to pay.

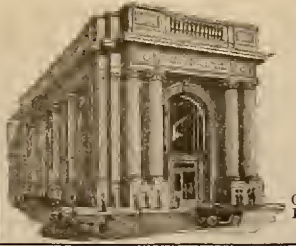
For a pair of shoes she went;
All the afternoon she spent,
And chose a natty, dressy pair—the sweetest she could buy.
They were comfortable, yes,
But you'll never, never guess
What she suffered when she found the heels a full eighth inch too high!

She, in choosing her a gown,
Turned the city upside down,
And brought home a small creation, worth not quite its weight in gold.
Ah! that gown! She prized it so—
But was torn 'twixt wrath and woe
When a friend persuaded her the style was all of four weeks old!

She is inured to change—
To her fancy sway and range—
That in matters touching life's affairs on constant wing is she.
So ill luck was hers again
When she chose among the men;
She thrice has tried the Reno route—yet chafes at being free! —*New York Globe.*

* * *

Dr. Lawrence Stacey, at a luncheon in Cleveland, disputed the claim that warm winters are unhealthy. "My statistics, tabulated for seventeen years," he said, "show that there is less pneumonia in warm than in cold winters. 'A green Cbristmas makes a fat graveyard,' a young practitioner quoted to me the other day. 'No, no,' I returned. 'Our fat graveyards are due rather to green doctors tban green Christmases.'"



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Assets	$51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund	140,109.60
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. William Hurlbut Morrow have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Arabella Morrow, to Mr. Harold Mann. Miss Morrow is a granddaughter of Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow, and a cousin of Mrs. Fechteler of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Henry Roosevelt. Mr. Mann is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mann of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden gave a Pierrot and Pierrette dance last evening at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained fifty young people at an informal dance Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Barbara Champion and Miss Katherine Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn entertained a house party over the Christmas holidays at their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Ward Barron gave a children's party at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained forty children at a Christmas party at her home on California Street in honor of her granddaughter, little Patricia Tobin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Clarke gave a dinner Christmas day at their home in Presidio Terrace.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace entertained the young friends of Miss Marie Louise Winslow at a dinner preceding the dance, Thursday evening, of Miss Flora Miller.

Miss Helen Keeney entertained fourteen friends at a dinner Monday evening, and with her guests later attended the dance given by Mrs. Kittle to her granddaughter and grandson, Miss Jean Boyd and Mr. Kittle Boyd.

Mrs. Frederick Fenwick gave a luncheon and bridge party Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. W. Wright was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott gave a dinner Christmas day at their home in San Rafael and entertained twenty relatives.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker was christened Tuesday in the cathedral on Van Ness Avenue. Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon were the godmothers and Mr. George A. Pope was the godfather. The baby was named Cyrus Walker, after his paternal grandfather.

Miss Jennie Stone gave a children's party Friday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel.

The members of the Burlingame Club entertained at a vaudeville performance and informal dance Saturday evening.

The members of the Marin Country Club gave a Christmas celebration which was preceded by a number of dinners given at the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crocker entertained their friends at a dinner Thursday evening and accompanied their guests to Miss Jennie Stone's Christmas ball.

Miss Jane Hotaling gave a house party last week at the Hotaling country home in Marin County.

The Misses Olive and Elizabeth Wheeler have issued invitations to a tea January 7 in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin and Miss Ruth Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis entertained one hundred and fifty guests at a New Year's eve party on the mezzanine floor of the Palace Hotel.

Miss Vera de Sabla gave a dinner last evening preceding the dance at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto entertained their friends New Year's eve at their home on Washington Street.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove entertained at a Christmas celebration at the U. S. Naval Training Station on Yerba Buena.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a reception Wednesday at their home in Fort Mason. They left Thursday with their daughter, Miss Sadie Murray, for Washington, D. C.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayo received their friends New Year's day at their home at Mare Island.

Pay-Director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray gave a dinner recently at Mare Island.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have returned from a brief visit in New York.

Mrs. William A. Wilson and her daughter, Miss Joy Wilson, have returned to Berkeley from Sacramento, where they spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lyman (formerly Miss Rowena Wilson).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster spent the week-end at their country home in Ross.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr., have rented the home on Broderick Street of Mrs. George Carr. They are at present in San Rafael, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Martin.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark is contemplating going abroad to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mullins, who are in London. She will be accompanied by her two daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock have returned to San Mateo after a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. John Drum.

Mrs. Belle Brooks Reis and her sons have recently taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue near Webster Street, where they will reside during the winter.

Mr. Frank McCoppin Brewer is in San Mateo visiting his sisters, Mrs. Edward Cudahy of Chicago and Miss Amy Brewer, who are occupying the home of Colonel Pippy.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children have returned from Monterey, where they have been spending the past week.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson has arrived from Philadelphia to spend a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., and her son, Mr. Felton Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey have recently taken an apartment on California and Jones Streets.

Miss Harriett Alexander has been spending a few days in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard.

Dean J. Wilmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham have returned from the East, where they have been visiting relatives. While in Boston Dean Gresham christened the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss (formerly Miss Dorothy Chapman).

Mr. Talbot Walker will leave Monday for Seattle to look after the extensive business interests of his father, Mr. Cyrus Walker.

Miss Agnes Tobin has arrived in New York from Europe, where she has been residing for several years, and will return to this city shortly to join her mother, Mrs. M. A. Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Hammon spent the holidays in New York and are expected home next week.

Dr. Harold Barnard has returned to Sacramento after a week's visit with friends in town.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anne Peters are at the Fairmont Hotel for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will close their home in Burlingame next week, and will occupy the apartment on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. James A. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have returned from a three months' visit in the East.

Miss Helen Hinckley has returned to her home at Beowawe, Nevada, after a visit with the Misses Harriet, Marion, and Helen Stone.

Miss Cora Otis has recovered from her recent attack of the "grippe."

The Misses Gertrude Hopkins and Helen Keeney were among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, who entertained a number of the young friends of their son, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., over the week-end. Mr. Wilson and his brother, Master Russell Wilson, returned yesterday to their Eastern schools.

Miss Grace Bromfield has gone to Los Angeles to spend several weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned from the East and are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges of Santa Barbara is visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Butler. Later she will be the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin have delayed their departure for the East until tomorrow. They will spend a month with Mr. Chamberlin's relatives in Boston and will visit Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson in New York.

Mr. James Lowe Hall has come from Michigan to spend the holidays with his fiancée, Miss Mildred Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn spent the holidays with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, at their home, Muckross Abbey, in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will take a number of their friends in their private car "Mishewaka" to the Yosemite for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Miss Ethel and Miss Margaret Moore have gone abroad and will spend the winter in Egypt. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr, who have been occupying their house since they left, have moved into their new home at Piedmont.

Mrs. Matthew Thomlinson, wife of Lieutenant Thomlinson, U. S. N., came from West Point to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, in Berkeley. Mrs. Thomlinson will later join her husband at his new post at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), has returned from Mare Island, where he was the guest of his son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff.

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A Local Drama League.

For the last year and a half the Drama League of America, which was organized in Chicago in April, 1910, for the purpose of creating and fostering a taste for good drama and organizing audiences for plays deemed worthy of support, because of their artistic merit or the timely and vital nature of their appeal, by the league's playgoing committees in the producing centres has quietly been adding to its membership in this vicinity until it was felt that it had enough members for a local centre. This was organized at the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, December 13, with the following officers: President, Professor William Dallam Armes, University of California; vice-presidents, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, San Francisco; Hon. Frank K. Mott, Oakland, and Professor D. H. Gray, Stanford University; secretary, Mrs. Charles S. Stanton, 2255 Vallejo Street, San Francisco; treasurer, Mrs. John H. Robertson, 25 Sixth Avenue, San Francisco; executive committee, the foregoing, *ex-officia*, and Mrs. Fred W. Vaughan, San Francisco; Mrs. W. J. Drew, San Francisco; Mrs. F. C. Turner, Oakland; Mrs. Joseph Fife, San Francisco; Mrs. M. C. Sloss, San Francisco; Mr. Charles K. Field, San Francisco; Commodore C. P. Perkins, U. S. N., Berkeley; Professor M. C. Flaherty, University of California; Mr. John D. Barry, San Francisco, and Judge Henry A. Melvin, San Francisco.

Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" is one of the plays that have been cordially supported by the league throughout the East, and hence the officers of the new centre have arranged for a public meeting of the league in connection with its forthcoming production in San Francisco. This meeting will take place at the Cort Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 7, at half-past three. Brief addresses on the league, its purposes and methods, will be given by officers of the centre, and on the play by prominent members of the company that gives it its initial presentation in San Francisco the evening before. All will be welcome at this meeting without either admission fee or ticket.

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Against Municipal Opera.

The new opera by Richard Strauss was performed in an opera house owned by the city of Stuttgart (says the *Literary Digest*). And just as that opera is stirring discussion here, the question of municipally owned opera houses is also coming up. One such, we believe, is in its experimental stage in California; it will tell its tale in time. But Mr. Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors of New York's Metropolitan, is reported by a correspondent of *Musical America* (New York) to be "no advocate of this idea." Indeed, he is not merely negative, but "obdurate in his negation of its value." Neither our municipal nor federal governments in America, he declared, are in a position to insure a protectorate over art here. The argument that thereby young Americans might be given the opportunity to acquire that experience essential in the career of an opera singer (for which today they are compelled to go to Europe), nor that the greater affluence of American cities over German towns would be a sufficient guaranty as to pecuniary risks, could shake Mr. Kahn's opinion, expressed thus:

"Not that I do not believe that our official bodies would do their best to promote art to the utmost of their ability, but the trouble is that there are other tasks for our government far more important to deal with for the present. Just now, I think, the promoting of music, certainly of opera, should, as heretofore, be left to private enterprise—to private enterprise which takes an interest in the welfare of music for art's sake and not as a mere hobby. Wherever we have expended energy and means toward the realization of such artistic ideals, the results have been, I think, not ungratifying. And with all due respect to our government officials I do not think that such results would ever have been attained if the task—and, believe me, it was not as easy as it might seem—had been left to them. . . .

"Under no circumstances could or would the means have been expended quite so lavishly if opera houses had been conducted by a municipal or federal government, for which a certain amount of red tape is indispensable. And, then, do not forget that if you had a municipal opera house, every inhabitant of that town would be inclined to consider himself, or herself, a part owner and consequently wish to have some voice in the management."

Germany affords us no object lesson to the contrary, we are assured, because of "the differences in German and American character."

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The home in Fort Mackenzie, Wisconsin, of Major Carroll Buck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Buck has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Buck was formerly Mrs. Inez Shorb White.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

New Year's eve was more popularly and more vociferously celebrated on the streets of the city than ever before. There were thousands of horns and bells in constant use by promenading celebrants, on foot and in automobiles, and tons of confetti and serpentine were thrown. One fatal accident occurred on lower Market Street, where an automobile was overturned and crushed in collision with a street-car. Steam whistles blew ten minutes at the meeting of 1912 and 1913.

A crowd of 150,000 people gathered on the exposition grounds New Year's day to witness the breaking of ground for Machinery Hall, the first of the buildings to be erected.

The parcel post became a reality Wednesday morning, with the opening of the new year. Two automobiles and twenty wagons are available for making deliveries. Everything has been done at the postoffice to have this branch of the postal service running smoothly from the first day. Ordinary postoffice stamps will not be accepted. The special parcel post stamps must be used. Packages must not be left at the street boxes. If they are, or if the wrong stamps are used, the packages will be treated as "held for postage."

An endless series of festivals in the cities of the Pacific Coast, to begin each year with the Rose Carnival in Pasadena, on January 1, and end with the open-air carols on Christmas eve in San Francisco, is the scheme being developed by the Festival Association of the Pacific Coast, organized by Ralph W. Hoyt, a member of the Royal Rosarians of Portland, who arrived in San Francisco Tuesday with one hundred other Rosarians. The party was en route to Pasadena to advertise the Rose Festival held annually in Portland.

As a climax to the five days' aviation meet that closed Sunday at Tanforan, Bob Fowler broke the altitude record for cloudy weather. He disappeared in the haze above and returned to the ground to report that he had been 9100 feet high. Lincoln Beachey was the star performer in daredevil flights and evolutions at the meet.

San Francisco Gruetli Verein took formal possession of its new quarters in the German House Sunday with a concert and speeches. The verein was organized thirty-eight years ago to improve the condition of Swiss residents of San Francisco. Those in charge of the celebration were Adolph Luethi, president; A. N. Enderlin, the secretary, and Professor J. Raith of the singing section. George J. Stieger, Jr., made the dedicatory address, and Emil Pohli responded.

The board of education was informed at its meeting last Friday that the Sheridan School finishing work was so badly done that it must be repaired at once to save the city a great outlay of money in the near future. Director Power reported that similar conditions were found in other schools, and said that the expense of the work would be in the neighborhood of $2000 more than would be necessary for immediate work if the matter is long neglected.

The Geary Street Railway was formally started at 12:30 Saturday afternoon, December 28, when Mayor Rolph boarded the first car at Kearny and Geary Streets, paid the conductor the first nickel ever coined at the San Francisco Mint, and was whisked away along Geary Street on the first run made over the city-owned road. Supervisors and city officials followed, occupying the other nine cars which are now running on the municipal line.

Confessing their inability to keep up the trust imposed upon them by the donor, the four trustees of the James Lick free baths plead that they have no defense to offer against the complaint for foreclosure of mortgage made by Charles J. Currier, executor of the Susan Marion Soule estate, and urge that some movement be started whereby the city will acquire the property.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Blue Bird" at the Cort Theatre.

This city is at last to have an opportunity to view "The Blue Bird," Maurice Maeterlinck's fantastic fairy play. "The Blue Bird" has perhaps enjoyed a greater rèclame than any other contemporary book-play, having proved enormously popular both on the stage and in the library. It will be seen at the Cort Theatre for a fortnight beginning Monday night, with the original spectacular production from the New Theatre, New York, and the full strength of the company of 100 principals and auxiliaries.

The history of the piece is curious. It had been published several years before a stage producer could be found. Finally Russia gave it a welcome, and from the Theatre Artistique, Moscow, it traveled almost the entire circuit of the globe, with especially significant productions in London, New York, and Paris. The audience of "The Blue Bird" is now said to aggregate 5,000,000 people. The tale itself is of an almost amusing simplicity. Two peasant children are asked for the gift of their pet blue pigeon to make a little sick neighbor happy. With this request coupled with thoughts of Christmas festivity uppermost in their minds they go to bed and enter the Land o' Dreams. In their vision a fairy appears, asks them for the Blue Bird, and offers aid in the search. Then the miracles and wonders start. Everybody vainly hunts the Blue Bird through dreamland, fairyland, the past, the present, and the future. Next morning the two children wake up, babbling of their vision. Lo and behold, the Blue Bird has been in their home right along! The gift of it to their sick neighbor makes her well. Of course Maeterlinck's thought is that happiness may not be had objectively, but is only to be found within.

There are three parts and eleven scenes in this most sumptuous of New Theatre productions. Dances specially arranged and music from Debussy, Massenet, and Bizet enhance the charms of the spectacle. Among the many adult and juvenile players in the cast may be mentioned Cecil Yapp, Harry Lambart, Winifred Harris, Alida Cortelyou, Ethel Brandon, Alice Butler, Dore Davidson, John Sutherland, George Sylvester, Angelo Romeo, Gwendolyn Valentine, Margaret Milletti, Master Burford Hampden, and little Miss Editha Kelly. There will be gala matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Ben-Hur" at the Columbia Theatre.

For entertainment, deep interest, keen excitement, and exaltation of spirit, "Ben-Hur," which will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, January 6, is the preëminent attraction of the American stage today. The Wallace romance is the strongest of the plays based on biblical themes, and its extended runs in all the large cities during the thirteen successful seasons of its career are most potent proof of its popularity.

It may be said that "Ben-Hur," so cleverly staged by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, must be classed as the most magnificent of the decade. Its seventeen scenes are as real as stage art can make them, and present pictures of long reaches and starlit desert; a panoramic view of Jerusalem and its environs, as seen from the roof-terrace of the Palace of Hur; the clanging interior of a Roman galley during a sea fight with Ægean pirates; a feast day in the enchanting Grove of Daphne; the great Circus of Antioch during the chariot race, and an awe-inspiring picture of the slopes of the Mount of Olives on the first Palm Sunday. Edgar Stillman Kelley has written some finely descriptive illustrative accompanying music.

Among the members of the company assembled to present "Ben-Hur" are Thomas Holding, who has the title-rôle, a part which he has played many times in England and which fits his superb physique to perfection; Wedgwood Nowell is the Messala; Ben F. Mears plays Simonides; Leslie Stowe is the Ilderim. Others are Walter M. Sherwin, Willard Blackmore, George Sydenham, Muriel Godfrey Turner, Florence Auer, Mary Condon, Louise Huff, and Alice Haynes. There are two hundred people on the stage in some of the scenes.

The curtain rises on the evening performance of "Ben-Hur" promptly at eight o'clock, and at two o'clock at the matinée, and no one will be seated during the prelude, which shows the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem to the Three Wise Men.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great new show for next week, which will be headed by the famous English star, Constance Crawley, who will be remembered as having scored a tremendous hit in the title-rôle of the Ben Greet production of the ancient morality play, "Everyman." Miss Crawley will present for the first time in this city Oscar Wilde's famous one-act play, "A Florentine Tragedy." She will have the support of her own company, which includes that clever English actor, Arthur Maude.

The Harvey family, consisting of three men and two women, marvelous European aerialists, will be seen for the first time in this city. Their performance is skillful, daring, finished, and novel.

Chris Richards, who is known as "the Eccentric English Chap," will make his first appearance here. He is a great favorite across the pond. His songs are absurd, his gestures ludicrous, and his appearance never fails to cause laughter. He usually sings a verse or two, fires off a few sallies in French, and does some wonderful juggling feats with a Derby hat. But it is as an eccentric dancer that he makes his greatest hit.

Lola Merrill and Frank Otto will offer a dainty and amusing act called "After the Shower." It depicts a little summer flirtation, with tuneful numbers and bright repartee.

Monroe Hopkins and Lola Axtell will in "Traveling" introduce a clever travesty on a trip in a railway coach. The piece has many funny situations and dialogue. Hopkins is a clever dancer and Miss Axtell captivates with song.

Next week concludes the engagements of Winona Winter, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, and the Schmettans. It will also be the last of the inimitable Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

An excellent bill of the cream of the Pantages Circuit will open at the local vaudeville house Sunday afternoon. The show is headed by the famous Tasmanian Van Diemans, comprising six beautiful feminine athletes. The act has proved one of the biggest successes that the Pantages theatres have played. The sextet carries magnificent stage mountings. A wonderfully trained troupe of sea monsters is Tieher's seals. There are six animal actors in the act and the creatures do all sorts of stunts. Ponte and Christophere are sweet-singing Italian serenaders. The duo play the newest song hits on the accordeon and guitar and have an entertaining act. Daly's Minstrels, composed of five old-time black-face artists, enact a replica of the ever popular minstrel first part. "Miss Manicure" is a sparkling little comedietta with a budget of witticisms, to be presented by Nevins and Gordon. Charles King and Virginia Thornton will return for their farewell appearance in San Francisco, prior to leaving for Australia, with a tense dramatic playlet, "The Counsellor." The Gabberts have a neat gymnastic act, and with a couple of reels of comedy motion pictures will round out the bill.

The home in Coronado of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cascy has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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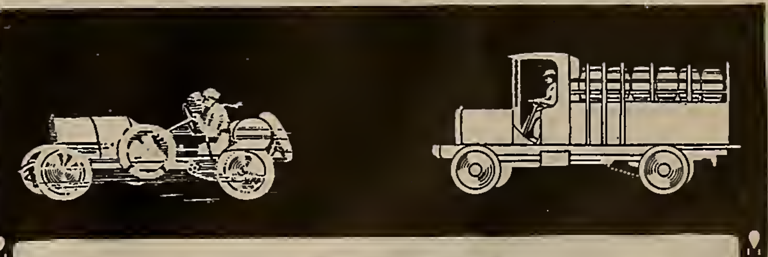

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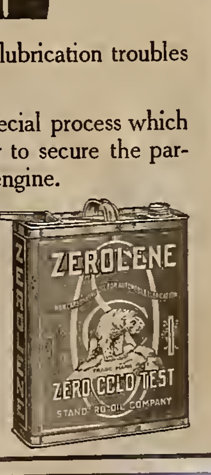

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"How did you like the actor who played the king?" "Ever since I saw him I've been in favor of a republic."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Bookkeeper (to boss)—Mr. Grouch, I'm going to get married. *Grouch*—Glad to hear it; you won't be so all-fired anxious to get home early.—*Business.*

"Say, Weary, they tell me th' sanitary sharps have banished th' public towel." "Good. Now let 'em knock out soap."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Don't you think we have laws enough already, senator?" "Oh, yes; but if I don't let 'em know what I'm here for I'll never get here again."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I explained to George when he proposed that, of course, he could not expect me to cook." "What did he say?" "That he only expected me to try."—*Buffalo Express.*

Willis—Did they give you any new books for Christmas? *Gillis*—Yes; a lot of the usual half-baked kind—either illustrated by the author or written by the artist.—*Puck.*

Bank Clerk—You must get some one to identify you. Some one who knows that you are Michael Clancy. *Clancy*—Fwat's th' matter wid yez? Don't yez suppose Oi know who Oi am?—*Judge.*

Wife—Why, George, whatever in the world *are* you trying to do? *Husband*—Putting this cover on my umbrella, of course. *Wife*—That isn't an umbrella cover. It's my new black-silk skirt!—*Puck.*

"She married for revenge." "For revenge on her husband?" "No, on an old sweetheart." "But if it was revenge she was seeking why didn't she marry the old sweetheart?"—*Houston Post.*

"I've just been introduced to Professor Smythe; such a charming man to talk to! He doesn't make one feel a fool, in spite of his cleverness." "Ah, my dear, but that's because of his cleverness."—*Punch.*

"So you are on your way to propose to Miss Pickelle?" "You het! Wish me luck." "Oh, I wish you luck, all right; but it won't do you a bit of good; I feel sure she is going to accept you."—*Houston Post.*

Bell—Don't you think that the girls of today have a higher sense of modesty than those of fifty years ago? *Stell*—Certainly. Where fifty years ago it was considered immodest to show your ankles, now it is your knees.—*Puck.*

Bacon—What did your boy learn at college? *Egbert*—Says he can't tell me. *Bacon*—Why not? *Egbert*—Says it's a secret. *Bacon*—Nonsense! *Egbert*—No. You know, he learned the football signals.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Young Man—You don't remember me, I see. I am the young man who eloped with your daughter a few years ago. *Old Man*—Well, what can I do for you? *Young Man*—I came back to offer you my congratulations, sir.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I have made a great discovery," said the scientist. "I am prepared to prove that angleworms think." "You're wasting time," replied the ward boss. "What difference does it make what an angleworm thinks? He can't vote."—*Washington Star.*

First M. D. (from bedside of wealthy bachelor)—He is sleeping naturally—he will recover. *Second M. D.*—Yes, the worst is over. *First M. D.*—No, the worst is yet to come. *Second M. D.*—How is that? *Firs. M. D.*—We have yet to break the news to his relatives.—*Life.*

"Five years ago, sir," triumphantly declared the landlord of the Atlantic and Pacific Hotel at Whoopopolis, Oklahoma, "there was no town here at all!" "H'm!" replied the hypercritical tourist from the East. "And what makes you think there is one here now?"—*Kansas City Star.*

"Your trouble is indigestion," said the physician to the new patient who had called at his office. "Now, don't eat too much, and walk a great deal." "Don't eat too much, and walk?" replied the patient. "You don't seem to know who I am, doc. I'm a comedian with a theatrical traveling company!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Judges for Life.

Senator Brown is not likely to have much success with his bill providing for the life appointment of all state judges: The noisy but well organized ranks of the demagogues are still too much elated by the success of their attacks upon the judiciary to realize the weight of the blow that they have struck against popular liberties. And as for the public, it still allows itself to be led by the nose and refuses to see that democracy is forever an impossibility without an independent judiciary that can perform its duty without fear or favor of ruler or of mob.

Sooner or later a change from the elective system is of course inevitable, although Senator Brown doubtless takes a roseate view of the situation when he says that the instructed parts of the community are already ripe for it. But it is unquestionably true that the status of the judiciary is a matter of grave concern among those who are capable of broad-gauge thinking, few as they are. There is a distinct reaction from the fatal idea that judges must be responsive to the popular will or that they must consider a momentary prejudice rather than the law. The electoral vote is, and ought to be, supreme in the matter of law-making, but the enforcement of the law when it is once made ought to be as nearly automatic as possible. A judiciary that is always in fear of gusts of popular disapproval is obviously liable to distort or misapply a law passed by the mandate of the people and so to negative the whole mechanism of democratic government. A well paid judge appointed for life or good behavior has every incentive to right action and to an honest interpretation of the law entrusted to him for enforcement. But the judge who is elected for a term and who hopes for reelection is likely to be extraordinarily sensitive to a self-interest inimical to the public welfare. One thing at least is certain. A timid judiciary and democratic government can not exist side by side. If the popular control over legislation is to be absolute and final, those who administer and enforce that legislation must be absolutely secure in the performance of their duty. They must be unassailable in their efforts to carry out the popular will as expressed in the laws. Senator Brown will certainly fail in his immediate efforts toward a needed reform, but those efforts will have a suggestive and educational value not to be overlooked.

Governor and Legislature.

The state legislature, which assembled at Sacramento on Monday, is to all intents and purposes a continuation of the legislature of two years ago. A good many old members have dropped out and there are new men in their places. But the personal forces most conspicuous two years ago are still in evidence; and as then both houses are completely under the domination—under the boss-ship, to put it in the vernacular—of Governor Johnson, representative of the spirit of "progressivism" as defined in the ideas, resentments, and plans of that more or less worthy personage. Whatever Governor Johnson wants done will be done; whatever he wishes left undone will be left undone. In brief, the legislature is part of the dominant political machine. The scheme of the session under a plan of recent enactment is a novel one. The body will sit for thirty days for reception of bills, then will stand adjourned for thirty days, to be devoted in theory to learning the state of the public mind towards the proposed measures—actually, we presume, for meditation and prayer.

In the biennial message, read on the opening day, we have some interesting hints of the governor's purposes, political as well as legislative. He proposes, by way of overcoming practical difficulties in his project to centralize authority in the Capitol at Sacramento, that the state shall go into the accident insurance business; he proposes a free state labor bureau—this as a means of strengthening his machine; he proposes, quite properly in this instance, a tax on automobiles for the up-keep of state highways; he proposes, in furtherance, we presume, of his enthusiasm for bringing government closer to the people, abolition of local boards of trustees for the various state institutions with centralization of their powers in a governing body similar to the board of control—directly under the hand of the governor; he proposes amendments to the banking act—the same act which he perfected two years ago to the end of getting rid of Superintendent Anderson and installing his friend Williams; he proposes, as a sop to the farming element, certain extensions of the work of the State University; he proposes an increase of taxes on gross revenues of great corporations and decrease of taxes for small householders, etc., etc., etc. Briefly stated, the governor's scheme is for a still further tightening of the lines of state control and state taxation against those elements whom he suspects of being his enemies and in favor of those elements whose cajolement and support may contribute to the strength and perpetuation of his political machine.

Incidentally the governor attempts to boom his railroad commission, with a special emphasis as to his friend and would-be successor, Eshelman, and with an especial whack at the "corporations." The significance of this utterance is plain. His excellency wishes to keep alive old-time grievances and prejudices with the idea of making a basis for continuation of the "fight" upon which he climbed into the governorship. It is plain that he does not regard his success as a corporation baiter complete or he hopes that there is enough force left in the old cry to sustain another campaign. Supplementary to this official utterance we are told that he privately assures leading members of the legislature that he has positive information that the "old gang" is lying in wait to reëstablish its hold upon state affairs—this upon the presumption that the managers and administrators of the larger business affairs of the state are liars, cormorants, thieves, and blamed fools.

In other words, Governor Johnson in his message and in his private talks exhibits himself in the character of a boss politician directing a subjugated legislature—a legislature whose majority was elected upon faked-up issues and under a fraudulent political name. For, while this majority stands upon the record as made up of Republicans, it is in fact made up of men who are not Republicans—of men whose dearest wish, under guidance, is to break down the Republican party in California. Like the governor himself, they are renegades from the party to whom they stand accredited and by whose favor they got into office.

Plainly the main purpose of the legislature now assembled is political rather than legislative. And the first of its aims is to do the utmost possible damage to the party which nominally it represents. And in this delectable business it is plainly to be aided by whatever powers and influences are connected with the governor's office. The facts, from whatever point of view they may be regarded, are not pleasant, but we know of no reason why they should be suppressed. In truth the public needs to be informed that it may know how to estimate events as they shall develop themselves.

Comment on the Indianapolis Verdict.

In significant contrast with the supine dumbness of the San Francisco press respecting the convictions at Indianapolis, the newspapers of the country at large are drawing highly interesting and important lessons from it. The Springfield *Republican*, always intelligent, judicial, and broad in its views, sees in the result at Indianapolis confirmation of "the fixed impression of the country regarding the guilt of the accused." It concedes that "the rank and file of unionism were not aware of the deeds of their officers, and it can not be said that they gave encouragement to criminal operations of their leaders." The exposures at Los Angeles and Indianapolis, the *Republican* thinks, hold a lesson of grave import for law-abiding unionists—that of

> —the maintenance of close supervision over official conduct and adequate publicity for all the operations of trade-union officials, in order that an irresponsible oligarchy may not lord it over the whole organization, and, in case that oligarchy develops desperado tendencies, make blind war on the government and society with the weapons of physical force.

The most sinister aspect of these cases, in the view of the *Republican*, is the "demonstration that labor warfare leads so easily to the use of violent methods characteristic of military force." As compared with the violence of honorable soldiers upon the battlefield, labor conflicts tend to cruel and brutal excesses:

> It is a wholly unregulated and unrestrained kind of campaigning which a dynamiter like McManigal follows. There are no established laws of war to guide such a man in his operations, and the result is the atrocity of Los Angeles with its heavy toll in innocent victims. If people must defend themselves and fight for their lives, they may fairly demand that their assailants operate in ways which distinguish brave men rather than skulkers, cowards, and fiends.

The modern civilized state must, the *Republican* declares, refuse to tolerate the resort to physical force in labor warfare, since the outcome "would be industrial and social anarchy." Yet the *Republican* concedes that "a tremendous temptation to use violence" is involved in the present system of "legalized labor warfare when bitterly fought strikes arise." In conclusion:

> The operations of the dynamiters the past few years have in reality been the product of the system of industrial relationships under which we now live. The convictions of trade-union officials which have come in the past year, wholesome as they undoubtedly are, do not merely stamp them as criminals; they serve once more to challenge us all concerning the sufficiency, wisdom, and permanence of present relations between employer and employed.

The New York *Evening Post* regards the Indianapolis conviction as a circumstance of tremendous importance, as exhibiting "the true extent of the conspiracy of which the Los Angeles outrage was only one manifestation." The *Post* points out that after the Los Angeles explosion "there followed an extremely curious oscillation of opinion, both among the great labor leaders and among the devotees of humanitarianism and social service":

> What happened among them was first an outburst of indignation and resentment that charges of such atrocious conduct should be made against men high in the councils of labor; but when it became pretty evident that the charges were true, the ground was shifted to the position that though these things may have been done, yet they must not be regarded as ordinary crimes, but as the natural manifestation of social discontent. We were solemnly adjured not to exact punishment from the offenders, but rather to profit by the lesson they had taught, and set our house in order. All this now has a very far-away sound. The processes of justice went on quietly, in their ancient ways; they dealt with this crude and barbarous conspiracy just as they would have dealt with an ordinary case of burglary or assault or arson; they have come to their destined end, and the foundations of society remain unshaken by so much as the faintest tremor.

After the identification of certain great labor leaders with a criminal conspiracy, the *Post* regards the most impressive result of this conviction as a vindication of the jury system, "because this conviction, recorded as the unanimous judgment of twelve men taken out of the general mass of the citizenship, carries weight of a kind which no other method could supply":

> It is simply impossible to suppose that these thirty-eight men would have been declared guilty by the united judgment of those twelve plain Americans unless the evidence of their guilt had been conclusive. The judgment of no judge, nor of any group of judges, would be accepted by all classes with the same confidence in its freedom from bias or animus. Still more plain is it that if the law required anything less than a unanimous verdict, the moral effect of the conviction would be disastrously impaired. There are evils connected with the jury system, there are often exasperating consequences from the requirement of unanimity; but in the things which count most, in the things which affect profoundly the whole relation of the community to the law, the benefits of the trial of criminal cases by jury, and of the requirement of unanimity for a verdict in them, vastly outweigh any disadvantages.

The *Post* thinks it can hardly be a mere coincidence that the country has been furnished the spectacle of a series of notable trials in none of which has there been a disagreement of the jury, and in most of which the process has been as expeditious as the nature of the case permitted:

> The McNamara trial at Los Angeles and the trial just concluded at Indianapolis have dealt with labor violence; the trials of Cummins and Reichmann and Hyde in this city have had to do with financial dishonesty; the trials of Becker and of the four gunmen were concerned with the ordinary vilenesses of the criminal world, raised to extraordinary importance by their connection with the police system of the second city of the world—in every one of these cases the jury, after brief deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty; overwhelming alike the outcast of the underworld, the police officer intrenched in his connection with powerful influences, the labor chief with his great organization behind him, the high city official, the banker with his financial and social connections.

The convictions at Indianapolis, the *Post* thinks, should go far toward clearing the air of the fog in which so many of those who have talked about labor questions, "a certain conspicuous group of persons who while professing the utmost abhorrence of violence have nevertheless given to the practicers of violence aid and comfort of the utmost value." They have, the *Post* continues, permitted sympathy to paralyze their mental powers. They have ignored the question of means in their intentness upon the end:

> Henceforth they must face the facts. If they continue to rush to the support of strikers in every contest, if they denounce as tyrannous every measure adopted to protect the rights of employers or of non-union workers, they can be sharply challenged to show their colors. They can no longer ignore the question of whether their protégés are or are not employing methods of violence and barbarism to attain their ends.

Dreadful as the fatalites and the maimings of the labor war during the past dozen years, they are less dreadful, thinks the New York *Times*,

> —than the doctrine of out of which they grew, and than that other fact that some two million Americans are proud of a doctrine they should blush to admit to themselves even in secret. That doctrine is that organized labor has such a right to all the jobs it wants, on its own terms, that unorganized labor is outlawed, and invites whatever happens to it. * * * Not only is unorganized labor outside the law of man or God, but organized labor itself demands exception from the laws passed for all Americans. The labor trust which juries repeatedly have convicted of crimes like these, and countless more of less degree, demands that it shall be privileged above the capitalist trust. In support of this claim to be above the law more unions than one have shown a savagery exceeding war, knowing neither age nor sex nor human pity in pursuit of their ends, making the excuse, or rather the explanation, that otherwise they could not attain those ends.

The *Times* prefers to believe that the master spirits who have sustained this reign of terror have terrorized the rank and file of unionism. It believes that the unionists of the country did not even dare to strike against their own leaders and agents:

> Yet we can not altogether excuse the unionists who plead that they did not dare to oppose these human devils. There are times when men must be driven into bravery, however natural their fear. And to allow a plea of ignorance in excuse is to invite a repetition of such acts. These criminals are not merely unionists. They are some of them high union officials, and they were allowed to use unlimited union funds, for the use of which they were not called to account. Unionists holding the views regarding non-unionists which are avowed in union organs, and embodied in union constitutions, would feel that they held a license to employ ruffians, and to finance them at will, if they were allowed to plead that they did not know what their servants were doing with the funds given to them, and under instructions in the spirit of the acts now proved. The thirty-eight convicts are but the criminal agents. The unions are the principals, and are subject to civil penalty. Unions implicated in these offenses ought to be held affirmatively to prove their innocence, or at the least to be adjudged conspirators in restraint of trade, and to be subject to an order of dissolution. So far is this from being the case that bills are now pending to exempt them from the conspiracy law, and even to prevent courts from enjoining their acts or punishing their contempts.

With special emphasis the *Times* pays its profound respects to the Indianapolis jurymen:

> There is no one of them who does not know that revenge may be taken against himself or even against his family. The judge presided equally without fear and without favor. Our manhood and our institutions were on trial in this celebrated case, and nothing can be said about either more to their credit than the simple contrast between the manner of the assault on society and the defense of society by its agents.

The New York *Sun* declares that the verdict at Indianapolis "clears the air." Its obvious lesson is that "union labor if it would enjoy the confidence of the country must purge itself of such leaders":

> The defendants, including most of the executive officers of the Iron Workers' Union, were not put on trial for having a band in the explosions that cost so many human lives and wrecked so much property in various parts of the country, but for being responsible for the diabolical work and necessarily privy to it. Between assaulting non-union men in a strike and blowing up bridges and also buildings to coerce employers and intimidate their workmen the gulf seems impassable; but this celebrated case shows that violence on a small scale led by sure degrees to violence on a large scale and finally to violence so vast and wicked that it staggers the imagination. All was right in the last analysis in a war on employers who refused to make any discrimination between union and non-union labor.

The New York *Tribune* regards the conviction at Indianapolis as the severest blow "ever struck at professional labor intimidators":

> The campaign of intimidation rested upon the assumption that labor-union leaders could safely supply the funds with the aid of which outrages on the employers of non-union labor were to be committed. It was supposed to be easy enough to profess in public a horror of violence but in secret to support the agents who did the dynamiting.

To "modern methods of uncovering crime" the *Tribune* gives credit for the completeness of the presentment against the labor leaders:

> The introduction of the dictagraph made oral communications with or about the dynamite handlers almost as perilous as written ones, and the refinement of secret service activities planted witnesses to conspiracy entanglements even in the councils of the wariest promoters of "jobs." The evidence against the men tried at Indianapolis was ample. * * * It was manifest that the elaborate scheme of wreckage in which the McNamaras were the chief agents could not have been contrived and carried through except with the knowledge and financial assistance of many "higher up" officials. The actual dynamiters were like mercenaries, whose growing demands had to be met out of union funds, and as the account expanded more and more accomplices were brought into the fatal circle.

* * * * * * * *

> The defendants convicted yesterday were the victims of their own vicious theories. They tried to apply on a large scale to modern industrial conditions practices of savagery inherited from the crudest era of labor unionism. * * * Intelligent labor nowadays needs no such weapon as dynamite to force a hearing or to defend its interests. It has learned in large measure that it has everything to gain by seeking to settle all controversies to which it is a party by pacific means.

Organized Labor and the Convictions.

It is not easy to appraise the effect of the Indianapolis convictions upon the rank and file of organized labor because this element rarely makes itself heard with respect to matters wherein unionism and its interests are involved. All the agencies of publicity associated with unionism, including the unionite press, are in the hands of professional agitators and leaders. What is said, therefore, in the name of organized labor is said by the leaders or bosses and is reflective of their views rather than the views of the rank and file. Of course the leaders and bosses are in sympathy with their fellow-leaders and bosses who have been convicted under the Indianapolis verdict. From Gompers down the line they take the position, even in the face of evidence and reason, that the convicted men are really innocent; and this position is sustained with the bravado which is the universal resource of pretense and fraud. We have a sample of this phase of the matter in the outgivings of P. H. McCarthy, head of the Building Trades Council of San Francisco and formerly mayor of the city. This precious ruffian, after his usual manner, has delivered himself of a furious pronunciamento, denouncing the trial at Indianapolis as a conspiracy, denouncing the court, denouncing the jury, denouncing everybody. This is the way not only of our McCarthy, but of the McCarthys everywhere. They stand by their associates, right or wrong, for reason or against reason, and rely upon bluff and bluster to carry it through with their supporters and dupes, if not with the public.

It is impossible as yet to know how effective the McCarthy policy will be in controlling the opinions and actions of union labor men throughout the country. The record, so far as it has developed itself, sustains the leaders, but nobody as yet knows what is behind the record. There surely must be within the ranks multitudes of thoughtful and conscientious men out of sympathy with incendiarism and murder and resentful against practices which have made them practical supporters of these infamies. Surely not all who participate in the unionistic scheme are lost to the common standards of decency, law, and mercy. Yet it is to be recorded in evidence that at a meeting of the San Francisco Building Trades Council held on January 1st the following resolutions were passed by unanimous vote:

> Resolved, that we request every local union affiliated in this city and state immediately to request their national organization to assist financially to the end that proper presentation may be made to the appellate court for a new trial; be it further
>
> Resolved, that in reply to the question asked by Mr. Drew: "What are you going to do with the Iron Workers' Union now?" and as a protest against the criminal and dominant power of the United States Steel Trust, we favor the sentiment now strongly maintaining throughout the country for the declaration of a general strike throughout the length and breadth of this nation.

And while action elsewhere on the part of unionites has not been so prompt or so extreme it has been to the general effect of standing by the convicted men upon a theory of their innocence and in consideration of them as martyrs persecuted in the name of the "cause." The Gomperses and McCarthys have given the cue, and the cry has been taken up all along the line. Without an exception, so far as we can learn, the unionite journals are supporting the theories laid down by the more aggressive leaders.

Even more extreme are expressions now and again heard from fanatical unionites outside formal and official meetings. A few evenings ago a mass meeting was held at Grant Avenue and Market Street to protest against the verdict at Indianapolis. The attendance was not large, but there was made up in fury what was lacking in numbers. Among the recognized labor leaders who spoke was one William McDevitt, who is reported as saying: "We should initiate a campaign to obtain the changes we desire through fear. If five million laboring men were ready to strike as those men struck at Los Angeles we would not have any verdicts against unionists." This is pretty rough talk, and it comes close to the line of open treason and incendiarism. It is perhaps just as well to allow this kind of criminal fury to blow itself off in lurid talk. Probably the man who spoke would not, if it came to personal action, be among the five million to strike with dynamite and sustain a systematic campaign of murder. Mr. McDevitt is probably one of those barking dogs who do not bite. Nevertheless it is worth attention that a man can utter such a sentiment before an audience of two hundred and fifty persons and be applauded for it.

We suspect that beneath the surface there are multitudes of saner mind and more manly standards and purposes. We suspect that unionism under its present organization will find itself weaker in its own house for the demonstration at Indianapolis as it must certainly find itself weaker in the country at large. But shameful as the fact is, it must still be confessed that the public record all goes to show that unionism as an organized force stands behind the convicted men, apparently in full sympathy with incendiarism and murder as agencies proper to the support of organized labor in its campaign for monopoly of all labor.

The French President.

The approaching presidential election in France has something more than its usual importance. For the first time in the history of the republic there are avowed candidates for the highest position in the state, and this may be regarded as a concession to democratic sentiment, which feels that it should have an opportunity to express its preferences. Hitherto the solemn conclaves at Versailles of deputies and senators for the purpose of choosing a president have been unguided by the popular will. No extraneous influences have been supposed to invade their secrecy or their independence. But upon this occasion three distinguished men—distinguished alike by their learning and by their statecraft—have expresed their willingness to assume the burden. All three are well versed in the details of public life. Raymond Poincaré is prime minister at the present time, Alexandre Ribot has already filled that office with a certain amount of distinction, while Paul Deschanel is the president of the Chamber of Deputies. Public opinion, already gratified by this open candidacy, will probably make itself still further felt in the ultimate choice of Poincaré, who seems to reflect more than either of the others the political needs of the moment. He must indeed have unusual breadth of sympathy if he can command, as it is said he can, the votes of Conservatives and Royalists on one hand and of Socialists on the other.

The duties of a French president are so largely decorative or nominal as to explain the absence of any great popular influence upon the election. The president of the French republic, like the King of England, is richly endowed with putative powers, but his actual authority is meagre enough. Under the constitution he can veto a legislative measure, but no president has ever been so rash as to do this. He can also dissolve the Chamber of Deputies with the concurrence of the Senate, but this right has never been exercised except upon one occasion by McMahon. There is, in short, almost an identity between the status of the French president and of the English king. Both have positions demanding a certain amount of moral force, dignity, and tact. Both have great powers under their respective constitutions, but they are powers that must not be exercised.

It is the duty of the French president to assign to some prominent statesman the task of forming a cabinet that shall command the support of the deputies and senators. The statesman thus selected becomes the premier and he presides over the cabinet of his own choice. But cabinet ministers must be chosen from the legislature and they are answerable to the legislature for all their official actions. That is to say, they can be interpellated and questioned at any moment by the legislature and called to account for whatever policies they may pursue in their respective departments. The cabinet that found itself unable to command a majority of votes in the legislature would obviously be stultified and helpless, and in this case the resignation of the cabinet follows as a matter of course, and it devolves upon the president to "send for" some other statesman and commission him to try his hand at cabinet-making. The same system prevails in England, where an adverse vote in Parliament implies the immediate resignation of the whole government. But the resignation of the government in England is usually followed by a general election, while in France it means no more than a new cabinet and a fresh combination of parties in its support.

The instability of French governments is due to the number of legislative parties that are always prone to sudden and temporary combinations against the government in power. At the extreme right are the Royalists. At the extreme left are the Socialists. But between the two are many other groups ranging from ultra conservatism to ultra radicalism, and these groups may find themselves at any moment in a combined and hostile majority against some particular measure or policy of the government. In England and America the two great historic parties—at least until the last few years—have succeeded in keeping their ranks fairly well drilled and disciplined, but what scientists call a process of fission is now evident enough in both countries.

It is therefore evident that the chief demand upon a president of the French republic is for tact and dignity, and as human gifts these are no less valuable, and perhaps even rarer, than executive ability. The president is at the balance point of the political scales. His choice of premiers demands great knowledge of political fluctuations and he must have the patience and skill to reconcile differences and to choose lines of least resistance. Nor must we forget that at this particular juncture of European affairs the presence of a commanding and dignified figure at the head of affairs is a national asset of no mean value.

Reasons Why.

San Francisco, January 4th, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: Will you kindly inform some of your readers through the columns of your valuable paper why our San Francisco dailies (barring the *Chronicle)* have made no editorial mention of the Indianapolis verdicts. Are they afraid of losing the subscriptions of the dynamite sympathizers? Yours truly, W. Edwards.

This inquiry, or something like it, has been answered so often in these columns that it seems a work of supererogation to go over the matter again. But since the question is put in manifest sincerity, it merits respectful attention. Just bear in mind that the average daily paper of today is not a public journal in the old-time sense, but a mere advertising sheet. It is conducted quite naturally upon considerations relating to the advertising business. Whatever enables the publisher to sell his "space" is under his calculations good business. It follows, of course, that the men who conduct the modern newspaper, so called, are of the mental and moral calibre which the business requires. They are shrewd dealers in advertising space and they have learned how to make it valuable. With a true business instinct they seek to circulate their papers in those quarters where they will bring business to the sellers of ready-made clothing, bargain-counter finery, and patent nostrums. The paper must be made attractive, not to the limited numbers subject to the restraints of intelligence and taste, but to that broader clientèle which likes to have its "feelings" wrought upon and its prejudices respected. Mrs. O'Leary over Potrero way, whose husband earns $14.50 per week at the tan-yards, is a more valuable asset to the *Daily Screamer* than Mme. Vere-de-Vere, wife of the professor of economics at the university. Professor Vere-de-Vere gets his clothes at his tailor's; Mike O'Leary carries his "bucks and bones" to Barney Frankel. Mme. V.-de-V. avoids a bargain riot as she would a pestilence; to Mrs. Mike it is a social occasion and she saves up for it. If anybody is sick at the home of the professor, a physician is summoned and the prescribed medicaments are got from a druggist; Mrs. Mike, in a similar emergency, turns to the newspaper and buys a bottle of Scamp Root or some other noxious stuff.

Now your publisher—there are no editors these days—makes it his chief study, indeed his only study, to get his sheet into the hands of the O'Learys. It is for this reason that he prints elaborate accounts of the Crocker wedding and the Tevis ball. For the Mrs. O'Learys dearly love the details of the doings of the rich. It is likewise for these reasons that your publisher prints the mishaps which follow unwise and misplaced affections, with the pleasing details of water-front murders. These incidents have the value of taking a firm grip upon the elementary emotions and are eagerly read on Telegraph Hill, over Potrero way, and the various other habitats of buyers of dearly advertised cheap merchandise. So much by way of introduction.

We come now to a more specific answer to Mr. Edwards's question: Your modern newspaper publisher has learned that one way to commend his paper among the classes most responsive to cheap advertising appeals is to make it a subservient caterer to the sentiments and prejudices of what Mr. Pixley used to call "themasses." He makes it a study, therefore, not merely to exploit and to berate the prosperous and the cleanly, to decry the studious and the wise, to besmirch or to belittle whoever and whatever may seem to be outside the lines of unctuous participation in the banalities and vulgarities of life. Likewise he rigidly eliminates anything tending even faintly to reflect upon the classes whom he seeks to exploit. The city editor, the sporting editor, the telegraph editor, the editorial writer—we name them in the order of their rank—are instructed to "cut out" any and every reference which by any possible chance may tend contrawise to racial, industrial, social, or other forms of prejudice. If in the stream of the news there occurs anything tending to the discredit of a union laborite, a Catholic, or a Methodist, the fact, however essential to an intelligent comprehension of events, is eliminated. Nobody's prejudices except those of the intelligent, the prosperous, or the cleanly may be offended; Telegraph Hill and the Potrero must be conciliated. Circulation must be maintained at any and all costs in those quarters where it is most profitable to the publisher.

Now organized labor is, or is presumed to be, resentful over the conviction of its dynamiting leaders at Indianapolis. That the men were obviously guilty of incendiarism and murder does not matter. For the *Screamer* to make the natural and proper comment upon the result of this trial might cost it a few unionite subscribers. Therefore in craven cowardice it has not one word to say about the most important court procedure since the Dred Scott decision more than half a century ago.

It hardly needs to be added that journalism under the standards above outlined is not journalism at all, in a true and worthy sense. No thought of moral responsibility enters into its calculations. It is a mere pander to ignorance, prejudice, and passion. And because it is just this, it is the most demoralizing and dangerous factor in the current life of these United States of America.

Mr. Roosevelt and Idaho.

It would be hardly sincere to express surprise at Mr. Roosevelt's incendiary telegram to the Progressive state chairman of Idaho. It was exactly such a telegram as might be expected from such a source. It was in keeping with the whole Roosevelt tradition of force and fury.

Ostensibly the telegram was in support of three men adjudged guilty of contempt of court for undue criticism of a supreme court opinion on the Idaho election law. Actually the message was a gross denunciation of the court itself, first upon the ground of the opinion and secondly for its action in the contempt proceedings. The opinion was naturally repugnant to Mr. Roosevelt, seeing that it had the effect of excluding his party from the official ballot. In other words, the Idaho electoral law as interpreted by the court had precisely the same effect upon the fortunes of the Progressives in that state as the California law had upon those of the regular Republicans here. If the Idaho law is immoral the California law must be so also, seeing that they are practically identical. Mr. Roosevelt's complaint that the action of the law is to deny to the voters of Idaho "the right effectively to express their desire as to who shall be the chief magistrate of the nation" is also an exact statement of the case in California. But Mr. Roosevelt has only one standard of right and wrong, of virtue and vice. Good citizenship is to support him. Bad citizenship is to oppose him. A failure to recognize his own divine right to rule is sufficient justification for a blast of vituperation and abuse. But no commendation is too warm for those who override every law of God and man in the effort to aid him.

That an ex-President of the United States should so shamefully assail a supreme court judge is another matter, and one that it is hard to handle with moderation. We are told that this judge has committed an "infamy," that he is on a par with the "anarchist agitator," that he ought to be recalled. What must be the inevitable effect of such denunciations upon those lower sections of the community always eager to justify their hatred of the law and always anxious to join in the destruction of its restraints? Not even Mr. Roosevelt himself has suggested that this judge misinterpreted the law, that he was untrue to his oath. His only offense was in rendering an opinion unfavorable to the Progressive cause and an opinion identical with the California law, for which Mr. Roosevelt has nothing but approval. And for this offense he is assaulted in terms of the grossest abuse by the man who, four years ago, was the chief representative of the American nation.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The new volume of the British "Who's Who" contains [illegible]00 names, one thousand more than last year, from which we may infer that distinguished people are increasing in number. But how does one get into the British "Who's Who," or is it a case of keeping out of it? Surely Mrs. Pankhurst has carved her name in the temple of notoriety, but "Who's Who" knows her not. Is this a fresh indignity upon the sex? And why does Mr. Seymour Hicks get a paragraph, while his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, is excluded? And how about Harry Lauder, and Mr. Sandow, and Mr. Selfridge? Are these omissions due to discrimination or to modesty? On the other hand, there are some inclusions that consist of name and title and nothing more. For example, we have: "Tonk, H. H. Amin-ud-daula Warir-ul Mulk Nawab Sir Muhammad Ibrahim Ali Khan Bahadur Saulat Jang." Who is this gentleman, and what has he done except exist? Perhaps some retired editor of "Who's Who" will one day favor us with a glimpse of the office correspondence. We may be sure that it would furnish a feast of cynical amusement at the clamorous pleas of nonentities for a recognition to which they are not entitled and at the reluctance of human worth to a publicity that human worth always shuns.

The philosopher may ruminate profitably over the fact that a picture by Degas has just been sold in Paris for $85,000, while Degas himself, old and nearly blind, is living in misery in a fifth-floor attic practically without furniture. Degas is eighty-four years old and without resources. A correspondent of the London *Express* visited his room and found him out. He had gone to the sale of his picture, from curiosity, for he had no interest in it. When he came in he said: "Yes, I went to the sale. The figure was a high one. I heard people talk of the life in the dancers on my canvas. For me all the canvases, all the faces, all the eyes around me were dancing. I was a painter, was I not? I am nothing but a blind old man now." Perhaps there was something in Whistler's contention that a painter should always have some proprietary rights over his creations. At least the idea contains a sentiment that should be respected, a sentiment, let us hope, not altogether without its appeal to the man who had just received $85,000 for the work of an artist who actually lacked bread to eat.

A report from Russia says that the Czarevitch as a result of his recent wound "is incapable of continuing the line of succession to the throne of Russia" and that the question of an Heir Designate is now being discussed. It will be remembered that the Czarevitch has been mysteriously ill for a long time past and that the authorities have glibly announced over half a dozen causes for his disablement. But rumor told a different story. It was said that the Czarevitch had been attacked by a Nihilist sailor on the imperial yacht, and this version was strengthened by the suicide of Rear-Admiral Chagin, who was in command of the yacht. The admiral had a love affair with a girl named Helen Solkoff, who also committed suicide, and it was supposed to be through Helen Solkoff's influence over the admiral that the Nihilist sailor secured admission to the yacht. The story is told with much detail by the London *Daily Express*, and while it lacks confirmation there can be no doubt of the solicitude displayed by the Russian authorities to conceal the real nature of the young prince's injuries.

An illustration in a London newspaper shows four little girls, apparently ten or twelve years of age, in the act of taking aim with military rifles. The caption explains that these infants belong to a marksmanship class for girls in connection with a school association and that the children are being instructed "in holding and loading their rifles and taking aim." The idea is easily capable of further extension. For example, it would be easy to devise a form of bayonet exercise for the kindergartens, and lessons in the handling of military explosives would form a welcome relief from the tedium of the Sunday-school.

The *Church Family Newspaper* exultingly publishes a letter from Lord Knollys, private secretary to King George, to the effect that the king "promised Queen Alexandra as long ago as 1881 that he would read a chapter of the Bible daily, and that he has ever since adhered to this promise." The *Church Family Newspaper* expresses the hope that "this will check the growing tendency to sneer at the Bible." Now it may be admitted readily that to sneer at the Bible is a reprehensible practice, or to sneer at anything else that is held sacred by others. But why any sane human being should be affected by the fact that King George reads a chapter of the Bible every day it is hard to imagine. King George has many and important duties, but the duty of religious preceptor and guide is not among them. His literary or artistic predilections would be received with no more than a polite interest, and there seems no reason why we should be moved by a revelation of his private religious habits. And it may be said that when the secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission—whatever that may be—asked the question that produced the reply above quoted he seems to have been guilty of a disgusting impertinence that should have received the rebuke of silence.

Mr. Gosse in his "Portraits and Sketches" gives us a somewhat new vision of Andrew Lang. His knowledge, says Mr. Gosse, was encyclopædic, but "the vast dictionary of his knowledge had blank pages, or pages pasted down, on which he would not, or could not, read what experience had printed." He irritated his friends by avowals that he had "never heard" of things that every one else knew well, but probably this was an expedient for the suppression of bores. "I remember," writes Mr. Gosse, "meeting in the street a famous professor, who advanced with uplifted hands, and greeted me with, 'What *do* you think Lang says now! That he has never heard of Pascal.'" That meant no more than that Lang did not wish to talk about Pascal at that moment, and small blame to him. No one wants to be forced to talk about Pascal at the point of the bayonet, so to speak, or when one's mind is occupied by ghosts, or fairies, or something of real importance. Lang's mind was of the impish variety, says Mr. Gosse, that not even the sanctities of literature could wholly repress. Upon one occasion Gosse was "so ill-advised as to show him Emerson's famous epigram called 'Brahma'," and immediately Lang improvised the following irreverent parody:

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
  Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
  They, too, shall perish unconsoled.
I am the batsman and the bat,
  I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
  The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Lang's mind was of the selective kind. He knew precisely what he wanted and was always "picking out of literature and life the plums of romance."

It is evident that nepotism is not among the faults of Vatican government, although there may be some so ill-natured as to suggest that the Pope's brother, Angelo Sarto, owes his present stroke of good luck to his exalted relationship. For Angelo Sarto has received a princely increase of pay. Henceforth he will receive an additional 50 cents a day for his labors as postmaster at Grazie, the little village near Mantua. But even under new conditions we need hardly fear that Angelo will become a spoiled child of fortune. He has never in his life received more than $80 a year, and in return for this stipend he acts not only as postmaster, but also as postman, and must walk to the station four times daily in order first to collect the mail and then to deliver it. It never occurred either to the Pope's brother or to his sisters that they would, or could, reap any advantage from the exalted dignities that had come to their family, and as a matter of fact they never have reaped any advantage.

The London *Daily Chronicle* tells a story of Whitelaw Reid that may not be *vero*, but that at least is *ben trovato*. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Reid was not brilliant at school or that his position in the class was usually at the bottom. Very few distinguished men have been indebted to their education unless they had to fight for it, and then it has usually been the fight and not the education that benefited them. But there is a tale to the story that we accept reluctantly and with courage. One day, we are told, a school inspector reproached the boy for his indolence or incapacity and asked him how he expected to get on in the world if he made no effort to improve himself. "What," said the inspector, "are you going to be when you grow up?" "An ambassador, sir," was the prompt reply. And young Reid maintained his chosen position at the foot of his class, which happened to be in proximity to the schoolroom stove.

It does sometimes happen that the radical labor agitator is converted and led to see the error of his ways, and we all know that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men made perfect. Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, a prominent English lawyer and radical politician, has just returned from a trip to New Zealand, undertaken in order to study the kingdom of heaven upon earth supposed to have been established by the New Zealand experiment of giving every one everything. If Mr. Jellicoe's experiences may be summarized he may be said to have found hell instead of heaven. The arbitration acts have produced far more chaos than they have averted. Labor legislation undertaken with the now familiar intention to "get" the capitalist has so far frightened investors out of the country that development is almost at a standstill and thousands of people have been reduced to the verge of want. The arbitration boards have created a host of officials who have neither the character nor the inclination to resist the enormous and opposing pressures brought to bear upon them by interested parties. While Mr. Jellicoe was in the country the carpenters were demanding an award under which Saturday was to be a weekly holiday, and this was demanded upon the ground that one day a week should be reserved for football and other sports. The most remarkable feature of Socialist legislation, says Mr. Jellicoe, is the new mania for sport and the hatred for everything that is above the level of sport. The superior mind is now regarded as a hostile social force, and any head that raises itself intellectually or socially above the level becomes the target for kicks. The avowed object of the labor party is "to drag everything and everybody down to their own coarse level." Character and duty are obsolete terms, duty the last thing to be thought of. The substitute for all these things is the one eternal quest for sport, for the prize-ring, the race-course, and the gambling table. Mr. Jellicoe in conclusion says: "I have determined henceforward to resist to the utmost the detestable and abominable crusade which is being waged in this country to achieve a similar social upheaval by fostering and making political capital out of class prejudice and class rancor, and destroying the institutions of which the country is so justly proud."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

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London's old general postoffice is being torn down, and within six months will be no more. It was built between 1825 and 1829, on the site of the old church and sanctuary of St. Martins-le-Grand. Possessed of an imposing Ionic portico, and supplied with a great clock, the general postoffice was a fine structure, but it was not large enough to accommodate the vast machinery of the central office, and another great block of buildings was erected on the site of the old Blue Coat school.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

A Vision of Great Painters.

BEHELD IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMSTERDAM.

The streets were drear and lonely
  And my mind in a sorry plight,
When dreaming alone in silence
  I peopled the town last night.
Though I moved in another era
  —A child of this age I am—
The painters sat at their easels
  In elder Amsterdam.

A cavalry guard came riding
  Along the echoing street,
And arquebusiers were firing
  As they rode their chargers fleet;
Forthwith from Wouverman's pencil
  —Yet a sober man I am—
There sped a mounted war horse
  Through ancient Amsterdam.

From out of a noisome tavern
  The players of cards came fast—
Jan Steen with his frank good humor
  And his jovial friends aghast;
For his brush had lost its satire
  —And a teller of truth I am—
They quaffed their foaming tankards,
  His comrades in Amsterdam.

At midnight arose a tumult
  And one of his quacks was there,
Pompous and too loquacious
  In uttering things of air,
When, lo, from the brush of Brouwer
  A toper who got in the jam
Went down before the doctor
  Who tortured Amsterdam.

Then Nicholas Tulp, the ruler,
  With dignity, law and power,
Strode forth from Rembrandt's canvas
  To rule the turbulent hour,
When down before his highness,
  As docile as any lamb,
There sprawled a priest by Metzu
  In dreamed-of Amsterdam.

Gerard Terborch was present,
  And a spinnet his lady played,
While Peter de Hoogh's young dancers
  Arrived in their silks arrayed.
They filled the red-brick courtyard,
  When a goat and a hostile ram
From a picture of Nicholas Berghem
  Played havoc in Amsterdam.

Up yonder where Franz Van Mieris
  Was teaching his parrot to talk,
They went in gay procession
  Along the gabled walk,
When a cat from Dou's house-window
  —No lover of lies I am—
Tore Polly to flesh and feathers
  In sleepy Amsterdam.

The noise was so very startling
  That out from a picture old
Marched Vanderheist's ten syndics
  With velvet and chains of gold;
And strange as it seems this morning
  —No dreamer of dreams I am—
They drank with maids Ostade
  Had kissed in Amsterdam.

Sing heigh! for the torrents dashing
  'Neath Ruysdael's pearly skies;
They turned old Hobbema's mill wheels—
  Sing ho! for the mists that rise
From Cuyp's broad seas and pastures,
  A happier man I am
For the night I saw them floating
  As I dreamed in Amsterdam.

When life is o'erstrained and heavy
  With thoughts that afflict my soul,
I will drain my cares and sorrows
  From Michael Van Musschar's bowl;
Franz Hals with his precious flagon
  Will pour me a magic dram,
And Mynheers and Vrouws surround me
  In jolly Amsterdam.

—*Frank W. Gunsaulus, in Chicago Record-Herald.*

◆

Where Summer Dwells.

Winter walks on his wind-swept stair;
  All the world is a gloomy aisle.
Footsteps creak in the angry air,
  Barren snow covers flag and tile.
  Warring clouds, in grim ranks, defile
Down the slopes of the sodden skies;
  But what care you, Love, or I, the while
Summer dwells in your eager eyes!

Jack Frost stalks where the hills lie bare;
  Through the valleys the north winds pile
Drift on drift, with a trumpet blare,
  Hungrily sweeping mile on mile.
  Never a welcome, never a smile,
Never a cheer for the hope that dies;
  But what care you, Love, or I, the while
Summer dwells in your eager eyes!

Memory seeks for her far haunts, where
  Verdure crept over path and stile;
But Unrest, and her comrade, Care,
  None can solace and none beguile.
  Many a trick and many a wile
We've acquired, yet now despise;
  But what care you, Love, or I, the while
Summer dwells in your eager eyes!

Seasons serve us with tinsel style,
  Fancies rule as in them lies;
But what care you, Love, or I, the while
  Summer dwells in your eager eyes!

—*James Owen Tryon, in Boston Transcript.*

◆

One of the few funds, if not the only one, left for charity by a President of the United States is used in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for the purchase of coal for the poor at Christmas and for other good uses. The fund was left by President Buchanan, who was a resident of Lancaster, and the income now amounts to about $3000 a year.

TURNED BACK AT ELLIS ISLAND.

General Castro, of Venezuela, and Edouard Mylius, Libeler of King George, Are Undesirable Immigrants.

While the Political Refugees' Defense League and the Free Speech League joined in efforts last week to set aside the action of the government in excluding from the country Edouard Mylius, the English journalist, these organizations have so far refrained from any attempt to assist General Cipriano Castro in his desire to land in the United States. There are all kinds of leagues and unions in Manhattan; there is one for every purpose that could be imagined, real or pretended, and any unusual incident brings some of them into the light. Objections to municipal, state, or federal laws, and their enforcement, sum up the peculiar activities of most of them—that is, of the sort which remain ordinarily in obscurity. Let an offender be brought to bar, especially if he is of importance in any circle, and the organization which specializes in his line of offenses appears speedily, represented by counsel. It is worthy of remark that General Castro, up to this writing, has not received the attention of any of these superserviceable aids to liberty.

Mylius arrived here a little more than a week ago, in the steerage of the French steamer, *Provence,* and his deportation on the same vessel was ordered by the board of special inquiry at Ellis Island. It will be remembered that this so-called journalist has just finished a year's term in prison for libeling King George. He seems particularly downcast at his rebuff here, and professes to regard it as a distinct violation of the constitution. On this head, however, he is seemingly far behind the times. He should have known that a number of prominent native politicians abolished that antiquated document some time ago. Many who did not join in that progressive movement would hesitate before allowing the terms of the constitution to be construed by an alien convict, seeking asylum. Mr. Mylius asserts that he did not profit financially by the publication of the story that King George, when a prince and serving in the British navy, married Miss Napier in Malta. He goes on to say that his trial for libel was a farce because the king would not go on the witness stand and swear that the report was untrue. And he further pleads that his offense did not involve moral turpitude. His counsel, furnished by the leagues mentioned above, was, of course, willing to define moral turpitude satisfactorily for the board. It is a fine point, not a nice one.

In spite of this, Mr. Mylius will not be allowed to come in and assume a perfectly good citizenship, much to the regret of numerous daily newspaper publishers, no doubt, who could use his talents and tastes profitably. In the interest of home industry, which in some branches is crowded to the margin of discomfort, it is possible to regard the decision of the immigration authorities with complacency. Appeals to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and even to the federal courts, as threatened, may put another face on the matter; but it is hardly to be imagined that Mr. Mylius is to find congenial employment for his pen in the country which has had no case of *lèse majesté* since the reign of Theodore ended.

General Castro, the Venezuelan wanderer, is in a similar predicament, though his case is more complicated, so far as the list of his disabilities is concerned. It is true that he is still under indictment for complicity in the murder of General Paredos and the attempted assassination of President Gomez in the South American republic whose presidential chair he quitted under pressure, but that is a trivial matter. More decisive are the implications that his health is seriously affected and that his affliction is of the inhibited sort. The physicians of the Immigration Bureau have made a medical examination, and it is not necessary to go farther than that. Doctors are often powerless to prolong the stay of their patients in the United States, but it is certain that they can keep patients out of the country so long as the right kind of a diagnosis is effective. General Castro assumed the title, "the Man of Destiny," several years ago, but that was before he learned what doctors could do to him. He will not write M. D. after his name in the immediate future, for he knows now that there are others better entitled to the distinction.

It is a little more than four years since Castro became a man without a country, and during that time he has managed to draw the attention of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States. The British government shut him out of Trinidad, where he attempted to land in 1909. Then he went to Fort de France, Martinique, and the French authorities expelled him. He has lived in Berlin, in Spain, and in other parts of Europe, usually in seclusion. A few weeks ago he made his appearance in Paris, and sailed from France for this country under an assumed name, but his incognito was lifted by the officers before the voyage was well begun. He says that he desires merely to visit the United States and see for himself some of the great things of which he was told when he was President of Venezuela. There is something of pride in his position, for he declares with dignity that he had no suspicion that he would not be welcomed, and would not force his way.

Until his case is definitely and authoritatively decided, General Castro will occupy the quarters on Ellis Island prepared for distinguished guests. The laws covering the questions relating to undesirable immigrants would compel the French steamship officials to maintain their rejected passenger, but as the general has plenty of money there will be no trouble over his board bill. He has his valet-secretary, Señor Torregrosa, with him, and is cared for most solicitously. Toward what quarter of the world he will set his face when he sails away can not be told, but it is comparatively certain that he will not return to Venezuela.

And so the great gates which swing inward at a touch for tens of thousands every year, timid and obscure, resist the determined assaults of some well known in high places. Better a good name than much riches, said the wise man. Better no name at all than one that is too widely familiar, when you come by way of Ellis Island.

Flaneur.

New York, January 1, 1913.

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The heavy investment made in industrial education in Germany is astonishing to visitors from this country. Nearly every small village has at least one industrial school and often in small cities several are found. In Hanau, a place not very much larger than Madison, Wisconsin, there are five industrial or commercial schools, including an industrial art school and also what is practically a mechanical engineering school. Some idea of the investment can be obtained from the fact that the little province of Wurttemberg, which has a population less than Wisconsin by at least one-fourth of a million persons, and which is on the whole a poor, hilly country, with few transportation facilities, has, besides its splendid system of elementary and secondary schools, about 250 industrial schools in its towns and villages, including one knitting school, three weaving schools, two industrial workshops for actual practice in weaving, two technical schools for textile and mechanical work, a large state university, a technical university, a royal building trades school, a great commercial college, several commercial improvement schools, a great agricultural school, many farming schools similar to county agricultural schools here, an art trade school for industrial art, a pure art school, and many miscellaneous schools of all kinds for workmen of various grades, evening schools, continuation schools, and schools in domestic economy for women. Continuous classes are held in most cases so that in the industrial school where boys between fourteen and twenty years of age, and even men up to twenty-five or thirty, go to school from two to four years to learn trades, there are also many boys coming in every day of the week from different manufacturing establishments.

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The Colombians know that the Isthmus is still on their coat-of-arms, but that the Isthmus itself is gone (says Arthur Ruhl, in the *Atlantic Monthly).* They still, so it seems to them, have the treaty of 1846, according to which the United States guaranteed Colombia's sovereignty over the Isthmus, and agreed, as solemnly as the words of a treaty could make it, that this promise should be "religiously observed." They have lost their sovereignty and the most valuable thing, potentially, they owned, and they hate those responsible, as only a proud and helpless people can hate those by whom they believe they have been robbed. This is a fact which Americans must face as they consider the possibilities which the canal will bring. Whatever the original rights and wrongs of the question, this is a matter of present expediency which stands squarely in front of us now. The taking of the Isthmus is just as live an issue today in Colombia as it was nine years ago, when the famous "fifty-mile order" was issued which prevented Colombia from putting down an uprising in her own territory, and made possible the recognition of the independence of Panama. Scarcely a day—certainly not a week—passes in Bogota, in which it is not made the subject of more or less virulent editorials and the motive for misunderstanding and misrepresenting everything American. And if it is a live issue for Colombians, it is no less so for every American who is trying to grow coffee or raise cattle or work a mine in Colombia, or who would like to venture his energy and capital and skill in the country's development.

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Unique among real estate transfers during the past year was the sale of the entire village of Turnersville, in the eastern part of Connecticut, about fifteen miles from Willimantic. It was purchased by a company of wealthy Jewish people, who will, it is said, establish there a colony for the members of their own faith. The chief industry of the place is the making of canes, umbrella handles, and kindred articles, the mills turning them out by the thousand every week. Turnersville comprises between 3000 and 4000 acres. It boasts a water works system and an electric light plant of its own, while a new trolley line is talked of. Thus far there has been no need of a jail, and if the hopes of the purchasers are fulfilled there will never be any demand for either a jail or a poorhouse.

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A Bavarian newspaper estimates, after a careful review of the wars of the past fifty years, that over two million men have been killed in battle. Two conflicts which stand out above all others in the number of lives lost are the Crimean War, which is held responsible for 750,000 lives, and the Civil War, 800,000.

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It is said that Jamaica holds the world's leadership in the production and exportation of bananas, yet only about three per cent of the total acreage of the island produces this immense crop.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Takashi Kaco, Japanese ambassador [illegible] England, has been recalled from England to fill the post of minister. His election completed the new cabinet.

Andre de Fouquieres, who has just arrived in this country to deliver a series of lectures on French art, is not only a writer and lecturer of note, but he sets the fashion for men in Paris, though he wears no eccentric costumes.

Camille Saint-Saëns has received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, which, since the death of Reyer, has not been bestowed on any musician. Massenet's death solved the problem whether he or Saint-Saëns should have it.

Giles W. White, a Democratic negro of Montgomery County, Maryland, who is actively pushing his cause, hoping to secure the appointment of minister to Liberia, is a school teacher. He studied law at the Howard University Law School, Washington, but did not seek admission to the bar. He has been an active worker in the party ranks for sixteen years.

The Reverend Father Edward O'Connor, recently ordained in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, was, until his ordination, a well-known professional baseball player of the Quincy Club. He is not yet thirty, and his object in playing ball was to earn sufficient money to enable him to complete his education for the priesthood. He will be connected with St. Mel's Rectory.

Don Alfonso Washington Pezet, son of the Peruvian minister at Washington, is the first of his countrymen to take up American play-writing, and, more important still, is successful. He came to this country at the age of thirteen, and received his preparatory education at St. Johns, Annapolis. It was his intention to become a naval architect, but literature appealed most strongly to him. Don Alfonso is himself an attaché at the Peruvian legation.

Vice-Admiral Percy Scott, who won considerable fame during the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer War, has just had a baronetcy conferred on him by King George, and the belief is entertained that the honor is the result of his "fire director," which seems likely to revolutionize gunnery in the British navy. Recent tests, it is asserted, prove that guns on a battleship fitted with the appliance have been fired at an accuracy 300 to 400 per cent greater than those on another which had no director.

Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, who has become first sea lord of the British admiralty, Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman having resigned, owing to ill health, is a naturalized British subject, having been born at Gratz, Austria, in 1854. He was naturalized and entered the British navy in 1868. During the Egyptian war he was in charge of a battery for a time at Alexandra. Among various other appointments he has held the most important one of director of naval intelligence.

Marquis de la Vega Inclan, Spanish royal commissioner, who arrived in San Francisco this week to arrange for a site for the Spanish exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, is a man of letters, an art collector, and an antiquarian of note. He has been invited to lecture before the Spanish-American Athenæum, an international organization formed recently in Washington to spread the study of the Spanish language, and it is probable that he will appear before that body next month.

William M. Cressy, Orpheum headliner, and author of more successful vaudeville sketches than any other writer, did not make his appearance on the stage until he was twenty-seven years of age. He is a native of New Hampshire, and before discovering his forte, he relates, he had worked at many things, from pastry cook to blacksmith. At one time, when his money gave out, dire necessity drove him to the Salvation Army, where he was a banjo soloist for three days. He has written more than 150 vaudeville acts, and all are under production either in this country or abroad. He sells his productions outright.

Frederick C. Schanberger, the new president of the James L. Kernan Company, an immense concern in Baltimore, has done what few men have ever accomplished—risen to power and affluence within a block of the spot where he was born. At the age of eleven he became a messenger boy, pasted clippings in the office of the Academy of Music, and attended school part of the day. At night he worked about the theatre. He was always preparing himself for a position a little higher up. The Kernan estate controls the largest theatrical enterprise in the city, in addition to embracing other valuable property.

Professor George W. Carver, of the Tuskegee Institute agricultural department, foremost of his race in scientific agriculture in the South, if not in the United States, was born a slave in Missouri, on the Carver plantation. Of his parentage he knows little. During his youth he worked at odd jobs to earn a living. At last he found an opportunity to take charge of the greenhouses of the horticultural department of the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames. He remained there until he was graduated, when he was made assistant botanist. He took advantage of his opportunities there to continue his studies, and finally took a diploma as a post-graduate student, the first diploma of that sort that had been given at Ames.

THE MAN-HUNT.

Showing the Futility of Trying to Escape Justice.

Billie Doughty, deputy sheriff of Mendocino County, best shot in the state, loved by the good, hated by the bad, mounted on Nemesis, a winged terror by day and night to evil-doers, lifted in the saddle, gun in hand held aloft, and swore by all that is holy thusly: "I'll get my man, or die in the attempt, so help me!"

Something very unusual was evidently on the tapis, the green springtime carpet of Nature: for it was the sheriff's use to go wordless after any man wanted and get him. Gun-play with Billie Doughty was too much like work for your ornery outlaw to undertake it. As a rule, desperadoes did but fight shy of the sheriff.

Jack Baraty was no ornery outlaw. Take him every which way, he was exceptional. And yet, knowing he was wanted, and wanted bad, Jack had dodged the sheriff for months, kept to the hills, nor come nigh nor by his home town. In fact, he had broken a leg trying to get away; likewise dislocated the knee joint, his famous sorrel, Wild Fire, falling on him, and he the champion rider of California. Accidents will happen the lucky dog with nine lives. That time, clinging to the horse as it regained its feet, he had got away with it, given the sheriff the slip, ridden boldly into town, had himself fixed up and faded into rarified air. The nigh and near doctor had botched the job, so much so that Jack Baraty's left leg stuck out at right angles when he was on horseback, and made him conspicuous far as a prismatic glass could see him.

Though Jack Baraty—"Fearless Jack"—knew well why the sheriff was after him, he was unconscious of ever having done anything to deserve what Mendocino County to a man declared to be too good for him. A fair exchange is no robbery. He had taken only what he honestly thought to be his. Sinner he owned up to being. He had done those things which he ought not to have done, and he had left undone those things which he ought to have done, and that, though there was health in him. Criminal? No! Of poverty, neither more nor less, had he been guilty. A victim of circumstances over which he had no control was Fearless Jack. At one fell swoop he had lost an appendix and two thousand dollars. Looking like one buck had cost him no less than seven hundred and fifty bucks. A city sport had shot him and then turned tail and fled for dear life. The doctors, having relieved him of lead and gold alike, left him feeling more like two bits in the mud than thirty cents. Finally, his way of living was passing before the tramp-tramp-tramp of Civilization, civilization witb a capital—at Sacramento. Fearless Jack was a senior horse-wrangler of the University of Outdoors, Cattle Country, a master of the arts of bronco-busting and rope-throwing.

Had he not been a poor man, the deputy would never have been thus hunting him. He could have looked the sheriff, the world, in the face, and grinned carefree. 'Tis coinlessness that makes cowards of us all.

And now Fearless Jack Baraty must needs look about him like a craven-born and lo, one day there against the sky his Nemesis, which in happier days himself had broken and presented to the deputy—as a free gift, not a bribe!

Next instant Wild Fire was burning up the trail, its master's left leg stuck out gamely. Jack wasted no time looking behind. Instinct told him that the sheriff had sighted the human quarry, that the man-hunt was fairly—unfairly—on. Billie Doughty meant business. A quick getaway, like that of a jackrabbit, was the hunted one's chance. Nemesis, as none knew better than he, was an allday horse, and it was now high noon. Before dark, Wild Fire would fade, die. Though by no means a "quarter horse," it had not half the staying powers of the sheriff's well-named mount.

How they rode from midday to dusk, how the chase seemed ended a dozen times in the quarry's escape, only to begin again; how the sheriff kept gaining, depending, not mainly on sight, like a greyhound, nor on smell, like a harrier, but on some subtler sense, an instinct terrible in its infallibility, needs but little telling. Time and again hid by some brush, Jack drew rein and breath, a free breath, as he thought, only to see, on peeping from his hiding-place, the Nemesis-mounted making straight for him like a dove for her mate, like a hawk for a dove. Clenching his teeth, holding his breath, hearing his heart beat, the fearless one called upon Wild Fire with the loud-speaking spurs, and the chase was on afresh.

Jack Baraty's mount was as mettlesome a bit of horseflesh as human flesh could desire, but Nemesis was a wonder, the greatest the man trying to escape it had ever wrestled with. The bronco-buster may well be forgiven if he couldn't help thinking what friends he had once been with the deputy who was now running him down on his own gift—for what? Just because he was poor! Of what stern stuff must not sheriffs be made! And yet Billie Doughty was but doing what England expects every man to do. Once, thus ambushed, Jack had drawn not merely rein and breath, but a bead. To shoot the sheriff was a physical possibility, a spiritual impossibility. Rather arrest than that. Desperate as was Baraty's case, he couldn't kill a human being—no, not even himself. If there was any killing to be done, let the law do it.

Now, though the sheriff had sworn to get him and the country was all agog, there was no blood money on Baraty's head, brought in dead or alive, not a red cent in it for the Doughty deputy, as Billie could not escape being nicknamed. Though the affair had come to the ears of the governor, he was otherwise engaged. Anyway, it wouldn't have been the money the sheriff was after, but the man.

"I may be a daylight robber, as they say, but what can a poor man do. I was hungry, and, God, how I was tempted. I don't deserve this, though. Think of the disgrace. Wild Fire, Old Hoss, and get!" Thus Baraty.

Suiting the deed to the word, Fearless Jack took to the open and headed for the hills. In the rough going Wild Fire was a bear. Still Nemesis crept up inch by inch. There was nothing now for it but gun-play. "Wild Fire," said poor Baraty, "I hate like hell to do it, but here goes!" Turning in his saddle, he held a breath and drew a bead and Nemesis was a name. The hunted had shot the horse under the hunter.

The sheriff was down, but not out—except of breath and the running. Gun is a game at which two can play. Like its name, Wild Fire went up the hill. The crest reached, Baraty brought up an instant, and there they stood horse and rider, outlined against the pale-green evening sky while it takes a man to wave a triumphant hand in good-by. Then Wild Fire faded, died, with the day. Fearless Jack must have forgotten for the time being that Billie Doughty was the best shot in the state.

The race was now afoot, and the game had a game leg to offset his headstart. Downhill he dotted and went one for all he was worth—two-bits in the mud of real money. Much good his daylight robbery had done him. The river that raced down the valley was now his goal and after that, the dark.

Just as Fearless reached the bank of the river the sheriff won the brow of the hill, and paused there an instant to scan the valley, making as pretty a target for a desperate bullet as an evil eye could wish to see. But Jack Baraty, favored by the shadow, didn't shoot. Instead he threw away his gun and dove into the water, and, trailing both legs, "crawled" like a good one. "Crawling," he seemed to crawl, so slow is the fastest of all swimming strokes. By the time he gained the far bank there was but the river between him and his pursuer. As he scrambled up the bank he could not help but feel how exposed he was to the sheriff's fire. What he feared was not death, but that Billie Doughty would wing him, and so get him and hale him back in triumph to their home town, where justice in the awful shape of Shamus—alias Jimmie—Hagerty awaited him. What excuse had he, Baraty, but a lame one? What plea but poverty? More than lead, Fearless Jack feared the sneers of "Jedge" Hagerty. Liefer would he be racked over the coals of Satan than of Justice Jimmie, who was sure to talk to him like an Irish uncle and tell him how much he, Hagerty, hated to do his duty. From being the hero of your birthplace to being its laughing-stock is quite a come-down to a man of Baraty's stripe.

Glancing back as he reached solid earth, Jack saw the sheriff take gingerly to the water, and then a hand with a six-shooter in it was seen to glide over the surface of the river, with a weird effect. Billie Doughty was evidently taking part of Napoleon's advice to his men: Pray God, and keep your powder dry. Jack Baraty didn't know whether to be glad or sad. Swimming with one hand held out of water is twice as slow as crawling. On the other hand, Baraty was now unarmed, and the sheriff was not staying by that gun and losing ground for nothing. Neither had a rifle. When the foot-race began, the heavier weapon had been abandoned. The fugitive's one hope now was the dark. Game leg and all, he might distance his pursuer long enough to get lost. He was now playing a losing game. He wasn't one bit afraid of the dark and he was, strangely enough, two bits afraid of the sheriff, he Jack Baraty, nicknamed the fearless.

Fear-winged, great and yet ridiculous was the progress he made, giving a tremendous skip with the good leg and coming down on the game stiff-legged as a bronc. Even before his accident, his legs bowed by overmuch riding, had no sprint in them. Riders are bad runners. The man at home on horseback is abroad afoot. The younger, the suppler, the less set rider after him hot-foot, small blame to Fearless Jack if he got cold feet. Real terror, and sympathy for cowards, he was knowing now for the first time in his life.

Glancing back every now and then, he could see the sheriff, and knew that the sheriff could see him. His fear was that his one-time friend would gain faster than the night fell. Not that Doughty either was any great runner. As a matter of fact, to the casual observer, gifted with the saving sense, the chase had looked very funny, all the more so, indeed, by reason of its being so dead in earnest.

Neither went like the wind, but like the wind went the wind of one. Baraty looking behind in despair noted a gesture on the part of the sheriff that spoke eloquently of a stitch in the side and, had it not been a waste of his own breath, would have laughed aloud. The next time he glanced back there was nothing to be seen, and his eyes were good as they make them.

Though none too religious, Jack Baraty experienced an almost uncontrollable impulse to sink down on his knees, or rather one knee, and thank the powers of darkness. But having fought the impulse to a standstill, he fled a mile farther into the friendly night. Then on hands and knees he crept into a little clump of chaparral and breathed an oath never again in his life to run down rabbits and the like timorous game with dogs. Jack Baraty knew what it was to be hunted and the full meaning of fear.

For half an hour he lay low, still as a hare in its form. Then he crept out, stood erect again, a man, and dotted and went one for his home town, the last spot on earth in which the sheriff would be likely to look for him. As he went, his leg grew less and less game, and the rest of him more and more—especially the heart. Jack Baraty was himself again, afraid of neither God, man, nor devil.

He had gone he couldn't say how far—a mile, two miles, three—when all of a sudden, he couldn't tell why, he turned his head and—looked into the death-breathing mouth of the sheriff's six-shooter. "Throw up your hands, Jack!" bade the redoubtable Doughty. "I've got you. What do you mean by running away like a sneak-thief instead of staying at home and facing the Mendelssohn like a man?"

Just then it looked pretty bad for Jack Baraty; looked like discretion or death. After a fierce struggle with himself, Jack chose the better part of valor and did as he was bid. What would have happened if he hadn't there's no telling. As it was, while he was thus helpless, that brave sheriff waltzed up to him and in fighting parlance "handed him one on the kisser." That settled it.

"Belinda Doughty," poor Fearless gave in, "you're irresistible! I'm you're man, and you've got me for fair!"

"Good!" said Billie. "You'll come along quietly, then?"

"I will, if you promise me one thing, never to hold what I may say against me."

"I promise," said Billie. "Much good it'll do you. The sentence is life! Nothing off for being a model prisoner. Jack Baraty, I've give you fair warning."

The sheriff took her man by the arm and led him reluctant towards their home town, where he was ashamed to show his face. Long as the road was, the law seemed now in no great hurry either. Despite the promise that it wouldn't be held against him, Fearless said not a word. For all that, the silence seemed quite comfortable. After a space, the sheriff: "Poor Wild Fire!" and then her man: "Poor Nemesis! What's new home, Billie?"

"Jack Baraty," answered Billie Doughty solemnly, "I have two pieces of news for you: You're going to be married, and Tim Mullens, what you grub-staked, has struck it rich! You remember you agreed to go halves with him in any luck he might strike, and you're not the man to go back on your word. You've money to burn now, but all the wealth in the world couldn't buy you off: it's life for you, Jack Baraty."

"Who says so?"

"I do. A nice fearless proposition you are—commit daylight robbery, and then run away. Didn't you know I'd get you?"

"Billie," declared Jack bravely, "you robbed me before I robbed you. A heart for a heart is juster than an eye for an eye. There was nothing else for it but to run away from you. I was afraid of myself. Every time I saw you, I actually felt like a criminal because I couldn't ask you to marry me and share with me my nothing a day—with old Judge Hagerty just dying to marry you and——"

"Dying to marry me, Jack. Why, man dear, I asked him to marry me only this morning, and he said he'd be hanged if he would—at first. He thought better of it afterwards."

"So you're going to marry the judge, Billie, after all?"

"No, siree: The judge is going to marry me—to you, you goose. Come on: he's in no mood to be kept waiting all night. He promised me faithfully to see that justice was done. And in all my experience as a she sheriff, you're the most desperate criminal I ever brought before him. Hanging is too good for you. You deserve marriage. Heavens, what a chase! I believe I'd have shot you sooner than let you escape. Man-hunting is a hateful business for a woman."

"Then, give it up, why don't you!"

"I intend to, now that I have got my man."

The sheriff's resignation, together with that of her prisoner, was for many a long day the talk of their home town.

Harry Cowell.

San Francisco, January, 1913.

Boring for oil affords an opportunity to gather a rather intimate knowledge of the interior of the earth, as just developed in Pennsylvania, where a bore has reached a depth of 4600 feet, and will be driven fully 900 feet farther. At 4140 feet a fine grade of lubricating oil was found, in twenty feet of sand. The oil was good, but not in great quantities. It is of a grade worth about $6 a barrel. From 4460 to 4490 the men drilled through hard salt, and just below that they found more oil, but in small quantities. Now they are again in the limestone.

Taking young geese on the island of Rona, in the outermost Hebrides, is a most perilous business, though large captures are occasionally made. A crew recently returned with a bag of 2200 birds, which found ready sale at Ness. The men were lowered over the face of the cliffs, which are 400 to 600 feet sheer to the sea. They then lassoed the birds out of their nests by means of a fishing-rod with a noosed string at the end.

The busiest spot in the world is a one-acre tract of territory bounded by the Royal Exchange, the Bank and the Mansion House in the city of London. It is estimated that no less than 500,000 persons and 50,000 vehicles pass the spot each day for five days in the week.

TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON CLUB.

The Little God with the Green Jade Eyes.

Nardyson is confident 1913 will bring him uninterrupted good fortune, for he is superstitious, and all the bad omens and gynxes feared by other people work favorably in his case. He likes Friday beginnings, a cross-eyed customer gets his earliest and best attention, and every left-handed augury of misfortune in the book of oracles he practices with perfect faith that its occult force will short-circuit in his behalf. Can bad luck hit such a man? It can. Hear Nardyson tell about the little god with the green jade eyes. On the slightest provocation he will give his experience seriously and circumstantially, and nobody who hears it laughs at his story. Some have afterward asked on the ferryboat for corroborative testimony, and the deck-hands say the final catastrophe came just as Nardyson describes it.

It was nearly seven years ago when the master of a deepwater vessel, just back from China, came into Nardyson & Rugg's commission office with a present for Nardyson. It was a fine piece of ivory carving in the form of a fat, squatting idol, said to be the god of good fortune. Such figures are not uncommon, but this one was distinctive in being made with eyes of jade, and actually seemed to have sight. Nardyson was out that morning, and Rugg accepted the skipper's offering and put it on his partner's desk. When Nardyson came in he was not pleased with the gift. Had it been the god of misfortune, he said, he would have prized it, but the god of good luck was the wrong divinity for his plan of life. In other words, the Chinese mascot would certainly be a hoodoo to him. Rugg laughed at this idea and pooh-poohed all his superstitions, but Nardyson would not take the matter lightly. He said finally that Rugg had no right to accept the thing in his name, and that started a quarrel which threatened to become serious. Nardyson ended it by putting the god out in the packing-room.

An hour later, at luncheon time, he went back to speak to a clerk, and found that the barrel of varnish, on which he had set the ivory figure, had sprung a leak and its contents already covered the floor an inch deep. Nardyson says the god sat there smiling in patience, waiting for somebody to come in and drop a match or a lighted cigarette. He grabbed it, put it back into the lacquered wood case it had come in, and carried it out on the sidewalk. Next door to the commission house a new building was going up, and the brick walls had risen higher than a man's head. The masons were away at their noon-time meal, and Nardyson climbed up on the staging, found a place in the work where it would fit, planted the box and its occupant between two rows of bricks and spread mortar over it smoothly. Nobody discovered his meddling. The proof of this came in one of the biggest events that ever took the city by surprise.

Some weeks after this the roof of the new building was raised, but the structure was never finished. It was April, 1906, and the timbers fell in and were consumed the same morning that Nardyson & Rugg's commission house went out of business. Rugg died before the brick ruins that filled Front Street cooled off. As soon as Nardyson could straighten out the partnership affairs he began clearing up the premises. He had his offices well under way when men began tearing down the dilapidated walls on the adjoining lot. The affair of the boxed and buried god had been entirely forgotten, but one day it was brought back to his mind when he noticed among others a ragged, consumptive-looking fellow at work with his pick, and about in the spot where the Chinese gift was planted. His curiosity prompted him to stand and watch for developments, but before anything occurred he was called away.

The August days were not long enough for the work San Franciscans had to do that year, and it was after dark, though there was bright moonlight, when Nardyson started down Market Street in his automobile for the ferry. He had been out to Van Ness Avenue to leave an order at a hardware store, but had not tried to get dinner, and was hurrying home as fast as the conditions of the roads, still obstructed with débris, would allow. Lower Market Street was like a trail through a cañon. Down near Front Street Nardyson thought a shadow swung in front of his ear, but before he could stop there was a soft jolt and he realized he had struck something. His building contractor was riding with him, and the two got out and looked. Under the wheels was the figure of a man, dead or unconscious. Nardyson hailed a policeman who stood a little farther on, and with the officer's flash-light examined the body. It was the consumptive laborer Nardyson had noticed that morning; he recognized him by a peculiar, close-fitting cloth cap, from which ear-tabs stuck out sidewise. But the poor fellow was past help. There was no pulsation of the heart, and he was limp as an empty sack. Nardyson helped the officer carry him up out of the track, and then came back to his machine. The building contractor said little till they were safely on the boat and there was no listener near. Then he drew out from under his coat a lime-stained box and asked Nardyson to look at it, saying he had found it in the street while the policeman and Nardyson were busy with the victim of the accident.

In a second Nardyson knew what it was, even before he opened the box. The little god with the green jade eyes had come back to him. Almost as quickly came the explanation of its presence in the street. The workman had discovered the box while he was prying out the bricks layer by layer, and had left it undisturbed, that he might come back at night and have for his own whatever treasure it contained. Before he had got a dozen blocks away with his prize a hurrying car had run him down. The fatality and its connections were enough to unnerve anybody, and Nardyson swore a little and climbed out of his automobile. He got the contractor over to one side of the deck and told him the story of the hoodoo gift. To make an end of the thing, he said, the only way was to throw the god in his box into the bay. He started impulsively to carry out this determination, and then came the strangest happening of all. The engine of his motor had been stopped as soon as the car reached its place on the outer deck of the ferry-boat, but as Nardyson started toward the machine it began to throb as if it had just been cranked. Before he could put his hand on the car it jerked backward, broke through the light chain stretched across the gangway and went overboard into the wake of the vessel. On the driver's seat of the car lay the mortar-crusted box, and Nardyson declares soberly that it raised up on end, the cover fell off, and the little god's green eyes glared at him as they disappeared in the water.

F. H. Ferguson.

GOSSIP OF LONDON BOOKMEN.

The Immortality of Authors—An Underground Book-Store—Sale of Andrew Lang's Library.

Literary notes that refer to many British writers of the present day as well as of days gone by, make up a recent letter to the New York *Evening Post* from its special correspondent in London. From that entertaining column the following paragraphs are copied:

"The easiest way to become immortal is to turn author." We owe this comforting generalization to one of the reviewers of the latest volume of the Dictionary of National Biography. He bases it on the calculation that, of the 557 memoirs in this volume, 132 are claimed by the literary profession. Science comes second with 115, and art—including architecture, music, and the stage—takes the third place with 75. The other principal categories are the administration of government with 68, religion with 51, the army and navy with 39, law with 26, social reform with 24, commerce and agriculture with 17, and sport with 10. But these statistics are a poor warrant for any conclusions about immortality. The utmost that they show is that more writers than members of any other class are remembered as conspicuous persons within ten years of their death. And the selection of names, it must be remembered, is made, not by a representative committee, but by one of the same profession.

The first editor of this dictionary, Sir Leslie Stephen, is the subject of one of the memoirs in the present volume. The sketch of him is appropriately written by his successor, Sir Sidney Lee. We learn that the idea of the series came from the publisher, the late George Smith, who intended that its scope should be universal, but changed his mind after conference with Stephen. The thought of a really universal biographical dictionary, on a scale equal to that of this national work, is a fascinating one. Will it ever be realized? The preparation of an ordinary encyclopædia would be child's play in comparison.

Among the most widely known men who are commemorated in this new volume are Lord Kelvin, Cecil Rhodes, Herbert Spencer, Goldwin Smith, H. M. Stanley, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and J. McNeill Whistler. We are told that there is in preparation a bibliography of Goldwin Smith's writings containing more than 1500 titles, and that Mr. Arnold Haultain is also at work on a collection of Smith's letters and an edition in ten volumes of the chief pamphlets and publications of his that are now out of print. In some respects the dictionary renders a greater service by its account of less prominent men, concerning whom there is not so much accessible information outside its own pages. Among these are Townsend, of the *Spectator*, who wrote close on 10,000 articles during a journalistic activity of sixty years; Linley Sambourne, of *Punch*, who could accomplish Giotto's feat of drawing a perfect circle, and Professor York Powell, whose hobby was a strange one for a scholar of his type, for rumor asserted that he contributed to the *Sporting Times*, and he was certainly as well acquainted with the boxing reports in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* as with the Kalevala or Beowulf.

It seems late in the day for the discovery of a new point in connection with the characters in the Waverley Novels. But Dr. J. B. Heller, a professor in the Medical School of Leeds University, calls attention in the *British Weekly* to the fact that with one striking exception all Scott's heroines are motherless. A heroine may live with a widowed father, an uncle, a brother, a grandmother, or other female relative, but, except in "The Bride of Lammermoor," there is to be found no grown-up daughter living with her own mother. In "The Legend of Montrose" a mother is introduced, only to be ignored. The four children of Sir Duncan and Lady Campbell are carried off by Highland freebooters. One of them is subsequently found and brought back. When she is restored, the novelist tells us that she "discovers a father, and Sir Duncan discovers a daughter," but no mention is made of Lady Campbell. She does not seem even to have been asked to the daughter's wedding, which takes place shortly after.

The explanation suggested by Dr. Hellier is that Scott, like every author, was apt to repeat himself and to run in a groove in regard to matters which were to him of secondary importance. Scott took the greatest pains over his historical and topographical details, and his special character studies were always fresh and new, but he spent little trouble over his nominal heroes and heroines. One can but hope, concludes Dr. Hellier, that all the heroines who were so happily married in the last chapters of their biographies were not destined to premature decease, but that some of them lived long enough to bring up their own daughters to maturity and to give them that maternal care of which they had themselves rather conspicuously stood in need.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford has been suffering so terribly from congestion that it has been compelled to excavate an underground bookstore. When a library's accession list contains over two hundred entries a day from one year's end to another, there is evidently need of desperate measures. Unlike the owners of private collections, the curators of the Bodleian can not resort to the practice of weeding out.

How difficult it is to draw the line between books to keep and books to sell was illustrated last week in an after-dinner speech by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Some years ago he wanted, when rather short of cash, to raise $175 to buy a new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He got the money by selling the bound volumes of a sporting magazine running from 1790 to 1870. Last year he discovered to his chagrin that a set of the same magazine had been sold in London for $4750. In the same speech he mentioned also the case of a man who inherited from a bibliophile brother a house crowded with books. Bedrooms and passages were crammed, and if any one had wanted a game of billiards it would have taken a long summer's day to clear the billiard-room. The new owner told an agent to take away every book that had not a decent binding. He did so, and several thousand volumes were sold at less than 25 cents apiece. Among them was a Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, which had since changed hands at $2625. Actually Sir Herbert Maxwell's speech showed, more effectively than he knew, how likely one is to go astray in estimating the market value of a book. He possessed, he said, an 1841 edition of Bradshaw's Railway Guide which he was sure would fetch a large sum in banknotes. The next day there appeared in the *Times* a letter warning him not to be too confident, for an 1842 Bradshaw in first-rate condition was recently sold in a well-catalogued and well-advertised sale for the sum of one shilling.

This week Andrew Lang's library has been under the auctioneer's hammer, but, so far, without fetching any sensational prices. The catalogue shows an unusual proportion of first editions of nineteenth-century books presented by their authors. The number of these entries is a striking testimony to the wide range of the recipient's literary friendships. Several of Andrew Lang's own books are accompanied by catalogue slips in his own writing. His "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" has the comment, "Péchés de jeunesse." His "Black Thief" is annotated as "Very rare indeed, the author's only dramatic work." The present French ambassador at Washington has written in the presentation copy of his "Literary History of the English People" the inscription: "To Andrew Lang, the Knight of the Maid, from his would-be squire, Jusserand." Another interesting item is De Vinne's "Historic Printing Types," a presentation copy "to A. Lang, a historic type of a good friend, from Brander Matthews." But the most notable presentation copies of all are a few that came to their late owner by inheritance—copies of Scott's poems given by the author to Mrs. Laidlaw. There is also a book presented by Scott to Alexander Boswell, son of Johnson's biographer. It is entitled "Secret Commonwealth, or a Treatise displayeing the Chiefe Curiosities as they are in use among diverse of the People of Scotland."

* * *

An effort is being made in Chicago to enforce the new law requiring chauffeurs and teamsters to stop ten feet behind street-cars receiving or discharging passengers. It has been rather contemptuously disregarded, but last week the police were instructed to enforce it, and in one day ten offenders were arrested in the loop district. The ordinance was passed because so many people have been killed while entering or leaving a street-car.

* * *

One of the sad features of the disasters of last year was the large increase in the number of aviators who have sacrificed their lives in the attempted solution of the problem of safely navigating the air. In 1908 one man was killed; in 1909, four; in 1910, thirty-two; in 1911, ninety-nine; in 1912, 152, making a total of 288 in the four years since flying was attempted.

* * *

Now that it has become generally known how to breed foxes in captivity, fox farms are springing up in Canada in all directions, and henceforth it would seem that the production of costly fur is only a problem for the animal husbandman. One fox farm recently visited on the banks of the St. Lawrence contained eighteen animals, for which the owner demanded $75,000.

* * *

Nearly three times as many British as American workmen are employed in the construction of the Panama Canal. Of 62,810 in the Canal Zone proper, Great Britain claims 30,859 as citizens, while the United States claims 11,850.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Hon. James Bryce Writes His Observations and Impressions of Seven South American Republics.

Mr. Bryce's volume on South America will be no disappointment to those who expected something of exceptional comprehensiveness and sagacity. It is of course based upon first impressions, and Mr. Bryce reminds us of this in his preface, but the value of first impressions depends on the quality of the mind receiving them. In this case they find a place before a mental background richly stored with experience and with the powers of cautious judgment. It may be said, moreover, that experience and sympathy may usually be found together and that a knowledge of collective human nature predisposes to lenient judgments and hopeful expectations. This is precisely the keynote struck by Mr. Bryce in his introduction when he says:

> Such considerations as these have made me believe that the natural propensity of a Western European or North American traveler to judge Spanish-Americans by his own standards needs to be corrected, not only by making allowances for differences of intellect and character, but also by a comprehension of the history of these peoples and of the difficulties, many of them due to causes outside their own control, which have encompassed and entangled them ever since their ancestors first set foot in the Western World. Whoever compares these difficulties as they stand today with those of a century ago will find grounds not only for more lenient judgments than most Europeans have passed, but also for brighter hopes.

Mr. Bryce's travels through seven republics found their natural beginning at Panama, and it is equally natural that he should compare the new canal at Panama with the old one at Suez. They are of nearly equal length. The shortest line across each runs nearly due north and south. They unite gigantic countries and each lies in what is, or was, a practically uninhabited country. But a more interesting survey is the part that the two isthmuses have played in human affairs:

> The Isthmus of Panama must, in far-off prehistoric days, have been the highway along which those wandering tribes whose forefathers had passed in their canoes from Northeastern Asia along the Aleutian Isles into Alaska found their way, after many centuries, into the vast spaces of South America. But its place in the annals of mankind during the four centuries that have elapsed since Balboa gazed from a mountain top rising out of the forest upon the far-off waters of the South Sea has been small indeed compared to that which the Isthmus of Suez has held from the beginning of history. It echoed to the tread of the armies of Thothmes and Rameses marching forth on their invasions of Western Asia. Along the edge of it Israel fled forth before the hosts of Pharaoh. First the Assyrian and afterwards the Persian hosts poured across it to conquer Egypt; and over its sands Bonaparte led his regiments to Palestine in that bold adventure which was stopped at St. Jean d'Acre. It has been one of the great highways for armies for forty centuries, as the canal cut through it is now one of the great highways of commerce.
>
> The turn of the Isthmus of Panama has now come, and curiously enough it is the Isthmus of Suez that brought that turn, for it was the digger of a ship canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and the vast expansion of Eastern trade which followed, that led to the revival of the old designs, mooted as far back as the days of Philip the Second of Spain, of piercing the American isthmus. Thus the comparison of the two isthmuses becomes now more interesting than ever, for our generation will watch to see whether the commerce and politics of the Western world will be affected by this new route which is now being opened as those of the Old World have been affected by the achievement of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The construction work at Panama excites Mr. Bryce's keen admiration. The mechanical activities have been so often described that they need not be dwelt upon, but the author summarizes them in a few pregnant lines:

> There is something in the magnitude and the methods of this enterprise which a poet might take as his theme. Never before on our planet have so much labor, so much scientific knowledge, and so much executive skill been concentrated on a work designed to bring the nations nearer to one another and serve the interests of all mankind.

The success of the Panama government receives its share of attention, and while Mr. Bryce naturally refrains from political comment upon executive problems he allows himself to ask why the administration of Panama should apparently set at defiance all the cherished axioms of democratic institutions:

> Nowhere perhaps in the world are working people so well cared for, and such ample and almost luxurious provision made for comfort and amusement as well as for health by the benevolent autocracy which presides over everything. Its success in escaping all charges of partiality or corruption, as well as in producing efficiency in the work and contentment among the workers, has indeed been such as to make some persons draw from it an argument in favor of state control of all great enterprises. To the unbiased observer it is rather an instance of the efficiency obtainable by vesting full administrative control in men whose uprightness and capacity have already been proved beyond question, who have not risen by political methods, and who have nothing to gain by any misuse of their powers. So far as any political moral can be drawn from the case, that moral recommends not democratic collectivism but military autocracy.

It is expected, says Mr. Bryce, that the canal will cost $400,000,000 in addition to the cost of the fortifications, which will probably amount to $12,000,000 more:

> The visitor who sees the slopes where these forts and batteries are to be placed, asks who are the enemies whom it is desired to repel. Where is the great naval power that has any motive either of national enmity or of self-interest sufficient to induce it to face the risks of a war with a country so populous, so wealthy, and so vigorous, as the United States? He is told that there is at present no such naval power, and that no quarter can be indicated whence danger will arise; but that it is possible that at some future time, from some unknown direction, some yet unconjectured enemy may arise, against whose possible attacks provision ought now to be made.

Mr. Bryce is struck by the "Oriental quality" that distinguishes so many of the Spanish-American cities, and especially Arequipa in Peru. This is due partly to Moorish influences, partly to climatic conditions and to an isolation that has preserved original characteristics. The Catholic church seems to be all powerful here. Bells clang all day long in Arequipa, clerical costumes are to be seen everywhere, and men as well as women attend church regularly. Arequipa is still conservative, but what must it have been, asks the author, before the building of the railroad:

> The bishop and the head of the Jesuits were the real powers, even the governor, and beneath him the alcalde bowing to them. Nowhere in the world today could one find anything like that uniformity of opinion and custom which reigned in this little, remote city in those colonial days, which came down into the days of Hume and Betham in England, of Voltaire and Rousseau in France, and indeed down almost to the memory of men still living. The vision of the Holy Office in the background at Lima was hardly needed to enforce absolute submission of word and thought in such a society. The traveler of today marvels at the stillness and stagnation of one of the smaller cities in the interior of Old Spain. Yet a Spanish city, however small or remote, is at least in Europe: there are other cities not far off, and men come and go. Here there were no breaks in the monotony of life, nothing but local interests of the most trivial sort to occupy men's minds. The only events were feast days and religious processions, with now and then an earthquake, and once, thirty years before the War of Independence, the terror of an Indian insurrection far up in the plateau.

The archæology of South America arrests Mr. Bryce's attention and stimulates his imagination. In his chapter on "Cuzco and the Land of the Incas" he discusses some of these cyclopean ruins and marvels at their gigantic proportions and the military skill shown in their construction:

> On the top of the hill behind these lines of ramparts there are remains of ancient buildings, though none with such enormous stones. It is hard to make out what these edifices were, for every bit of ground built upon has been ransacked over and over again for hidden treasure. Peru is full of stories about fabulous quantities of Inca gold hidden away to save it from the rapacity of the conquerors, and some of the tales may be true, though hardly any such treasures have be found for more than a century past. But the story that there is a secret passage cut in the rock from the Inca castle at the top of the hill down through it and into Cuzco, where it opens to the temple of the sun, is too much for any but native credulity. These beliefs in long subterranean passages recur everywhere in the world. It was—perhaps still is—believed in Oxford that there is such an one from the church of St. Peter in the city to the ruined nunnery on the river at Godstow (Fair Rosamund's place of confinement), two miles distant. It is believed in Kerwan (in Tunisia) that the most sacred of the wells in that most sacred of all African cities communicates underground with the well Zem Zem in Mecca, two thousand miles away and on the other side of the Red Sea. The most persistent treasure hunt carried on by the Peruvians has been that for the golden chain made by the Huayana Capac, which was long enough to be stretched all around the great square of Cuzco, and was thrown into the lake of Urcos lest it should fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Everybody believes it to be still at the bottom of the lake, which is very deep.

What became of the people who built the Cuzco ruins? Was it the ancestors of "those stolid and downtrodden Indians whom one sees today, peddling their rude wares in the market place of Cuzco":

> The sudden fall of a whole race is an event so rare in history that one seeks for explanations. It may be that not only the royal Inca family, but nearly the whole ruling class was destroyed in war, leaving only the peasants, who had already been serfs under their native sovereigns. But one is disposed to believe that the tremendous catastrophe which befell them in the destruction at once of their dynasty, their empire, and their religion by fierce conquerors, incomparably superior in energy and knowledge, completely broke not only the spirit of the nation, but the self-respect of the individuals who composed it. They were already a docile and submissive people, and now under a new tyranny, far harsher than that of rulers of their own blood, they sank into hopeless apathy, and ceased even to remember what their forefathers had been. The intensity of their devotion to their sovereign and their deity made them helpless when both were overthrown, leaving them nothing to turn to, nothing to strive for. The Conquistadores were wise in their hateful way when they put forth the resources of cruelty to outrage the feelings of the people and stamp terror in their hearts.

The traveler approaching La Paz has a surprise in front of him—that is to say, if he is coming from Lake Titicaca, the usual route from the coast. At a point 13,000 feet above sea-level the railway from Guaqui meets the railway from Antofogasta, four hundred miles away to the south, and this is the point to which a third railway is now converging, that which is being built to connect La Paz with Arica on the Pacific, one hundred miles to the west:

> From this point, called Viacha, the route turns eastward towards the Cordillera, the line climbing slowly in wide sweeps over the dusty and shrubless plateau on whose thin grass sheep are browsing. There is not a house visible and the smooth slope seems to run right up against the mountain wall beyond. Where can La Paz be? asks the traveler. Presently, however, he perceives strings of llamas and donkeys and wayfarers on foot moving along the slope towards a point where they all suddenly vanish and are no more seen. Then a spot is reached where the railway itself seems to end between a few sheds. He gets out and walks a few yards to the east and then suddenly pulls up with a start on the edge of a yawning abyss. Right beneath him, fifteen hundred feet below, a gray, red-roofed city fills the bottom of a gorge and climbs up its sides on both banks of the torrent that foams through it. Every street and square, every yard and garden, is laid out under the eye as if on a map, and one almost seems to hear the rattle of vehicles over stony pavements coming faintly up through the thin air.

Education in Bolivia is honored in the breach rather than the observance. Out of a population of 2,000,000 only 30,000 were in the schools. The aborigines care for nothing but fairs and festivals, alcohol and the coca leaf:

> He is never without his bag containing a bundle of leaves, which he masticates (usually with a little clay) while walking or working, finding in them a support which enables him to endure fatigue without food for long periods. The leaf when chewed is tasteless, and whether taken thus or in a decoction produces no directly pleasurable feeling of stimulus. I have experimented with it in both forms without being able to discover any result except that of arresting hunger. Taken by chewing the leaf, as the Indians take it, it can not have the highly deleterious effects of cocaine, which is a concentrated essence; indeed, if it had those effects, the aborigines of the plateau must have been long ago ruined by it. Possibly there is something in the physical conditions of their life rendering it comparatively or altogether innocuous. It does not seem to be much used by the whites, nor in the lowlands by any class of the population. Perhaps, therefore, it is "indicated" in the mild form of a chewed leaf as a stimulant suitable to those who take continuous exertion at great altitudes.

Mr. Bryce was much impressed by the "Christ of the Andes," the great statue erected to commemorate the settling of the boundary controversy between Chile and Argentina, a statue of no great artistic excellence, but doubtless serving its purpose:

> On the level summit of the pass stands the Christ of the Andes, a bronze statue of more than twice life size standing on a stone pedestal rough hewn from the natural rock of the mountain. The figure, which is turned northwards, so as to look over both countries and bless them with its uplifted right hand, is dwarfed by the vast scale of the surrounding pinnacles, and although there is dignity in the attitude and tenderness in the face, it hardly satisfies the conception one forms of what such a figure might be. Rarely does any modern representation of the Redeemer approach the dignity and simplicity which the painters and sculptors of the Middle Ages and early Renaissance knew how to give. But when one reflects on the feeling that placed this statue here and the meaning it has for the two peoples, it is profoundly impressive. There had been a long and bitter controversy between Chile and Argentina over the line of their boundary along the Andes, a controversy which more than once had threatened war. At last they agreed to refer the dispute to the arbitrament of Queen Victoria of Great Britain. A commission was authorized by her and her successor to examine the documents which bore upon the question and to survey the frontier. After years of careful inquiry an award was delivered and a boundary line drawn in which both nations acquiesced. Grateful for their escape from what might have been a long and ruinous strife, they cast this figure out of the metal of cannon, and set up here this monument of peace and good-will, unique in its place and in its purpose, to be an everlasting witness between them.

The interest aroused by Argentina is entirely unlike that which appeals to the traveler's eye and mind in Peru, or Bolivia, or Chile. Everything in Argentina is new. It is like western North America. It is "the United States of the southern hemisphere":

> Though skyscrapers have scarcely made their appearance, the houses are much higher than in the west coast cities, because earthquakes are not feared; and many mansions in the residential quarters, built in the modern French style, have architectural merit. So, too, the numerous small plazas, usually planted with trees or shrubs and furnished with seats, partly atone for the want of space in the streets. It must be added that the statues which adorn these plazas do not tempt the passer-by to linger in æsthetic enjoyment. One is too acutely reminded of the bronze equestrian warriors so numerous in Washington. The cities of the western world, having a short history, seem to run to the commemoration of heroes whose names, little known to other nations, will soon be forgotten in their own, whereas the old countries, except Italy, seem forgetful of those whom the Western stranger would like to have seen held up to reverence.

Buenos Aires is something between Paris and New York. The streets are filled with fashionable crowds and "nowhere in the world does one get a stronger impression of exuberant wealth and extravagance." The opera house and the races and the park show one side of the activities of this sanguine community and the docks and the port show another:

> Twenty years ago sea-going vessels had to lie two or three miles off Buenos Aires, discharging their cargo by lighters and their passengers partly by small launches and partly by high-wheeled carts which carried people from the launches ashore through the shallow water. Now a long, deep channel has been dug, and is kept open by dredging, up which large steamers find their way to the very edge of the city. Docks many miles in length have been constructed to receive the shipping, and large stretches of land reclaimed, and huge warehouses erected and railway lines laid down alongside the wharves. Not Glasgow when she deepened her river to admit the largest ships, nor Manchester when she made her ship canal, hardly even Chicago when she planned a new park and lagoons in the lake that washes her front, showed greater enterprise and bolder conceptions than did the men of Buenos Aires when on this exposed and shallow coast they made alongside their city a great ocean harbor. They are a type of our time, in their equal devotion to business and pleasure, the two and only deities of this latest phase of humanity.

We have an almost amusing account of insurrectionary parties in Uruguay. When an insurrection is planned word is sent to its supporters to assemble at a given spot. The countermove of the government is to seize all the horses, since "the horse is the life of a revolutionary movement":

> The Blancos have been out of power in Uruguay since 1864, but they hold well together and compose an opposition which acts by constitutional methods in the legislature (when any of its partisans can find an entrance) and by military methods outside the constitution, in the open country, whenever peaceful methods are deemed useless. The parties have become largely hereditary; a child is born a little Blanco or a little Colorado, and rarely deserts his color. Feeling runs so high that in Blanco districts it is dangerous for a man to wear a red necktie, just as in driving through certain Irish towns a harmless botanist from Britain may, when his car approaches a particular quarter, be warned by the driver to throw away or cover over the ferns which he has gathered in the mountain glen, because the sight of the obnoxious color will expose him to be stoned by those who regard its display as an affront.

Mr. Bryce covers so wide a field, both geographical and mental, that even a much larger number of quotations could hardly be considered as representative. One of his most important chapters is entitled "Some Reflections and Forecasts," and this must go unnoticed here. So must another delightful chapter on "Political Conditions." It must suffice to say that those so fortunate as to read Mr. Bryce's work will find all the satisfaction that can be given by ripe experience, cautious judgment, and an unusual political sagacity.

South America: Observations and Impressions. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Linda.

The unsophisticated, uneducated, but beautiful country girl has proved a temptation to a good many novelists, but few of them have handled the topic better than Margaret Prescott Montague. Her heroine is Linda, who lives in one of the mountain districts of West Virginia and who is compelled by her father to marry a man very much older than herself. When Linda discovers, or thinks she discovers, that her husband already has a wife she summarily leaves him and sets off to tramp her way to whatever fortune may await her, a fortune somewhat complicated by her expected maternity. Appealing by her story to the matron of a country hospital, she is helped through her trouble, leaves her baby with a kindly neighbor, and is then adopted by a rich young woman who makes a pet of her. Linda falls in love with an aristocratic young artist, but finds to her surprise that her baby is distinctly a detriment, and her perplexities are further increased by the discovery that she has done her husband an injustice and that he was the victim of a slander. Of course everything turns out right in the end, thanks to the author's power of life and death over her characters, but the impression left by the story is distinctly a pleasant one. Of course there are the usual difficulties in showing the gradual effects of education upon the speech of a mountain girl, but the author meets them with rather less than the usual awkwardness.

Linda. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

The Dolomites.

Every one has heard of the Dolomites, but for the first time we realize the curious fact that few people know where they are. Even Alpine climbers have neglected them, although there is no other part of the Tyrol that has a greater reward for the adventurous. The Dolomites, says the author, occupy an area of about forty by fifty miles of country. They contribute three sections of the fifteen sections into which the Tyrol is divided and they are composed of rocks piled in weird and fantastic shapes unlike anything to be found elsewhere. They take the form of "cathedrals and castles, rugged fortifications, sending up wonderful spires and turrets into the sky, round which the soft clouds hover, as though they would keep them from the vulgar gaze."

It is to be hoped that Miss Davidson's clever book may serve as an inducement to the leisurely traveler in search of new scenes and new impressions. As a guide-book it is in every way competent. It describes the best routes, it introduces us to the people by a hundred charming stories, and it takes care that we shall miss nothing that is worth seeing. The illustrations are numerous and of fair quality.

Gates of the Dolomites. By L. Marion Davidson. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50 net.

The Mountain Divide.

This story, described as a story without love, pictures the adventures of a young telegraph operator named Bucks who secures a position on the construction works of the Union Pacific Railroad, at that time pushing westward from Medicine Bend. Certainly Bucks has his full share of adventures, which include several severe scrapes with Indians, a fight with illicit whisky dealers and gamblers, and a marked difference of opinion with a bear. The story is presumably written for boys, but its accuracy as well as its spirit would justify an appeal to an adult audience.

The Mountain Divide. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Eyre Damer addresses himself to the rehabilitation of the Ku Klux Klan, and the measure of his success must be left for individual determination, which is usually reached by the light of individual prejudice. The author believes that the Ku Klux Klan was an organization of the purest patriotic motives, maligned during its lifetime and constantly misinterpreted since. That the organization was a result of grave social dislocations no one will deny. Mr. Damer makes it clear enough, but he wisely refrains from any general defense of extra-legal and violent movements for the rectification of wrongs, however real and grievous.

When the Ku Klux Rode. By Eyre Damer. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $1 net.

Conversation.

It is to be feared that even so good a book as this can help but little toward the rediscovery of the lost art of conversation. Good conversation springs naturally from good manners, and good manners from good feeling—that is to say, from unselfishness. An age that has exalted egotism and the crude worship of self into a virtue is hardly capable of an art that depends so much upon an interest in others and a courteous curiosity as to their opinions. At the same time there may be some few who are anxious to know "what to say and how to say it," and for such as these the author has written a valuable book, full of shrewd observation and a recognition of the true "inwardness" of social intercourse.

Conversation. By Mary Greer Conklin. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents net.

The White Shield.

We have here a collection of twenty-one short stories by Myrtle Reed, most of them, if not all, having already seen the light in magazine form. Myrtle Reed's stories have always had a charm of sincerity that compensates for such defects as an ignorance of the ruder aspects of life. They represent us as being what we ought to be instead of what we are, although this hardly explains why so many of the author's heroes are so ladylike. In the first story, for example, the story from which the volume takes its name, we have the description of a young artist whose pictures always lack something until he discovers at last that a picture must reflect the qualities of the artist, and as he himself has occasionally deviated into a bohemian conviviality his failure is at once explained and corrected. It is to be feared that the history of art will hardly sustain the pleasant theory.

The White Shield. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Gallant Little Wales.

Jeannette Marks writes enthusiastically about Wales, its people, customs, and prejudices. Perhaps the surest proof of her success is that we wish she had written more of her own experiences and had omitted an unnecessary chapter on Dr. Johnson's tour of North Wales, an account of which is still obtainable in the original form. The chapter on "Folk-Lore" is particularly good, and we are allowed a glimpse of the Eisteddfod that we should have been sorry to miss.

Gallant Little Wales. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Harper & Brothers have published a collection of "Prayers for Little Men and Women," by "John Martin," with illustrations and decorations by John Rae. Price, $1.20 net.

The Macmillan Company have published a handsome edition of Jack London's "The Call of the Wild" with illustrations upon every page—many of them in color—by Paul Bransom. Price, $1.50 net.

Bridge devotees should have a welcome for "Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons," as played since the adoption of the new count, by Grace G. Montgomery (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net). The little volume is rich in diagrams and handsomely bound in red morocco leather.

The sixth volume of the Lakeport series of books for boys is "The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport," by Edward Stratemeyer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25). Aviation is fortunately a long way beyond the reach of most boys, but the author has constructed a strenuous story of airships that will doubtless prove attractive to youthful readers.

The Camp and Trail series of books for boys now numbers several volumes, among later additions being "The Young Woodsmen," by Hugh Pendexter (Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net). The same boys who appeared in "The Young Gem-Hunters" are now seen at work with the lumbermen preparing the winter camp and having a series of stirring adventures with various strange marauders.

Under the title of "A Journey to Ohio in 1810" the Yale University Press has published the journal of the rough wagon trip from New Haven to Warren, Ohio, undertaken by Margaret Dwight in fulfillment of a promise to her cousin, Elizabeth Woolsey, to whom it was sent as soon as the journey was over. The document has marked value and interest as a picture of conditions a hundred years ago.

That Black's Guides are pursuing a useful mission in the world is shown by a twenty-fifth edition of "Black's Guide to Ireland," fully revised and brought up to date and issued in America by the Macmillan Company ($1.75 net). The guide-book proper has much to recommend it in spite of innumerable volumes with literary pretensions, but that so rarely condescend to the more utilitarian facts. It is hard to believe that any useful information has been excluded from the well-filled pages of Black's Guides.

The art education of children is well cared for in a little volume just issued by the Century Company. It is entitled "Famous Pictures," and the idea of the author, Mr. Charles L. Barstow, is to teach children to appreciate the great masterpieces and to know something about the lives of the painters themselves. An appendix contains a list of the various schools of painting with the most prominent representations of each, a glossary of technical terms, and a chronological table of painters. The price is 60 cents net.

The American Book Company has published "Aus Vergangener Zeit," edited by Arnold Werner-Spanhoofd, a collection of thirty sketches describing the great events, of religion and life of the Germans from the time of Tacitus to the present day. Price, 50 cents.

"The Rape of Lucreece" has been added to the First Folio Shakespeare, edited with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter, and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at

Robertson's

222 STOCKTON ST.

Union Square San Francisco

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

— OF —

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1912

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES ($6,235,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof ($5,355,100.00), of the State of New York ($1,150,000), the actual value of which is.............$13,622,550.07

2—CASH in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks........... 2,093,803.08

3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS ($6,016,000.00), the actual value of which is 6,039,045.31

$21,755,398.46

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($336,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($448,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,438,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($547,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00).

4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is....................... 33,497,370.98

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this state. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is....................... 297,879.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,227,652.03), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($12,581.82), and Alameda ($2747.70), in this state, the actual value of which is.. 1,242,981.55

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.................... 986,419.47

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—ACCRUED INTEREST on Loans and Bonds.................. 279,780.94

TOTAL ASSETS.............................$58,059,830.40

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is..........................$54,548,824.93

(Number of Depositors, 84,910
Average Amount of Deposits, $642.43)

2—CONTINGENT FUND, ACCRUED INTEREST on Loans and Bonds...........................$ 279,780.94

3—RESERVE FUND, Actual Value.................. 3,231,224.53— 3,511,005.47

TOTAL LIABILITIES.............................$58,059,830.40

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco }

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1913.

CHAS T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 10, 1913, WILL DRAW INTEREST FROM JANUARY 1, 1913.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Social Order.

Those who speak of Christianizing the social order are usually found to mean the passing of certain laws which they themselves favor and the conversion of the social machine by specified enactments—specified by themselves. Dr. Rauschenbusch is far too careful a thinker to express himself thus baldly, and far too sincere to be thus egotistic, but he takes it unduly for granted that Christianity must necessarily take a certain legislative form. If our city sells us liquid water, he asks, why should it not sell us frozen water? Since good milk is essential to babies why should not the city sell good milk? Since drugs are often adulterated "the trade in drugs should be taken over by the community." And so on. Without wishing to be frivolous we might continue the argument. Since cleanliness is essential to health, in fact comes next to godliness, why not make the daily bath compulsory? Since standing in draughts is notoriously dangerous why not empower the police to move us on in cold weather or send us home for our overcoats? These suggestions are not more absurd than the author's own recommendation that a school uniform be compulsory or that boards of health should sell drugs at cost price. Such proposals may be good or they may be bad, but why associate them with Christianity, seeing that many good Christians believe after bitter experience that municipal ownership and control are likely to cause far more public debauchery than they abolish and are therefore anti-Christian? The "community" to which the author so often appeals is made up of men and women who are even more likely to be corrupt in their corporate than in their private capacities. Imagine the fate of babies who must depend for their milk upon a city government controlled by Mr. Schmitz and Mr. Ruef. Imagine endowing the average health board with a monopoly in the sale of drugs.

It seems a pity to identify Christianity with particular systems of government. There is only one way to "Christianize" the social order, and the author seems now and then to see it for himself. The only way is to persuade as large a number of individuals as possible to be honest and kindly. It is an unspectacular way. It is not so attractive as clamorous appeals for reforms that throw us adroitly from the frying-pan into the fire, but since the world has been trying legislative reforms for a good many thousand years it might be well to try something else.

Christianizing the Social Order. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

A Wanderer in Florence.

Mr. Lucas has already "wandered" through London, Holland, and Paris, and now we find him in Florence, as leisurely and reflective as ever, and as ready as ever to draw on vast funds of information and to display them for our benefit. Indeed Mr. Lucas is a nearly perfect guide, whether our quest be historical or artistic. Those who already know Florence will feel that their acquaintance has become a friendship, while to visit Florence for the first time and with this book in hand will be a step at once into all the privileges of intimacy. The volume is decorated by sixteen illustrations in color by Harry Morley, and thirty-eight reproductions from paintings and sculpture.

A Wanderer in Florence. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75 net.

Armaments and Arbitration.

Even those most closely wedded to millennial theories of arbitration should welcome the invigorating douche of cold sense furnished by Admiral Mahan. It need hardly be said that he makes no plea for war or that he regards war with other than detestation. But he asks for some clear statement of an alternative, for some proposal that shall be a concession not only to sentiment, but to facts. So long as force remains the easiest way, perhaps the only way, by which a nation can get what it wants. force will remain upon the bench in the court of last appeal. Even the abolition of armaments would not abolish the resort to force. Arbitration implies a willingness to obey international law and to abide by peaceful decisions. But suppose there is no such willingness. Suppose there should be criminal and law-breaking nations, as indeed there are. Suppose, for example, Asia should insist upon flooding America with her surplus peoples. Must we have some vast central armament as a police force?

But some of the author's arguments are weak. For example, he says that the results of disarmament would be to atrophy the powers of individual initiative and to hinder the great achievements of civilization. The same argument might be used against any federation of states, for example against the German Empire or the South African Federation. Virility does not depend upon martial antagonisms.

Another weak argument is to the effect that it is better to continue to spend money upon armaments than "to demoralize the European peoples by the flood of Socialistic measures which will follow upon the release to a beneficiary system of the sums now spent on armament." How other people ought to spend their money is a favorite problem with most of us, but we have seldom been told so ingenuously that it will be better for us to continue to spend our cash in preparations to kill each other lest the unusual experience of having a little pocket money may lead us into excesses.

The book is valuable because it forces us to face facts and to think instead of merely to enthuse. It would be still more valuable but for a certain appearance of special pleading as well as a sombre and unlighted materialism.

Armaments and Arbitration. By Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.40 net.

Jesus.

This is a surprising book from a doctor of divinity, and it is hard to resist the conviction that it would be received with a chorus of denunciation had it emanated from a non-religious source. Ingersoll was never more damaging in his assaults upon creeds or more ruthless in his destruction of the historical narrative of Jesus than is Dr. Gilbert in this remarkable work. No one who has dipped into its contents will doubt the author's assurance that "no ecclesiastical authority or institutional connection has been present to influence, either for good or for ill, the weighing of evidence, or the portrayal of results.

It is a weighing of evidence and a portrayal of results that the author gives us. He examines the narrative of the life of Jesus precisely as he would examine the narrative of the life of any other historical character. He hears the witnesses, compares their testimony, confronts them with each other, and delivers his verdict. We may take one example from his final pages. He considers the story of the open tomb after the resurrection. He finds John saying that one woman came to the tomb, Matthew two, Mark three, and Luke not less than five. In Mark and Luke the women came to anoint the body, in Matthew to see the tomb, while in John the same Mary who in Matthew comes to see the tomb, and in Mark to anoint the body, speaks of wishing to find the body that she may take it away. Therefore, says the author, we can not regard this story as historical. And he returns the same verdict in a multitude of other cases after an examination of evidence undertaken, not to sustain a creed, as is usually the case, but to discover the truth, which is rarely the case.

It need not be said that the author's intention is actually constructive and not destructive. He believes that a spiritual interpretation is vastly more to the advantage of Christianity than an historical, because the former makes of the life of Jesus a present reality with a present significance and independent alike of times and witnesses. And of course he is right, and because he is right he has rendered no small service to a faith that is rapidly being strangled by its historical ties. Dr. Gilbert deserves unmeasured praise for a work that is not only scholarly, but that is a brave and manful effort to reach exact truth at no matter what cost to prejudice and preconception.

Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's new novel, bids fair to approach the success of the earlier works that gave Mrs. Rice fame.

"Flavor in Food" is the title chosen for the new book by Henry T. Finck of the New York *Evening Post* staff, of which the manuscript is just completed. Part of the book was written while Mr. Finck was a guest at Paderewski's villa, Riond-Bosson, Morge, Switzerland. The great musician was much interested in his guest's work, exclaiming, "The most important of all topics for the American people." The work is on the Century Company's spring list.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completed two new plays. Of these one is called "Half-Hour," the other "The Little Policeman."

It is twenty years since Sir Gilbert Parker's first book, "Pierre and His People," was published. It has just reappeared in the handsome form of a volume in the Imperial edition of Sir Gilbert Parker's works, which Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out under the subscription method in eighteen volumes, similar in general make-up to their other sets in the Scribner Library of Modern Authors, such as "The Outward-Bound Kipling" and "The Thistle Stevenson." The stories in this volume were the first ever written about the Canadian far north and its people, and they are still the best of their kind. Pierre is the pioneer of the north in fiction. Plays have been founded with great success on Pierre and his adventures, and he has come to be as typical of his race and land as Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales." Indeed with "Pierre and His People" and his later stories and novels, Sir Gilbert Parker has done for Canada what Kipling did for India. But like Kipling he has also traveled throughout the world, and the scenes of his novels are many and various.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sea King's Burial.

[The old Norse Kings, when about to die, had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth with sails set, and a slow fire burning in it, that, once out to sea, it might blaze up in a flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero at once in the sky and in the ocean.—*Carlyle's "Hero Worship."*]

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the Sea King to his men.
"I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again;
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from my bed;
Put the crown upon my head:
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily.
If I can not end my life
In the crimsoned battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old Sea Lion of the North,
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free;
And on his forehead pale,
Felt the cold, refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favoring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore,
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying: "King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow,
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
On the sea.

And the King with sudden strength
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck.
Once alone he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud, exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path
On the sea.

"So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail;
I have fought with many a foe,
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;
To the great All Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

"So blow, ye stormy winds,
And ye flames ascend on high;
In easy, idle bed,
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields, and flashing steel;
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemy around!
Happy, happy thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath shouting, 'On
To victory!'
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;
And he looked, yet scarcely saw,
The destruction of his ship;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone, a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming!" said the King,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again,
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows;
I am coming, great All Father,
Unto Thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore,
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."—*Charles Mackay.*

Sentiment in Business

Often one hears the statement thoughtlessly made, "There is no sentiment in business." There is a great deal of sentiment in business, and it is largely sentiment that moves the world, whether in the interests of peace or war.

Whatever may have been conditions in times gone by, with large business concerns, today, look where one will, he sees how great a part sentiment plays in the relationship of employer to employee. It is realized that one satisfied workman is a better asset to business than two who do their work sullenly, with one eye on the clock and the other on the "boss." As a good tool requires care, so that it may continue to give efficient results, so with the workman, whether he labors in a comfortable office, or whether he is out in the open.

Some large corporations provide social halls for their employees; others go in for lunch and reading-rooms; some have an insurance and pension feature, all of which originated through sentiment, though they can not in any sense be termed philanthropic movements, nor are they regarded as such. They tend to produce better satisfied employees, more physically able, and satisfaction means better work, because interested, and not infrequently the evolving of ideas which prove to be of much value to the employing concern.

Keeping step with the march of progress, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will build and equip a large log clubhouse for its employees in one of the most picturesque sections of the Sierras, where vacations may be spent and health regained in the clear, pure air, balmy with the odor of pine and fir.

The clubhouse will be erected on a small island in Lake Spaulding, where nature has provided a site in the shape of a steep, rocky hill. The project is the pet idea of John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the corporation.

The island has yet to be created, but it will rear its head above the flood when the company finishes building its 300-foot dam at Lake Spaulding. This will increase the lake from two miles to nine miles in length, and give it a depth of 300 feet, and will also impound enough water to supply San Francisco for three years—could it be used for that purpose. The lake will also enable three power-houses to generate 100,000 horsepower of electric energy, so that "Pacific Service" may be ready to meet all demands which may be made on it for a long time to come.

Completion of the dam will back up 30,000,000,000 gallons of water around the hill, and on its peak will rise a splendid gathering place for "Pacific Service" employees. It will be furnished with numerous bedrooms, a wide porch, ample dining-room, and a large living-room, where an old-fashioned fireplace, built of rock quarried from the hill itself, will welcome six-foot logs and throw a ruddy, comforting glow to every part of the room, while the men on vacation sit about its cheery blaze and tell of the trout they caught, for up there the fishing is good, of the deer they bagged and almost bagged, and of the bear they saw, and of their many other adventures in that interesting region. The lodge will cover the entire island, and from it will run a wharf—an extension of the porch—to which the boats will be fastened. And the entire place will be lighted by electricity.

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PAPER
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"THE BLUE BIRD."

There seems to be a general impression that the seeker after true happiness at performances of "The Blue Bird" must prepare himself in advance by absorbing large jorums of instruction as to the symbolic meaning of Maeterlinck's play. But I feel that I have a message for the unprepared who go in doubt and fear, which is: Take comfort, and depart in peace. Knock confidently at the door of the temple, and it shall be opened to you. And when you are once inside you will learn that you can have just as much fun out of it as the enlightened one who has been sipping at the fountain of instruction.

For, after all, on the stage the play's the thing. The symbolism can come after, or be in the background of the mind, rising dimly and pleasantly at certain moments, but enjoyed much more when it is discovered than when it is pumped into you.

"The Blue Bird" is a fairy fantasy, full of symbolic beauties which need not be too relentlessly pursued to their hiding-place, in the spirit with which one solves a geometrical problem. If some of the symbolism escape us, what matter? There is enough left that we can not fail to perceive, and, after all, do we wish to do away with all possibility of the unexpected in the drama? In the *drama*, mind you, the pith and core of which is its unexpectedness.

For my own poor part, I carefully refrained from reading "Chantecler" and "The Blue Bird" in advance, thereby gaining for myself much innocent enjoyment. I had all the fun of the story, unhampered by devotional scrutinies of a prayer-book filled with symbol-litanies.

Taken from this point of view, "The Blue Bird" is a charmingly poetic fairy-play. Poetry infers dealings with the philosophy of life, and Maeterlinck leads his little peasant pair of children into the very heart of the mysteries and wonders of the universe. Life and birth and death, sorrow, and memory, and happiness, the uncapturable—all these they face as a pageant of wonder unfolding to their marvel-seeking gaze.

And who shall say whether unterrified little Tyltyl typifies the spirit of adventurous manhood, or the human intellect ever probing, discovering, and solving? It doesn't really matter. It is pleasanter not to know. To us in front he passes for the time being as the hero of a fairy tale, whose wonderful cap, with its magical revolving diamond which probably stands for knowledge, brings before his exploring gaze those servants of man that are hidden under the dull rim of the bread-bowl, behind the impassive radiance of sunshine, or beneath the glow of the warming flame.

Magically revealed by the power of the revolving diamond comes Bread, a homely fellow but indispensable. Fire, with his garment of waving flames, and Water, a misty, moisty maiden all streaming with dew-dotted waves of dank green drapery, struggle for preeminence, whenever they approach each other. Milk is there, a white maiden with what might be a scarf of clotted curds about her neck; and Sugar, a concession, doubtless, to childish preferences, feeding the hungry children with his fingers made of sticks of candy.

Tylo the dog, and Tylette the cat, enabled to voice their thoughts through the power of the diamond, reveal themselves, Tylo the dog, as the faithful, devoted friend of man, and Tylette the cat, a spotted haunter of the dark, an evil emissary of dread Night, with her palace of mystery bolted and barred against the intrusion of the inquisitive children.

In their wanderings the children, started on their quest for the Blue Bird by Berylune, an old fairy with a cracked voice, are placed in the care of Light, a calm, beautiful goddess who sheds radiance in the dark passages of their quest. They go to strange places, penetrating to the Land of Memory, which is Maeterlinck's suggested conception of heaven; a place of slumber and oblivion, until the affectionate thoughts of the faithful living awaken the dead to a brief resurrection of memory-haunted life.

They go to the graveyard at night, and hold little Tyltyl, trusting to the power of the diamond, and doughtily resisting the frightened pleading of little Mytyl, seeks to bring the dead from their graves. And lo! at the sign, the dark churchyard is bathed in the warmth and light of a spring day, and all about the children ranks upon ranks of lilies bloom. And bold, exploring little Tyltyl learns that death is but resurrection into another form of life.

And still they wander, until they reach the Kingdom of the Future; and here, the souls of unborn children, mysteriously veiled, and bearing some gift to the life that is to come, await the coming of Time. And Father Time, wielding his great scythe, sails in his shallop to this misty shore of futurity, and sternly, inexorably repelling the eager multitude who seek to anticipate the moment of birth, selects the few whose time has come. Each bears the gift that shall be the distinguishing mark of some period of his life: a crime, a sorrow, an invention, a great heroism. And Father Time, standing like a gray stone statue against the vast void of eternity, with his great scythe holds back the eager unborn souls that would accompany their mates, and as the shallop sails away into the void, we hear the voices of the mothers-to-be, welcoming the souls of the coming children.

Still the quest goes on, and Tyltyl and Mytyl have reached the shadowy palace where Night sits on her basalt throne. On one side of the dark portal is a figure of Sleep, and on the other a hooded figure whose name Night refuses to utter; for men fear the sound of it. And Night, warned by treacherous Tylette, the cat, that human children have come armed with magic to wrest from her the keys of her palace of mysteries, refuses, with many solemn warnings, to give them up. But Tyltyl insists, for his is the venturesome spirit of man, that will know all that can be known, even if he die in the seeking. And again disregarding the pleadings of frightened Mytyl, who stands for the spirit of feminine conservatism, one by one he opens the forbidden doors. From one troop the twinkling insects of the night, and within another lie the diseases of mankind; and behind a third, whose threatening angers all the company unite to force back into restraint, we see the thrusting weapons, the red flames, and plumy smoke of bloody War. And at last, with a noise like thunder, the doors of the last chamber fall apart. The place is filled with blue birds. And the children and their friends, feeling that the end of their quest has come, joyfully capture, each, a blue bird, only to find, later, that the little captives die in their grasp. For happiness, it seems, can only be an affair of a moment.

Guided by Light, the children, after further adventures, finally reach home. The last act shows them in their little beds. We can call all these wonderful happenings a dream, if we will, for the homely mother (whose features are identical with those of the glorified Joy of Maternal Love in the Land of Happiness) insists to the greeting and embracing children that they have not been absent at all. Into the little home cot comes Neighbor Berlingot (the living image of Fairy Berylune) to borrow the children's pet bird for her sick child. And, when their little neighbor enters, cured and happy, fondling the bird, suddenly the children make the startling discovery that their pet has become as blue as the magic dove they sought. For sharing a possession bestows happiness, and all the time, did they but know it, the possession they coveted was there, awaiting the transforming touch of unselfish giving to lend it the form and color of the marvelous bird.

Thus the beautiful little allegory draws to a felicitous conclusion, and if everybody isn't perfectly happy, the children are.

The selfish grown-ups must heed the lesson, too. Share this possession with the children. Never mind the research and the symbolism. But turn the dull colors of every day into the magic blue of the fairy bird. For rare, indeed, does it happen that there is staged a fantasy that is beautiful and ethereal enough to satisfy the glorified fancies of childish imaginings. And while Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" holds the stage, those who can take their children should give them an opportunity to gain not only a present possession, but a future memory.

As to the grown-ups, many woman will enjoy it, and a few men. As a general thing, those men who are capable of enjoying drama —not meaning by that musical comedy—want it with a bite to it. Some of these will regard it only as a child play.

As a production, "The Blue Bird" is very pretty and tasteful. The management of the lights and the graceful groupings and dancings of the performers supply the greater part of the effect. Some of the scenic effects, exquisitely heightened by a remarkably fine manipulation of the lights, are very beautiful. There is no great call for wonderful mechanical effects. There are many charming stage tableaux, but the most beautiful is that one which represents Father Time standing immutable against the gulf of space, while the shallop containing the souls of the unborn children floats away.

The company that interprets the play is a good, reliable, satisfactory assemblage of talent. There is no call for anything out of the ordinary, but, generally speaking, the work is extremely well done. The personnel of the company is largely English. I seem to hear all the time the marked English inflections of a feminine coacher, as I listen to bright, alert little Burford Hampden utter his lines. He is an excellent Tyltyl, and preserves his intelligent vivacity unimpaired through the long and taxing rôle. The girl part is carefully, but less notably well done.

One of the most impressively acted rôles—partly, perhaps, because impressively conceived—is that of Time, by Dore Davidson. Messrs. Lambart's and Yapp's dog and cat are excellently well played, the felinely graceful poses of the latter actor being in particular a point worthy of special praise.

Here and there were incongruities; the size of Tylo, the dog, as compared with his little master, for example. And why was not Sugar a woman with a saccharine voice? And a fortunate choice in the matter of voice and delivery was not made for the rôle of the Blue Child (I suppose it was), the talkative little unborn soul who questioned and enlightened Tyltyl during the progress of the most beautiful, the most impressive, the most poetically conceived, and the most dramatic act in the whole play.

But one does not need to take a critical attitude toward the performance. The cuts—I am told that much is cut out—were needed, and however splendid the London and Paris productions may have been, this at the Cort Theatre is very beautiful, and is thoroughly informed with the spirit of Maeterlinck's fantasy.
Josephine Hart Phelps.

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THE MUSICAL SEASON.

The Godowsky Piano Recitals.

Godowsky last Saturday proved himself entitled to be called a "master-pianist," and without doubt an immense audience will gather at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 12, at 2:30, to hear this glorious artist in his farewell programme. The programme includes a Ballade on a Norwegian theme by Grieg; "Capriccio" in B minor, and "Variations on a theme by Paganini," Brahms; a dozen "Walzermasken" by Godowsky himself; Liszt's immortal and only Sonata in B minor, and a metamorphosis of Strauss's operetta, "Die Fledermaus," transcribed by Godowsky. To this published list will be added a group of Chopin works, as the master has received so many requests for numbers by the Polish tone-poet. All in all it will be the greatest programme of piano music heard in this city in many a day.

Next Tuesday afternoon, January 14, at 3:15, Godowsky will make his last appearance in California, at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, and the programme will be entirely different from that at any of his concerts in San Francisco. Hundreds have signified their intention of going across the bay to hear the superb offering.

The features of the Oakland programme will be Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, with its impressive "Funeral March"; a group of eight Chopin gems, and the always welcome Schumann "Carnevale."

For this event seats are now on sale at the box-office of Ye Liberty.

San Francisco Orchestra Popular Concert.

Maud Powell, the violin virtuoso, will be the soloist at the popular concert of the San Francisco Orchestra Sunday afternoon, as at the Friday afternoon concert. Mme. Powell will play a violin concerto, with orchestra accompaniment. The numbers already chosen for the Sunday concert are as follows:

Grand March, "La Reine de Saba"…….	Gounod
Overture, "Le Roy d' Ys"……………….	Lalo
Suite from "The Atonement of Pan"……	Hadley
Dance of the Harpies.	
Intermezzo.	
Dance of the Nymphs.	
Entr' acte—Dream of Pan.	
Finale.	
Overture, "1912," Op. 49……….	Tschaikowsky

Concert by Mme. Bernice Pasquali.

Mme. Bernice Pasquali, prima donna, from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will give a special concert in the Colonial Ball-Room of the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening, January 14, at 8:30. Many prominent San Franciscans requested the great singer to make this appearance, and their names make a long list of patrons. Mme. Pasquali's programme will include numbers by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Thomas, Massenet, Hadley, and other composers of fame. The "mad scene" from "Hamlet" will be one of the operatic offerings.

The Sembrich Concerts.

The sale of seats for the two Sembrich concerts at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoons, January 19 and 26, will open next Wednesday morning at the music store box-offices. Special attention will be given country mail orders, if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum with current funds inclosed.

There is but little to tell the music lovers of this or any other community about the art and voice of Mme. Marcella Sembrich. She is unquestionably the greatest lyric artist living. There is not another great singer but who looks upon Sembrich as the ideal for all others to emulate. She stands for everything that is correct, fine, and artistic in the vocal art, and her voice has a charm that is simply indescribable.

Gutia Casini, a seventeen-year-old violoncello virtuoso, and Frank La Forge, the eminent pianist and composer, will be the assisting artists.

At her first concert Sembrich will sing arias from "Ernani" and "Louise," and a vocal setting of Strauss's beautiful waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," in addition to groups of songs in French, German, and English. Mr. Casini will play 'cello numbers by Davidoff, Klengel, and Chopin, and Mr. La Forge will offer the Toccata and Fugue by Bach-Tausig, and two of his own compositions.

The farewell Sembrich concert will be in the form of a strictly song recital, in which Mme. Sembrich will furnish the entire programme of twenty-five numbers. The programme will be divided into four parts, as follows: Part I—Old Airs and Songs. Part II—Classic German Lieder. Part III—Modern Songs in German and English. Part IV—Folk Songs of Various Countries, and these include gems of Canadian, Irish, Norwegian, Polish, New Grecian, Russian, and Hungarian melodies. The complete programmes may be secured next Wednesday at the box-offices.

In Oakland Mme. Sembrich will offer a beautiful programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 24, for which seats will be on sale at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday, January 20.

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VANITY FAIR.

Le Cri de Paris attributes the success of Woodrow Wilson to the double fact that in a recent game of football "he jumped over a wide ditch and with sure hand caught the ball," and that when returning from a banquet he himself sewed on a button that "was missing from a strategic place upon his frock coat."

There is something wrong about that latter item. There is no "strategic place" upon a frock coat. Even a President-elect might lose all the buttons on his frock coat without serious peril to his salvation. All the buttons that can be called vital in male attire are to be found lower down, on the trousers. And here we have the curious fact that all the buttons in male clothing that are visible are also non-essential in the graver sense of that word, while all the invisible buttons have an importance and a responsibility that it would be hard to exaggerate. Not one of them can be spared without dire forebodings, and perhaps this accounts for the extraordinary fertility of resource with which the average man can meet the emergency of the loss of a button, if it be of the invisible kind. He does not ask himself if it can be replaced. It must be replaced, or he must take to the woods, where the great silent solitudes of nature will offer him the sympathy that humanity will never give him. But the chances are ten to one that he can make good the loss. A pocket-knife, three inches of string, and two minutes of solitude will enable him once more to face the world with untroubled brow. A paper fastener, if it be long in the shanks, has been known to save a situation fraught with perilous humiliations. Even a thorn snatched from the roadside has been pressed into the service of man. And if the emergency is sudden and the conditions exacting it is surprising what can be done by a surreptitious tightening of the little equatorial strap that will be found due south and the temporary practice of the abdominal method of breathing so warmly recommended by some doctors and so hotly denounced by others. There is always hope even in that moment of supreme anguish when we realize that the sin of procrastination has found us out and that the sole remaining button on the starboard quarter is slowly but surely sinking under the weight of its responsibilities. Still there is hope. Don't stop talking to the girl for a moment, even though the cold perspiration bespangles your brow. Place your left hand in your trousers pocket with an air of easy indolence. The reinforcement of a single hand with slight upward pressure may do much. Steer the girl steadily and firmly toward her chaperon. Don't bow to her, for that would be to tempt the already over-tempted gods. Don't ask her for the loan of a hairpin. It is surprising how much girls know nowadays and how quick they are to guess. Just beat it to the dressing-room if you are at a party, or to the tall timber if you are at a picnic. Don't whine for a needle and cotton, or some girl will pretend to believe that it's a collar or glove button that you have lost and offer to do the job for you. What you want is solitude and string.

* * *

The ordinarily intelligent man has no sympathy with those who decry a change in our manners simply because it is a change. Our grandfathers, for example, were in the habit of kissing the hands of their lady friends, but instead of kissing hands we have learned to shake them, a change, it is true, from the graceful to the graceless, but not one that we need otherwise lament. The only changes that we need deplore are those that imply some loss of kindliness, or some thickening and coarsening of the mental fibre.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge indicates some of these in the current issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. He tells us that when he was young he was taught, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society and that it was the height of vulgarity to talk of the cost of things, whether your own things or those of other people. But we have changed all that nowadays. Mr. Lodge tells us that he now hears surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenuous youth of both sexes, while as for money, it is talked of to such an extent that polite conversations now resemble nothing so much as a tariff debate.

Now these are changes that it is well to deplore, because they do emphatically imply a coarsening of mental fibre, a vulgarity so general that there is no one to rebuke it. The avoidance of health topics is not a mere convention. It is due to the fact that these topics are usually disgusting. If my stomach is out of order with all the usual implications of symptoms and remedies I have no more right to say so to any one but a doctor than I should have a right to display my sore toe at the dinner-table, supposing I had the distinction of possessing a sore toe. Both subjects are equally repulsive. Everything relating, even by inference, to the inside of the body is repulsive, and when the said inside is diseased, the topic becomes not only repulsive but nauseating. And yet we talk about it. We talk about it to such an extent that decent people almost dread to use the conventional greeting of "How are you?" for fear of calling forth a flood of filthy pathological details that would sicken a crocodile.

Of course the people who talk in this way are not wholly to blame. They only reflect the spirit of the day. Press, pulpit, and doctors are in an unholy league to persuade us that health is the most important consideration in life instead of being one of the least important. There is hardly a newspaper without its medical page. Books about health appear in one unending and ill-smelling flood. Health organizations bombard us for subscriptions, votes, and sympathy. All of which we might endure even to the loathsome conversations at the dinner-table, in the streetcar, and wherever else two or three are gathered together, if only the agitation was likely to do any good. But that, of course, is impossible. It would be fairly safe to predict that no one who talks about his health at improper times can live to old age. There is nothing the body resents so much as being thought about. If medical science ever reaches a point where it begins to understand some of the elementary laws of health it will be made a misdemeanor to mention the subject of disease except under such conditions of privacy as shall minimize the ill results.

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The great Bok is at it again. There is no need to say that we mean Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Thank heaven, there is only one Bok. At least we hope so, for we have room only for one.

Bok says, "Walk down Fifth Avenue today, and from their dress you can not tell two classes of girls apart." The utterance is obscure, delphic, ambiguous, a manner doubtless acquired by Bok from his feminine associations. Bok wishes us to understand that in Fifth Avenue one may meet the *mondaine* and the *demi-mondaine* and that they dress alike. Both wear Paris fashions, but the fashions are those of the French halfworld. The true Parisian fashions, the fashions of French society, do not reach America at all. The *couturières* believe that they would not be liked here and that the American woman wants something bizarre, something that is found in Paris only at the low-grade theatre and the race-course. The American woman who supposes that she is wearing a fashionable French creation would be taken for a member of the halfworld if she were to appear in that same creation in Paris. Probably Bok is stating a fact. It is his peculiar business to understand such gear, of which we must confess our own complete ignorance. Moreover, he quotes Sarah Bernhardt to us, and Sarah Bernhardt says that she stands aghast at the amazing acceptance by American women of the underworld styles of Paris.

Now Bok, in the innocence of that great heart of his, probably supposes that the fashionable women to whom he is talking will start with amazement to learn that they are garbed in the mode of the Parisian *demi-monde*. At least he adopts the pose of believing this. Well, perhaps they will, and then again perhaps they won't. If it was only in dress that they imitate their frail sisters of France we might believe that they had been led unwittingly into these strange paths. But how about their dances? We have yet to hear of any contortions too lewd, too suggestive, for instant and enthusiastic adoption by society. The Paris *demi-monde* will hardly be guilty of anything quite so "raw" as may be found in the fashionable drawing-rooms of New York and Philadelphia. Now a woman might be deceived as to the implications of an imported gown, but she is not deceived as to the true inwardness of the dances that she adopts with such eagerness. She knows precisely what they mean. She knows that they mean unspeakable things, and yet she dances them. Therefore we must believe that she will not be seriously discomposed by the revelations of Bok. Probably they are not revelations at all, but even if they are revelations they will but enhance the delights of the imported gown.

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The first demonstration of Thomas A. Edison's kinetephone will be given in New York within a few weeks. The kinetephone is a talking machine that works in harmony with moving pictures. It is to be used to add the realism of the voice of the actor to the scene thrown upon the canvas. It is considered certain that with players of note appearing before the camera the greatest plays will soon be "canned," not only for this generation of playgoers everywhere, but the great actors and singers of today will be handed down to future generations, not only in face and gesture, but in voice. The intention of the inventor is not to sell any of these machines, but to lease them.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Jimson bought a business through an agent as a going concern in first-class condition. After six months he failed, but took his trouble lightly. Meeting the agent some time later he said: "Do you remember selling me a business as a going concern?" "Yes, of course I do," replied the agent. "Well," said Jimson, "it's gone."

◆

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday-school class. "Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding-day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life." A small boy queried, "Why do tbe men all wear hlack?"

◆

In answer to the lady's advertisement for a laundress, Ellen, a darky, black as the ace of spades, applied for the work. With her was a group of small darkies, some black, some brown, and some yellow. Her employer asked if all tbese children were Ellen's. The latter replied: "Yas'm, tbey's all mine." "But, Ellen," said the lady, "they are all different colors." "Yas'm; you see it's like dis. My first husband was black like me, my secon' was brown, an' the one I got now he belongs to the fair sex."

◆

An Irishman walking along the road beside a golf links was struck hetween the shoulders by a golf hall. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. When he recovered he observed a golfer running toward him. "Are you hurt?" asked the player. "Wby didn't you get out of the way?" "An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there were any assassins round here." "But I called 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way." "Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, whin I say 'foive' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"

◆

A famous animal painter says that when he was a hoy he once witnessed a fight between two dogs, one of which belonged to an Irishman who was a retired prizefighter. The Irishman's dog was badly heaten, and the fact was a source of deep chagrin to the owner. He was very jealous of the dog's record, but as only he and the painter had seen the fight, he asked the latter, in a decidedly significant way, which of the dogs won. "Why," was the reply, "your dog won, of course. He was underneath the other dog, hut he was chewing the life out of the cur all the time." "That's roight," said the Irishman, "you have saved your loife."

◆

A lady whose name is Brown recently proceeded from the breakfast-table to the telephone in the hall to order some things from the butcher. "Halloa!" said Mrs. Brown. "Is that Mr. Batty's?" "Yes." "Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you send me a large, thick steak by four o'clock?" The boy in the hutcher's shop happened to answer the telephone, and promptly responded: "Well, you just bet your sweet life I will." "Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" indignantly inquired Mrs. Brown. "Sure I do," said the hoy. "You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook." "You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself." "Is that so?" replied the hoy. "Then in that case, madam, we'll call the het off."

◆

The Princess Colleredo Mannsfeld, praising the magic of the modern beauty parlor, said in Boston: "The beauty parlor, especially the modern beauty parlor, accomplishes miracles with our figures, our coloring, our features. A playwright said to me the other day (and I almost believe he was in earnest): 'I introduced a novel touch of realism into the second act of my new play. It's a touch so simple and so true, I wonder nobody ever thought of it hefore.' 'What is this touch, Mr. Fiasco?' I inquired. 'My heroine,' he replied, 'is in the first act a fat, dark-haired country girl with a snub nose, while in the second act, after her flight with young Scattergood Golde to the metropolis, she is a svelte and slender blonde with a profile of patrician aquilinity.'"

◆

One of the best of election stories is furnished by a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine:* The population of Comal County, one of the most prosperous in Texas, is about 99 per cent German and the remainder Teutonic. The sagacious student of racial characteristics, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that in the recent election to determine whether by constitutional amendment Texas should go "dry," the Prohibitionists of Comal County were able to muster only five votes for "state-wide." When the polls had closed in New Braunfels, tbe county seat of Comal, Uncle August, with beard reaching to his belt, and Heinie, with spectacles a quarter of an inch thick, made ready to canvass the returns. After much husiness of sharpening pencils and arranging pads, Uncle August said, "Vell, Heinie, ve begin." Heinie took a ballot from the box and, after adjusting his glasses, read slowly and nasally, "A-gainst—the—a-mend-ment." "Vait a minute, vait a minute!" interrupted Uncle August. "Do you t'ink ve got all night to sit here v'ile you say 'A-gainst—the—a-mend-ment'? Cut it short! You yoost say, 'Vet—vet'! Dot's all!" "Vet—vet," counted the obedient Heinie. After about two hours of this, Heinie exclaimed, "Look here! Here is von dot say, 'For—the—a-mend-ment.'" "Vell, dot's all right—dry—dry von!" returned Uncle August. When for tbree weary hours more Heinie had droned, "Vet," he said, "Vait, dis von too, it say, 'For—the—a-mendment." "Vell, you t'row dot ticket oudt!" shouted Uncle August. "Dot scoundrel has woted already vonce!"

◆

A Scottish tourist, walking about the streets of Paris, some distance from bis hotel, found he had taken a wrong turning, and, to make things worse, he could not, through ignorance of the language, ask the way. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberies, and then, to the amazement of everybody, went about shouting: "Fine Scotch grossets! A penny a pun'!" This went on for a wbile, till a fellow-countryman rushed forward and asked: "Mon, d'ye think ye're in the streets of Glesca, that ye gang ahout like a madman crying grossets?" "Ech!" replied the hawker, with a sense of relief, "ye're just the man I was looking for. D'ye ken the way to the ——— Hotel?"

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Voice Culture.

When Phyllis sings the very air
  Is moved—and this I know!
The breezes mend their pace and bear
  Her message as they go.
The front door slams, the back door, too,
  Each curtain outward swings,
A shrill wind whistles up the flue
  When Phyllis sings.

When Phyllis sings the neighbors mark
  The temper of her voice,
Then run to rest them in the park,
  And, resting there, rejoice.
No neighbor of them all to sleep
  Floats on her music's wings,
But rents grow most surprising cheap
  When Phyllis sings.

When Phyllis sings—O, wo is me!
  I know what I can bear!
And when she strives to reach high C,
  I wish I drifted there.
I heave a sort of absent sigh
  And in my fancy clings
Longing that I far, far might fly
  When Phyllis sings! —*Chicago News.*

◆

Modern Matrimony: A Duetto.

He—
Dear one, when we exchange our vows
  We'll knot the loosest sort of tie;
For our ideals, like our brows,
  Are broad and high.

She—
A simple hitch I should prefer,
  As simple as we can devise;
A lovers'-bowline, as it were—
  One yank unties.

He—
This nuptial pact shall not coerce
  Our own sweet wills a single jot.
We'll chop "for better or for worse,"
  And all that rot.

She—
My love, your sentiments are mine;
  I echo them with all my heart.
I simply can't endure that line—
  "Till death us part."

He—
My idol, I am overjoyed!
  I shan't love twice, but if I *should*
This contract will be null and void:
  That's understood.

She—
I shall not dream of liberty,
  But if I *should*—you'll understand
The bonds that bind us now will be
  As ropes of sand.

He—
I am the needle, you the pole!
  O Pole, my constancy you know.
But should I not remain heart-whole
  I'm free to go.

She—
I am the flower, you are my sun!
  O Sun, you know my constancy.
But if I choose to cut and run
  You quite agree.

Together—
Since you love me as I love you,
  Herewith a sacred troth we plight.
Each to the other will be true:
  If not—good-night!—*Chicago Tribune.*

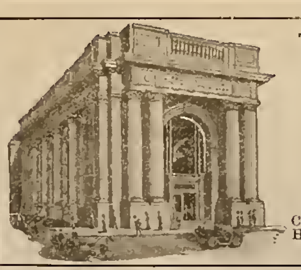
◆

Promotion.

The Indian o'er the country used to range,
Until the white man came, to make his change—
The smaller change, indeed, as was but proper;
His cent was good, and he was still of copper.

For many years he seemed not ill content
To decorate the trivial copper cent;
Imagine, then, how it his pride will tickle
To find himself promoted to the nickel!

But still the Indian on the cent was red,
And he must be a paleface now instead,
His head, like John the Baptist's, on a charger,
Is still served up—and this last change is larger!
—*New York Sun.*



THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital	$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,700,000
Total Resources	40,000,000

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N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.

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Deposits	28,624,329.28
Total Resources	48,089,621.37

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December 31st, 1912:

Assets	$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund	148,850.22
Number of Depositors	59,144

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Emelita Dorothy Page, to Mr. Charles Buckingham. Miss Page is the sister of Mr. Ralston Page, the granddaughter of Mrs. William C. Ralston and the late Mr. William C. Ralston, and a niece of Mrs. John W. Maillard, Mrs. Horace G. Hellman, and the Messrs. W. C. Ralston, George, and William Page.

The wedding of Miss Mary Cunningham and Mr. Murray Sargent will take place at four o'clock Saturday, January 18, in St. Thomas's Church in New York. A reception will he given hy Miss Cunningham's mother, Mrs. James Cunningham, at the family residence, 124 East Fifty-Fifth Street.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, January 14.

Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Friday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Louis Parrott will he hostess Tuesday at a luncheon.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. E. E. Brownell has issued invitations to a luncheon Tuesday, January 14, in honor of Miss Henriette Blanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris King Davis gave a dinner Friday evening at their home in San Mateo and accompanied their guests to the dance of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a numher of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a New Year's eve reception and entertained a large numher of guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett observed their usual custom of an eggnog party at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor gave a reception New Year's day at their home in Oakland.

Miss Mildred Pierson gave a luncheon at her home on Vallejo Street complimentary to Miss Helen Leavitt and Miss Marianne Mathieu.

Miss Isahelle McCracken was hostess last week at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

The Misses Grace and Violet Buckley were hostesses last evening at a dinner preceding the Bachelors and Benedicks' hall at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George Martin entertained a group of young people at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Frances Phelps of Pasadena, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Belden of Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, January 24, at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels. The affair will he in honor of Miss Grace Gihson, the déhutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gihson. Miss Gibson is a cousin of Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Harry Holhrook.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, January 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood will also entertain at dinners the same evening.

Miss Metha McMahon will he hostess Friday evening, January 24, at a dinner preceding the hall of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

Miss Rhoda Pickering gave a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Henriette Blanding.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay entertained a number of friends at a dinner complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holladay.

Mr. Henry Hadley was host last week at a dinner at the Cliff House.

Mrs. St. George Holden recently entertained her friends at a hridge-tea at her home on Filbert Street.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood was christened on New Year's day in Burlingame. Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker were the godmother and godfather.

Miss Ethel McAllister entertained the Sewing Club at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Cora Smedherg entertained the young friends of her niece, Miss Frances McIvor, at an informal tea.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne will give a luncheon at her home Wednesday, January 22.

Movements and Whereahouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock, Mrs. Richard Hammond, and Miss Louise Boyd will sail at the end of this month for Panama and South America, and will continue their travels to New York before returning home.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has come from Burlingame to spend two months with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall have leased for the summer months the country home in Burlingame of Prince and Princess André Poniatowski.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned from New York, where they spent the holidays with Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Miss Helen Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Mr. Walter F. Dillingham of Honolulu has arrived from Chicago, where he spent the holidays with his wife, who is visiting her relatives. He will leave shortly for Coronado, hut will return next month to captain the Hawaiian team in the local polo contests.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn are en route from Europe, where they have heen spending the past six months with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cohh Hale left Thursday for New York, where they will spend several months before sailing for Europe.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins have returned to the Presidio after a visit with friends in San Mateo.

Captain Rohert H. Nohle, U. S. A., who has heen in town for a few days, has returned to the Presidio, Monterey.

Lieutenant William Hooper Jouett, U. S. A., has arrived in this city and is stationed at the Presidio.

Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman are estahlished at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will reside until summer, when they contemplate taking a house in the country.

General Schuyler, U. S. A., and Colonel Fehiger, U. S. A., left last week for Washington, D. C., on official husiness.

The Misses Beatrice Nickel and Louise Janin spent the week-end with Miss Helen Garritt at her home in Burlingame.

Judge James M. Allen and Mrs. Allen are at present in Arizona, where it is hoped the mild climate may benefit the health of Judge Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who arrived recently from the East, have opened their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister have heen spending the past week in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers sailed today for their home in Honolulu. During their visit here they have heen the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have arrived from their ranch and will spend several weeks at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle are the guests of Mrs. Greer's parents, Dr. C. N. Ellinwood and Mrs. Ellinwood, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Roderick McCleay has returned to his home in Portland after a visit with his hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children returned to town Sunday from Monterey, where they spent the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Miss Helen Chesehrough, and Mr. Philip Westcott spent the New Year holidays shooting on the Suisun marshes.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger and her daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, left Saturday for New York to attend the wedding of Miss Mary Cunningham and Mr. Murray Sargent, who will he married January 18.

Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen left last week for New York en route to Munich, where she will join her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman, who will reside abroad indefinitely.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard has returned from Pleasanton, where she spent the holidays with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden left Saturday for Coronado, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall have closed their Burlingame home for the season and are occupying their town house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and their children have gone to Coronado. During their ahsence Miss Margaret Casey will he the guest of Miss Phyllis de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson moved to town Tuesday and are occupying the apartment of Mrs. James A. Rohinson.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale and their two children have returned to their home in Merced after having spent the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick of Bakersfield is visiting Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton. Captain McKittrick is expected to arrive shortly from Arizona.

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis and Miss Laura McKinstry left Tuesday for Paso Rohles, where they will spend two weeks.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard has returned from Berkeley and is estahlished at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Mary Hellman has returned from Los Gatos, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hillyer.

Dr. Philip King Brown, Mrs. Brown, and their four children have returned from Santa Barhara after a two weeks' visit at Miradero.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart are motoring through Switzerland with Dr. Seward Wehh and Mrs. Wehh of New York.

Mrs. Rohert Louis Stevenson of Santa Barhara and her daughter, Mrs. Isohel Strong, are spending a few days at the Hotel Stewart.

Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York is the guest of her hrother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike, at their home on Broadway. Since her arrival a month ago Mrs. Baker has heen visitng Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton B. C. Kalkhorst will spend several weeks at the Hotel del Monte and in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson, Mr. F. Somers Peterson, and Miss Kate Peterson, of Belvedere, have removed to the city and are now residing at 2420 Buchanan Street for the winter.

Mrs. Norma Preston Ames is recovering from her recent severe illness.

◆

The Lambardi Opera Season at the Valencia.

To present grand opera in splendid style at a price the people of all classes can afford to pay is the aim and ambition of Impresario Lambardi, whose Pacific Coast Opera Company is to return here for a month's engagement under the guidance of Will L. Greenbaum.

The company is now stronger than ever before. Many new stars have been secured for this engagement and a few of the old favorites, such as Agostini, Nicoletti, and De Biassi, have been retained. The chorus and orchestra are hetter than ever, after having performed together for over four months, and the new principals, Mmes. Adaberto, Vicarino, Bertossi, and Blanche Hamilton Fox, are all well known to our music lovers. Signor Eugenio Folco has never before been heard in this city, and from all reports he is an exceptionally fine tenor. The new principal conductor, Signor Arturo Bovi, is a man of big repute in Italy, Mexico, and South America. This is his first visit to the United States.

The opening performance will be given at the Valencia Theatre on Sunday night, Fehruary 26, the offering being Verdi's "Aïda," with Adaberto, Fox, Folco, Martini, and Nicoletti in the cast.

The theatre is being thoroughly renovated, an excellent heating system is being installed, and Mr. Greenhaum says it will be a most comfortable place to spend an evening. Besides he has arranged for an adequate number of special cars to leave at the conclusion of each and every performance, so that there will be no delay in front of the theatre.

The repertoire will include a number of revivals, and on the list are "Andrea Chenier," "Fedora," "Zaza," "La Tosca," "Thaïs," "Faust," "Amico Fritz," "Mme. Butterfly," "La Bohême," "Lucia," and "La Traviata."

There will be a large number of seats at 50 cents and 75 ceuts, so that all music lovers can afford to hear some of the performances.

At the conclusion of the season of opera Mr. Greenbaum will present the Adeline Genee Ballet Company, direct from its triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where it has created a sensation that has only been equaled by the Pavlowa-Mordkin Company. The work of Adeline Genee is said to be extraordinarily beautiful,. and she is considered the first dancer of the present day. The stage setting of her "History of the Dance" is said to be like an exquisite Corot.

◆

An attractive programme and cntertainment will be presented in the colonial ballroom at the St. Francis Hotel on January 16. This is the winter fête. The programme will be most unusual, having among its members the first appearance on the American stage of the French actor, M. Dolez, who will play, with Valerie Elison, in a sketch called "The Society Burglar." Dorothy Scoble, a harefoot dancer; Pauline Marron, in the gnome dance, and Hazel Kitching, in novelty dances, will also contribute to the programme. By request the sketch, "The Question," will be produced, with Howard Langford in the cast. M. and Mme. Ferrier will produce their one-act play, "Monsieur Purgon." Other attractive numbers will be added.

◆

The home in Boston of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lamprey Brown has been brightened hy the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Brown, who was Miss Helena Stoney, is a niece of Mrs. Charles B. Brigham and the Messrs. William and Harry Bahcock.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Parmer Fuller, Jr., has heen brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Fuller was formerly Miss Adeline Wright of Pasadena.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harwood (formerly Miss Margaret Wilson) has been hrightened by the advent of a son.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mayor Rolph has appointed Adolph Judell president of the Board of Public Works, succeeding Michael Casey, whose term of office had expired. Other appointments made hy the mayor this week were Matthew Brady, memher of the Civil Service Commission; W. H. Metson, reappointed member of the Park Commission; Mrs. Mary W. Kincaid, reappointed member of tbe Board of Education; W. H. Hammer, reappointed member of the Fire Commission; Sigmund Greenebaum, member of the Park Commission, to succeed W. H. Bemiss; John Hermann, member of tbe Election Commission; Max J. Kuhl, member of the Police Commission.

Property and cash sureties to the amount of $437,000 have been pledged by California labor men and friends of Olaf Tveitmoe and Eugene E. Clancy to secure their release on bail from the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, according to an announcement made by P. H. McCarthy, president of the Building Trades Council and former mayor of San Francisco.

Monday, January 6, was the coldest day in San Francisco for twenty-five years, the mercury falling to 32 degrees Fahrenheit. On January 15, 1888, a record of 28 degrees was established, and it still remains unbroken.

At the last meeting of tbe Iroquois Club, the fiftieth annual election of officers took place, and the following were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Edgar Apperson; first vice-president, William Gleason; second vice-president, Barclay Henley; recording secretary, William A. Sullivan; financial secretary, Thomas M. Searey; corresponding secretary, Gilbert D. Farrell; treasurer, James J. Flinn; trustees, E. S. Carr, Max Popper, M. C. Hassett, Thomas J. Walsh. The State League of Iroquois Clubs will hold its annual conference in this city on February 22.

It is estimated that the operating expenses of tbe Geary Street Municipal Railway are $600 a day. Ten cars are running.

F. R. Benson, the English actor-manager, and master of the art of pageantry, is in San Francisco at the invitation of the directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to confer with them in regard to the outdoor dramas and pageants to be put on in 1915.

William B. Bradbury, the eccentric millionaire, one of the few remaining characters of spectacular activity left from those who came to San Francisco in the early days, died Saturday, January 4, at his home at Corte Madera.

Members of the Oceanside Woman's Improvement Club are agitating a recall of Police Judge Charles L. Weller because he was reported to bave reduced the bail from $3000 to $1000 in the case of Albert Hendricks, charged with felonious assault on two girls.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Ben-Hur" Crowds the Columbia Theatre.

Crowded houses, unlimited enthusiasm, and a wonderful appreciation of Klaw & Erlanger's international production of "Ben-Hur" at the Columbia Theatre have marked every performance in San Francisco the past week. The scenic investiture, the tremendous conception, and tbe marvelous effects that have been produced by taking advantage of all the modern accessories to stagecraft, have produced an ensemble tbat has been pronounced unequaled in the history of the American stage. The sensational cbariot race has been emphasized hy tbe introduction of sixteen horses driven in quadruple teams to chariots plunging at full speed over the stage in the arena of Antioch, giving the appearance of one of the most exciting races of modern times. Nothing more realistic than this scene with Ben-Hur and Messala contesting for supremacy has ever been imagined by a dramatist or executed by a producer.

Dealing with the early life of Jesus, the most important period in history, "Ben-Hur" shows the world at its most wonderful point in magnificence and wealth, for Rome ruled the world and Cæsar Augustus was emperor of the mightiest realm the earth had known. The reverence with which the imminence of Christ is indicated has made "Ben-Hur" a religious pageant, while the sweep of the story of Ben-Hur, Messala, Esther, and Iras carries audiences away by its power, the culmination of the dramatic plot being tbe chariot race, wherein Ben-Hur conquers and degrades his enemy. The engagement at the Columbia Theatre will continue up to and including next Saturday night, January 18. Matinées will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Final Week of "The Blue Bird" at the Cort.

The second and final week of "The Blue Bird" engagement at the Cort Theatre, starting Sunday evening, January 12, and ending Saturday evening, January 18, with matinées Wednesday and Saturday, is announced. San Francisco's first view of tbe play last Monday was an extraordinary event. Few dramas that have come here in recent years have made so profound and at the same time so delightful an impression as this lovely fantasy of the prose-poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, in its New Theatre production. With its sunny story, grotesque characters, eleven wonderfully spectacular scenes, and the great cast of one hundred principals and auxiliaries, it has made an irresistible appeal. "The Blue Bird" could doubtless stay here for weeks to come. Imperative engagements in the East forbid that. The point to be made here is that the great, novel spectacle is playing to capacity business at the Cort Theatre and lovers of the best and highest in tbe dramatic world wbo delay ordering their seats are likely to be sorely disappointed.

"Excuse Me," Rupert Hughes's Pullman carnival of mirth, which was so great a success here last year, will follow "The Blue Bird" at the Cort Theatre. The clever farce will begin a run of two weeks on Sunday evening, January 19.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

"The Eternal Waltz," Leo Fall's tabloid operetta, which heads the Orpheum bill next week, is the most pretentious production ever made for vaudeville. It is particularly important because it brings tbe work of one of the foremost contemporary composers into vaudeville and because of the really magnificent manner in which it is to be presented. Leo Fall is better known in this country as the composer of "The Dollar Princess" and "The Siren." He has, however, contributed continually and successfully to tbe theatres of Vienna, Berlin, London, Paris, and St. Petershurg. "The Eternal Waltz" is a brilliant satire on tbe composer's career, and depicts the waltz craze current all over the country, with delightful strains of bis most lilting composition. The piece is in two scenes and will introduce Mabel Berra, the London prima donna; Cyril Chadwick, a famous comedian, and a cast of fifty people, a complete chorus, and an augmented orchestra. "The Eternal Waltz" was originally produced at the Wien Theatre in Vienna, and was then taken to London, where it is still running. Martin Beck secured the American rights and arranged with Joseph Hart for the presentation.

Joe Morris and Charlie Allen, two comedians with big lusty voices, will furnish a most amusing singing act. Their ditties are mostly parodies on late song hits and are rich with humor.

Hugh McCormack and Grace Wallace, an Australian ventriloquial duo, will present a skit called "The Theatrical Agent." The locale of tbe act is at the seaside, and its situations furnish opportunity for pretty costuming and plenty of quaint comedy.

Wilson's Comedy Circus, in which a numher of four-footed vaudevillians, consisting of tiny trained ponies and the wonderful unridable mule Obey appear, will be a feature of the coming programme. An incident of the act is a small disk that turns with rapidity while the ponies are on it. The mule Obey, because of his obstinacy is the clown of the circus.

Next week will be the last of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto; Hopkins and Axtell, and the Harvey Family.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

A troupe of Cuban athletes with a sensational acrobatic offering is the headline feature on the new bill opening at tbe Pantages Theatre on Sunday afternoon. The act is known as the Six Castillions, and the sextet combine daring and difficult gymnastic feats with a wonderful exhibition of whirlwind tumbling. The Four Avallos, premier xylophonists and vocalists, give bits from grand operas, popular melodies, and tunes from the days of tbe early 'fifties, all happily blended in an extensive repertoire. Jenny Avallo renders several high-class selections during the action of the number. Hilliar, talkative trickster and sbadowgraph artist, shows feats of magic with a running fire of bright cbatter. "The Second Nancy Lee" is a spectacular nautical comedy operetta which the two Worths, Haynes, and Montgomery are offering. The production is elaborately mounted and the incidental music especially pleasing. George Rowley, Beau Brummel dancer, is of more than ordinary ability. Eckert and Francis, "those Comedy Teutons," give a jolly patter of jingling parodies. A special attraction on the new bill is the great symbolic sketch, "The Devil, the Servant, and the Man," presented by the Charles Gill Company. Two reels of comedy motion pictures finish the bill.

"Broadway Jones," which opens at tbe Colubia Theatre on Sunday night, January 19. is the very latest work of Geo. M. Cohan. Strange to say it is entirely devoid of song and dance. But apparently this has not proved a handicap, for the prolific young writer has been able to turn out a clean, clever comedy crowded with laughs from first to last.

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NECROLOGY OF 1912.

The year's necrologic roll is especially conspicuous for tbe number of illustrious names which appear upon it:

James S. Sherman, Vice-President of the United States and candidate for reëlection on the Republican ticket.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, known universally as Fighting Bob, who commanded the Atlantic fleet on the first stage of its memorable tour of the world in 1907-1908.

General James B. Weaver—twice candidate for President—on the Populist and Greenback tickets.

General Henry H. Bingham, representative from tbe First Pennsylvania District, known as "the father of the House."

Robert Love Taylor, United States senator from Tennessee.

Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, eldest son of Ulysses S. Grant, in command of the Eastern Division of the United States Army.

Isidor Strauss, who with his devoted wife perished in the *Titanic* disaster.

George Stuart Nixon, United States senator from Nevada.

William D. Washburn, former senator from Minnesota.

Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArtbur, who rendered conspicuous service in the Philippines.

General William W. Gordon of Georgia, Confederate veteran and general in the Spanish war.

William A. Peffer, founder of the Populist party and former senator from Kansas.

John P. Jones, former United States senator from Nevada.

Weldon B. Heyburn, United States senator from Idaho.

John L. Wilson, former United States senator from Washington.

Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to the Court of St. James.

King Frederick VIII of Denmark, who was a model constitutional monarch.

Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, who reigned forty-four years and left his country the dominant power in the Far East, tbe only Asiatic state in the ranks with the great powers of the earth.

General Cincinnatus Leconte, president of the black republic of Hayti, who lost his life in the fire which destroyed the presidential palace at Port au Prince.

Mataafa, former King of Samoa, who was in the public eye at the time of the acquisition of part of his kingdom by the United States.

Field Marshal Sir George Stuart White, famous for his defense of Ladysmith in the Boer war.

General Count Mare-suke Nogi, famous commander of the Russo-Japanese War, who killed himself after the death of the Japanese emperor.

Prince Louis Murat, grandson of the King of Naples.

Jose Canalejas, prime minister of Spain, shot by an anarchist.

Ramon Corral, former vice-president of Mexico.

Prince Luitpold, regent of Bavaria, the oldest ruler in Europe.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the great novelist, and himself a writer and lecturer of merit.

Henry Labouchere, the famous British journalist.

Lord Joseph Lister, who made himself famous for all time by his discovery of antiseptic surgery.

William T. Stead, English journalist, a victim of the *Titanic* disaster.

Justin McCarthy, Irish historian and novelist.

Robert W. B. Browning, son of Robert and Elizaheth, and himself a painter of reputation.

Andrew Lang, English writer of prose and verse and one of the most delightful of modern essayists.

Julian Emile F. Massenet, distinguished Frencb composer of operas.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, authority on Shakespeare.

Jobann M. Schleyer, inventor of Volapuk, the international language.

Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, famous English painter.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, author and editor.

Homer Davenport, known widely as a cartoonist.

Francis David Millet, distinguished American portrait and figure painter, who was lost on the *Titanic.*

Jacques Futrelle, the novelist and short story writer, who met the same fate.

General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army.

Edwin Hawley, railroad magnate.

Charles C. Overbeck, veteran abolitionist and one of the founders of the Republican party.

M. H. Clark, secretary to Jefferson Davis and last acting treasurer of the Confederacy.

Abbé Charles Loyson, who as Père Hyacintbe was the most famous preacber in France half a century ago.

William Penn Nixon, editor of the Cbicago *Inter-Ocean.*

Isaac P. Baldwin, assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Polk.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans, favorite actress for half a century.

Samuel M. Bixby, pioneer manufacturer of shoe polish.

Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross Society.

John Jacob Astor, victim of the *Titanic* disaster.

William F. Harrity, prominent Democratic leader of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Bridgman, the oldest retired army officer in the United States.

Dr. Daniel K. Pearson, philantbropist and friend of small colleges.

Matthew C. D. Borden, prominent cotton goods manufacturer.

Wilbur Wright, inventor of the aeroplane.

Mrs. Mary D. Lowman, first woman mayor in Kansas.

General Edward S. Bragg, commander of the "Iron Brigade" in the Civil War.

Major-General Robert F. Hoke, a noted Confederate officer.

Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, woman suffrage leader.

Bishop Henry W. Warren of the Methodist Church.

General John H. Baldwin, a member of Lee's staff in the Civil War.

John W. Herron, a well-known lawyer of Cincinnati, father-in-law of President Taft.

The Right Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, bishop of Fond du Lac, the most eminent theologian in tbe Protestant Episcopal Church.

Hamilton King, United States minister to Siam.

Alexander W. Terrell, former minister to Turkey.

John Hope, inventor of the pantograph machine used in copper-plate engraving.

Charles Melville Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad, who went down with the *Titanic.*

Dr. Morris Loeb of New York, a noted chemist, widely known for his philanthropy.

There will be no Sunday performance of "Ben-Hur." Ever since the Lew Wallace play was first produced by Klaw & Erlanger the no-Sabbath performance rule has been in vogue.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hopeful—Dad, what is meant by the mother tongue? *Parent*—S'sh! my boy. Don't start her!—*Stray Stories.*

"That guide shoots nearly every hunter he takes out." "Accidentally?" "No, he always claims he does it in self-defense."—*Houston Post.*

Her Papa—Is my daughter willing to marry you? *Her Suitor*—Yes, sir. *Her Papa*—Is it an election bet or is love really blind?—*The Club-Fellow.*

Small Boy (to doctor about to assist elderly party in a fainting fit)—Stand aside, please, and don't be alarmed. I'll attend to this—I'm a Boy Scout.—*Punch.*

"Yes, smoking is an expensive habit. When one gives his friends cigars all the year round his loss is no little one." "Do you mean in cigars or in friends?"—*Ulk.*

"What did your cousin put into the capital stock of his new firm?' "Nothing." "Nothing!" "Didn't have to. It's a vacuum business."—*Baltimore American.*

Caller—So you have decided to get another physician? *Mrs. Neugold*—Indeed I have. The idea of prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are.—*Judge.*

"When one reads he should read something to improve his mind." "Quite so. Still, it is imperative for some of us to read laundry lists and time-tables ocasionally."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Mrs. Yeast—Going over to the hall tonight? *Mr. Yeast*—What's going on? *Mrs. Yeast*—Oh, Professor Meeks is going to talk. *Mr. Yeast*—He is? Why, is his wife away? —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Bacon—Burned but a few years ago as useless rubbish, there now is a world-wide demand for the waste from Spain's cork factories. *Egbert*—I never use it. *Bacon*—Use what? *Egbert*—Breakfast food.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"When I try to talk to you, Maudie," faltered Algy, "my heart comes up into my mouth!" "That shows how little you know of anatomy," said the lovely girl. "It isn't your heart, Algy; it's your diaphragm."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I understand you went over to Crimson Gulch and lynched the wrong man!" "No," replied Three-finger Sam. "You can't lynch the wrong man in Crimson Gulch. We jest got Piute Pete a little bit ahead of his turn." —*Washington Star.*

"Our new citizens quickly pick up American ideas." "How now?" "I asked the Greek bootblack on our block if he wasn't going home to fight, and he tells me that he is paired with the Turk who runs the fruit stand."—*Washington Herald.*

Hub (with newspaper)—Listen to this, wifey: "For every missionary sent abroad last year, Christian America sent 1495 gallons of liquor." *Wifey*—Merciful goodness! Who'd ever think missionaries were such drinkers?—*Boston Transcript.*

Maud—So Jack compared me with something sweet, did he? The dear fellow! What was it? *Marie*—I don't think I should tell you. *Maud*—Oh, do. I insist! *Marie*—Well, he referred to you as "the human marshmallow." You certainly had laid the powder on thick, dear.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That man has given up his experiments in the way of perpetual motion." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "He is now devoting his peculiar talents to an entirely different line of research. He is trying to discover some method of revising the tariff that will make things cheaper to the consumer and at the same time increase profits to the producer."—*Washington Star.*

"Have you got any of those antituberculosis Red Cross stamps?" a young woman asked, as she entered a drug store. "Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk. "Are they good?" she asked. "Yes." "Well, I should like about 10 cents' worth of them." The clerk gave them to her. "Could you tell me, now," the purchaser continued, "where I had better put them on. I am a little afraid I have a touch of the disease."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

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R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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To Right an Obvious Wrong.

President Taft does himself honor by the confession—implied in his support of a bill introduced into Congress on Tuesday eliminating special privileges to American ships at the Isthmus—that a mistake was made in the canal bill originally passed by Congress and signed by him. It became manifest two weeks ago that further consideration of our treaty with Great Britain had convinced the President that the British protest under this treaty against the discriminating law was founded in sound reasoning and essential justice. A weak and vain man would not have found the courage to confess the mistake and to initiate proceedings to right the wrong. Mr. Taft is neither a vain man nor a weak man; he is a man of profound conscientiousness and of high courage; and under the promptings of conscience and courage he has taken a course which must command the respect of thoughtful men at home and elsewhere.

There is no indication that Mr. Taft's change of purpose with respect to the rights of Great Britain under the treaty reflects a corresponding change of opinion with respect to the purely domestic aspects of this matter. None the less there is here a consideration which should have its due weight with Congress, to which the whole matter is now referred. It ought to be plain to every fair mind that free tolls to American ships is in effect a direct bounty to one means of transportation as against another. In effect it subsidizes water carriage as against land carriage and is therefore a discrimination in favor of ship owners as against railway owners. This is fundamentally and essentially wrong. Its enactment was an outcome of prejudice and resentment, therefore indefensible.

Whether the United States should or should not in sound policy grant bounties to American ships in foreign commerce is an open question. The practice of other countries justifies it and we believe the interest of American commerce demands it. But bounties to American ships in foreign trade is one thing and to American ships in competition with American railways is another. Here, we think, sound principle and even justice call for a policy free from discrimination, a policy in which no vice of favoritism finds reflection.

The arguments of law and of common sense alike support the demand for reconsideration of the canal bill adopted some few months ago, and the President commands increased respect for now frankly supporting a proposal which corrects a mistake to which he himself, under hasty and inadequate consideration, was a party.

Mr. Wilson's Speeches.

In the pre-convention period—something more than a year ago—the editor of the *Argonaut* had from a close friend of Mr. Wilson a highly illuminating analysis of his motives in politics. "How," asked the editor, "do you account for the anomalies presented in Mr. Wilson's career? As a historian, as a teacher, Wilson apears as a conservative. His books and lectures reveal him as one more than anxious to preserve the traditions upon which the republic was founded and by which its course has thus far been guided. Now we find him, as a candidate for the presidency, in full endorsement of all manner of innovations—ready apparently to abandon the old landmarks, to throw old and tried principles to the winds, and to follow many, if not all, the extreme suggestions of the time. How does it happen that a man who is a conservative in one phase of his character is an ultraradical in another?"

"You are right in saying," was the reply, "that Mr. Wilson has turned a pretty sharp corner; and as an observer of men and things in the political sphere you ought not to be surprised. Wilson by heredity, propensity, association, and habit is a conservative. He has the scholar's instinct for authority and precedent. But he is at the same time an ambitious man. He knows that the spirit of innovation is in possession of the mind of the country. He knows, and you ought to know, that no man who does not at least in terms accept the theories which style themselves progressive has any chance to be elected President of the United States in this year of our Lord 1912. He knows that in political affairs compromises are necessary. He wants to be President; he thinks himself a man of destiny; he has in his mind made the compromises which justify him in acceptance of proposals which as a historian and teacher he would not approve. To sum the matter up, he wants to be President; he thinks he has a mission to guide the country and he regards as legitimate whatever yielding of old opinions, whatever acceptance of new theory, may be necessary to sustain his candidacy."

This analysis of Mr. Wilson's mind with its revelations as to his character had very much to do with judgments of the man then declared in these columns and many times repeated in one form or another during the past year. Greatly as it has admired many aspects of Mr. Wilson's mind and character, the *Argonaut* has not been able to rid itself of a distrust founded in his willingness to compromise fixed principles for political success. The phenomenon is not new. It has in one form or another been exhibited in multiplied instances since the beginning of the republic. It has been the common resource of ambitious and adroit men; it has been a guiding principle with many who have achieved personal success in politics. But after saying this it remains to be said that no strong man, no sound man—no truly great man—ever accepted or practiced the tricks of the demagogue. "Judge Douglas," said Abraham Lincoln, "is an extremely clever man, but he is not a great man because he values success more than he values truth."

We are getting from Mr. Wilson these days, in his character of President-elect, utterances which tend to confirm estimates of the man more than once set forth in these columns during the past eighteen months. Nobody who will closely study the form of his addresses and note their obvious reservations can fail to discover in them a certain atmosphere of conservative feeling; yet in every instance he bursts out with unnecessary and extravagant declarations of ultra-progressive purpose. Plainly the spirit of the man is one thing, the policy of the man is another. Probably he does not himself realize the measure of the one and the anomaly it presents upon comparison with the other.

But whatever be the state of Mr. Wilson's inner mind, his immediate policy is clear enough. He seeks to put himself at the head of the progressive movement. His speech at Staunton, Virginia, differs from the intemperate utterances of Mr. Roosevelt only in the restraint and refinement of its phrases and in the grace of its manner. There is the same evidence of hostility, even the familiar suggestions of war paint and vengeance. There are, too, indications of a conception of the powers of government, and especially of the powers of the presidential office, as extravagant and as arbitrary as Mr. Roosevelt's own. And there is further the manifestation of a disposition to strike wildly for the sake of popular effect. Nothing so tending to disturb the public pulse, alike by its vindictiveness and its uncertainty, has emanated from a voice of authority since Mr. Roosevelt's wild shout from the canebrakes in the panic of 1907.

In the remarks of Mr. Wilson before the Chicago Commercial Club last Saturday there were astonishing evidences of hostility towards "business," together with evidences of practical ignorance of what he was talking about and the significance of his words. As always, his phrases were fine, but there was behind them obviously a fixed prejudice with respect to things about which he can not have adequate and judicial knowledge. Even while declaring the wish to "take the sternness out of this country" he spoke with a sternness which could only exist in a mind practically uninformed, politically eager to play upon prejudice and passion and to win the huzzas of discontent. The secret of it all appeared in the concluding remark that "the nation has taken a change of venue" and now "the governmental case is to be tried before a jury composed of all the people." In the whole course of the address as it has been reported there was not one word implying dependence upon constitution and law—not one word tending to consideration of the first essential principle under our system.

We have in still another utterance at Princeton Monday of this week the statement that as President Mr. Wilson will surround himself with progressive advisors—with progressives only. He declared himself to be "one of the instruments" selected by the people to lead them "in a different direction" from the lines of national tradition. And in this connection he uttered a remark which recalls the declaration of his friend in the opening paragraph of this writing: "Any man who does not go with them, they will reject."

If all this represents a serious purpose of the President-elect—if it means that he has capitulated completely and absolutely to the radical element of the country, then there would seem to be little choice as between him and Mr. Roosevelt—or Sockless Simpson of twenty years ago. True, Mr. Wilson has what Mr. Roosevelt lacks, courtesy and charm of manner and of statement. But prejudice and arbitrary spirit, abandonment of principle under the pressure of momentarily popular feeling, are dangers which can not be nullified by the graces of rhetoric or the smiles of good nature.

If Mr. Wilson's course in the presidency is to be in line with his utterances as President-elect—if he shall prove to be as impervious to the sense of responsibility in administration as he has been in his utterances—there are troublous days ahead. A presidency under the domination of political calculation, with its ear to the ground eager to catch the sounds of any and every popular whim, with abandonment of tradition and principle in its hunger for "success"—such a presidency must in the present state of our affairs involve us in confusions and hazards. The hope is that under the steadying influence of definite responsibility the conservative element in Mr. Wilson's character will assert itself and so stifle extravagances whose inspiration may be the mere exhilaration of the moment. But at the present time Mr. Wilson appears to be a ship without a rudder.

Judge Weller and the Recall.

Certain women's organizations in San Francisco seem to be bent upon the recall of Police Judge Weller, and if their complaint is well founded it must be admitted that their indignation is laudable and proper. Judge Weller is accused of lowering the bail that had been fixed by another judge upon a man under arrest for an abominable offense against a girl. As a result the prisoner absconded, and probably will never be captured or tried. It is contended that the bail ought not to have been lowered, that justice should have concerned itself to hamper such a prisoner rather than to enlarge him, that certain parts of the city are already unsafe for girls, and that such insecurity is increased by the action of police judges, who seem to have an unholy sympathy for crime and to be bent upon aiding the wrongdoer rather than his victim. All these assertions may be true. The *Argonaut* has no high opinion of police judges, but even if its estimate of their worth were much lower than it is it would still deprecate the recall, not as undeserved, but as ineffective and mischievous.

Judge Weller was elected to his position by a popular vote. If he is indeed of such low judicial calibre as to favor a criminal and to facilitate his escape his character must have been well known, or at least easily ascertainable by those who cast their votes for him and so expressed their wish to see him upon the bench. Now what is the obvious remedy for such a state of things? What is evidently the course to be pursued by those still able to see straight? Since we are suffering from the deliberate, or at least the careless, election of a bad judge—if Judge Weller be a bad judge—the obvious remedy and the evident course is to elect no more bad judges, to choose those men whose character is unthinkable in connection with the favoring of a criminal. Will the recall conduce to that end? On the contrary, will it not conduce to an end diametrically opposite? Is it not tantamount to an assurance to the careless elector that it does not matter much whom he elects, since the recall can always be evoked to compensate for his errors of head and heart? Nor would this recall serve as a warning to other judges. It may make them more careful, more furtive, and therefore more dangerous. But a judge who refrains from villainy because he dreads the recall is better off the bench than on it, and that is precisely the sort of judge that the recall will create. It is a premium upon electoral carelessness and judicial stealth.

And what a spectacle we have in this particular instance, what an object lesson in the humiliation of the bench and the prostitution of its functions. We see a judge pleading for his official life before a self-constituted body of citizens and exhausting the vocabulary of the poolroom in his efforts at self-justification. We not only degrade the law and proclaim our own unfitness for the franchise, but we select a supposed remedy that actually perpetuates and encourages the evil. For why should the average citizen take any trouble to elect a good judge when it is obviously so easy to get rid of a bad one? Why should he demand guaranties of character and integrity when it is so simple a matter to compensate for the lack of them by the recall.

Let there be no mistake in the matter. If Judge Weller is guilty there is no punishment too severe for him. He is a disgrace to the bench and a still greater disgrace to the electorate that voted for him. But the *Argonaut* would like to see the evil removed at its source, and radically. The recall will foster that evil and perpetuate it.

Mr. Morgan on Character.

If we could clear the mists of prejudice from our minds we should find something in Mr. Morgan's testimony before the Pujo Commission more worthy of remark than the mere recital of large sums of money. And yet, with few exceptions, the real significances of Mr. Morgan's evidence have gone unnoticed. Entranced by the mere display of vast figures, we have overlooked his frank admission that it is not money, but character, that rules the world, and that it is only character that can command with the certainty of obedience.

This is made clear enough by a few quotations from Mr. Morgan's evidence. A report of his examination by Mr. Untermeyer reads as follows:

> I know lots of men, business men, too, who can borrow any amount, whose credit is unquestioned.
>
> Is that not because it is believed that they have the money back of them?
>
> No, sir; it is simply because people believe in the man.
>
> And it is regardless of whether he has any financial backing at all, is it?
>
> It is very often.
>
> And he might not be worth anything?
>
> He might not have anything. I have known a man to come into my office and I have given him a check for a million dollars when I knew he had not a cent in the world.
>
> There are not many of them?
>
> Yes, a good many.
>
> Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?
>
> Money or property or character.
>
> Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?
>
> No, sir; the first thing is character.
>
> Before money or property?
>
> Before money or anything else. Money can not buy it.
>
> So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and a man with the property can not get it?
>
> That is very often the case.
>
> But is that the rule of business?
>
> That is the rule of business, sir.
>
> For instance, if he has got government bonds, or railroad bonds, and goes in to get credit, he gets it, and on the security of those bonds, does he not?
>
> Yes.
>
> He does not get it on his face or his character, does he?
>
> Yes, he gets it on his character.
>
> I see; then he might as well take the bonds home, had he not?
>
> A man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom.
>
> That is the rule all over the world?
>
> I think that is the fundamental basis of business.

Now, whatever opinions we may hold on the existence of a money trust or on Mr. Morgan's functions in the social order, there will be no disposition to accuse him of "playing to the gallery." If there is any man in the country who does not play to the gallery or use the artifices of sentiment it is Mr. Morgan. He is an old man. He has an unrivaled knowledge of human affairs. He has a reputation for candor and he was under no inducement to decorate the facts or to say pleasant things merely because they are pleasant. Speaking for himself and for the whole financial community, he said that the greatest asset that any man could have is an asset that is within the reach of any man, and that an established character has a greater financial weight than bonds. He himself would lend money on character alone, but he would not lend money on bonds alone. Without human confidence there could be no such thing as security at all.

It is of course easy to meet such evidence with the vacuous sneer of incredulity which is the attitude usually adopted by newspapers of the baser sort, always ready to foster sinister reflections in their readers. But the man of the world knows that Mr. Morgan stated a fact and, indeed, a truism, and that while he was ostensibly dealing only with the trade of the banker he might just as well have included the whole commercial world. It is usually said that the business of civilization is based upon credit, and it is true. But it is still more true that credit itself is based upon character, that is to say, upon the expectation of fair play and honesty. Eliminate that expectation and communal life would become impossible. However it may please us to adopt the maxims of cynicism it remains a fact that we do habitually expect honesty from our fellowmen and that we habitually get it, and that no legal guaranties could possibly take its place. Even our newspapers find that it is dishonesty that has a news value because it is exceptional. Honesty has no news value simply because it is a commonplace. The man without a reputation for honesty, from whom honesty can not be expected, will find nothing to take its place. Legal securities may and do play an important part, but there is always a margin that depends upon a natural rectitude beyond the reach of bonds.

Character is no more than habit established so firmly as to become automatic, and habit, as we all know, is one of the greatest forces in nature. To know a man's character is to foresee his action under any given conditions. There can be no better security than established habit, and so far from being surprised that financiers should know this, it would be astounding if they did not know it and avail themselves of it. At least it is well known to the average citizen, who certainly would not deal with a tradesman who did no more to meet his obligations than the law could compel him to do.

In point of fact we have sadly undervalued this factor of character as a commercial asset. We speak of giving our children an equipment for the world and we omit the one thing that makes all other things insignificant. We give them vast amounts of information, invaluable as a supplement to character, but wholly valueless, even mischievous, as its substitute. In other words we fail to establish in them the habit of rectitude, of observing all obligations small and great, of the performance of duty until that performance becomes automatic. Without any desire to sermonize it is at least significant that the greatest financier of the country, the greatest living example of what is called "success," should place character at the head of all marketable securities.

A National Budget.

The President's recommendation that there be a national budget is not a new one, but it is newly and authoritatively made and it ought not to be allowed to sink into the limbo of pleasant theories and pious opinions. America is about the only country in civilization where the national finances are an insoluble mystery to the average citizen, where the average citizen has no practicable way to ascertain what becomes of the revenue and how it is distributed among the various spending departments. There may be many difficulties in the way of budget preparation and presentation. There are always difficulties in the way of departure from custom and precedent. There may be conflict of opinion as to the proper person to undertake the task, and possibly jealousies between the Secretary of the Treasury, who keeps the national books, and Congress, that appropriates the national money. But these are matters for arrangement in deference to the need for an adequate budget of some kind and the necessary arrangement would speedily follow a popular demand. In England—to take the most familiar illustration—budget night, as it is called, is the most interesting event of the parliamentary year. The chancellor of the exchequer presents a balance sheet of the national finances that accounts for every cent of revenue, forecasts the needs of the coming year, and provides for them either by new taxes or the remission of old ones. Every citizen in the country can learn from his daily newspaper the exact cost of every governmental department and the precise disposition of every penny that has been raised as revenue. In other words, the government shares in the practice universal among those who have the handling of other people's money. It accounts for it just as a bank accounts for the deposits of its customers, or a railroad for the investments of its shareholders.

There is no reason why the government of the United States should hold itself aloof from the common obligations of civilization. If there is anything secret either in the national revenue or in the national expenditure it is time to abolish that secrecy. Indeed the fact of secrecy would be among the strongest reasons for a budget. Even autocratic countries like Germany or Spain do not find it necessary to hide anything, unless it be the spending of trivial amounts for secret service. But the American who wanted to know the inclusive and detailed cost of the Philippines, for example, or of the pension list, would find that he was trenching upon forbidden ground. He might even be told that it was none of his business, although the money certainly came from his pockets. Probably he would be told with all the impressiveness of officialism that the pension list was a "roll of honor," or some such high-sounding foolishness, as though honor ever found itself at home in dark places or on back stairs. Certainly the nation would like to know whom it is honoring, in order that it may honor them more effectually, and if honor is being given only where honor is due its recipients will be the first to welcome a wholesome publicity. The whole spirit of the age is opposed to secrecy of this kind and is already a little more than suspicious that secrecy means stealth. The best of all ways to restore confidence in the national finance is a budget.

More Legislative Doles.

The legislature is as fertile as ever in the production of schemes for the transfer of money from the public treasury into private pockets and for the regulation of things that can not be regulated except by economic law. We may charitably suppose that the itch for notoriety is responsible for most of these proposals and that notoriety once gained there will be a lessening of the philanthropic froth that usually covers the real motive. But as a community we are by no means free from the silly superstition that all earthly ills can be removed by the simple expedient of passing a law, and so it may easily happen, as it has happened before, that some of these half-baked schemes will trade their way through the legislature to become a nuisance to government and, by their failure, to bring law still more into contempt.

For example, there is the mothers' pension bill, intended to create a fund which will be administered by the juvenile court for the relief of needy mothers. That the juvenile court is not competent to administer such a fund, that it has neither the time nor the mechanism to make the elaborate inquiries that ought to be made, do not matter at all. That such a fund would create a pauper caste, that it would give rise to endless canvassing, petitioning, and wire-pulling, that it would open new doors to misbehavior, are not points for consideration. It is enough that there are needy mothers, and that there is money in the state treasury, although as a matter of fact there is none. What, then, can be easier than to pass the necessary law taking from those that have and giving to those that have not. At least there is opportunity for the making of a philanthropic reputation, since philanthropy nowadays means the passing of tearful resolutions, trips to Sacramento, and the buttonholing of suave and plastic legislators.

Then there is another proposal to legislate a minimum wage for women. A problem that has been the despair of generations of real statesmen presents no difficulties to the women's clubs and the like who are prepared to create a new heaven and a new earth at a single session with only the usual adjournment for tea. That the community at large, already composed mainly of underpaid people, must pay these increased wages, plus the cost of law enforcement and law evasion, does not occur to the afternoon-tea philanthropists. That wages depend upon economic law does not matter. That wages are related to the general cost of living, which fluctuates, is beneath their consideration. So, also, is the further suggestive fact that if the legislature can decree a minimum wage the employer can in his turn decree a maximum wage, and in that case the last stage of the woman would be somewhat worse than the first, as is usually the case with the supposed beneficiaries of alleviative laws.

Sinister influences, we are told, are at work against these proposals. At least let us hope that influences of good sense are at work against the whole crazy quilt. Some misguided wretch actually had the effrontery to propose that some sort of inquiry should precede legislation, and this is pointed out with indignation as a "scheme for suppression." That legislation should be based upon information and knowledge is certainly a suggestion so novel as to arouse suspicion.

Men Teachers in New York.

If we had the wit to learn at all we might learn more than one salutary lesson from the complaint emanating from the New York school board that there is not a single male teacher on the waiting list. There was a time when men teachers received $900 a year as initial salary and women $720, the difference being based on the obvious fact that women are not worth so much as men because of their liability—one might say their determination—to be married. Then the sex-equality people got busy with their emphasis upon theories and their contempt for conditions and demanded that men and women be paid alike, although of evidently unlike values. The school board, anxious to be popular, replied by reducing the male salaries to the female level, being unable to do anything else with the money at their command. As a result the women teachers are precisely where they were before and the schools are impoverished by the lack of male teachers, the supply being cut off, as though with an axe, the moment the reduced rate of pay came into effect. None the less the equalization of pay was hailed as a woman's victory, a vindication of the great principle that things that are essentially unequal and dissimilar in nature shall henceforth be equal and similar. That the schools of the greatest city in the country should be deprived of a necessity is of course a secondary and unimportant consideration.

A Woman's Grievance.

The fashionable women of civilization are called upon to face a grave disillusionment. They have been deceived in the nature of the feathers that adorn their headgear and their attitude under the revelation in question will be awaited with some curiosity. Hitherto they have believed that the so-called aigrette so imperatively demanded by the mode of the moment was torn from the head of the living heron just after it had been donned for the tender purposes of mating, and that the young birds thus deprived of the parental care were left to perish miserably of hunger and cold. A realization of the agony inflicted in the search for the precious plumes naturally invested the aigrette with a peculiar value in the eyes of women, and even the most stringent laws have been unable to suppress a decoration that had the charm of so great a cost in pain and death.

But now comes the distressing revelation that the greater number of these plumes are not aigrettes at all. They are made of the feathers of the common and plebeian rooster, who has no particular recognition of paternal responsibilities and whose demise is sudden, painless, and unregretted. Now what will women do under these distressing circumstances? The aigrette, no longer associated with animal agony, has lost its value. It has been cheapened and degraded to the level of the farmyard. Obviously it has lost its decorative rights and must be discarded. But what can take its place?

Fortunately the aigrette has a rival in the plumage of the albatross. According to the report of the National Association of Audubon Societies the unfortunate albatross is able to comply with the conditions necessary to the favor of fashion. These birds are caught upon Layson Island, a United States reservation, imprisoned in cages and allowed to die of starvation. In this way the fat disappears and the feathers take on a certain lustre and sheen much admired by the feminine eye, and produced at a price in torture that should satisfy the most fastidious devotee of fashion. It only remains for us to hope that no substitute for the albatross plumes will be discovered as in the case of the aigrette, and that women will not be forced to search for some new decoration that shall comply with the requisite conditions of blood and murder.

Editorial Notes.

Two years ago the Johnsonians proposed a revision of the state constitution embodying the recall of judges. Later on Mr. Roosevelt, by way of escaping personal embarrassment, condemned the recall principle as applied to the judiciary and invented something else warranted even better, namely, the recall of judicial decisions. In the spirit of true servility the Johnsonians then readjusted their platform to the Rooseveltian standard. They declared formally and solemnly, with emphasis and with insistency, for recall of judicial decisions—to meet the views of Him-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. But now comes time for performance. The legislature, being under control of the progressives, ought to carry out the party pledge. It ought to frame up a new amendment to the constitution, inferentially admitting the mistake of two years ago and attempting its remedy by a new project—for the recall of judicial decisions. But there is a disposition to shy away from this very obvious obligation. And the whyfore is not difficult of determination. Times are changed. Probably the proposal for recall of judges would now be beaten if it were presented as a straight issue to the voters of the state. Unquestionably the proposal to recall judicial decisions would be beaten—even laughed to death. California after two years of progressivism is not so progressive as it was. There are many, we suspect, who went the whole hog two years ago who now in resentment would enjoy having a whack at so shining a piece of nonsense as the recall of judicial decisions. This is why the legislature shies at a new proposal to amend the constitution.

The frosty visitation of recent days and nights, which laid an especially heavy hand upon our southern counties, is a kind of misfortune which falls now and again upon every country. The immediate loss is serious, probably going to the extent of one-half or more of the season's citrus crop. How much injury has been done to the trees remains to be developed, but the hope is that it will not prove heavy. California's general exemption from such visitations tends to emphasize the immediate hardship; but we will do well to remember that such visitations are common elsewhere. Several times in recent years the citrus groves of Florida have suffered from a similar blight without permanent impairment of the citrus industry or serious check to the general welfare. The incident may in the end prove a real blessing by its enforcement of precautions through which alone future safety may be assured.

We have little faith in schemes to promote morality by enactment, yet we venture to hope that a bill now before the state legislature to do away with prize-fighting, or at least with the professional aspects of it, will accomplish this eminently worthy purpose. Against the prize-fight, regarded as a mere contest of physical prowess and skill, there is no vital objection. It is not essentially different from foot-racing and infinitely less objectionable than rough-and-tumble football. Objection to the prize-ring is not so much against the thing itself as against the unnumbered and unmitigated infamies associated with it. Inevitably every "mill" leads to a carnival of vulgarities from which it is almost impossible for anybody wholly to escape. For months before every such event the newspapers are corrupted with it, and when it is over reminiscence becomes as offensive as anticipation. If there is any way either through law or grace by which the professional prize-fight may be done away with, God speed the business.

Now comes Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford University, with the definite statement that he is not writing a book on ideal eugenics; that he has not set up Isabella de Vermandois or any one else as superwoman or superman; that he has made up no list of families of royal or other chosen descent. All of which gives the lie direct to the San Francisco newspapers which have been filling in the dull after-holiday season with extravagant and silly stories with Dr. Jordan in the rôle of chief actor. Even in the face of this exposure—one of ten thousand—the newspapers will continue to wonder why nobody has faith in anything they say.

Love for the dear people appears to have attained its climax in a measure before the legislature prohibiting any individual or corporation to charge a less sum for any service than that exacted by a municipally owned service with which it may be in competition. That is, the United Railroads of San Francisco, for example, would be prohibited from carrying passengers for less than five cents, while the municipally owned Geary Street road exacts that rate of fare. Or if the public post charges fifty cents for delivering a package, nobody must be permitted to do the service for less. The public, under such a law, could gain no advantage through the higher efficiency of a private service as against excessive charges on the part of a public service. The minimum must be, not what a private service might afford to do the work for, but whatever it may be necessary to charge for a public service, conducted as all such services are, under extravagant and graft-ridden practices.

Samuel Gompers, chief of organized labor in the United States, has come furiously to the defense of the dynamite labor leaders convicted of arson and murder at Indianapolis. He raises the old cry of "You're another," which leads the Portland *Oregonian* to remark:

> The greatest wrong is done to union labor, not by men and organizations which openly fight it, but by men who bring discredit upon it by committing crimes in its name or in its pretended behalf and by men who excuse or palliate these crimes. A time when the law is being invoked more vigorously than ever against rich offenders is a poor time to cite their misdeeds in palliation of the crimes which have brought shame to union labor. Mr. Gompers would have done a better service to union labor had he unequivocally condemned the dynamiters and shown beyond question that he and his organization have no part or lot in their crimes. He would then have been in a much stronger position to demand impartial punishment of offending capitalists.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The real meaning of war is to be looked for, not in the reports of great battles, but in the drab and dreary stories that appear later and without the stimulation of head lines. Thus we find a news bulletin from Montenegro which says that the condition of the country has become grave as a result of the chilling reaction from the war fever. Six thousand Montenegrins have been killed, thousands more have been wounded, the fields are untilled because there are no men to till them, and famine is in sight. Montenegro has won not even glory, seeing that her army would have been destroyed at the Bojana River but for the sudden appearance of seven Servian battalions. That Montenegro is now threatening to depose her fine King Nicholas and to accept the sovereignty of the rapscallion King Peter of Servia is an illustration of what the human animal will do under the spur of disappointment. It would also be a part of the category of calamities that are as much a part of war as sieges and battles. War is the beatification of the animal in man, of animal stupidity as well as animal cruelty.

Since Mylius has been excluded from the United States for his libel on King George we may wonder if Leigh Hunt would have met a similar fate had he turned his steps in this direction. Leigh Hunt was prosecuted and convicted for a slander on the prince regent, and he seems to have treated his victim somewhat worse than Mylius treated King George. Here is part of the libel complained of:

> What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this Glory of the People was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! That this Exciter of Desire (bravo, Messieurs of the Post!), this Adonis in Loveliness, was a corpulent gentleman of fifty! In short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!

Probably the prince regent would have forgiven all the rest if only Leigh Hunt had refrained from describing him as "a corpulent gentleman of fifty."

In further reference to the Mylius case it may be remembered that the late W. T. Stead had been in prison before his first visit to America and that his admission was justified on the ground that his offense did not involve moral turpitude. And unless memory is unusually deceptive Mrs. Annie Besant also has been in prison, and that gifted lady was lecturing in San Francisco a few years ago.

The mummies of some fifty kings and queens now lie side by side in the Cairo museum, a grim reminder of the unstable fabric of earthly glory. Professor Elliot Smith is not wholly unmindful of that earthly glory nor of the violated sentiments involved in thus displaying and cataloguing these remnants of royal power. He reminds us that but for the museum authorities these mummies would have been destroyed by robbers, and as a slight return for the protection thus afforded he claims the right of a respectful scientific examination. Indeed the examination has already been made. Many of the bodies have been carefully unwrapped, and so we know for the first time that King Sagnounri, who reigned 2000 B. C., was murdered, his "battered skull and wounded body" testifying eloquently to that fact. Doubtless the event made quite a stir in its day, but tariff discussions, prize-fights, and the like have driven it from the modern memory. We know now that Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, erroneously supposed to have been drowned in the Red Sea, was a corpulent man, nearly bald, with a fringe of white hair over the temples. Menephtah was the first anti-Semite, but unfortunately not the last.

Mr. J. B. Manio has been summoned before the Royal Aero Club to explain his reprehensible behavior in flying over London in defiance of the existing rules and regulations governing aviation. Mr. Manio defended himself on the ground that his engine stopped at an inopportune moment, as engines have a way of doing, and that his subsequent descent upon the roof of a house was due to misfortune, and not cussedness. None the less Mr. Manio's certificate was suspended for three months, so that the only flights undertaken by Mr. Manio until March 31 will be flights of the imagination, over which the Aero Club has no control.

The London *Daily Chronicle* tells us that England has lost a Thackeray enthusiast in Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Speaking one night at the Titmarsh Club—of which he was a member—Mr. Reid bore testimony to the popularity which the author of "Vanity Fair" still enjoys in America. "For years I was constantly hearing gossip about Thackeray from those who had met him during his visits to us," he said. "Their accounts all ran one way. They admired his talk and they loved him. . . . They pointed out the corner in the Century Club where he used to sit exchanging literary chat, or, in Yankee parlance, 'swapping stories,' with a group of club men about him. They could tell you years afterwards what had been Thackeray's favorite chair, and some had even been so observant of the least trifles about the great man as to know what particular concoction in a club tumbler had been his favorite 'night-cap.'"

We are so used to the twaddling reminiscences of aged persons who identify steam-engines and telephones with progress that it is almost a relief to hear the opinions of Alfred Russel Wallace, who on his ninetieth birthday sums up the spirit of the age from the standpoints of science and of ethics. Certainly no man of our day is better qualified to estimate human values and to discriminate between the things that matter and those that do not matter. And Dr. Wallace believes that mankind has not advanced in morals or in intellect during 7000 years. There has been a development of science and of industry, but no real improvement anywhere. Everything, he says, is as bad as it can possibly be. Nothing but a rigid inspection prevents the producer from cheating his customers, poisoning his work people, or killing them by unwholesome conditions: "From top to bottom our whole social environment is rotten, full of vice, and everything that is bad." Adulteration, cruelty, lies, and shams are the marks of the age, and there is no sign of healthy corporate life anywhere except in the one fact that humanity is still hopeful.

Last week the *Argonaut* drew attention to the pitiful fact that the French artist Degas, old, starving, and nearly blind, was present at the public sale where one of his own pictures was auctioned for $85,000. Whether as a result or as a coincidence it appears from a Paris dispatch that Deputy Hesse has introduced a bill into the French Chamber providing that two per cent of the price paid at public auction for any work of art shall be handed to the artist or to his heirs. M. Hesse maintains that the artist has a moral right to the increased value of his work, seeing that it owes that value to his skill and to nothing else. The principle is a sound one, but perhaps it would be well to leave the heirs out of consideration. Some difficult question might arise over the transfer of old pictures. The general tendency of the day is to consider that heirs already get a good deal too much consideration in view of their value, which is usually small.

Mr. Roosevelt wishes to go upon record as of the opinion that "William Dean Howells is the greatest novelist of our age." Here Mr. Roosevelt shows his usual and dangerous partiality for superlatives. He might have said much in praise of Mr. Howells without arousing opposition, but when he decks him with the laurels of an isolated supremacy we are compelled to remember that Dickens and Thackeray belong to "our age," a term, indeed, elastic enough to include Walter Scott. We may therefore concur in the rejoinder of a writer in the *Westminster Review*, who says that Mr. Roosevelt's statement "is the somewhat absurd remark of an assertive but commonplace personality," and that for that reason "it forms the most apt introduction to a brief study of an author who evinces an almost morbid love for the commonplace." William Dean Howells has, of course, had a vogue that may continue for some years to come, but we may reasonably believe that the novel reader of fifty years hence will show a preference for Richard Harding Davis, not to mention one or two others, over Mr. Howells. The writer in the *Westminster Review* says that Howells's works lack the conscience which makes a clear distinction between right and wrong, and, therefore, do not picture American life with discrimination and truth.

The New York milk committee says that New York "is now one of the safest cities in the world for a baby to be born in." We shall make a note of that fact when next called upon to select a birthplace, but in the meantime we may wonder of what use it is to sustain the lives of babies by a supply of pure milk only to snuff out those same lives a few years later by means of the automobile. Last year 103 children were killed in the streets of New York by automobiles, and it may, or may not, be a source of gratification to the parents of those children to remember that at least they had been well nourished on pure milk supplied by a benevolent and philanthropic municipality.

With a sense of profound disappointment we learn that Mrs. Mamie M. Holland, city recorder of Park City, Utah, has been arrested for padding the payrolls of the city street department. And we were assured that all this sort of thing would become as a tale that is told as soon as women were installed in the executive departments of city government, that it was a sheer waste of good material to neglect the "housekeeping capacities" that a popular superstition attaches to the more adroit sex. But Mrs. Holland will not be prosecuted. She is a widow with two children, and of course this fact removes her from the scope of the penal law. But we may wonder what would happen to the male official who pleaded as an excuse for stealing that he was a widower with two children. He might escape prison, but only upon the ground that the claims of the lunatic asylum were still stronger.

The German police are determined that Berlin shall behave itself, that henceforth it shall be an orderly and a desirable place of residence. To this end it is forbidden—our old friend "verboten"—to walk more than three abreast on the pavement, to swing walking-sticks or umbrellas, to talk loudly, whistle, sing, or shout, to drop cigar or cigarette ends, paper, or fruit on the pavements, and to wear long skirts that produce dust. Nothing has been said so far about squeaking boots, or loud-ticking watches, but probably the German police have their eagle eye upon these evils and they will be abated in due course. Now the fun of the whole thing is the fact that these rules will be enforced. No German law ever drops into desuetude. These rules will have as much force in fifty years' time as they have today unless they shall be categorically repealed, and they will be applied without discrimination or favor.

Great is education. Here is a Siamese newspaper that makes a bold bid for English-speaking patronage, and it does so in the following impressive terms that command attention: "The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder get commit, we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we bublish it and in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been college, and writ like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. By it."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Poets at Tea.

I.—(Macaulay)

Pour, varlet, pour the water,
  The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
  Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
  No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
  With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
  Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield;
Forever let Britannia wield
  The teapot of her sires!

II.—(Tennyson)

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,
And stretching of the hands, and blinded eyes,
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah! . . . Kindly pass the milk.

III.—(Swinburne)

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
  Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the heat of the summer's beginning
  Is past in the winter of love:
O purity, painful and pleading!
  O coldness, ineffably gray!
O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
  And take it away!

IV.—(Cowper)

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
  And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup;
Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,
  And do not make it strong.

V.—(Browning)

Tut! Bah! We take as another case—
  Pass the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
  Reliance on trade-marks, Sir) so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
  Light-poised—Bah, it's spilt in the bed! well, let's on go—
Hold Bohea and sugar, Sir; if you were told
  The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

VI.—(Wordsworth)

"Come, little cottage girl, you seem
  To want my cup of tea,
And will you take a little cream?
  Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic, woodland grin,
  Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
  A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
  'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
  "Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied;
  "My proper name is Ruth.
I called that milk"—she blushed with pride—
  "You bade me speak the truth."

VII.—(Poe)

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to me!
    Oh, from out the silver cells
    How it wells!
    How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune,
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavor
Now, now to sit, or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
    Tea to the *n*-th.

VIII.—(Rossetti)

The lilies lie in my lady's bower,
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

IX.—(Burns)

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
  For ane or ither;
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you:
  Mix a' thegither.

X.—(Walt Whitman)

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will drink together,
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please, when you've done
    with it.
What butter-colored hair you've got. I don't want to be
    personal.
All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.
Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formulas. —*Barry Pain.*

* * *

Petroleum was produced in a small way in California very early in the history of the country, in fact, long before it was invaded by the army of gold-seekers. Mr. C. Morrell, a druggist in San Francisco, is commonly credited with being the first to attempt the distillation of kerosene from crude petroleum. This was in 1857, but several years prior to that Andreas Pico made illuminating oil from petroleum which he obtained in the Newhall region in Los Angeles County. This oil was burned, so it is said, in lamps in the Mission San Fernando.

THE CAREER OF JAMES R. KEENE.

A Californian Who Became One of Wall Street's Prominent Figures and Owned the World's Fastest Racers.

Nearly every New York paper gave a page to the career of James R. Keene, closed by the death of the noted financier on January 3. Mr. Keene had been ill for many years. A serious surgical operation in London in 1911 gave him some alleviation, but the old trouble returned. His death followed a second operation at a sanatorium. His removal to a private hospital at the instance of his son, Foxhall Keene, was made against his own wishes, as he had ridiculed the assertions of the doctors that he was in a critical condition.

James R. Keene was born in London in 1838. After he was brought to this country as a child, his family settled in Virginia, but when he was a youngster he drifted West. He peddled milk, was a cowpuncher, a teamster, a millhand, and a schoolteacher. At Shasta, California, he became a newspaper editor and dealt in what he later hated more than anything else, publicity.

Finally he entered the mines of Nevada and made $10,000, his first fortune. With that money he came to San Francisco, intending to practice law, which he had managed to pick up in the course of his several other occupations. But he found that mining speculation was more profitable, so he became a curb broker and prospered sufficiently to marry Sarah Dangerfield, sister of a United States judge here, who threatened to disown her if she married Keene, whom he referred to as "an upstart on the curb." But that personal decree of the court was overruled by the court's sister, who lived in calm content to share with her husband his lean and fat years.

The first of the adversities came soon after the marriage, for, in 1870, Keene lost every cent of the fortune which he had piled up to $300,000. Even his household goods were taken to satisfy the creditors. But this was merely an incident in the life of the speculator. Senator Fenton was appointed an assistant treasurer of the United States about that time, and had to dispose of his seat on the San Francisco Exchange. He let Keene have it on credit and also lent him a "shoestring" on which to build another fortune. Keene did it as the result of his first bear operation. He prospered at first by going with the market and buying everything that he could, but, when mining stocks ascended to $500 and $600 a share in those boom days, Keene didn't overstay the market. He began to sell, and sold and sold and sold, while everybody else bought and declared he was crazy. Then the crash came. Some of those stocks dropped to 25, and Keene had $4,000,000 as a result of his foresight. Incidentally, the Bank of California failed, and Keene stayed in San Francisco long enough to witness the rehabilitation of the bank.

It was mere curiosity that induced him to stay for a few days in New York on his way to Europe and see how things were done there. He wanted just a glimpse of the great Jay Gould, who was then at the top. But the atmosphere of Wall Street fascinated him. He forgot Europe. He needed no rest, for the prospect of sitting in a bigger game than California had ever dreamed of was a stimulant. A friend pointed out Gould to him on Broadway, and he remarked: "I have $4,000,000. I guess I will stay right here and get that man's scalp."

But the attempt for the scalp was not made immediately. On the contrary, Keene and Gould became associated in several deals and worked as allies for a year or two. The newcomer's first operation in the New York market was on the bear side. He sold ten thousand shares of New York Central short at 110 and cleaned up $250,000 on the deal. That was in 1876. Keene and Gould soon quarreled over a movement in Western Union, and Major J. R. Selover, the Westerner's chief follower, attacked Gould in New Street. Gould was not too badly hurt to keep him from going straight to his office and doing a little manipulation that cost the major twenty thousand dollars before the day's closing.

In the next year, 1877, prices were all down. The country was disturbed by general railroad riots, and confidence in stocks was at its lowest ebb. Keene promptly became a bull, bought right and left, and preached prosperity. By 1880 his low-priced securities had gone up to their normal level, and he was worth $12,000,000.

He traded in everything from lard to bonds. In 1881 he tried to corner the wheat market. He pushed the price up to $1.39, but could not hold it there long enough to escape the avalanche. Jay Gould flooded the wires with orders to sell wheat. The grain growers poured in the real wheat to sell, and when it was all over Keene had lost $5,000,000. There followed a long series of misadventures for the Westerner. He offended Russell Sage by going into the business of puts and calls, which Sage looked upon as his personal monopoly. Sage and Gould combined to hit Keene whenever there was an opportunity. There were so many opportunities, and they hit so hard, that, on April 30, 1884, the failure of Keene was announced in Wall Street.

At this he went into brief retirement at Cedarhurst, Long Island, but began to recoup within the year. In 1885 he cleared $300,000 in petroleum transactions and $200,000 more in New York Central. With these profits as a new nest egg, he worked successfully, but without attracting attention for the next seven years, in the course of which he acquired another fortune and paid all the debts incidental to his collapse of 1884.

In 1893 he made an alliance with the Havemeyers. It was Keene who engineered the big movements in Sugar in '95, '96, and '97. His share of the profits in that one stock for the three years was estimated at $4,500,000. The alliance with William C. Whitney in American Tobacco followed in 1898. Each side accused the other of secretly unloading the stock. Keene was dubbed the "Robin Hood of Finance." When asked why he had sold out the pool, he said, "When I enter a race I never want to be left at the post." The Whitney-Keene fight was waged bitterly through the campaigns in Metropolitan and Third Avenue that followed the Tobacco war, and in 1899 Keene was accused of questionable methods in bearing Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock.

By 1901 he had such a reputation for skill in making a market for anything in which he happened to be interested that J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates in United States Steel retained him to put up the common stock of that corporation. He succeeded. His next big undertaking was the Southern Pacific pool of 1903, but in that he was routed by Harriman. The Hocking Coal slump of 1909 brought him into the limelight again. The Hocking Coal collapse was the cause of the last Wall Street commotion in which he figured as chief operator.

The long list of Keene's race-horses, beginning with Spendthrift, back in 1879, and including the greatest of all horses, Sysonby, as well as Voter, Ballot, Celt, Colin, Hornpipe, Superman, Conroy, and the greatest of all two-year-olds, Domino, made a better record for their owner than his longer list of stock manipulations. At the race-tracks of America, England, and France, at his stables at Sheepshead Bay, at his great stock farm in Kentucky, Keene had all the lively enthusiasm of a boy. A good horse was the thing that he liked second best in life. First in his affections was his son, Foxhall, for whom he named the great horse that won the Grand Prix de Paris and three big classic events of England for him in 1880, the first year that he sent his racers to the foreign tracks.

Third in his list of affections was gambling of the stock market, and fourth was the mixture of black coffee and brandy upon which he made his lonely breakfast, with the aid of a single roll, at his office in Broad Street. He lived alone at the Waldorf-Astoria, but preferred to go downtown before breakfast, probably because he always had done so.

If the manipulator had any other likes, the world knew nothing about them, and the world will never be the wiser for what he told. No more secretive man ever scanned ticker tape, in that region of whispers and secrets. An important piece of furniture in his simply furnished office was a copper brazier. One of the daily rites of the man was to put into that urn every night, before going uptown, most of his correspondence of the day, and set a match to it. That was a task that the office-boy was never called upon to perform.

So Keene was a two-sided man up to his old age. "At the track," an acquaintance once said of him, "he is no gambler; his betting on his own wonderful horses is almost nil. He is as true and fine a sportsman as America ever produced. The white with blue dots of his racing stable stands for everything that is the best in horseflesh and in methods. But in Wall Street he is James R. Keene. Look out."

When he went to New York from California in 1876, with $4,000,000, "to take Jay Gould's scalp," Keene started out to be a many-sided citizen. He bought himself a villa at Newport and a box at the opera and a lot of paintings. He retained the willing and eager Sam Ward, who was much more of a success as a "society man" than as a financier, to coach him in the little niceties of dinners and balls and receptions. But he was bored by the opera, and sold his box after nodding through two or three performances of it. His villa at Newport burned within a year, and he thought so little of the "summer capital of fashion" that he never rebuilt the house and never went back.

Even the closest of Mr. Keene's friends have little knowledge of the extent of his wealth at this time. It is said that he made a will twelve years ago, and that in it the entire fortune had been disposed of in such a way that except for a few very small bequests to friends practically everything had been left to Mrs. Keene, his son, Foxhall Keene; his daughter, Mrs. Talbot J. Taylor, and her three children.

Hundreds of thousands of acres are now employed in oyster farming in the great bays and sounds of the country. Oyster farming under from thirty to sixty feet of water is conducted upon an enormous scale, with great expense and labor. While the natural oysters formerly grew in creeks and estuaries, where they were somewhat in danger from the water being impure, the present oyster production extends many miles from land in great bodies of salt water, where there is no chance of contamination.

Fuller's earth, so named from its earliest use in fulling wool, is a rather rare, soft, friable rock whose value depends altogether on its texture and its filtering and absorbent properties. It has no definite composition, mineralogically, its physical properties rather than a chemical analysis determining its commercial value. Fuller's earth was first produced in the United States in the early 'nineties.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is said to be the only sovereign in the world who is now entitled to vote. At his own request his name was included in the list of voters, which was recently increased owing to the new electoral reform.

The Reverend John Keating, who has been awarded first prize in dogmatic theology in the American College at Rome, one of the highest honors ever won there by an American, was formerly bowling editor of the Chicago *Record-Herald,* and at one time gained considerable note as a baseball player.

The Right Reverend William Boyd-Carpenter, now in this country on business related to his high office, is Lord Bishop of Ripon, Canon of Westminster Abbey, Knight of the Crown of Prussia, and Clerk of the Closet since 1903. He was chaplain in ordinary to Queen Victoria. Recently in Baltimore he addressed a large audience representative of the Diocese of Maryland.

Jeremiah Bancroft, last chief of the practically extinct tribe of Ponkapoag Indians, although nearly ninety years of age, works a small but productive farm at Douglas, near Boston. He has long followed the ways of the white man, and has a practical knowledge of agriculture. He claims to hold a valuable equity in 600,000 acres reserved for the tribe in the Blue Hills district in colonial days.

Samuel Moore Felton, recently elected president of the Pere Marquette Railroad, began his career in 1868 as a rodman for the Chester Creek line. Since 1891 he has been president successively of the Louisville Southern, Alabama Great Southern, Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific, Chicago and Alton, Mexican Central, and Chicago Great Western roads. He was born in Philadelphia in 1853.

Gustaf Dalen, M. E., to whom the Royal Swedish Academy of Science has just awarded the Nobel prize of physics, has gained fame by his invention relating to navigation lights. He has made it possible to erect lights in much greater numbers and on any spot desired. This is due partly to the fact that the lights burn a whole year or more without requiring any attendance, and also decrease the cost to a fractional part of what it previously was. Mr. Dalen was born in Stenstorp, Sweden, in 1869.

Andre Savignon, who recently won the "Prix Goncourt," which may perhaps be regarded as the most coveted honor of the younger literary world in France, is a southerner from the department of the Basses Alpes, who lives the greater part of the year in England, where he is occupied with journalistic work and in giving French lessons. The book which gained him the prize is "Filles de la Pluie," his first venture. The prize is 5000 francs, awarded for the best novel appearing during the year.

Dr. Francisco J. Urrutia, the new foreign minister of Colombia, is at present Colombian minister to Bolivia, and is remembered as one of the leading defenders of the Cortes-Root treaties between the United States, Panama, and Colombia, which caused the fall of the Reyes administration four years ago. In his country he is believed to be the best man to deal with the incoming Democratic administration of the United States, and the most likely to secure an advantageous and decorous solution of the Panama dispute.

Charles H. Corbett, credited with being the foremost penologist in the province of Ontario, Canada, has just rounded out forty-seven years as governor of the Kingston and Fontenac jail, having been appointed when only eighteen years of age. The governor is the senior prison official of the Dominion, and has the unique record of never having lost a prisoner, although fully 15,000 have been under his charge. His father, a sheriff, was in charge of the jail for thirty-three years, hence the family holds the remarkable record of governing the institution for the past eighty years.

Woodbridge N. Ferris, the first Democratic governor of Michigan since 1890, is a schoolmaster, and always has been. He took up his home in Grand Rapids in the 'eighties, opened a private school, which proved such an excellent institution that it grew until he had several hundred pupils. He took raw material, and turned out practical men and women. Then, at odd times, he went on the lecture platform. The people liked his lectures, and he became widely known throughout Michigan. In 1904 he had his first taste of politics, when he was induced to run for governor, but was unsuccessful.

Practically unknown to politics a year ago, Barratt O'Hara, lieutenant-governor-elect of Illinois, has leaped into public life as ten years ago he plunged into newspaper work in St. Louis. He landed in St. Louis with a few cents in his pocket, obtained a job as a reporter at $10 a week, and made good. He is country bred, a native of Michigan, and at the age of sixteen he enlisted in Company I, Michigan Volunteers, got into action with his company at Santiago during the Spanish war, and for gallantry was made a corporal. His wife is the daughter of Elisha A. Hoffman, one of the foremost living hymn composers. Many of his hymns, including "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms" and "What a Wonderful Savior Is Jesus My Lord," have been translated into other languages.

THE HEROISM OF ODSLEY.

And a Pretty Girl's Prejudice.

Odsley stood on a street corner and waited patiently for the car that did not come. It was not his custom to wait patiently for anything, street-cars least of all, but today his humor was exceptional. Ragged little newsboys wrangling over a penny knocked against him, nearly throwing him off his feet; people shoved and elbowed him as they crowded by, and Odsley, the exclusive, the immaculate, remained imperturbable. And such a humor on a hot, sultry day! When the car finally reached the corner, Odsley swung himself aboard with the gayety of a schoolboy and began a good-natured survey of his passengers.

There was a fagged-out little messenger in the corner of the car, very listless and tired looking. Odsley hoped that the boy was going home to a kind, cheerful mother and a good supper; he really felt quite concerned about the little chap. Then there was an old woman who looked like a foreigner, with a shawl over her shoulders in spite of the heat; something sinister and something stately in her straight pose and clean-cut profile. Next to her two noisy shopgirls related in stage whispers what "he said" and what "she said" and glancing coyly around at the other passengers to see if they had by any chance been overheard, and then —Odsley could scarcely believe his eyes—sat the absolutely most bewitching young person it had ever been his good fortune to behold. She looked very young and sweet and fresh, her trim little figure clad in the very acme of good taste and general air of good breeding which lent the very last touch of charm in Odsley's fastidious eye. When the young lady finally rose to leave the car, instinctively Odsley rose, too. It flashed across his mind that he could never think of himself as a chivalrous gentleman again should he leave this girl, manifestly troubled and afraid, to encounter alone such disturbing adventures as might be in wait for her before she should reach home. To be sure, he must give no sign of the part he intended to play, but he should be there, near at hand, in case help might be needed. Secretly, in the inmost and undiscovered regions of his heart, he hoped he might be called upon in her defense.

Leaving the car, the girl hurried down one of the quiet and practically deserted streets. It was the portion of the city removed from busyness and Business, and the owners of most of the homes on either side being still away in the country the street was uncommonly quiet and their footfalls sounded alarmingly distinct. Hearing some one at a distance behind her, the girl turned her head, glancing uneasily over her shoulder. The appearance of Odsley was in every way assuring, and it seemed to him that she continued her way manifestly with more confidence.

Suddenly, although there was not a soul in sight, the girl paused, and with every appearance of distress and confusion stood looking up at the door of a house before which she had stopped. Much mystified, Odsley made haste to her relief.

"Excuse me," he said reassuringly; "can I be of any assistance?"

The girl turned toward him with wide, frightened eyes, and her voice quavered pitifully as she spoke. "That's—that's our house," she faltered.

Odsley turned and looked at the house; it was a substantial, comfortable looking building and he observed about him no cause for alarm. "Is something the matter with your house?" he ventured kindly.

She nodded, her voice for the moment failing her. "A man has just gone in," she resumed when she had regained articulation, "and he should not have gone in; he's a burglar."

"A burglar!" repeated Odsley in amazement.

The girl nodded. "The house is supposed to be closed; all of these houses are supposed to be closed, that's why he's so daring. Aunt Kate and I came in just for a day or two, and we are quite alone, and—oh dear, oh dear, I wish you could do something; that fearful man is probably murdering poor Aunt Kate at this very minute!"

He sprang up the steps without further hesitation. "You won't be hurt yourself?" he heard the girl call after him, and the very evident concern on his behalf gave him a singular sense of pleasure. He shook his head and quietly pushed open the door. In his haste the man ahead of him had neglected to fasten the catch, so that Odsley entered absolutely without sound. Once inside, he peered cautiously about. A light shaded by a thick red shade burned feebly in the hall, but aside from that the entire lower floor was in darkness. He moved carefully and cautiously forward, his eyes becoming gradually accustomed to the almost total darkness. Now and then he stopped, gazing intently into some corner of the room where the shadows lay thickest, waiting for some dark form to move. Nothing stirred. Momentarily he expected to find himself held in the rays of a burglar's lantern, with a glistening revolver threatening his head, but he remained unmolested. He felt fairly satisfied that the burglar was not on that floor, and making his way back to the hall he proceeded silently to mount the stairs.

Half-way up he heard a sound that quickened the blood in his veins; it was some one softly whistling the strain of a popular air. Noiselessly Odsley mounted two more steps, bringing his head above the floor level, so that he could peer over and see into the very room from which the whistling seemed to come. The object of his search stood before the large bureau and was examining its contents. Evidently he was finding little to his liking, for he was scattering things right and left in his impatience. He was a good-sized man and Odsley quickly grasped that he was to meet with no mean antagonist; but the sight of a burglar who whistled at his work made him fairly thirst for the fray. Slowly and carefully he mounted the remaining steps bringing him within sight of the other man. Near the door he paused to gather himself well together, then he stepped cautiously forward until he was well within the door.

The man had not turned, but he must have caught the reflection in the glass, for suddenly he whirled about. "What the——" he ejaculated, but without finishing his question sprang at Odsley with the fury of a maniac.

Odsley was prepared, the two men grappled instantly and for a time stood swaying and struggling like two well-matched wrestlers. Then, their fury gaining fire, they whirled and crashed blindly up and down the length of the room.

Chairs and tables went over with a ruinous crash, and still they fought sullenly and silently, neither man uttering a word. Presently Odsley was aware that he was getting the worst of it, and with all his strength and agility the powerful arms which now gripped him and which were slowly but surely pushing him to the wall were more than he had been prepared for. Both were panting for breath and Odsley felt his pulse throbbing in his ears in what seemed a deafening roar. He was conscious of wondering vaguely what had become of "Aunt Kate," and if she had indeed been murdered by this brute who seemed about to crush the life out of him. Then, in taking a step backwards, his foot struck against the leg of an overturned table and the two men went down together with an appalling crash.

Odsley had fallen underneath and he felt himself fairly beaten. He waited to feel the other's hand upon his throat, but he did not. The fall had somewhat stunned Odsley and for a minute he lay quite motionless; to his surprise, so did the other. With a sudden strength born of desperation Odsley gathered all his remaining strength, turning the other man upon his back and pinning him by the throat. Then his grasp relaxed in sudden horror; the other man, it appeared, was dead. He noticed now that in falling the man had struck his head against the open door, and there was an unpleasant gash where he had struck. Odsley pulled apart the shirt and felt for the heart-beat. To his infinite relief the heart was steadily beating, and he saw now that the man breathed. With an instant return of his attitude of defense he reached toward a heap of handkerchiefs and ties which had fallen upon the floor, and judging that at any minute his adversary might return to consciousness, stoutly and dextrously bound and gagged him. Then with a savage "Stay there, will you," to the prostrate form at his feet, he hurried downstairs to reassure the girl who must be so anxiously waiting the outcome of the adventure.

To his surprise she looked up as he reappeared, no trace of worry on her pretty face, and her dimples displayed most bewitchingly. "Do you know," she said sweetly, "I have made the funniest mistake."

"Mistake?" repeated Odsley aghast.

The girl nodded, still smiling. "That isn't really Aunty's home after all."

"Oh, isn't it?" observed Odsley frigidly.

"No," pursued the girl still with considerable amusement. "You see these four houses are all pretty much alike, and this one next door is Aunt Kate's, and dear Aunt Kate probably sitting safe and happy inside, all the while I was worrying so for her safety."

She paused for Odsley to appreciate the situation, but Odsley was staring blankly beyond her, and before his eyes there seemed suddenly to blaze the startling headlines of the next morning's paper. There would be his name, and probably his picture. The men at his club would have it with their morning coffee, and they would appreciate the humor of the situation no doubt, as Odsley could not. All the world would read it, all the world would laugh.

The girl was murmuring meditatively, "That house which you went into is the Binghams'; I thought they were all away." And her face suddenly brightened as she added suddenly, "Why that must have been Jack." Then for the first time she seemed struck with something unusual in Odsley's appearance. "Oh," she gasped, "you didn't hurt him, did you?"

"I am inclined to think I did," returned Odsley savagely.

"You did?" she exclaimed, and further scrutinizing his disheveled appearance. "Oh, you've murdered him! You coward, you've stolen in upon him in his own house and you've murdered him."

"I have not," returned Odsley shortly, "and furthermore I followed your own instructions. You told me he was a burglar."

"I didn't ask you to murder any one; I just asked you to go in and see if he were hurting Aunt Kate."

Her voice was rising to a hysterical wail and Odsley glanced apprehensively up and down the street. She was about to cry out, but he caught her firmly by the wrist. "Listen to me," he demanded harshly, "and don't you speak a word, not one word. Stand here until I have turned the corner and you can not hear my steps; then call a policeman if you wish and go to the release of your neighbor. You will find him upstairs to the right. I think he will not have moved far. But remember, not one word until I am out of sight and hearing."

Only half convinced, in spite of the ferocity of his manner, that the girl would obey, he hastened down the steps with terror pursuing every move. A block further down he passed what he judged to be the special nightwatchman, and he knew that as soon as he reached the girl the neighborhood would be aroused. Should he run he knew that he would at once become conspicuous. Should he walk he felt that he should be overtaken. His battered condition forbade his confronting the bold glare of the lights in the street-car. Odsley felt very miserable. He wondered why he had ever cared whether the girl's aunt were murdered and her house rifled. If the newspapers really got hold of it he felt that he could never enter his office again. It was evident that he must give up business and go to live in an out-of-the-way place on the other side of the globe which few Americans visited. He wondered if there was such a place. It was a horrid world with every man's hand raised, not against him, but to hide a smile of amusement and derision.

Nevertheless he began to realize that he was rapidly reaching home and the police had not overtaken him. He glanced at his watch; it was after seven and he knew that dinner and his brother must already be waiting for him.

When he finally reached his home he hesitated and glanced furtively at the house. If he could only get to his room and rid himself of his torn clothes before any affectionate and inquiring eye should fall upon them. The next minute he had opened the door and was bounding up the softly carpeted stairs; an instant more and he had reached the sanctum of his own room, had closed the door, and sunk completely unnerved into a chair.

The door-bell rang shortly and he sprang to the window to look out. It was not the police. Better still, it was a messenger boy bringing news that Odsley's brother was dining with friends at a hotel up town and would be glad to have him join them; but for that evening it seemed singularly preferable to dine alone.

Odsley rose earlier than was his custom next morning and with feverish haste grasped the morning paper and eagerly read the headlines. He had twice glanced over the paragraph for which he was looking before he recognized it as the one in which he was concerned. It was a sensational account of an attempt at burglary and, incidentally, murder. It was plain that there was no clew to his identity, and his relief was extreme.

. The man, he was pleased to find, was not seriously hurt. The evidence gained by the police was strangely contradictory, for Bingham declared that he saw the man distinctly who entered his house, that he was uncommonly well dressed and of fine physique. But the girl declared that she saw him come from the house and that it was his sinister and unprepossessing appearance, combined with his furtive manner, that alarmed her and caused her to summon help.

"And I," mused Odsley, sadly, "thought that was a pretty girl." HELEN CHAMPION GREEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1913.

With $10,000,000 at his command, Alfred W. McCune, an American, is at work on one of the biggest railroad jobs on record. The line will extend from the top of the Andes to the western limit of navigation on the Amazon, and its tributary, the Ucayali, a distance of 270 miles, and it is stipulated that it must be completed by the opening of the Panama Canal. Connecting with the railroad which Henry Meiggs built forty years ago from the Pacific at Callao, one hundred miles west to a pass over the Andes, the new line will furnish the last link in the first rail-and-water route across equatorial South America, and will join the two sections of Peru now separated by the high mountain range. With the complete system in operation, products now in transit for months can be transported in four days. A large part of the rubber from the Putomayo district now freighted down streams to Iquitos, 2300 miles from the mouth of the Amazon, and loaded on steamers for North America and Europe will be taken by rail to Callao, on the Pacific, and thence by steamer through the Panama Canal.

South Africa natives along the Orange River have a way of producing "milk," which, primitive as it is, vies in ingenuity with the method of those who believe in the synthetic production of what the journalist, hard-up for a synonym, has been known to call "the lacteal fluid." After cutting the top from a cocoanut, the native places the nut over hot ashes, so that the warmth may cause the fat and "butter" contained in the husk to be absorbed by the milk: this changes the milk's quality and gives it a palatable taste. In order to deal with several nuts at a time, the natives construct rough "holders" from old iron hoops. The ashes are placed under the grating and the nuts set in it. Obviously there must be no actual fire beneath the nuts, or they would be burned away and the milk be lost.

For 1500 years no woman has been allowed to set foot on the premises of the twenty-three monasteries on Mount Athos, eighty miles south of Salonica, now under control of the allies. The monks on the mountain have often refused to permit women of royal families to enter the monasteries. This is because of the legend that the Virgin Mary, with the infant Christ, came to the mountain, and that no woman has been allowed to do so since.

TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON CLUB.

The Quality of Missouri Moonshine.

It was not only the first visit of Mr. McGilvray to the club, but to the city. He was a St. Louis friend of Ed Ledyard, and Ledyard brought together five other ex-residents of the town that made Anheuser famous. Mr. McGilvray courteously declined wine, saying it was his custom to take a little whisky and water with his luncheon. When the desired liquid was brought, at the request of the host, McGilvray looked at it; first, carelessly, next, with an air of curiosity, and then, having raised the glass against the light, sniffed it, and tasted it, with apparent surprise.

"You will pardon me, Ledyard," he said, "but this interests me. I don't know a thing about wine; couldn't tell the best champagne from any sparkling mixture, but I am something of a connoisseur in whisky. This specimen is so much like a private brand I know well that it made me for a moment forget my surroundings."

"Good or bad?" queried Ledyard.

"Best I ever knew," answered McGilvray, promptly. "It has an odd history, too. I'd like to tell you about it, if our friends are not entirely averse to romantic stories."

The six professed something more than willingness to listen.

"Last summer," began McGilvray, "a friend of mine made a horseback trip through northwestern Missouri. One afternoon, in a sparsely inhabited, scrub-oak region, he passed a dilapidated cabin which he would not have looked at twice had not a witch-like face, framed in tangled strands of gray hair, shown itself a moment at the door. That glimpse of an old woman impressed the scene on his mind, and he thought of it several times in the next hour. A storm came up suddenly, and, partly because he had seen no other shelter and partly because the old cabin and its inmate had stirred his interest, he rode back, just in time to escape the high wind and heavy rain. The door was shut against him, but after a little parley it was opened cautiously, and the old woman let him in. On nearer view she was still a strange, almost uncanny figure. The cabin was practically bare of furniture, and the little remaining was old and rude. Whittemore's request for supper and permission to stay all night put the woman in a panic. She said she was alone, had lived alone for thirty years, and could not entertain a visitor. Whittemore persisted, and finally won her confidence, and she brought out all she had in the house to eat—a bit of cold corn bread. It was coarse fare, but Whittemore made the best of it, and after munching a piece, brought out his pocket flask. At this the old lady recoiled in almost speechless horror. She said that whisky was the curse of her life. Whittemore believed this to be more than an ordinary story of intemperance, and begged to be told about it.

"I shall make it short, though it took a long while for Whittemore to get the details. Many years before, she and her two brothers had come from Tennessee to this lonely place. The boys had built the cabin and soon afterward set up a still in the cellar. Only a few yards away ran the river, below a high bank. From the cellar an underground passage had been dug, opening at the water's edge. A flat-boat which they kept, ostensibly for freighting wood down the stream to the town ten miles away, had a hidden lower deck and on this they would load their cargo as often as they had a dozen or more barrels of moonshine ready. They sold it readily and were never caught in the illicit trade. One night, while they were loading the boat the two brothers quarreled and fought. The younger came up out of the passage covered with blood and with only a word of good-by rushed out into the darkness. He never came back, and the older brother never appeared from the underground passage. The sister, left alone, hunted for him, even dug unavailingly into the dirt which had fallen in and closed the passage at its outer end. For thirty years she had lived alone, unmolested, and but rarely speaking to any one, as she had no neighbors.

"Naturally, this tale, and his strange bed, kept Whittemore awake most of the night. In the morning he went out, looked after his horse, then walked to the edge of the bank to see the river. There was no river to be seen, merely an old and evidently long unused channel, now grass-grown in places. He asked about this, and the old lady said that the river had gone the night of the brothers' quarrel, having cut a new channel half a mile above, across a neck of land. Whittemore could not be satisfied till he got a candle and a spade and went down into the cellar. The old still was there, its copper worm green and crusted, the iron pipes rusted out, the tubs fallen to pieces. Boards had been put up to close the passage outward, but he made his way in and on to the cave-in that stopped it. Half an hour's digging led to a discovery—the hull of the flat-boat. When the water went down the boat had settled and lay across the end of the passage. With an axe Whittemore cut through the side and crawled in between the decks. There were fifteen barrels there, and every one still full and in good preservation.

"He came back to St. Louis, after telling the old lady of his find and its value to her, and took counsel with me. We had the stuff brought down to the city and on sampling it found that it was remarkably high-class. Thirty-year-old whisky is not common. It was agreed to bottle it, put on a distinctive label, and sell it to people who knew good liquor and were willing to pay for it. We named it 'Treasure Trove' whisky, and within sixty days Whittemore carried the old lady two thousand dollars from the sales. It meant a fortune to her, but she will get at least four thousand dollars more.

"That's the story, gentlemen, and this pale yellow stuff in my glass made me think of it for the first time since I left home."

Ledyard called the waiter. "George," he asked, "do you know the name of the whisky you brought us?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "That is something new the steward has just got. He says it's mighty fine. It's called 'Treasure Trove.'"

F. H. Ferguson.

THE OLD DRURY "PANTO."

London's Christmas Season of Old Favorite Fairy Tales.

There is nothing so essentially English, don't-cherknow, as that kind of theatrical entertainment which is as inevitable at Christmas-time as plum puddings and mince pies. Such an esoteric truth was not hidden from the compilers of the Century Dictionary, for when I turn up the word "Pantomime" I find it defined as "a popular theatrical entertainment of which many are produced in Great Britain about the Christmas season." The implication is that the pantomime is unknown in America, which is not quite in accordance with fact. Two or three months ago I alluded to an experience of my own in Chicago, when I patriotically assisted at several performances of a genuine English pantomime. It was a pathetic occasion. Each night the audience grew smaller and smaller; each performance elicited fewer and fewer laughs and handclaps; and the last I heard of the company was that it had abandoned the windy city in disgust to try its fate somewhere on the shores of Lake Erie. Perhaps it crossed the border into the land of my Lady of Snows in quest of a more sympathetic auditory; but what became of it in the end this deponent knoweth not.

After all, then, the Century Dictionary was justified of its definition. For one pantomime that failed does not establish an exception. To explain why it failed, beyond admitting that it was "so English, don't-cherknow," would entail a personal interview with all those citizens of Chicago who paid their good dollars and were not conquered. The experiment can never be repeated under more promising auspices. It was a real Drury Lane "panto." which had been exported for the occasion, with a "principal boy" of the gentle sex than whom no masquerading female ever displayed a more shapely pair of legs in the revealing disguise of tights. And there was a genuine transformation scene, and plenty of knock-about business, and innumerable topical songs. Yet somehow it did not fit its environment. Perhaps it was handicapped by its story, which was that of Dick Whittington and his cat, for American mayors are uplifted to office by more than feline inspiration. But the chief lack of all was a cockney audience, without which the best of all pantomimes must end in disaster.

On the other hand, given such an audience as that which packed Drury Lane Theatre to the roof on Thursday night, there could be no dread of failure. In the dullest season of the year a London crowd can extract amusement from the poorest of entertainments; how much more easily is it made merry when its stomach is lined with plum pudding and its hands filled with Christmas-boxes. Besides, the children were home for the holidays, cousins were up from the country, mistletoe hung in the hall, and work could wait for the morrow. The time and the place were in conjunction; any old "panto." would add the finishing touch.

But it must be confessed that it was not an any-old-panto. which Arthur Collins served up on Thursday night. In his way he is a reformer, going as far in innovation as the great British public will allow him. That is to say, he pursues the policy of repressing the harlequinade without abolishing it, redressing the balance by really excellent music and high-class burlesque. For "The Sleeping Beauty" of this Christmas he has ventured upon the most daring of all his experiments, substituting for the feminine "principal boy" a member of the sex to which he is supposed to belong. This was a terrible shock to the bald-heads. The "principal boy" has established a well-deserved reputation for frank disclosure of shapely calves and rounded thighs; she has none of the reticence of Mrs. Siddons, who, when she had to assume a masculine rôle, implored a costumier to sketch for her "a boy's dress to conceal the person as much as possible"; the ambition of the "principal boy" is to go as far to the other extreme as is consistent with escaping the attention of the guardian of public morals. So the bald-heads were betimes in ordering their seats for the front rows of the Drury Lane "panto.," and have lived anxious days and wakeful nights in anticipation of the reward of their enterprise. It may be imagined, then, how staggered they were when the Prince Auriol disclosed a pair of masculine understandings instead of those curving limbs they had expected!

There were others, however. Mr. Collins had not forgotten the bald-heads; all he wanted to do was to establish a precedent and secure a "principal boy" who could sing as well as look a fit mate for a princess. And the Princess Marcella, otherwise the Beauty, was as charming as the most exigent front-rower could desire. Like the Prince, too, she proved in the person of Florence Smithson to be a vocalist of an order undreamed of in any previous "panto." There were lovely duets, then, between the Beauty and the Prince-in-disguise, and there were solos for Beauty in which she had full opportunity to exploit her rare gift of high and heavenly notes. Nor was the singing all of the operatic order; to please the groundlings the Duke of Monte Blanco had to warble about "a sister to assist 'er," a ditty with many verbal pitfalls in which he became more entangled when unexpected prompters emerged from every bush of his ducal garden.

A large share of the fun of the fair is contributed by that same Duke of Monte Blanco. His second wife, the Wicked Fairy, had turned him into a scarecrow eighteen years ago, and when he is "discovered" as the old stage directions had it, he is hanging by the roadside, a ragged, shapeless wreck, with mushrooms growing out of his boots and a golf ball stuck in his ear. It is Puck—another innovation—who calls him back to life, and starts him singing the inevitable topical song with its hits at Lloyd George and all the other contemporary bugbears. It is the kind of part which would have fitted the late Dan Leno to a hair, that inimitable fun-maker who was too native to cockney London to succeed in America.

For a final innovation Mr. Collins, with the help of G. R. Sims and C. H. Bovill, had attempted something like a coherent story, a blend of "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Beauty and the Beast." But in this he has gone too far; the plot becomes something of a Chinese puzzle with the clews scattered through two acts and twelve scenes. In the setting of the "panto.," however, he has scored a record triumph. The ballet is at once the most beautiful and the most restrained ever seen on the stage of old Drury. For one thing he has depended less than ever upon those gorgons and dragons, those "snows of paper and fierce hail of pease," those whales which sport in woods, and those dolphins which float in the skies which Pope satirized so trenchantly in the "Dunciad." Gone, too, is that violent color-scheme which used to give one an æsthetic headache every Christmas, and in its place he has evolved a delightful harmony of Sèvres apple-green relieved with delicate lilac and a touch of scarlet. All this makes an admirable background for the blacks of many of the costumes.

Add to these chromatic delights a constant invasion of the stage by hordes of comely maidens arrayed in costumes which accentuate rather than hide their charms, exquisite settings by the shores of blue lagoons, or amid Watteau-like gardens, or in gorgeous palaces, and it will be seen how much there is in the spectacle to delight the eye. The merriment, too, is of a more refined type than prevailed when the clown and columbine and harlequin were the chief pawns in the game. And the whole is woven into a semblance of what should be in the never-never land by the antic ministry of Puck, who, like Dickens's Mr. Dick, is always at hand to set everything right. Yet it remains true that even "The Sleeping Beauty" would be no more likely to please an American theatre-goer than the "Dick Whittington" of unfortunate Chicago memory; if he would find the explanation of the popularity of the Christmas "panto." he must join the crowd in old Drury and lose his personality in that unique cockney audience.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, December 31, 1912.

The Turkish and other Mohammedan villagers from the Thracian plains are retracing backward the steps of their ancestors of five centuries ago, and leaving Europe to return to Asia. And the weird part of it is, that in costume, conveyances, and manner of life there has been practically no change in these 500 years. The wheels of their long narrow carts have spokes in them now, where they used to be solid wheels, and perhaps the rush matting that protects the family from the weather may be a little better woven. But the oxen or buffaloes that leisurely drag the household along, and the barefooted wife or the sandaled husband with the goad who pulls these lumbering animals by a string, and the primitive mode of life on their plodding journey, all belong to a bygone age.

One of the most sacred possessions of the navy is a beautiful silver service, the gift of the people of Maine to the ill-fated battleship of that name. It was the first gift of the kind in the history of the navy, and the beginning of a custom that up to date has given to the government the finest collection of silver plate in the world, a collection the total value of which is rapidly approaching the $450,000 mark. The *Maine's* service rested at the bottom of Havana harbor for a dozen years, and was found in good condition, all things considered, when the army engineers brought the wreck of the famous old ship to the surface a few months ago, and the silversmiths had no great difficulty in making it once more a thing beautiful to look upon.

Statistics by the German and Swiss Alpine Clubs show that 133 climbers were killed and 514 injured in the Alps during 1912. As usual, the majority of the victims were Germans, for the reason probably that the Teuton climbers usually dispense with the services of guides, partly through economy and partly through pride.

Tin was produced in California in 1891 and 1892 to the value of $59,964. No other production is known in the history of the state. The deposits of tin ore are in Riverside County, seven miles east of Corona.

COURTS, CRIMINALS, AND THE CAMORRA.

Arthur Train Comments on American Criminal Procedure and Contrasts It with Italian Practice.

Mr. Arthur Train, who probably knows as much of the criminal law as any one in America and a great deal more of it than most of us, divides his book into three sections. In the first of the three he deals with courts. The second is devoted to criminals, and only in the concluding section does he address himself to the Camorra and to the great trial in Italy that has already passed into history.

Mr. Train is not a sensational writer, although he often tells us sensational things. It is no part of his mission to denounce judges, juries, or police. No one recognizes more clearly than he does that a strict observance of individual legal rights would often be dangerous to the public safety and that the limits of legality must sometimes be overstepped in pursuance of necessary measures. Referring to the case of the notorious Duffy, who was photographed by the police and then turned loose with a warning, he says that such a process is contrary to law, but "the truth is that we are up against that most delicate of situations, the concrete adjustment of a theoretical individual right to a practical necessity." The presumption of innocence, for example, of which we hear so much, is nothing more than a sham. The fact of the matter is a presumption of guilt, and sometimes we must act upon appearances without observing legal niceties. Burglars must not be allowed to drag sacks of loot through the city at 4 a. m. simply because they are presumed to be innocent. "If we come climbing over the fence sweating apples at every pore, is Farmer Jones to go and count his apples before grabbing us?"

The police, says Mr. Train, act pretty much alike all over the world, and liberty is no better protected in one place than another:

> The fact of the matter is, that in dealing with practical conditions, police methods differ very little in different countries. The authorities may perhaps keep considerably more detailed and obvious "tabs" on us in Germany and Russia than in the United States, but if we are once caught in a compromising position we experience about the same treatment wherever we happen to be. In France (and how the apostles of liberty condemn the iniquity of the administration of criminal justice in that country!) the suspect or undesirable receives a polite official call or note, in which he is invited to leave the locality as soon as convenient. In New York he is arrested by a plain-clothes man, yanked down to Mulberry Street for the night, and next afternoon is thrust down the gangplank of a just departing Fall River liner. Many an inspector (without mentioning names) has earned unstinted praise (even from the New York *Evening Post*) by "clearing New York of crooks" or having a sort of "round-up" of suspicious characters whom, after proper identification, he has ejected from the city by the shortest and quickest possible route. Yet in the case of every person thus arrested and driven out of the town he has undoubtedly violated constitutional rights and taken the law into his own hands. What crimes are committed in the name of law, O Liberty!

No man can be compelled to testify against himself, says the legal axiom, but of what value is the axiom to the man who has been compelled, by third degree or otherwise, to make admissions fatal to his case. He does not know the law. He has no friends. His complaints are fruitless against the easy and fluent perjury of the police:

> The beneficent provisions to be found in most codes of criminal procedure, and particularly in that of the State of New York, while highly valuable under some circumstances, are of no avail to a defendant who has never heard of them. These are to the effect that the police must convey a message free of charge to the family or lawyer of every person arrested, that each prisoner is entitled as matter of law to a reasonable delay before being compelled to submit to a hearing, that he has the right to the services of counsel, and the further right to have a stenographic report of the evidence taken before the magistrate. The ordinary petty criminal is arrested without a warrant, often illegally, bustled to the nearest police court, put through a species of examination composed largely of invective and assertion on the part of the officer, found guilty, and "sent away" to the Island, without lawyer, adjournment, or notice to his family. "Off with his head!"—just like that! He isn't presumed to be innocent at all. The "cop" tells him "to shut his mouth or he will knock his block off." "I caught this feller doin' so and so! He's a lazy loafer, judge," he says to the magistrate. The latter takes a look at the defendant, concludes that the officer is right, and off goes the prisoner to the workhouse.

If the public security compels the police to break the law it would be better to amend the law, for "laws which exist only to be broken create a disrespect and disregard for law which may ultimately be dangerous."

For a month before a trial, says Mr. Train, every member of the jury panel has been subjected to an unseen inquisitorial process. The district attorney knows a good deal about every prospective juror and perchance has difficulty in restraining a smile when he meets with deliberate equivocation in answer to an important question as to personal history:

> "Are you acquainted with the accused or his family?" mildly inquires the assistant prosecutor.
>
> "No—not at all," the talesman may blandly reply.
>
> The answer, perhaps, is literally true, and yet the prosecutor may be pardoned for murmuring "Liar!" to himself as he sees that his memorandum concerning the juror's qualifications states that he belongs to the same "lodge" with the prisoner's uncle by marriage and carries an open account on his books with the defendant's father.
>
> "I think we will excuse Mr. Ananias," politely remarks the prosecutor; then in an undertone he turns to his chief and mutters: "The old rascal! He would have knifed us into a thousand pieces if we'd given him the chance!" And all this time the disgruntled Mr. Ananias is wondering why, if he didn't "know the defendant or his family," he was not accepted as a juror.

The question propounded by the author "Why Do Men Kill?" leads to some curious psychological analysis. The conventional reasons are, of course, easily ascertained, but are they the real reasons, or rather the basic reasons? Out of a given number of homicides examined by Mr. Train he finds that 75 per cent were due to quarrels over small sums or other matters, drink and women; over 50 per cent to drink and petty quarrels, and about 30 per cent to quarrels simply. But the real cause is deeper; "it rests in the willingness or desire of the murderer to kill at all":

> This, then, is the real reason why men kill—because it is inherent in their state of mind, it is part of their mental and physical make-up—they are ready to kill, they want to kill, they are the kind of men who do kill. This is the result of their heredity, environment, educational and religious training, or the absence of it. How many readers of this paper have ever experienced an actual desire to kill another human being? Probably not one-hundredth of one per cent. They belong to the class of people who either never have such an impulse, or at any rate have been taught to keep such impulses under control. Hence it is futile to try to explain that some men kill for a trifling sum of money, some because they feel insulted, others because of political or labor disputes, or because they do not like their food. Any one of these may be the match that sets off the gunpowder, but the real cause of the killing is the fact that the gunpowder is there, lying around loose, and ready to be touched off. What engenders this gunpowder state of mind would make a valuable sociological study, but it may well be that a seemingly inconsequential fact may so embitter a boy or man toward life or the human race in general that in time he "sees red" and goes through the world looking for trouble. Any cause that makes for crime and depravity makes for murder as well. The little boy who is driven out of the tenement onto the street, and in turn off the street by a policeman, until, finding no wholesome place to play, he joins a "gang" and begins an incipient career of crime, may end in the "death house."

Of one thing we can be abundantly certain, says the author, and that is that our present system of administering justice offers no deterrent to the embryonic or professional criminal. The administration of justice is a clever game between judge and lawyer in which the moves are made with a view to checkmating justice, not in the trial courtroom, but before the appellate tribunal two or three years hence:

> "My young feller," said a grizzled veteran of the criminal bar to me long years ago, after our jury had gone out, "there's lots of things in this game you aint got on to yet. Do you think I care what this jury does? Not one mite. I got a nice little error into the case the very first day—and I've set back ever since. S'pose we *are* convicted? I'll get Jim here [the prisoner] out on a certificate and it'll be two years before the Court of Appeals will get around to the case. Meantime Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me my fee—*won't you*, Jim? Then your witnesses will be gone, and nobody'll remember what on earth it's all about. You'll be down in Wall Street practicing real law yourself, and the indictment will kick around the office for a year or so, all covered with dust, and then some day I'll get a friend of mine to come in quietly and move to dismiss. And it'll *be* dismissed. Don't you worry! Why, a thousand other murders will have been committed in this county by the time that happens. Bless your soul! You can't go on tryin' the same man forever! Give the other fellers a chance. You shake your head? Well, it's a fact. I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll see." And I did. That may not be why men kill, but perhaps indirectly it may have something to do with it.

The Camorra trial was so fully reported while it was in progress that even a skilled observer such as Mr. Train can add but little to our knowledge of the facts. None the less he finds occasion to protest against the emphasis placed by American newspapers upon occasional scenes of disorder and against the customary assumption that whatever is different from American practice must necessarily be inferior to it. As a result, the public has been led to believe that an Italian criminal trial consists of a yelling bandit in a strait-jacket, with a hysterical judge and frenzied lawyer abusing each other's character and ancestry:

> Let the writer state, at the outset, that he has never in his legal experience seen a judge presiding with greater courtesy, patience, fairness, or ability, or keeping, as a general rule, under all the circumstances, so perfect a control over his court, as the president of the assize in which the prosecution of the Camorra is being conducted; nor is he familiar with any legal procedure better fitted to ascertain the truth of the charges being tried.

It must be understood that Anglo-Saxon criminal procedure is quite unlike that of Italy or France and that its edifice is reared on a wholly different basis. French and Italian courts proceed on the assumption that the facts are to be ascertained and that the discovery of the truth must not be hampered by an undue observance of rule:

> A French or Italian criminal trial, therefore, must be approached with the full understanding that it is a governmental investigation, free from many of the rules of evidence which Bentham said made the English procedure "admirably adapted to the exclusion of the truth." The judge is charged with the duty of *conducting* the case. He does all the questioning. There is no such thing as cross-examination at all in our sense, that is to say, a partisan examination to show that the witness is a liar. The judge is there for the purpose of determining that question so far as he can, and the jury are not compelled to listen to days of monotonous interrogation during which the witness is obliged to repeat the same evidence over and over again, and testify as to the most minute details, under the dawdling of lawyers paid by the day, who not only "take time, but trespass upon eternity."
>
> Such a trial is conducted very much as if the judge were a private individual who had discovered that one of his employees had been guilty of a theft and was trying to ascertain the identity of the guilty party. Practically anything tending to shed light upon the matter is acceptable as evidence, and the suspected person is regarded as the most important witness that can be procured. Finally, and in natural course, comes the confronting of accuser and accused.
>
> The fellow-servant on the one hand, or formal accuser upon the other, steps forward and they go at it "hammer and tongs," revealing to their master, the public, or the jury, the very bottom of their souls; for no man, least of all an Italian, can engage an antagonist in debate over the question of his own guilt without disclosing exactly what manner of man he is.

A characteristic of Italian procedure is the constant interruption of the proceedings by arguments and comments from the lawyers and remarks and contradictions from prisoners and witnesses. When these occur the trial resembles a joint discussion presided over by a skillful moderator:

> A witness is testifying. In the middle of it (and "it" consists of not only what the witness has seen, but what he has been told and believes) one of the prisoners rises and cries out:
>
> "That is not so! He is a liar! Abbatemaggio swore thus and so."
>
> "Nothing of the kind," retorts the witness impatiently.
>
> "Yes! Yes!" or "No! No!" chime in the advocates.
>
> "Excellency! Excellency!" exclaims Abbatemaggio himself, jumping to his feet in his cage. "I said in my testimony that Cuocolo *did* accuse Erricone," etc. And he goes on for two or three minutes, explaining just what he did or did not say or mean, while the president listens until he has had sufficient enlightenment, and stops him with a sharp *"Basta!"* ("Enough!").
>
> The incident (whatever its nature) usually tends to elucidate the matter, and while to an outsider, especially one not familiar with Italian dialects, the effect may be one of temporary confusion, it is nevertheless not as disorderly as it seems, and the president rarely (so far as the writer could see during many days of observation) loses complete command of his court, or permits any one to go on talking unless for a clear and useful purpose. At times, when everybody seemed to be talking at once, and several lawyers, Abbatemaggio, and one or two prisoners were on their feet together, his handling of the situation was little short of marvelous, for he would almost simultaneously silence one with a sharp "S-s-s!" shake his head at another, direct a third to sit down, and listen to a fourth until he stilled him with a well-directed *"Basta!"* When the shouting is over, one usually finds that who is the liar has been pretty clearly demonstrated.

Anglo-Saxon procedure tends to deprive the witnesses of personality and to reduce them all to a row of preternaturally solemn and formal puppets. When the case is over the jury have formed no valuable or accurate impression of the defendant's real character and personality—whether or not, in other words, he is the kind of man who *would have done* such a thing:

> In Italy (to use vulgar English) they "sic" them at each other and let them fight it out, and while the language of the participants is often not parliamentary, the knowledge that they are being watched by the judge and jury has a restraining effect, and the presence of the carabinieri makes violence no more likely than in our own courts. Occasionally, in America, where a prisoner insists on conducting his own defense, a similar scene may be witnessed—always, it may be affirmed, to the enlightenment of the jury. On the other hand, most confrontations are attended with few sensational incidents or emotional outbreaks.
>
> The writer was fortunate enough to be present when "Professor" Rapi was confronted by Gennaro Abbatemaggio, and, to his surprise, found that the proceeding, instead of being interspersed with yells of rage and vehement invocations to Heaven, closely resembled a somewhat personal argument between two highly intelligent and deeply interested men of affairs. Whatever may be Rapi's real character (and he is said to supply a large part of the brains of the Camorra, as well as handling all its funds), he is, as he stands up in court, a fine-looking, elegantly dressed man, of polished manners and speech. If the evidence against him is to be believed, however, his mask of gentility covers a heart of mediæval cruelty and cunning, for he is alleged to have made the plans and given the final directions to Sortino for the murder of the Cuocolos.

The trained observer, asked to give his impressions of the trial, would say that it was being conducted considerably faster than would be probable in America under like conditions, that the methods followed are admirably calculated to ascertain the truth of the charges, that the judge presides with extreme fairness and ability, that, in a word, the Italian government is making a good job of it, and deserves to be congratulated:

> Indeed, so far as the procedure is concerned, it is not so very different from our own, and, were it not for the presence of the uniforms of the carabinieri and the officers of infantry in the court-room, and the huge cage in which the prisoners are confined, one could easily imagine one's self in a court in America. The conduct of the trial is far more free, far less formal, than with us—a fact which, the writer believes, makes in the end for effectiveness, although the excitability of the Italian temperament occasionally creates something of an uproar, which calls for a suspension of proceedings. Doubtless the prisoners give vent to cries of rage and humiliation; perhaps one or two of them in the course of the trial may faint or have fits (such things happen with us); the judge and lawyers may squabble, and accuser and accused roundly curse each other. Such things could hardly help occurring in a trial lasting, perhaps, a year. In fact, deaths and births have occurred among them during this period, for Ciro Alfano has passed away and Maria Stendardo has given birth to a child; but, on the whole, there is probably no more excitement, no more confusion, no more bombast, and vastly less sensationalism than if thirty-six members of the Black Hand were being tried *en masse* in one of our own criminal courts for a double murder, involving the existence of a criminal society whose ramifications extended into the national legislature and whose affiliations embraced the leaders of a local political organization and many officials and members of the New York police.

Mr. Train's comments on Italian criminal organizations in America are important, but they must pass unnoticed now. Naturally he draws attention to the absurdity of our deportation practice, which occasionally pounces on a Castro or a Mylius while freely admitting Italian immigrants who are known to have in their pockets a certified police document enumerating their crimes. That passport is never asked for nor examined, although its compulsory production would automatically exclude the Italian criminal. Perhaps Mr. Train's lively and entertaining comments will facilitate reform in more than one way.

COURTS, CRIMINALS, AND THE CAMORRA. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75 net.

◆

Plans are being made for the celebration next year in Scotland of the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of logarithms. John Napier, baron of Merchiston, who invented and expounded them, was born in 1550, and died in 1617. Napier's logarithms were only of sines for every minute of the quadrant, and to seven or eight places.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

London Lavender.

We always connect Mr. Lucas with "Over Bemerton's" and so we welcome his whimsical complaint that "certain characters from . . . 'Over Bemerton's' would keep breaking into this book." They are welcome, for more delightful characters never lived. We say lived advisedly, for Mr. Lucas's sketches are surely drawn from life. Otherwise they could never appeal to us with such extraordinary intimacy. Intimacy may be said to be Mr. Lucas's keynote, and it is always a tender intimacy. We love even Barbara, the ourang-outang, and Louisa, the chimpanzee, and of course Mr. Wiles, who has difficulties with his chop-house. It is hard to imagine Mr. Lucas as knowing any one who is not delightful, for surely no one could know him without reflecting some of his kindly beneficence. And when he is not concerned immediately with his characters he tells us about folk song, and morris dancing, and landladies, and all the other things that gentle and leisurely people are interested in. It is a pity that Mr. Lucas's characters should be confined within two covers and to a few hundred pages. We should like to live with them permanently, and perhaps indeed we do if we had but Mr. Lucas's eyes to recognize them.

London Lavender. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

American Women.

In this pleasantly written little volume the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant relates how he was drawn into the suffrage contest in California and how at last he found that it was a part of the greater mission for international peace to which he has dedicated his life. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, and we may reasonably decline to follow him when he says that "wherever the fishers in troubled waters work to foment war or panic, the influence of the women may be depended upon to counterbalance them." It is to be feared that history is not upon the side of the baron.

Not without amusement we read of the discussion between the author and the women of San Francisco as to whether they are or are not happy. He said they were. They said they were not, which goes to show how elusive a thing is happiness and how unlikely to be attained by legislation. But from at least one of the baron's audience we have a rare touch of political philosophy. She said: "The French woman is less free than we are, perhaps; in reality she is happier . . . because she is more highly respected by her husband." A recognition that freedom and happiness are not synonymous, and that feminine happiness must have a domestic basis is at least something gained. The foreword by President Jordan is an important part of the little volume.

Woman in the United States. By Baron D'Estournelles de Constant. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; 80 cents net.

City Government.

Professor Charles A. Beard, author of "American Government and Politics," now gives us a supplementary volume on municipal affairs. He disclaims all intention to produce a systematic treatise on city government, but contents himself with "a survey of recent leading tendencies" as exemplified in some of our great cities. Even with such a restriction he gives us a volume of over four hundred pages devoted rather to the social and economic functions of city government than to politics and administration. Perhaps the author would have done a still better work had he felt himself more free to express critical opinions upon such topics as municipal ownership, government by commission, and franchises, but at least he shows us in a lucid way what has actually been done, as well as the many tendencies that are advancing toward a goal. His fourteen chapters are apportioned among such topics as "Home Rule," "Municipal Democracy," "Raising and Spending the City's Money," "Tenement House Reform," and "Municipal Recreation." As a statement of fact, without pleas or criticism, Professor Beard's book should be indispensable to students of municipal government in search of material as basis for their own judgments.

American City Government. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Century Company.

Religion in China.

We are indebted to Professor J. J. M. de Groot for a study of Chinese religion that is marked as much by accuracy and scholarship as by sympathy. It is remarkable that such a work has not been attempted before and that we should have been content to derive our knowledge of Chinese religion either from the incompetent hands of the traveler or from the prejudiced hands of the missionary.

There are three religions in China, but since they come from a common and recognized root they are not antagonistic. Thus every Chinese may feel himself equally at home at each without being offended or shocked by mutually exclusive dogmatic principles.

The common root is Universism, or the religion of the universe, its parts and phenomena. This ancient stem became divided into two parts, Taoism and Confucianism, while at the same time Buddhism in its Mahayanic or Universistic form was grafted upon it. Taoism is the purest form of Universism, Confucianism being a branch, but without new elements or doctrines. Confucianism, says the author, through its intolerance, became the dominant branch, sapping the vitality of Buddhism and hindering the spread of the purer Taoism.

Of the author's treatment of Taoism it is enough to say that it is by far the best extant and sufficient to give a competent survey of the essentials. The system seems so similar to some of the Indian philosophies, and notably to that of the Bhagavad-Gita that we are tempted to assume either some common origin or the independent attainment of the same results. Dr. de Groot's opinions upon such a point would be interesting.

Religion in China. By J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

The "Mind the Paint" Girl.

This is a successful novelization of Sir Arthur Pinero's comedy of the same name. The novelized play usually has a certain staccato, water-tight-compartment composition that betrays its origin, but in this case Mr. Louis Tracy has done his work so well that the story runs smoothly and without an undue dramatic orderliness to the end. But the heroine, Lily, is not more attractive in a novel than she was in the play. Indeed her heartlessness seems a little more accentuated as a result of a more detailed display, and when at last she is fortunately married we feel that the gods have been unduly good to her.

The "Mind the Paint" Girl. Novelized by Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; $1.25 net.

Aristide Pujol.

William J. Locke always gives satisfaction, and even those who do not favor the connected series of short stories will none the less admire this particular series, which is so careful of our time and always manages to give us a dénouement at convenient intervals. M. Pujol is a Provencal. He is also an adventurer, a gentleman, a little of a scamp, overflowing with tender emotions and sympathy, and yet with that exuberant valor common to his nationality. Pujol escapes from his ugly sweetheart, he rescues a deserted baby, and he befriends an ill-used wife. But we never love him quite so much as when we see him perform a conjuring trick to amuse a dying woman. Pujol is a distinct creation and Mr. Locke deserves all the credit due to his creator.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30 net.

Briefer Reviews.

A tastefully decorated little volume of "German Toasts" has been prepared by Charles Henry Octavius and published by the H. M. Caldwell Company.

"Measure for Measure" has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare now being issued by the Macmillan Company under the editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Price, 35 cents per volume.

"Sonnets and Minor Poems" have now been added to the First Folio Shakespeare, edited with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter, and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents per volume.

"The Mysterious Card" and "The Mysterious Card Unveiled," by Cleveland Moffett (Small, Maynard & Co.), first appeared as separate stories in the *Black Cat*. They are now published in volume form and will probably have a new vogue among those who love sensational mystery with a tinge of the weird psychology now so popular.

"The Young Fishermen," by Hugh Pendexter (Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net), is the first volume of a new series of books for boys entitled Along the Coast series. It relates the adventures of two boys among the fishermen along the coast of Maine and is written with such energy and knowledge that it can hardly fail of a welcome among boys who love the sea.

"The Curtiss Aviation Book," by Glenn H. Curtiss and Augustus Post, with chapters by other experts (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $1.35 net), is a volume of much interest to the aviation enthusiast. It describes Curtiss's flights, shows how he worked and planned, gives a complete account of aviation as Curtiss has personally seen it, and tells what he believes that the aeroplane will do in the future. Captain Beck and Lieutenant Ellyson discuss the future of the aeroplane in war, and a number of appendices include accurate details of construction.

"The Ways of the Planets," by Martha Evans Martin, A. M. (Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net), is best described in its own opening words: "It is sought in the following pages to give a simple account of what may now be said to be known of the character of the planets, and to describe with as little technicality as possible their movements and aspects and relations." The author succeeds in giving us a good, every-day, practical notion of the solar system, in fact just such knowledge as is needed by the average intelligence.

The New York newsboy is an institution, a caste, a social stratum, all to himself. In his volume of short stories entitled "Wanted," Mr. James Otis helps us to a better knowledge of the newsboy. He tells us of the amusing experiences of a number of the fraternity who rise to prosperity through a series of exciting adventures. The publishers are Harper & Brothers and the price is 60 cents.

The People's Books series (Dodge Publishing Company; 20 cents net per volume) well deserves the attention of book lovers. It already forms a substantial library and bids fair to "cover ultimately the whole field of modern knowledge." Every volume bears a name to command respect, among later additions being "The Philosophy of Change," by Henri Bergson, edited by H. Wildon Carr. Every volume opens up a new subject, and at the end of each volume will be found suggestions for a course of future reading. The series is one of unusual value and with nothing cheap about it except the price.

"The Children's Reading," by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net), has only one defect. Religious reading should be left wholly to the discretion of the parents, nor should it be assumed that certain theological doctrines are equally acceptable to all who wish to guide aright the reading of their children. Parents who are intelligent enough to read and profit by this book of unusually excellent advice can be trusted to determine the religious question for themselves. But with this exception the book is a valuable one, full of sound common sense, and marked by literary discrimination.

Clifton Johnson gives us a very satisfactory selection of fairy stories in "The Fir-Tree Fairy Book," which bears his name as editor and that of Alexander Popini, who contributes numerous illustrations in tint. It is better to republish the old fairy stories than to write new ones, in spite of the many ephemeral and usually silly efforts to supply fairy tales that are "up to date." Mr. Johnson gives us again some of the best stories that have ever been written and gives them to us in an attractive and convenient form. The publishers are Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Village Life in America.

Good diaries are few and far between, and therefore there should be a special welcome for a record so artless and sincere as this one. The diarist was Caroline Cowles Richards and her diary covers the period from 1852 to 1872. She was ten years old when she began her literary labors, her home being in Canandaigua, New York. Her grandfather Richards was president of Auburn Theological Seminary, while her brother John was the father of "John Oliver Hobbes." She was also connected with the Field brothers and therefore with Justice David J. Brewer.

The diary would be valuable and charming in any case, but it is additionally important as covering the period of the Civil War and reflecting a certain aspect of Northern sentiment with a fidelity not always found in more mature and studied productions. Miss Richards was educated in the Puritan ideas of the day, but apparently they did not always "take," for she remarks that some of the characters in the children's literature of that period were "so awfully good," and she goes on to say "Anna says they died of 'early piety,' but she did not say it very loud." Elsewhere she remarks: "The ministers have appointed a day of fasting, and Anna asked grandmother if it meant to eat as fast as you can. Grandmother was very much surprised." Margaret E. Sangster, who writes a preface, says that she has never read a book that gave her so much delight as this, a verdict with which most people will agree.

Village Life in America. 1852-1872. By Caroline Cowles-Richards. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.30 net.

The Arm-Chair at the Inn.

We are not sure that Mr. Hopkinson Smith was well advised to avow in his preface that "the characters around the table are all my personal friends; the incidents, each and every one, absolutely true." We may, of course, amuse ourself by efforts at identification, but somehow the glamour of romance seems a little tarnished. We should have preferred so clever a story-teller to devote himself wholly to fiction rather than present facts dressed with all the elaborate care of the romancer and with everything present except the imagination. Confine the fictionist to the narration of events and he will not always appear to best advantage. Like the children we would beg Mr. Smith to "tell us a story out of his own head."

The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30 net.

Browning's Works.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon a pocket edition of Browning that includes the complete works and in a form so delightful to the eye and the touch. The twelve volumes are printed on Bible paper in type of a sumptuous size and with appropriate binding. That the editing has been done by Miss Porter and Miss Clarke is a guaranty of accuracy and also of a desirable scholarly touch in notes and introductions. Another valuable feature is the digest of every poem, and still another is the general introduction to the edition by Professor William Lyon Phelps. The whole production is one likely to arouse the covetousness of the book lover who buys books that they may be read and not only possessed.

Browning's Works. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. In twelve volumes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 per volume.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Century Company is to issue, early this year, a new book of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante."

The librarian of Columbia University has in preparation a bibliography of American college verse, and would be glad to receive information regarding printed collections of this class, especially those of early date and those printed in the smaller college communities.

A recent visit to Palestine is described in the volume by Sir Frederick Treves, the English surgeon and traveler, which will be published at once by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title, "The Land That Is Desolate."

Lieutenant Wagner is the author of the first of the forthcoming books on the war in the Balkans. The volume will be brought out soon by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The American Book Company has just published "Philip Massinger" in their Masterpieces of the English Drama series.

"The Devil's Admiral" is the striking title of a new adventure novel by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, to be brought out soon by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Moore, a San Francisco newspaper man, is familiar with the scenes in the Orient, where his book is laid.

Little, Brown & Co. announce three novels to be brought out this month: "Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine, whose 1912 novel, "The Mountain Girl," has reached a fifteenth printing; "The Little Gray Shoe," a romantic tale of love and intrigue by Percy Brebner, author of "The Princess Maritza"; and A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Happy Warrior." Mr. Hutchinson's only previous novel, "Once Aboard the Lugger," was published four years ago.

New Books Received.

Auction of Today. By Milton C. Work. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

"The best guide to successful play."

The Winning of the West. By Ralph Waldo Trine. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; 75 cents net.

New Thought.

Syndicalism. By J. H. Harley, M. A. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; 20 cents net.

Issued in the People's Books.

The Growth of Freedom. By H. W. Nevinson. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; 20 cents net.

Issued in the People's Books.

Here and There a Leaf. By Louise Heywood. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20 net.

Discourses on the application of Christianity to daily life.

Christmas Praises. By George E. Ackerman. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

Leaves from the City Beautiful. By Amelia M. Starkweather. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

The Former Countess. By Annie Fields Vila. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.40 net.

A romance of the French revolution.

Joyful Heatherby. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Swallow Book. By Dr. Giuseppe Pètrè. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A supplementary reader.

A Man in the Making. By Harry Wagenseller Jones. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Typhoon. By J. W. McConaught. New York: H. K. Fly Company; $1.25 net.

A story of new Japan. Novelized from the play.

The Youth Replies. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.

A volume of verse.

Cynthia. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.20 net.

A novel.

Officer 666. By Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; $1.25 net.

A novelization from a play.

The First Lady in the Land. By Acton Davies and Charles Nirdlinger. New York: H. K. Fly Company; $1.25 net.

A novelization from a play.

Care-Free San Francisco. By Allan Dunn. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

A description of San Francisco's leisure hours.

The Man Who Was Good. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.20 net.

A novel.

The Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50 net.

A volume of criticism of critics.

Bi-Sexual Man. By Buzzacott and Wymore. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co.

The evolution of the sexes.

Browning and His Century. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50 net.

A discussion of the interrelation of the man with his time.

The Eldest Son. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

A domestic drama in three acts.

The Dreamer. By Annie Nathan Meyer. New York: Broadway Publishing Company; $1 net.

A play in three acts.

Empires of the Far East. By Lancelot Lawton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A study of Japan and of her colonial possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the political questions of eastern Asia and the Pacific.

Lucky Pehr. By August Strindberg. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; $1.50 net.

A drama in five acts, translated by Velma Swanston Howard.

The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes. By Emile Ollivier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.50 net.

An explanation of Bismarck's part in the war and the efforts of the Ollivier administration for the maintenance of peace.

The Little Gray Shoe. By Percy J. Brebner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Song of Songs.

Over the roar of the cities,
Over the hush of the hills,
Is heard a song that never stops,
A voice that never stills.

Epic-loud as the sea is,
Lyric-low as the dew,
It sings and sings a soul into things
And builds the world anew.

Dauntless, deathless, stern but kind,
Bold and free and strong,
It sweeps with mastery man's mind,
And rolls the world along.

From soul to soul it wings its words,
And, lo, the darkness flies:
And all who heed that song of songs
View Earth with other eyes.

New eyes, new thoughts, that shall go on
Seeing as Beauty sings,
Until the light of the farthest dawn
Shall fold its rainbow wings.

—Madison Cawein, in Book News Monthly.

Farewell.

We have laughed together, now we weep.
We have played together, now we sleep.
We have loved the sunshine. In the rain
Stand we alone and voiceless facing pain.
We have held illusion, in our youth.
Now we find when aged, brutal truth.
We have dreamed of splendor, heart to heart
Loved and hoped and suffered—now we part!

—Leolyn Louise Everett, in Life.

The Ballad of the Homing Man.

He saw the sun, the Light-giver, step down behind the oak,
And send a tawny arrow-shaft along the engine smoke.

He saw the last brown harvester lift up from mother-earth
The sheaf that holds a mystery—the seed of death and birth;

And like a place in Paradise, the empty stubble-field
Waited, to watch the hock-cart go, with the children she did yield.

He saw far-off the homing crows sail into mottled sky—
Saw horse and horseman flag and tire, and trees like men go by.

He saw a woman close a door upon the warm fire-light
That open is the brow of day, and closed the shade of night.

He saw above the sallows the first lamps, lemon-hued,
Lead out the painted suburb into the hazel wood.

He saw the bobtailed rabbits above the stone-man's pit,
Where the years went, as the trains go, all unaware of it.

Another mile, the roofs begin; the rigid wilderness,
The smoke, the murky omens, upon his heart-beat press.

The nightfall of the townsfolk, the ferment of the place,
Work like sharp ichor in his blood, like salt reek in the face.

But where the fields are fragrant and the moody town is pass'd,
There is a house, an open door; a face, a fire, at last.

"Three voices in a doorway," he says—"a woman's form,
And a lighted heart behind her, can make a desert warm:

"And what is Heaven but a house, like any other one,
Where the homing man finds harbor, and the hundred roads are done?"

—Ernest Rhys, in the English Review.

Helping Nature Along

Many a man would gladly join the back-to-the-land movement if he knew he could find some of the comforts and labor-saving devices so common to the city. Perhaps he has unhappy memories of isolation, of scant crops when nature failed to provide sufficient rain, of cold, cheerless nights in the old ranch house, of abominable lights—in fact, of every thing that made him long for the day when he should reach an age when he could leave.

Nobody blames the man for those dreary memories. Boyhood on the average ranch in those days was certainly tough—on the boy. He was miles from town, and the annual circus was the big event in his life. Sometimes the home had a wheezy old organ. Sometimes not. The rancher raised wheat and accumulated mortgages. He had an awful time of it in 160 acres.

Conditions have changed since then, and the greatest change, amounting to practically a revolution in country life, has become apparent in the last few years. For one thing, the rural sections are fast settling up, new towns have sprung into being, electric railroads stretch in every direction, bringing the country people into close personal touch with the large centres, homes are better built, pianos abound, the telephone and rural mail delivery reduce distance to a minimum, and additional pleasure is derived from the countless numbers of graphophones in use, producing the latest musical hits. Then there is the automobile.

No longer is the country resident reduced to the necessity of hanging hopefully or mournfully, as the case may be, on the words of the countryside weather prophet. Drought has no terrors for him now. He defies Nature, with the aid of the electric pump and an easy-running motor. He doesn't care for 160 acres of land and the uncertainties of a grain crop. Smaller acreage and intensive farming prove a thousand times more profitable. Wherever the farmer goes, there goes the electric wire, carrying light for his home and power for manifold purposes. Even the horse feels the electric era, for the handy groomer operated in the barn gives the animal a better and quicker cleaning than it ever knew in the day of brush and currycomb operated by a husky stablehand with a strong right arm.

Up and down the state the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has been the pioneer in this splendid growing field, and is rapidly carrying electricity for all purposes to the farm, aiding in the growth and development of California. Not only that, but it maintains a department which the man who contemplates the use of electric power for any purpose will find at his disposal. Engineering advice is furnished gratuitously, and all the problems, big or small, likely to confront the man in doubt are solved gladly, leaving nothing to rise up and perplex him later.

"Pacific Service" already supplies two-thirds of the state, covering an area of more than 37,950 square miles, and the splendid growth which it is maintaining in every section of its activities is the best evidence of its popularity, the result of its liberal policy and fairness in all transactions. It is solving the light, power and gas problems in scores of towns, and is spreading its influence for better, easier, and more attractive farm life over ever-increasing domains that were, not so long ago, thinly settled and producing small crops of doubtful value.

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Several animals may be seen at PARK AMATEUR CLUB, 833 36th Ave., off Fulton St., McAllister (Beach) Cars.
WOODLAND HACKNEY STUD

"BEN HUR" ONCE MORE

We confirmed theatregoers who are tbe most modern of moderns, and whose watchword is "progress," sometimes experience a severe jolt when it dawns upon us that the non-progressives (speaking from the point of view of drama) have their rights. Many of the regular patrons of the Columbia Theatre have been repining over the revival of "Ben Hur." For the time being their Monday—or it may be Saturday—evening routine has been interfered with.

To tbem "Ben Hur" is non-existent. It is a has-been, all overgrown with whiskers of tbe moss of time. We know Ben Hur, root and branch, and his sisters and his cousins and bis aunts. We could almost join in when he is embarked on his lengthy spoutings. We have thrilled our last thrill over the wreck of the galley and the rescue of the noble pair. We almost remain calm wben the race is on.

But let the confirmed theatregoer enter the Columbia foyer this week, and he will see the confirmed non-theatregoer turning out by the bundred. The place is full of strange faces, the circling tiers are packed. The audiences are intent, absorbed, thrilled to the marrow. They have not dissipated away tbeir patrimony of dramatic susceptibility in weekly, almost nightly carousals.

Tbe audiences are composed of differing elements. In many cases there are the devout, wbo only go to the theatre to see plays of a strong religious tendency. In otbers, there are those conservative readers of concentrated enthusiasms who conscientiously take in Sbakespearean productions, old comedy revivals, and dramatizations of famous masterpieces. And the theatrical manager recognizes their rights. For the theatre, like a daily paper, aims to reach as many tastes as will guarantee a profitable return.

So we moderns are out of it this week, and the conservatives are putting their hands down in their pockets and demonstrating that the has-been drama can be made to pay.

No doubt there are some disappointments. "Ben Hur" is an oratorical melodrama, and the characters are merely stuffed costumes, with legs that walk and tongues that talk. But there is a large background cast by each thrilled imagination that endows these figures with the worth and dignity of General Wallace's famous novel. For that is what "Ben Hur," the novel, has—worth and dignity. Only tbe non-literary judgment can accept it as a literary masterpiece.

But the surprising vitality of this old-fashioned play that is built out of it shows that General Wallace, while he failed to secure a high niche in the temple of literary fame, yet somehow won a place for his book in the affections of the great, homespun, tradition-loving public tbat has escaped the influence of the yellow press and sixth-rate vaudeville.

Mr. William Young, well aware of this background of sympathetic imagination, inclined, in many cases, toward exalted emotion tbrough the influence of a religious sentiment, recognized that what he had to do was not to make a play, but to arrange "Ben Hur" for tbe stage. It could scarcely be done, from the modern point of view, and so its old-fashionedness, its lengtby speecbes—the people want them—even its tableaux are all right. Mr. Young got an astonishing amount of the book on the stage. And, furtbermore, he worked in the thrills in a thoroughly complete, workmanlike manner.

As to the players, it is always recognized that Ben Hur himself must have youth, a fine body, a good carriage, and training in sustained declamation. All these Thomas Holding has; and furthermore he has a young, mellow, ringing voice, and he rests calmly and confidently in the secure conviction that what he is doing, as drama, is to be taken *au grand serieux*. Which is as it should be.

Messala, of course, is, as ever, merely a pair of athletic legs, surmounted by a good-sized torso, and a pair of bulbous arms. Oh, yes, and a filleted head, and a costume. He will pass.

Then there is old Simonedes, who always, with his fine fidelity, so remote from our unfeudal present, wins the romantic sympathies of his audience. Ben S. Mears fairly rides on his r's, thick, elongated things that hadn't come to light until we colonized the western continent. They seem strangely out of place in "Ben Hur," but not Simonides himself. The old fellow—I wonder if the earnest Mr. Mears isn't a young fellow—called *"Esthurr"* to him many times; and it was harrd, harrd, to listen to those anachronistic r's. But Simonides won us in spite of them, with bis primitive biblical single-mindedness and his fine old Dantesque make-up.

I do not doubt that many of the audience, as they gazed on the sylphs dancing in the Grove of Daphne and listened to the harmless exchanges in the "Masque of Eros," thought that its pink-lemonade allurements were suggestive of elegant viciousness. However that may be, there was a goodly number of appropriately costumed dancers and supernumeraries, and the stage was well crowded with human figures.

Iras, the daughter of the Egyptian, was there; extinguished, as usual, under head draperies and a bale of fake hair, which turned fairly vermilion in the stage moonlight. The women in "Ben Hur" generally are a good deal extinguished under their costumes and lines. Miss Godfrey Turner's Iras is merely a walking wax figure, covered to the eyebrows with veils and jewels and huge black eye-rings.

The mother of Ben Hur is similarly deprived of individuality. We were conscious of large black eyes, and a fine, full-toned voice, which almost sang the sounding passages of tbe maternal outpourings. Later we made a discovery, of wbich more anon.

Alice Hayne's sweet and gentle Esther is less cabined, cribbed, and confined under ber garments, and seemed more human.

It grew upon me, as the evening went on, that to all intents and purposes we might as we sat there be seeing a performance of fifteen or eighteen years ago. And I also recognized that there was quite a difference in the abilities of the players, and that it was to the credit of those playing the rôles of Ben Hur, and Hur's mother, and Simonides, and Ilderim, that tbey kept our respectful attention so closely through the old-fashioned windings of their discourse. Arrius, and Messala, and the smiling young gentleman who was Messala's chum—I couldn't, to save me, dig his special cognomen out of the abundances of the programme—afford instances of the slipshod modern method of rushing through the lines, slighting many syllables, and kindling an occasional suspicion that the thought is not on tbe words.

One of the great drawing-cards in "Ben Hur" is, of course, the race scene. People who have never seen it are curious to witness this effect in theatre mechanics; and certain it is that even the seasoned veteran, when the thunderous noise of the treadmill begins behind the curtains, feels a thrill of expectancy. For that immortal child in us, which survives so long in our drama-loving souls, almost persuades us tbat we shall, indeed, see more than the almost stationary similitude of a race. Even the horses are taken in, or have every appearance of believing that they are covering space.

Wise William Young worked up his religious effects toward the last in a very moving crescendo. Edgar Stillman Kelley's music, and tbe *motifs* which he occasionally employs, have a marked emotional effect.

The lights, too, are excellently well handled, and the occasional scenes in a half-light heighten the workings of the imagination.

The costuming and make-ups and the scenic settings are all very suggestive and effective; and when the mother and sister of Hur are seen in the dim Vale of Hinnom, their shapes swathed with tbe ample draperies familiar to us in biblical pictures, the remembrance of the suggestions in the book, and the ever-ready and instinctive willingness to yield to theatrical illusion, lent to their figures a compassionate interest, as if indeed under their screening garments were the foul ichor of "the unclean."

The mother and daughter, and their servant, Amrah, knelt in the long white healing ray tbat shines from an invisible divinity; and in that ray were projected the striking features of the mother of Hur. And when the supernatural light faded and died to darkness, and the glow of a normal dawn was restored to the scene, there stood the healed one; a beautiful woman.

We had never known, as seen under her enveloping head draperies, that the Princess of Hur was beautiful; and with her bead uncovered, showing her rich black hair flowing in natural grace and abundance, she seemed to have been cured, not only of disease, but of a bad case of disfiguring, or, at least, concealing make-up. We enjoyed the transient glimpse; for beauty that has distinction and individuality is a great and gracious possession.

So the curtain goes down on a pretty and sympathy-inspiring sight; the beautiful mother of Hur clasping her jewels—Judah, the devoted son, tall and comely; Tirfiah, a little maiden, whose young, childish features sweetly express the optimism of youth; and Esther, tbe hond-woman that was, whose gentle devotion has won for her the love of a prince.

The audience, wrought to a high pitch of exaltation by tbe music, the tableaux, and the suggestion of a miracle-working divinity, wept, and left the theatre so quietly that they seemed to be departing from a religious ceremonial. Many, indeed, no doubt felt it to be so.

And I reflected anew that it takes many kinds of people to make audiences, and I was glad that this particular kind was having its turn.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

◆

"THE ETERNAL WALTZ."

Tabloid comic opera is not a new thing on the vaudeville stage. We had it in old times at the Wigwam. Indeed, one of the brightest recollections of that variety house of twenty years ago is of a much abbreviated production of "Fra Diavolo," in whicb Alice Nielsen, the Valerga boys, and Al Leach participated. The gifted prima donna of the Chicago and Philadelphia Metropolitan Company may go back in memory sometimes to those days, but in the interviews she gives tbey are never recalled. It is only since Martin Beck began to plan vaudeville programmes tbat great singers and comedians became reconciled to such associations.

It is to Martin Beck that credit must be given for such a brilliant and well-peopled offering at the Orpheum as "The Eternal Waltz," an operetta by Leo Fall, composer of "The Dollar Princess," "The Siren," and other comic operas. The production is notable in every way. Two original conceits are worked out with dramatic coherence in tbe libretto; the composer has written good music of the ligbter sort for the piece, with one especially meritorious movement; there are some forty people on the stage during tbe presentation, and principals and chorus are all in attractive and appropriate costumes; the scenic equipment is adequate; and, last though best of all in the list of superior qualities, the music is remarkably well sung and played.

Tbough the roll of principals is not long, it includes three of much more than ordinary talent. Mabel Berra, the star, as Lulu von Linden, a Viennese singer, is justly entitled to her prominence. She has the pleasing personality, the high spirits, and the assured ease of the comic opera prima donna, and a good soprano voice, clear, sweet, and of carrying quality. It is to her vocal powers that the great success of the work is largely due. Jules Epailly, who doubles two contrasted rôles cleverly, is a well-schooled comedian of intelligence and taste and thorougbly effective in his work. George O'Dell, the tenor, as a cavalry officer, has the bearing of a soldier and a gentleman, and a voice that would be even more pleasing with larger opportunity.

The only shadow on the production is tbe alleged comedian. Mr. Chadwick is very bad in a rôle whicb might be made harmonious if not amusing. He seemingly is a stranger to the spirit of comic opera, or even to burlesque of the better sort. His bumor is of the circus-ring level, and tbe worst of his offenses are in making tbe well-intentioned efforts of others in the company seem ridiculous. Stage Manager Epailly should find a way to curb his ill-advised exuberance.

One of the striking features of the production is a feminine sextet of violin and viola players, in Hungarian costume, which is reinforced by a harp. All the instrumentalists in this orchestra of the Chapeau Rouge café are real musicians, and their melody rises above the harmonies of the more diversified gathering in the theatre orchestra pit with distinctive charm. The singing chorus proves its worth to the ear as well as its members to the eye.

Orpheum habitués express their delight in the operetta, the prima donna, and the waltz which serves as the motive for the piece and the finale, with long-continued curtain calls. Those who time their visits to the house by remarkable attractions—say twice a month—join the enthusiasts in applause. "The Eternal Waltz" is to be praised for its spirit, and for its performance as well as for its promise.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

◆

On Sunday afternoon, February 2, Manager Greenbaum will introduce to our music lovers the two leading American concert artists, Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone. In the East the announcement of a joint recital by these two stars always crowds any house to its capacity, and tbe impresario predicts a similar condition here after they have once been heard, especially in their ensemble numbers.

◆

The next of tbe famous violin virtuosi to visit us will be Mischa Elman, the young Russian who makes his instrument veritably sing. Like Caruso, Elman possesses a certain charm in tonal effects that no one else seems able to secure. It is a gift and can not be acquired by any amount of study or experience. It is the real touch of genius.

◆

Mme. Sembrich will give a special programme before the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, in the ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel. On this occasion the diva will introduce a Russian aria never before heard in this country. A few guest tickets are still obtainable.

◆

For Connoisseurs.

Upon request, the Italian-Swiss Colony will send those interested a copy of their beautifully illustrated GOLDEN STATE, Extra Dry Champagne booklet, which describes the delicate processes necessary to produce this "Grand Prix" wine.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
A VAUDEVILLE REVELATION
Ralph Herz one of Musical Comedy's Favorite Stars
Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne in Mr. Cressy's own sketch, "Town Hall Tonight"
GRANT and HOAG; "THOSE FRENCH GIRLS"; JOE MORRIS and CHARLIE ALLEN; WILSON'S COMEDY CIRCUS, featuring the unridable Mule, Obey; "A GUILTY CONSCIENCE." Last Week—Greatest Vaudeville Sensation Ever Known, Leo Fall's Famous Operetta, "The Eternal Waltz," with Mabel Berra, Cyril Chadwick and Company of 50. Augmented Orchestra.
Coming, Jan. 26—**Mrs. Langtry** (Lady De Bathe)
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70. Home C 1570.

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Beginning Sunday Night, Jan 19, Cohan & Harris Presents George M. Cohan's Latest and Smartest Play
"BROADWAY" JONES
6 Months at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre, N. Y.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Last Time Sunday Night, Jan. 26.
Monday Night, Jan. 27—David Belasco presents DAVID WARFIELD, in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

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Commencing SUNDAY Night, Jan. 19
Two Weeks—Mats. Wednesday and Saturday.
Henry W. Savage Offers the Pullman Carnival of Fun in Three Sections
EXCUSE ME
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With WILLIS P. SWEATNAM and N. Y. Cast.
Prices—50c to $2.00. Pop. Wednesday Mats.

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Week Starts Sunday Matinee, Jan. 19
Ned Wayburn's Stunning Girl Creation, "THE SURF BATHERS," with 8 English Daisies.
JUNO, SALMO, the Devil Dandy.
Ted Bailey's Posing Dogs.
"THE COLLEAGUES,"
A Comedy of Newspaper Life.
KILLIAN and MOORE,
"Songs and sayings of now-a-days."
WELLS and HENRY, "Those two Happy Pals."
LIBONATI, Expert Xylophonist.
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

VALENCIA THEATRE
Direction Will L. Greenhaum
LAMBARDI PACIFIC COAST GRAND OPERA CO.
125 PEOPLE 8 NEW STARS
Starting SUNDAY NIGHT, Jan. 26
Sunday, "Aida"; Monday, "Lucia"; Tuesday, "Faust"; Wednesday, "La Tosca"; Thursday, "Rigoletto"; Friday (Double Bill), "Cavalleria" and "I' Pagliacci"; Saturday mat., "Lucia"; Saturday night, "Aida."
Popular Prices—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts, 50 cts.
Box-office opens next week at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
2d Week—"Thais," "Fedora," "Mignon," "La Tosca," "Faust."

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Eighth Symphony Concert
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Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19, 1913
at 3:15 p. m.
Soloist:
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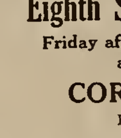
Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase's.



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Assisted by Gutia Casini, cellist, and Frank La Forge, pianist.
COLUMBIA THEATRE
This Sunday aft, Jan. 19, at 2:30
and Sunday aft, Jan. 26, at 2:30
Tickets $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. On Sunday at Columbia.
In Oakland, Next Friday aft, Jan. 24, at 3:15
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Coming — CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY and CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM in Joint Recitals.

VANITY FAIR.

How can one ascertain—in ways consonant with piety—whether a women is wearing a corset? The question is not prompted by idle curiosity, which we abhor, but by a news dispatch from Washington, where the tariffs come from. This particular dispatch says that there is enmity between the wives and daughters of our great statesmen, and all on account of the corset. It seems a shame to talk about such things in public, but then there you are. It is the sort of thing we do nowadays.

It seems that a girl without a corset recently appeared at a fashionable dance and created a sensation. Now how did people know that she had no corset? Did she say so, or advertise the fact in any way? And if so we should like to know the external marks that indicate the corsetless state. We should like to be able to judge this matter for ourselves. It seems a little indelicate to be speculating about a woman's underclothing, but as heaven is our witness we did not begin this thing. It was begun by the news item already noted, but if there is any information upon this topic suitable for our misguided sex, tender years, and strict upbringing we should like to be "in on it." But let that pass. We shall make inquiries elsewhere. We are not without resources.

The trouble in Washington arose in this way: It seems that a girl with a superior kind of figure, the undulatory kind presumably, can dispense with a corset, and that she then presents a much more pleasing appearance than her corseted sister who supplements by art the deficiencies of nature. Now it is easy to imagine the consternation that followed the appearance of girls without corsets. Obviously improved by the omission, they cast an equally obvious slur upon their dear friends who still adhered to their corsets or whose corsets still adhered to them. The fact that they wore corsets was proof that they could not afford to do without them, and so the fashionable functions in Washington are now marked by an increase of those tender sentiments by which women express their undying hatred for each other.

But some of the women with corsets have now sought and found their revenge on the women without corsets. They have discovered that heelless slippers may be worn with extraordinary effect by women who have a certain bearing and carriage that usually goes with the well-corseted figure. But the woman who abandons her corset can rarely abandon her heels also.

And so the fight goes. So far there has been no hint of an armistice, but the peace party is not without hope of effecting some sort of a compromise that shall lead to a cessation of hostilities.

* * *

One of our New York contemporaries whose stern and unbending royalism is the admiration of the country notifies us in a cable dispatch that "Queen Mary, as always at this time of year, is devoting her time to the completion of the innumerable skirts, petticoats, stockings, shawls, coverlets, and other warm and woolly things that she contributes to the London Needlework Guild." We are told that the queen is rarely to be seen without her knitting needles and that the number of articles made by her every year is "simply extraordinary."

Now with all due respect for Queen Mary we are sorry that she should so waste her time. We are given to understand that petticoats, stockings, and all kinds of "warm and woolly things," machine made and of excellent quality, can be purchased at very low rates. Moreover, there are thousands of poor women in London who would thankfully take the job of making such things, and for pay so small that the queen would never know that the money had left her purse. That exalted women should waste their time in doing things that they can easily and beneficently pay other people for doing is not remarkable, since a perfectly stupefying capacity to waste time is a feminine attribute. But that they should suppose that to waste time is a virtue is certainly perplexing. It is a part of a nearly universal feminine disposition to look at the form rather than the substance, to suppose that the way of doing a thing is so much more important than the thing itself. Now there was a time when poor people depended for food and clothing upon the manual services of rich and charitable women. They went hungry and naked unless they were fed and clothed by the hands of their patronesses. But this personal service is no longer necessary. In fact it is clumsy and ineffective, time-wasting and futile. But so many women still suppose that the virtue is in the mechanism of the service rather than in the service itself, and that some peculiar value lies hidden in clumsiness and drudgery.

Now Queen Mary, because she is a queen, has a power for good far greater than that of ten thousand women who knit ten thousand socks in ten thousand hours. She can ask how it happens that so many people need socks and have no money to buy them. And because she is a queen she can go a long way to compel an answer and to compel the application of a remedy. The poor were not created by God in order that rich people might have an opportunity to exercise their charity, although that is a view that is generally held. If we may treasonably suppose that queens, like lesser mortals, must one day face a day of judgment—a highly improbable idea, of course—she may find that her sock-knitting propensities are entered upon the debit, rather than upon the credit side of the ledger.

* * *

A lady philanthropist who is greatly interested in a new hospital for women lays stress on the necessity for a complete staff of women not only as attendants and nurses, but also as physicians. Her reasons are worthy of some attention. The hospital, she says, is for poor women, and poor women are so much more modest than those in easier circumstances. Women of the leisured classes do not shrink from confiding their intimate physical troubles to the man physician, whereas their poorer sisters will often allow their small ailments to grow into large ones because they can not bring themselves to consult a physician of the opposite sex.

Probably this is true. We have good authority for believing that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Idleness always means familiarity between the sexes, and familiarity brings a lowering of barriers and a relaxation of restraints.

Feminine modesty is a funny thing anyway. It may be said paradoxically that it is one of the great facts of life that do not exist. Most women have that kind of modesty that loves to be outraged. It is like the tail of the Irishman's coat that begs to be trodden on. Curiously enough, even the most rigid modesty will give way before unusual circumstances, such as an ocean voyage or a foreign clime. The white woman is not embarrassed by the unblushing displays of Oriental life—at least for not more than a day. She likes them. She will take her stand in the line of men and women awaiting their turn in the ship's bath and she will be just as proud of the cut of her bathrobe as in the style of her hat. And yet that same woman would believe herself to be seriously embarrassed by an untimely encounter with a male guest in the corridor of her own house. American and English women in France will do things without the slightest confusion that they would be incapable of in their own countries. In point of fact feminine modesty seems to be three-fifths convention, one-fifth provocation, and one-fifth humbug.

* * *

It is to be feared that Philadelphia is on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. There was a time when Philadelphia established a quarantine against the wicked women from New York who wanted to smoke cigarettes, but now the Quaker City has learned for herself the delights of devilishness and can go the pace with the best ot them. At the recent ball given by Mrs. Stotesbury nearly every woman present smoked the cigarettes provided by the hostess and embellished with her monogram, which, of course, greatly improved the flavor. The ball was given in the new Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The bar-room was used as a reception room and the whole affair cost $40,000. One of its novel features was a special table for eligible bachelors so arranged that its occupants could be examined and appraised by the young women guests.

* * *

The manager of the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York defends his treatment of his waiters in the following words: "All hotel employees are paid by the month. Our men get $25 a month and their food, which is worth another $25 a month, and according to their own accounts their tips aggregate $3 a day, or $90 a month. That means they get $140 a month, which is very good pay."

That, of course, is very nice. We are profoundly gratified to know that these waiters earn $140 a month, which is a good deal more than the salary of some capable newspaper reporters. But how about the public which is thus shown to contribute $90 per month per waiter?

* * *

Luisa Tetrazzini has received the gold medal of the London Philharmonic Society, an honor that has been conferred on few musical celebrities. Among those who have received it are Patti and Paderewski.

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Ar. Los Angeles 8:35 a. m.
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All tickets are honored on this train.

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Los Angeles Passenger Ferry Station 10:40 a. m.
Sunset Express Third and Townsend 4:00 p. m.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer Ferry Station 4:40 p. m.
Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger Third and Townsend 10:00 p. m.

Southern Pacific
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OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station Phone Oakland 1458

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Willing to have his neighbors think he was a fine musician, Brown installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, where he spent hours each day pedaling out melodies. "Your father is a great piano player, isn't he?" one of the neighbors remarked to Brown's boy William one afternoon. "Yep," replied William, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

◆

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically: "Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!" "Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenuousness, she exclaimed: "It doesn't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it." And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.

◆

A Greenville (Illinois) Republican went home the night of the election and woke up his wife and told her to pack up and get ready to leave; that Illinois had gone Democratic and he wouldn't live in such a dinged state. After storming around for a time he went out to get some more election news, and later returned home and told his wife that she needn't mind about packing up, that there was no place to go.

◆

The taxicab driver was about to receive his sentence. "Prisoner," said the judge, "I am satisfied there is no reasonable doubt of your guilt. The evidence shows that you drove the deceased about the city in your taxicab for two hours, then drove him to a secluded place, strangled him, and stole his watch. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?" "Yes, your honor." "What is it?" "I'd like to know, your honor, who is going to pay the cab-hire?"

◆

A man, driven home on a very wet night, wished to give the cab-driver something to keep the cold out. Finding nothing at hand but a liquor-stand with its tiny glasses, he filled up one and handed it to Jehu, remarking: "You'll think none the worse of this because it was made by the holy monks." "God bless the holy monks!" exclaimed the driver as he drained the glass. "It's thimselves that can make good liquor, but the man that blew that glass was very short of breath."

◆

A revival was being held at a small colored Baptist church in southern Georgia. At one of the meetings the evangelist, after an earnest but fruitless exhortation, requested all of the congregation who wanted their souls washed white as snow to stand up. One old darky remained sitting. "Don' yo' want yo' soul washed w'ite as snow, Brudder Jones?" "Mah soul done been washed w'ite as snow. pahson." "Whah wuz yo' soul washed w'ite as snow, Brudder Jones?" "Over yander to de Methodis' chu'ch acrost de railroad." "Lawd God, Brudder Jones, yo' soul wa'nt washed—h'it were dry-cleaned."

◆

The class at kirk had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and it came the turn of the visiting minister to examine the lads. The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. Such as: "What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?" "They sold their brother Joseph." "Quite correct. And for how much?" "Twenty pieces o' siller." "And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?" (No answer.) "What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?" Then a bright little fellow stretched out an eager hand. "Well, my little man?" "Please, sir, they sellt him ower cheap!"

◆

Bingtown was not particularly proud of its police force, and when Patrolman Shadbark died and a subscription paper was started to pay his funeral expenses the collector met with a rather cool reception from most of the business men he visited. Finally he reached the office of Squire Pepper, and after he had stated his business the squire asked: "How much do you expect me to give?" "About $5 is what we figured on from you," replied the collector. "Hm-m-m! Five dollars, eh? How many men have you got on the force?" "Thirty-seven, including the chief." "Thirty-seven," mused the squire, "thirty-seven. Well, $5 is a little too much to pay for burying one policeman, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an even hundred if you'll agree to bury the whole force, including the chief."

◆

A political meeting in the last campaign in New York was seriously disturbed by a man who kept yelling for Sulzer. "We want Sulzer, we want Sulzer!" he barked, much to the annoyance of everybody. The chairman pointed a finger at him and asked him to quiet down. Finally they threw him out. The man went around the corner, but came back. By this time Sulzer himself, now governor of New York, had begun a speech. But the shouter only yelped with increased vehemence: "Let Sulzer speak. We want Sulzer!" "My friend," said the chairman, waving one hand at the interrupter and the other at Sulzer as a sign to pause, "if you were really a friend of Mr. Sulzer you would know that it is he who is speaking now." "Aw, that aint Sulzer," replied the interrupter in a stentorian voice. "That's the feller that paid me to yell for Sulzer."

◆

Appropriate to the home rule question, a newly published volume of biography gives a story of Mr. Gladstone and the then Bishop of Peterborough, the famous Dr. Magee. The two were dining together, and Dr. Magee, in the course of conversation, made it plain that he thought the government was not acting straightforwardly. "I am afraid, Dr. Magee," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "that, Irishman as you are, you do not approve of our method of dealing with Ireland." "It's not your dealing that I don't like," the bishop retorted, "so much as your shuffling!"

◆

Judge William H. Moore, at a supper in Gotham, discussed hotel prices. "They are worse at Monte Carlo, perhaps," he said, "than anywhere else in the world. I know a man who took a suite at a Monte Carlo hotel without asking the price of anything—and in the restaurants of such hotels it's a common thing to find no prices even on the menus. Well, when this man came to pay his bill, it was enormous. But he paid it. Then he said: 'Have you any twenty-five centime stamps?' 'Yes, monsieur,' said the clerk. 'How many do you wish?' My friend smiled blandly. 'Tell me first, please,' he said, 'what you charge for them here?'"

◆

It is the fashion in England to attach to houses names that in many instances are absurd or misleading—as "Applecot," where the only trees are firs; but fitness and humor sometimes govern the choice. A retired Indian civil servant, on his return to England, yielded to his wife's importunities, and said that she might have a new house. "But mind," he emphasized, "it must not cost above three thousand pounds." It cost double that amount, as houses have a way of doing, and when it came time to name the place the owner had considerable fine masculine feeling to put into it; so, not wholly in memory of India, he called it, "Mysore Place."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Post-Impressionist Poem.

The snaky twilight crawls and clanks;
A scarlet shriek thrusts home;
The jig-saws snap among the planks,
Where, lush and loud,
Plump, plastic, proud,
The coupons crowd
Along the road to Rome.

Acrid, essential, winged with eyes,
The powdered plummet drops;
The beldame's bonnet drawls and dies.
And, foul or fair,
Calm Neverwhere
Inscribes his square
Amid the malt and hops.

Oh! anguish of the slaughtered shaft
That skims the sullen looms!
Oh! vaguely vaunted overdraft!
Oh! savage spin
Of twain and twin,
While out and in
The shapeless secret booms. —*Punch.*

◆

To Whom It May Concern.

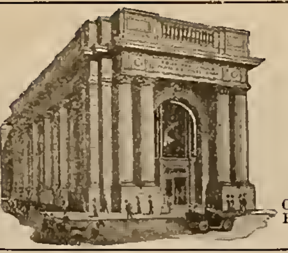
If I were a bank defaulter,
And you were a magistrate,
Would you measure me for a halter;
Or wouldn't your judgment falter
At the thought that your act might alter
Your vote on election date—
If I were a rich defaulter
And you a poor magistrate?

If I were a politician
And you were a trial judge,
And my foe, for a slight sedition
Came before your court in contrition,
Would you judge him from intuition
If I gave you a gentle nudge—
If I were a politician
And you were a trial judge?

If I had votes in my pocket
And you were upon the bench,
And my lady had thieved a locket,
And I asked a boon—would you mock it,
Or strike her name from the docket
If she were a comely wench—
If I had your votes in my pocket,
And you were upon my bench?

If I were a combination
And you were the law's delay,
And I had an inspiration
That I was good for the nation,
And I hated investigation,
Would you put it off—for today—
If I were the combination
That paid for the law's delay?

Yes, if you were a real vendor
And I had a mind to buy,
You'd do your utmost to render
Good service to please the spender—
If you got the legal tender
You wouldn't ask whence, nor why.
And—are you a retail vendor
If I have a mind to buy?
—*H. Hall, in Life.*



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Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Hooper, to Mr. Kellogg Hutchinson of this city. The wedding will take place in June at the family residence on Gough Street.

The wedding of Miss Irene Sabin and Mr. John A. Merrill took place Wednesday at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on California Street. Mrs. Merrill is the daughter of Mrs. Sabin and the late Mr. John I. Sabin, and a sister of Mrs. Redmond Payne of this city and Mrs. Albert Bjornsted of Berlin.

From Tahiti comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Margaret Elizabeth Perry and Mr. John Francis Stimson of Berkeley, who were married Saturday, October 19. Mr. and Mrs. Stimson are residing in Papeete.

Miss Olive Wheeler was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Henriette Blanding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson gave a dinner last week and entertained a number of the young friends of their daughter, Miss Grace Gibson.

Mr. George Robinet of Paris entertained forty guests at a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tyson and their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, gave a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Harry Jenkins was hostess last week at a luncheon and bridge party.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess Thursday at a reception at her home on Broadway in honor of Mr. F. R. Benson of London, who gave a brief address on "Pageantry."

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt gave a dinner Friday evening complimentary to Mr. Benson.

Miss Ethel Cooper entertained a group of young people at a luncheon in honor of Miss Beatrice Nickel.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., was the honored guest at a reception given by Mrs. Ira Kahn.

Mrs. William H. Smith gave a bridge-tea Monday at the Hotel Victoria.

Judge Henry Melvin and Mrs. Melvin gave a dinner recently in honor of Mr. David Bispham.

Mr. Alexander Wilson, Jr., was host at a tea in honor of his fiancée, Miss Marianne Mathieu. The affair took place at the home on Gough Street of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson.

Mrs. James A. Black gave a luncheon Saturday at the Francisca Club, where she entertained in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin and a number of the débutantes, who later attended the matinée.

Miss Elizabeth Darsie was hostess at a luncheon and matinée party complimentary to Miss Arabella Morrow.

Mrs. Leon Sloss entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner preceding the subscription dance at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Neustadter gave a dinner the same evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained at a dinner Thursday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of the Rev. Bernard Vaughn, S. J., of England.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a dinner Tuesday evening complimentary to Mr. Patrick Calhoun.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was hostess Friday at a bridge-tea at her home on California Street.

Miss Nellie Grant was hostess at a tea Sunday, when she entertained a number of friends.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Franklin Street in honor of her grandniece, Miss Omira Bailey.

Miss Phyllis de Young was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Miss Anne Peters at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., gave a dance Tuesday evening at the Wellesley Studio.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis presided at a dinner last evening preceding the Cinderella ball.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a dinner last evening and later attended the ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler will give a reception this afternoon from five to seven o'clock at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter have issued invitations to a fancy dress ball, Saturday evening, January 25, at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Marian Walter.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel will give a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday, January 22, at the Francisca Club.

Miss Helen Wright has invited a number of her young friends to a theatre and supper party Monday evening, January 27.

Mrs. Frank Dray will be hostess Tuesday, January 28, at a bridge-tea at her home on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. W. H. Jordan will give a bridge-tea Wednesday, January 29.

Miss Grace Gibson will be the complimented guest at a dinner to be given by Miss Metha McMahon, Friday evening, January 24, preceding the dance to be given in her honor by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, January 31, at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of Miss Margaret Casey and Miss Phyllis de Young.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis will be hostesses Thursday evening, January 30, at a dinner preceding the Impromptu dance.

Miss Olga Schulze will give a dinner the same evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Brice.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have issued invitations to a cotillon Friday evening, January 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee Leonard will give a dinner January 31 at the Bohemian Club.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have leased for several years the home in San Mateo of Mr. Duncan Hayne.

Mr. Hayne left Monday for Europe, where he will remain three years to complete the education of his daughter, Miss Agnes Hayne, who accompanied him.

Marquis de la Vaga Inclan of Spain has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Floride Hunt, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler in Chicago, has arrived in Washington, D. C., where she is the guest of her cousin, Miss Helen Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels will leave next week for New York for a brief visit before sailing for Florida. They will return to New York to meet their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy of Paris, who with their little son will sail February 23 for America.

Mrs. George Barr Baker will leave next Wednesday for her home in New York after a two months' visit with Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has returned to Bakersfield. During her stay in town she was the guest of Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin (formerly Miss Virginia Hobart) sailed on the *Siberia* for the Orient and will travel extensively before returning to their home in Colorado.

Mrs. Joseph L. Moody has returned from Europe, where she has been spending several years with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sherman (formerly Miss Eda Moody), who reside in Paris.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Miss Isabella Beaver, and Mr. Frederick Beaver, Jr., left last week for New Orleans en route to Panama.

Mr. Sidney Smith, Jr., has come from Nevada to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith.

Mrs. Downey Harvey returned last week from New York and spent a few days with Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway. Mrs. Harvey left Wednesday for Monterey, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. George McNear and her daughter, Miss Ernestine McNear, have arrived in Europe, where they will spend several months.

Miss Omira Bailey is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, at her home on Franklin Street.

Miss Doris Wilshire has gone to Fort Bragg to visit Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson (formerly Miss Marian Marvin).

Mr. Richard Hotaling left last week for a brief visit in New York.

Mrs. Julia Bray Coon of Menlo Park and her daughter, Miss Dorothea Coon, have gone East to visit Mrs. W. J. Adams and Mrs. Palmer Dudley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne, Jr., have leased the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, who will spend several months on their ranch.

Miss Edith von Schroder has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker have recently moved to the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Baker's mother, Mrs. Randell Hunt.

Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento is visiting Miss Ila Sonntag at her home on Scott Street.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past year.

Mrs. John Darling has returned from a brief visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron will soon take possession of their Burlingame residence, which is rapidly nearing completion.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie are en route to New York and will sail next week for Europe, where they will spend six months.

Major Robert Thornburg, U. S. A., will leave in April for the Philippine Islands.

Captain Albert W. Bjornsted, U. S. A., military attaché in Berlin, and Mrs. Bjornsted will spend the next month touring the Rhine country.

Lieutenant John D. Howard, U. S. A., has returned to his post on the Mexican border after having spent the holidays with Mrs. Howard, who is visiting her parents, Admiral Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. N., and Mrs. Chaffee, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Howard will join her husband early in February.

Mrs. Niblack, wife of Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., naval attaché in Berlin, has arrived in New York, and will come immediately to this city to visit her mother, Mrs. William P. Harrington.

Mrs. George French Hamilton and her children, Miss Katherine Hamilton and Mr. Adna Chaffee Hamilton, who also spent the holidays at the Chaffee home, have returned to Fort Riley, Kansas, where Captain Hamilton is stationed.

Mrs. Walter Finlay, wife of Colonel Finlay, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from the East, where she has been visiting relatives.

Chaplain John F. Fleming of the U. S. S. *California* and Mrs. Fleming are established in a home in Vallejo, where the cruiser will remain until March.

Lieutenant Albert S. Rees, U. S. N., who is attached to the naval training station on Yerba Buena, will soon be promoted to the grade of senior lieutenant. Mrs. Rees was formerly Miss Jennie Lee of this city.

Mrs. James Parker, Jr., wife of Lieutenant Parker, U. S. A., and her sister, Mrs. Richard Hammond, are visiting relatives in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Hammond will sail early in February for Panama.

Mr. De Witt Dougherty sailed last week for the Orient, where he will travel during the next two months.

Mrs. Hearst has gone East to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. William Chapin has returned from an extended visit in Seattle.

Mrs. Helen Hecht has been in New York over the holidays. She will next visit her brother, Mr. Summit L. Hecht, in Boston.

Lieutenant M. H. Thomlinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Thomlinson were made happy on January 14, 1912, by the advent of a son. Mrs. Thomlinson is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, in Berkeley. Lieutenant Thomlinson will arrive soon on leave and then return to Fort Harrison at Indianapolis.

San Francisco Orchestra Concerts.

The San Francisco Orchestra will this week give the last concerts but three of the series announced for its regular season of 1912-1913. On this Friday afternoon, the San Francisco Orchestra will hold its Eighth Symphony Concert, and give a programme that is especially recommended. Goldmark's overture, "In Springtime"; Tschaikowsky's wonderful Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Opus 36; Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl," and the Liszt Polonaise, No. 2, in E major, arranged for grand orchestra, are all included in the Friday programme.

On this Sunday afternoon the orchestra will give the ninth popular concert, and the music committee announces the appearance of Frances Rock-Shafter, pianist, as soloist, a pupil of Theodore Leschetizky of Vienna, under whose personal direction Miss Rock studied for several years. Miss Rock made her American début in Boston. Before the fire Miss Rock gave recitals of much interest to lovers of pianoforte music.

The complete programme for Sunday afternoon follows:

Mozart...........Overture, "Marriage of Figaro"
Saint-Saëns....................................
..Concerto for pianoforte No. 2, G minor, Op. 22
Frances Rock-Shafter
Moszkowski...........Suite, "From All Nations"
Russia, Germany, Poland, Spain,
Italy, Hungary.
Wagner..Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene
(From "The Valkyrie")

On Wednesday night, January 22, at 8:30 o'clock, the San Francisco Orchestra will give a special concert at the new Knights of Columbus Hall, Golden Gate Avenue near Jones Street. An excellent programme, including Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie," will be given.

On Sunday afternoon, January 26, a special concert will be given in the Auditorium of the new German House, Polk and Turk Streets. The programme will be devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner.

Seats for all concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Streets.

The Sembrich Concerts.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the queen of song and unquestionably the greatest vocal artist living, will give her first concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 19, at 2:30, assisted by the young Russian violoncello virtuoso, Gutia Casini, and the composer-pianist, Frank La Forge.

There is little left to tell the music lovers of this or any other community about the voice, art, and charm of Mme. Sembrich; she holds a position in the history of music that is unique, and she represents the vocal art in as great perfection as it is possible to attain.

The programme for Sunday includes the rarely heard and extremely difficult grand aria from Verdi's "Ernani," a group of six works by Schumann, Cornelius, and Brahms, and another group with compositions of Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Dalcroze, and Massenet. For her concluding number the diva will sing a vocal arrangement of the brilliant Strauss waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods."

Casini will play some beautiful 'cello solos by Davidoff, Chopin, and Klengel, and Frank La Forge will play two of his own works and the Toccata and Fugue by Bach-Taussig.

The second and farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 26, and will take the form of a strict song recital, Mme. Sembrich contributing the entire programme of twenty-five numbers. A special feature will be a group of folk songs of Canadian, Irish, Polish, New Grecian, Hungarian, Norwegian, and Russian origin, and sung in their original languages. Manager Greenbaum says that this will be the most remarkable programme ever offered in this city.

The box-offices for both concerts are now open at the music stores, and on Sunday after ten o'clock at the Columbia Theatre.

Next Friday afternoon, January 24, at 3:15, Sembrich and her assisting artists will give a special programme at Ye Libert Playhouse in Oakland. This programme will also include a group of folk-songs. The box-office will open Monday at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Pike, who was formerly Miss Edith Simpson, is the daughter of Captain Asa Simpson and the late Mrs. Simpson.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Dunbar has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The trustees of the Public Library have decided to accept the site selected by the building committee of the Grand Opera House, at McAllister, Larkin, and Hyde Streets, and give in exchange the site selected by the trustees for a new library at Larkin, Grove, and Hyde Streets, in the proposed Civic Centre.

One of the most shocking events ever chronicled in the city was the shooting of his young wife on Monday evening by Donald Jadwin, and an instant later the suicide of the murderer. The tragedy took place in the home of Mrs. J. A. Bauer, the grandmother of the young wife. The shooting was witnessed by her dinner guests, Mrs. Edward August Van Bergen, mother of the girl; Colonel and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster, Miss Enid Foster, and Nicholas Van Bergen, all relatives. The young couple had been married only seven months, and had quarreled and separated a few days before the sudden ending of their lives.

The Southern Pacific Company is now the owner of practically the entire block bounded by Mission, Steuart, Market, and East Streets, title having passed by the recording of deeds. This is the property on which it has been expected the company would eventually erect its depot for peninsula interurban business.

At a special meeting of the board of directors of the exposition W. W. Chapin was elected to fill the vacancy on the board caused by the resignation of C. W. Hornick. President Moore's appointment of Theodore Hardee as chief of the department of liberal arts was approved.

Vice-President William H. Crocker of the Exposition last Friday gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel to the Marquis de la Vega Inclan, representative of King Alfonso of Spain, who is here to note the plans and progress of the 1915 World's Fair.

Officers of the Union League Club were elected at the annual meeting. The new officers are: President, George Filmer; first vice-president, A. W. Scott, Jr.; second vice-president, F. V. Keesling; secretary, C. J. Wood; treasurer, H. F. Pernau; board of directors for the two-year term, V. W. Gaskill, W. Hanson, and H. C. Schaetzer. E. H. Tryon, the retiring president, was presented with a handsome hall clock. The club has a membership of 1300.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Cohan's Latest Comedy at the Columbia Theatre.

"Broadway Jones," George M. Cohan's latest and smartest play, is to be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for one week, beginning Sunday night, January 19, and closing Sunday night, January 26. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Cohan & Harris, the producers, have sent "Broadway Jones" to the Pacific Coast almost direct from the Atlantic side. The play proved a sensation in New York, where it enjoyed a long run, and also the approval of each and every dramatic critic of that city. It has been conceded the best play George Cohan has ever written, for the young actor has put a touch of nature into his latest work that lives long in the memory of the audience. The comedy is clean and will appeal to every one. It tells the story of a young Connecticut youth who has squandered a fortune in an endeavor to "burn up Broadway." Just as he thinks he has it properly incinerated, there comes the inevitable smash, and his money is all gone. Not only this, but he is heavily in debt. In despair he consents to marry an heiress old enough to be his mother. This is the predicament one finds "Broadway" Jones in when the curtain rises on the beginning of the play. The rapid-fire dialogue of the play is said to be eminently characteristic of the author.

An excellent company has been provided to enact the many rôles in "Broadway Jones," including John Webster, Ralph Morgan, Caroline Lill, George C. Staley, Daniel Burns, Jack Pierce, Marie Taylor, Fred Maynard, Grace Morrissey, Edith Lockett, George K. Henry, Charles H. Henderson, and Dore Rodgers.

Return of "Excuse Me" at the Cort Theatre.

"Excuse Me," the Pullman car farce that made for the two funniest weeks of the Cort Theatre last season, is coming back to that playhouse for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Sunday night, January 19. Henry W. Savage again presents the piece and announces a company and production on a par with the notable one of last year. The play is generally considered the cleverest farce of the day. Certainly it is the most thoroughly American. Rupert Hughes, the author, has reproduced in humorous fashion the idiosyncracies of many characteristic American types, but his caricatures are not overdrawn and the fun of his situations is not distorted.

Hughes has taken as his locale a Pullman train on the way to the Pacific Coast from Chicago, and his characters are the people one might expect to meet on such a journey. The illusion of train travel is well sustained.

Willis P. Sweatnam, greatest of the old-time minstrels, is in his old part of the colored porter, who murmurs "'Scuse me" every few minutes, corrals all the tips that are lying around loose, and furnishes most of the fun of the play. Sidney Greenstreet will again be seen as "Little" Jimmy Wellington, and Lalive Brownell as the missionary girl. Other well-known folk in the cast are Robert W. Frazer, William V. Strunz, Reeva Greenwood, Rita Otway, Enid Gray, and Ethel Weir.

"The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's exquisite fantasy, will be seen for the last time this Saturday night.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain three of the greatest headline acts in vaudeville. Ralph Herz and Will M. Cressy will be the two new stellar features. Mr. Herz, who is one of musical comedy's most popular stars, created and was featured in the principal rôle in "Madame Sherry," and subsequently appeared as the star of "Dr. Luxe" and "The Charity Girl." His appearance in vaudeville is an event of note. During his engagement many of his original descriptive songs will be heard for the first time.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, perennial favorites, will appear in Mr. Cressy's own sketch, "Town Hall Tonight," with its famous town hall manager and the kerosene circuit actress who is unhappily separated from her husband. Cressy is in the forefront of a certain type of rural comedian. He is a New Englander and knows all the ins and outs of New Hampshire bucolics so well that his clever acting of them seems mere naturalness. Miss Dayne has a spirit of humor of her own, reflecting back the rays of her husband's merrymaking. There are in vaudeville no two people more admired and respected. Their talent is remarkable and their methods legitimate.

Grant and Hoag, a clever and popular team, will present an amusing skit called "The Troublesome Trunk."

"Those French Girls" (Amoras Sisters), who will be included in the novelties of next week, are as versatile as any artists in vaudeville. They sing, dance, and are skilled exponents of physical culture.

Next week will conclude the engagement of Leo Fall's operetta, "The Eternal Waltz," which is proving the greatest sensation San Francisco vaudeville has ever known. It will also be the last of Morris and Allen, and Wilson's Comedy Circus, in which latter the kicking mule Obey goes on record as the funniest comedian in Orpheum annals.

Sunday matinée, January 26, Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) begins an engagement in "The Test," an adaptation of Victorien Sardou's play "A Wife's Peril."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Another of Ned Wayburn's big "girlie" productions is the stellar attraction of the new bill opening at the Pantages Theatre Sunday afternoon. Wayburn calls his latest effort "The Surf Bathers," and he has mounted the piece very handsomely. With "The Surf Bathers" are the famous English Daisies, eight dashing maids recruited from the music halls of London. The principals in the act are George Ebner, a comedian who introduces a number of impersonations, and Elizabeth Mayne, a pleasing actress with an elaborate wardrobe. Ted Baily's posing dogs take second position on the bill. Baily carries three beautiful white setters who enact scenes from famous hunting views. "The Devil Dandy" is the typing of Juno Salmo, an extraordinary contortionist, who has been one of the sensations of the Wintergarten, Berlin. Sherburne and Montgomery have a clever little playlet bordering on newspaper life, entitled "The Morning After." Killian and Moore give a novelty specialty in songs and saying of "Nowadays." Libonati, the xylophone expert, has proved one of the musical finds of the season. Two prime local favorites are Wells and Henry, who appear in an entertaining diversity termed "Those Two Happy Pals."

The Pantages management announces the exclusive privilege of showing for the first time on the Pacific Coast the great allegorical pictured masterpiece "The Pilgrim's Progress." It will be presented for one week commencing Sunday, January 26.

David Warfield Coming.

The Columbia Theatre on Monday night, January 27, will be the scene of the first appearance here of David Warfield in his latest success, "The Return of Peter Grimm." The comedian will appear in what is declared to be his most impressive portrayal, the cheery, gentle-hearted flower merchant, Peter Grimm. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is the latest play written by David Belasco, and is looked upon as his most inspired work. The production has, of course, been placed upon the stage under the personal direction of Mr. Belasco, and all details of the production as it was presented at the Belasco Theatre all last year in New York, together with the company supporting Mr. Warfield then, will be seen here. The advance sale of seats will open Thursday morning, January 23.

Lambardi Opera Company at the Valencia Theatre.

On Sunday night, January 26, the Lambardi Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company will open the second half of its season with a limited number of performances at the Valencia Theatre. A new heating system has been installed in the Class A playhouse, and Manager Will Greenbaum assures the public of a comfortable auditorium, special car service, and the finest operatic performances ever given in the United States at regular theatre rates. The management proposes to establish the Pacific Coast Opera Company as "the people's company at the people's prices," and during the season some special performances for students and wage-earners will be given with the prices lower than in the government-sustained opera houses of Europe.

Nowhere else in this country can such an aggregation of talent, including a triple cast of principals, a chorus of forty, an orchestra of forty, with adequate scenic and costume embellishments, be heard in the classic and modern operatic masterpieces at such a scale of prices.

For the opening performance "Aīda" has been selected, and Ester Adaberto, late of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will sing the title-rôle, and the new dramatic tenor, Eugenio Folco, will appear as Rhadames. Blanche Hamilton Fox, the American mezzo who has just completed a brilliantly successful season in the City of Mexico, will sing the rôle of Amneris, Nicoletti will be the Amonasro, and Martino the high priest. The new chef d'orchestre, Arturo Bovi, will conduct.

On Monday night, January 27, Regina Vicarino, who has been sharing the stellar honors with Bonci in Mexico, will appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Signor Agostini as Edgardo. Vicarino, it has been prophesied, will within ten years be as famous and popular as Tetrazzini. She is still in her early twenties and is a truly wonderful coloratura singer.

Tuesday night "Faust" will be given, with Lina Bertossi as Marguerite, and the new tenor, Bellingeri, as Faust; Wednesday night, "La Tosca," with Adaberto and Agostini; Thursday night, "Rigoletto," with Vicarino and Nicoletti; Friday night, the popular double bill of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Saturday matinée, "Lucia," and Saturday night "Aīda" will complete the first week's offerings.

The box-office will open next Wednesday, January 22, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and will be maintained there throughout the season.

For the second week the repertory will be "Fedora," "Thais," "Faust," "La Tosca," and "Mignon."

Following the Lambardi season, Adeline Genee and her complete ballet organization and symphony orchestra, direct from the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Houses, will give a few special performances at the Valencia Theatre. This is the most artistic ballet organization that has ever toured America. There will be sixty-five people with Genee.

"Conscience is what tells a man when he is doing wrong." "That may be true in your family," replied Mr. Meekton, "but my wife's name is Henrietta."—*Washington Star.*

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Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut	4.25

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Will you marry for love?" "Yes, if I can't do any better."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I do not think people should get married until they are thoroughly acquainted with each other." "What would you do—abolish matrimony?"—*Judge.*

"Now that you are wealthy, are you ever bothered by the friends you who had when you were poor?" "I never had any friends when I was poor."—*Houston Post.*

Doctor—You'll have to cut out some of this wine, woman, and song business; it's killing you. *Patient*—All right, doc; I'll never sing again.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

Mrs. Gnagg—I'll say this for my husband; he does not care for other women. *Miss Caustic*—Indeed! No doubt he imagines that all women are alike.—*Boston Transcript.*

Friend—Is your son still pursuing his studies at college? *Father (regretfully)*—He must be, for he doesn't seem to be catching up with any of them.—*Baltimore American.*

"He's one of our most successful financiers." "That so? I didn't know he was rich." "He isn't. But he's supporting a family of five on $12 a week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He—I think I'll go and get a drink now. *She*—But, darling, you know you swore off for a year. *He*—Yes; but two years elapse between this act and the next!—*The Club-Fellow.*

Griggs—Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer. *Briggs*—No you don't. No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever.—*Boston Transcript.*

"She told me that her father is going to let her go abroad to finish her musical education." "Well, if you were her father wouldn't you rather she would finish it abroad than here?"—*Houston Post.*

Mrs. Woyupp—Then you think they are really made for each other? *Mrs. Blasé*—Yes; he turned himself into an Episcopalian to catch her and she turned herself into a blonde to catch him.—*Town Topics.*

Mrs. Styles—Your friend's wife evidently was not around when they were giving out good looks. *Mr. Styles*—No, my dear. She was at the other place, where they were giving out money.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"You are the proprietor and a pharmacist of the first class?" "Yes, madam." "And you know your business well?" "From the foundation." "That is well. Give me two cents' worth of gum drops."—*Le Rire.*

Father—It's a curious thing that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you insist on it. *Daughter*—Yes, and whenever we are agreed the man objects.—*London Opinion.*

"Do you really love me?" she wrote. "Referring to my last letter," he promptly replied, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three, and passionately on pages four and five."—*Washington Herald.*

"Peck isn't happy. His wife is continually saying sharp and snappy things to him." "Why, he told me before he married her that was what he admired most about her." "Yes, but he considered it wit then."—*Boston Transcript.*

"A woman can stand the great calamities of life with fortitude." "Go on." "What worries her nearly to death is wondering whether she erased the price marks on all those Christmas presents or not."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wife—Why did you tell the Bâtsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato? *Hubby*—I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say!—*London Opinion.*

"I understand your wife is doing her own cooking?" "You are mistaken." "But Jinx told me she was." "Oh, that was just for a little while. Jinx was making us a visit and I guess she thought he had stayed long enough."—*Houston Post.*

"But how was it the fire gained such a hold? I understand you recently installed a motor engine here." "We did, but it happened that the head fireman had taken his wife and family out on it for an excursion that day."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Do you really believe, doctor, that your medicines really keep anybody alive?" asked the skeptic. "Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive in this town for twelve years."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Tom—You spend altogether too much money on that girl. Don't you know girls always accept everything a man gives them and then marry the fellow who saves his money? *Jack*—Sure I do. That's the reason I'm blowing in mine.—*Boston Transcript.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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The Basis of Credit.

In the suggestion of the President-elect in his Chicago address that "the credit of the country must be equalized" the schoolmaster as distinct from the statesman speaks loud. Credit, like kissing, goes by favor. It can no more be "equalized" by process of law than bodily health or temperamental spirits. Credit depends upon confidence and confidence depends upon many things, of which character, as Mr. Morgan has just told us, is the first and most important element. Within the week we have had an illustration right here at home. The courts have pronounced the Continental Building and Loan Society a solvent institution, yet thousands every day pass the doors of that institution on their way to deposit their money in the Hibernia and the German savings banks or with Mr. Hellman or Mr. Crocker. These institutions and these men have credit because they have public confidence, and no finding of court can "equalize" their deposits with that of an institution whose management is distrusted or whose responsibility is in question.

It is true enough that the vastly larger part of the business of the country is done upon the basis of credit. It is true that credit gives to those who possess it an advantage over those who do not. But credit, resting as it does upon confidence, is beyond the reach of law, clean outside the sphere of governmental authority or influence. If Mr. Wilson does not know this—and very obviously he does not—it is because he is a man of theory rather than a man of practical knowledge, because his notions of things have been acquired in his library and upon abstract considerations rather than in the counting room and in the world of affairs.

The only theory upon which credit may be "equalized" is that of an exact division among all men of the element of confidence. This may look easy to the sentimentalist, but to the eye of practiced judgment it is the most stupid and fatuous of manifest absurdities.

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Mr. Aked and San Francisco.

There seems to be some doubt as to the exact expressions used by the Rev. Mr. Aked at the recent meeting of the Committee on Public Morals. It need not be said that the object of the meeting was to consider the vice conditions now existing in San Francisco with a view to the advocacy of such ameliorative measures as might seem desirable and effective. The committee has, of course, no official status. Its functions are advisory, and it derives whatever importance it may have from the public spirit and civic wisdom of its members.

Mr. Aked naturally took a prominent part in the proceedings, since Mr. Aked takes care that his part in all proceedings shall be as prominent as a rather aggressive vanity can make it. He advanced a series of resolutions, and while speaking in support of these resolutions he was understood to say that San Francisco is the most wicked city in America and to threaten an exposure of her vice conditions in the course of a projected lecture tour. Incidentally he read a letter from some unnamed clergyman to the effect that San Francisco is the "mouth of hell."

Mr. Aked subsequently denied the use of the aforementioned threat. He said that it was a lie. But he admitted reading a letter from a clergyman in which this threat was specifically made. It was the other clergyman, he said, who made the threat and not himself. He explained further that he had indeed mentioned his own lecturing tour, but only to ask what would be the effect if he himself should speak as this other clergyman had threatened to do. Would not every newspaper in the country report it?

Now with no desire to mince words with Mr. Aked it may be said that his explanation helps him but little. His own version of his remarks constitutes a threat, and it was no less of a threat because thrown into the form of a tentative question. Indeed a direct expression of intention would have been somewhat less offensive than the veiled menace contained in the words that he admits having used. Whether or not Mr. Aked's denunciation of San Francisco would be reported by "every newspaper in the country" is a matter of opinion, but it is at least significant that Mr. Aked should make such an estimate of his own notoriety. If we may judge from the equanimity with which New York bade him farewell we may reasonably believe that Mr. Aked's opinions are a matter of general indifference except to those under the personal glamour of an egotism that is sometimes amusing and always interesting.

Now with Mr. Aked's opinion of San Francisco the *Argonaut* has no immediate concern. Nor is it interested in letters written by anonymous and pharasaical clergymen who are so noisy and so impudent in their thanks to God that they are not as other men that they forget the command not to bear false witness against their neighbors. San Francisco has had past experience of these unctuous clergymen who gravitate to our social garbage like flies [illegible] a carcass, and it has been her habit, perhaps unwisely, to ignore them. If we were inclined to imitate Mr. Aked's elegances of expression we should say that this particular clergyman lied. We might similarly borrow from Mr. Aked's vocabulary in repudiating his own statement that San Francisco is the most immoral city in America. When he said that he spoke what was false and what he knew to be false. It was his passion for self-display that led him into that mendacity.

Now if Mr. Aked intends to participate in the citizenship of San Francisco it would be well for him to revise his present conceptions of propriety. They need all the revision that he can give to them. That Mr. Aked should be ignorant of the spirit and traditions of San Francisco is natural enough. That he should display a certain spirit of self-satisfaction and a certain aggressive consciousness of his own merits is doubtless due to the adulation first accorded to him in New York, although never in his own country, and is therefore pardonable. But he would do well to remember that while San Francisco is always ready to appreciate benevolence and devotion she has no reverence for a clerical caste as such, and no disposition to be hectored, scolded, bullied, or slandered by clergymen merely on the strength of their cloth. And it should not be necessary further to remind Mr. Aked that he is not only a stranger in San Francisco, but also a foreigner, and that while special courtesies are due to strangers and foreigners those courtesies should be merited by the restraints of speech and of criticism that in Mr. Aked are noticeable by their absence. These restraints are demanded by ordinary good manners, but since Mr. Aked never allows us to forget his calling it may be said that they are still more demanded by a religion which recommends humility, modesty, and diffidence as greater virtues than self-assertion, self-display, and self-conceit.

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The Home Rule Bill.

The bill granting home rule to Ireland which passed the House of Commons last week is the third of its kind to run the same gauntlet. The first was in the closing days of Mr. Gladstone's career, and its fate was sealed by adverse action by the House of Lords. The second similar measure passed the Commons two years ago, and was likewise defeated in the House of Lords. But this second defeat was the undoing of the Lords themselves, for shortly thereafter and as a direct result of an agitation precipitated by the rejection it was duly fixed in the constitution of England that no veto of a Commons bill by the Lords shall have power to defer any measure for a period longer than two years.

Under the rule thus established the Lords must now consider promptly the bill just sent up, and if it shall be rejected there must be a delay of two years. If at the end of this period the Commons shall again pass the bill it becomes law despite the Lords. It is a foregone conclusion that the bill will be rejected by the Lords; and it is the confident belief of the Liberal interest that it will be reënacted by the Commons and that two years from now, or shortly thereafter, a local Irish government will be set up. If in the meantime the present Liberal government should fail and there should come in another less favorable to Ireland the whole business will go over. Of this there is now no indication. The tendency of the times is distinctly the other way; there is every prospect that the Liberals will hold the government and that they will reënact the Irish bill when the time for action comes again.

The sympathies of the world are clearly with the proposal for local self-government for Ireland in one form or another. This does not imply approval at all points of the present measure. It may be and probably is defective, as the Conservatives vehemently declare. But the principle behind it—that of the right of the Irish people to govern themselves in their domestic affairs—is one which the common sense and the sympathy alike of the whole civilized world cordially supports. Nobody outside the ranks of ultra-conservatism, nobody free from the influences of established and hereditary privilege, sees any reason why there should be denied to Ireland rights which have been granted to every other country in the empire. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and more recently South Africa—South Africa, only yesterday in open warfare against the empire—have been granted the fullest measure of local self-government. Why not Ireland? The answer to this query is never anything more or better than a prejudiced and angry retort that Ireland is unfit for self-government, that she is priest-ridden, and that in some way never fairly explained self-government would be a menace to England and a disruption of the foundations of the empire. All of which is the merest claptrap—founded in prejudice and an inveterate distrust and nourished in the spirit of a profound and reasonless prejudice.

If it be admitted that the southern and more populous part of Ireland is under the domination of a religious sect, that fact does not nullify the elementary rights of a people in all ways civilized and privileged under every principle respected in the modern world to be governed by its own agents and under whatever ideas and rules it may elect. The cry that Catholic South Ireland would impose unbearable hardships upon Protestant North Ireland is at its best a mere theory; and it becomes ridiculous in view of the fact that the country might very easily be organized under separate local jurisdictions, each with its own local system, precisely as this sort of thing is done in American territories and elsewhere. Or if objection be made to this proposal there should be no difficulty in so guaranteeing the rights of North Ireland as to prevent reprisals and persecutions.

The theory that Ireland made free precisely as Canada and South Africa are free would endanger the empire savors more of hysteria than of sober statecraft. A free and loyal Ireland must surely be better for the empire than an oppressed and dissatisfied Ireland. It can not be that a system which works successfully elsewhere can be fatally and dangerously wrong at this point alone.

Ten years ago any Englishman would have regarded with horror the thought of a free and self-governing South Africa. Today a free and self-governing South Africa stands among the firmest supports of the empire. Ten years from now the world will wonder at the arrogance, stupidity, and timidity which sees a bogy of disaster in a free and self-governing Ireland.

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Poison Instead of Dynamite.

It will be remembered that a certain agitator named Ettor was recently tried upon a charge of inciting to murder in connection with the Lawrence strike. He was acquitted, and no doubt properly acquitted in deference to the technicalities and the scruples of the law. Now we find this same Ettor plunging into the waiters' strike in New York and using language so incendiary, let us say so murderous, as to induce regrets for the leniency of a law that has already acquitted him of a similar offense and that seems still unable to call him effectually to account.

There were several reports of Ettor's speech and they all agree in substance and nearly all in the precise words. Addressing the striking waiters, he said:

> If you are compelled to go back under conditions that are unsatisfactory to you, go back with the determination to stick together and with your minds made up that it will be the unsafest proposition in the world for any capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your union.

Now there can be only one meaning to this, and it is a murderous meaning. It means that if these waiters are not satisfied with the conditions of their work they should show their dissatisfaction by poisoning the food of their customers. The use of poison is forbidden in war, but not, it seems, in the labor conflict. Dynamite being impossible by the conditions of hotel service, an efficient substitute may be found in strychnine or prussic acid. Ettor denies that his words were intended as an incitement to murder, but the words themselves are more convincing than the denials. Denials, as we all know, are the order of the day when retribution comes in sight. Mr. Gompers denied all knowledge of the McNamara crimes. So did Tveitmoe. That Ettor advocated murder is obvious to every sane mind. What effect must that advocacy have had upon minds already inflamed and passionate, already educated in the conviction that labor organizations may do what they please to rectify their grievances?

It seems that there is no law in New York which makes it a criminal offense to advocate murder so long as the victims do not belong to the official classes. It is a crime to recommend that the governor of New York, for example, be poisoned, but it is not a crime to advise the poisoning of a capitalist. Probably no one ever imagined that a vicious savagery would go so far as to preach the assassination of a class, and still less by so abhorrent a method as poison. But the law must do what it can to keep pace with the criminal. Civilization and the Ettors can not walk abreast.

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Purity, Economy, and Efficiency.

The controversy between Governor Johnson and Mr. W. H. Storms, state mineralogist, is worth attention, not so much because the immediate matters under discussion are important, as because of the light incidentally thrown upon reform methods in administering state affairs. The board of control, which is the official name of a commission through which the governor "runs things," has reported irregularities in Storms's administration, the chief and most heinous count in the indictment being that he has permitted subordinates in the mining bureau to draw small sums in advance on salary account under the familiar "tag" system. That is to say when janitors, curators, stenographers, and other employees have needed a dollar or two before pay day they have been allowed to get it by signing a "tag," to be subtracted in due course from their salaries when regularly due. The system is not a good one from any point of view, nevertheless it is one which prevails widely, as every employer knows. If it be true that Mr. Storms has permitted this practice in his office he has done wrong—not a great wrong, to be sure, but still wrong enough to merit censure.

But the real interest in this affair does not so much rest upon a trivial delinquency in administrative routine as in the circumstances which led up to the interest of the board of control in the work of the mining bureau. The story is one of several chapters and fortunately for the truth of history its essential points are matters of official record. In a full and illuminating letter Mr. Storms has embodied statements both important and interesting. And here it is proper to say that Mr. Storms is no mere political roustabout, but a man of distinction in his profession. His public and professional employments have included service with leading mining companies and a long and successful editorship of the *Mining and Scientific Press* of this city.

In the latter part of 1911 Mr. Storms made application for appointment to the office of state mineralogist, his application being endorsed by Messrs. Fred W. Bradley, John A. Mackenzie, Mark L. Requa, C. W. Merrill, and Curtis H. Lindley. Later Governor Johnson invited Mr. Storms to a conference and told him he should have the appointment if he would agree to give positions in the bureau to two persons, Mrs. Mary Kingsford and Henry McCann. The governor wanted for Mrs. Kingsford a "place" paying $125 per month with any old job for McCann. Storms gave the governor his promise to employ these people as required. When he took office the governor's two friends were promptly on hand, but neither had any qualifications of any kind. Storms had promised Mrs. Kingsford that she should have a salary of $125 a month, but he could find nothing by which she could earn that sum or any other. There had been on the rolls under the previous administration an "assistant statistician" at $90 per month, and though Mrs. Kingsford had no experience or qualification of any kind he gave her this job at $100 per month. McCann wanted to be made curator, but his life occupation as a tailor had not fitted him for a highly technical position, therefore he was put down as "messenger" and accorded a salary of $100 per month. These arrangements were made to please Governor Johnson, under Storms's agreement with him, plus Mrs. Kingsford's personal explanation that she had been a client of Governor Johnson's and he wished her to be "happy."

On December 19th, two and a half weeks after he had assumed office, Mr. Storms received the following letter from Governor Johnson:

> Sacramento, December 18, 1911.
>
> Mr. W. H. Storms, State Mineralogist, San Francisco—*My Dear Mr. Storms:* I haven't troubled you since your appointment concerning Mrs. Kingsford, but this is the one matter in which I am very much interested and which, that there might be no misunderstanding between us, I took up in advance with you. I haven't heard from you regarding the matter, so I write to inquire what the situation is in her case. Would you do me the kindness, please, to let me know? I would be very glad, too, if you would send me a list of your appointees, with salaries of each. Sincerely yours,
>
> Hiram W. Johnson, Governor.

In his reply Storms explained that he had given Mrs. Kingsford the position of assistant statistician at $100 per month, regretting that he could not pay the $125 per month he had promised, but hoping to see his way clear later on, etc.

All went well, according to Mr. Storms's statement, for a time, Mr. Storms feeling especially comfortable in having two close friends of the governor in association with his office. Within a few days after the letter above quoted Governor Johnson looked in upon Mr. Storms at his office in the Ferry Building and asked if he could not "strain a point" and give Mrs. Kingsford the $125 per month he had promised. The point was strained, and despite the fact that Mrs. Kingsford was a purely ornamental factor in the work of the bureau, her salary was fixed at the sum the governor demanded. But not long after trouble began to brew in the bureau. Mrs. Kingsford "showed signs of dissatisfaction," she declaring to other employees that "she had as much right in the bureau as the state mineralogist, having been placed there by her friend the governor, and that she recognized no authority in the bureau but the governor." At the same time her work was unsatisfactory. All that she did had to be done over again. Being incompetent for the minor duties assigned her, she wanted a higher position—she wanted to be librarian, a work calling for wide knowledge of the literature of mines and mining. Then McCann, being incompetent and negligent as a messenger or janitor's assistant, wanted to be curator, for which he had no qualification at all, "scarcely knowing one mineral from another."

Then came into the board Mr. E. C. Hutchinson, who appears to have known so little of the duties of a trustee as to make a thorough investigation of the affairs of the bureau. By this inquiry it was developed that $225 per month was being paid to two useless persons. By request of the board Storms called on the governor, set forth the condition of affairs, and asked for relief. At this the governor, as Mr. Storms puts it, became irritated and remarked that since the board had started in to investigate affairs he should do a little investigating himself. Then followed a series of visits from the governor's secretary and experts in the service of the board of control, developing the fact as above set forth that Storms had permitted subordinates in his office to draw ahead of pay day various sums covered by "tags." "Ever since I asked the governor," says Storms, "to give us relief in the matter of the employment of two useless people in the state mining bureau we have had more or less difficulty with the board of control. * * * I appear to be the victim of misplaced confidence. I think I took Governor Johnson too seriously in his demand for efficiency and economy in office."

The governor's reply is a statement in imitation of the chief Bull Moose that "Storms belongs to the class of human beings who bite the hand which feeds them." Concurrently it is announced that Storms is to be dismissed. This will give the governor the chance to advance his friend McCann, the Auburn tailor, to the curatorship or possibly even higher. And it will create a situation which ought to make the governor's friend Mrs. Kingsford entirely "happy."

The whole incident beautifully illustrates the advantages of purity, economy, and efficiency in the administration of state affairs.

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The Sunday Law.

Each legislature witnesses a renewal of the attempt to get a Sunday law upon the statute books of California. So far every such mischievous effort has been beaten, and we may hope that the defeat of the latest measure will now be so decisive as to discourage all future hopes to put religious persecution upon a legal basis.

For a Sunday law means religious persecution. Let there be no doubt about that. The provision for the exemption of religious organizations that observe some other day than Sunday is itself a peculiarly intolerable feature of an intolerable bill, seeing that it gives to a policeman the right to inquire into the religious convictions of a citizen. If California is prepared to sanction such a pernicious inquisition as that she must have departed radically from the traditions that have made her what she is.

The churches that have instigated this bill have acted in a singularly ill-advised way. Disguise the matter how they will, by pleas for "rest" or in any other manner, their object is to induce a certain Sunday observance that will react to their benefit. But whether they fail or succeed the effort itself will provoke resentment. The religion that is not spontaneous is worthless, and every law that interferes with elementary human rights reacts upon its authors and sponsors. Every man has a right to do as he pleases so long as he does not infringe the rights of others. An attempt legally to dictate what a man shall or shall not do upon a particular day of the week is a hateful attack upon liberty and likely to be far more disastrous to its creators than to its victims.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Munsey.

No one ever supposed that the bonds of political conjugality would prove permanent in the case of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Munsey or that the usual decree *nisi* would be long delayed. In every union of this kind that is to endure there must be some kind of reciprocity, some sort of willingness to give and take, and it is probable that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Munsey has ever conceded anything to any one in the whole course of his life, or ever thought of doing so. Each was willing to use the other so long as their interests happened to coincide. They no longer coincide, and therefore a rupture was inevitable. Entire selfishness is fatal to political partnerships and indeed to all other partnerships, and entire selfishness is the rock upon which this particular alliance has split. Mr. Munsey as the proprietor of a chain of newspapers sees neither profit nor glory in belonging to a "hopeless minority," and therefore advocated a Republican reunion on a tariff basis. No one knows better than Mr. Roosevelt that a Republican reunion would mean the submergence of himself by at least half a dozen men of greater ability and without the disadvantages of a factional record. Mr. Roosevelt would rather be the unchallenged despot of a fragmentary group than place himself in comparison with the many more available men than himself who would come to the front in a united party. Mr. Munsey's loaves and fishes are of a different kind. In his business he needs impressiveness, majorities, and acclaim. He needs to speak in the name of regularity and political propriety. He hoped to get these things by his first alliance with Mr. Roosevelt, but as Mr. Roosevelt has not delivered the goods the alliance is at an end. Mr. Munsey has no use for forlorn hopes. He has been edging his way back to regularity for some weeks past, as witness his unpardonable allusion to the Sherman law as "a great work of genius" and in itself a sufficient solution of the trust problem without further tinkering, and this with a full knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt's contrary opinion as communicated to the *Outlook*. Obviously he is a rebel and a malcontent, lacking in submissiveness and reverence, and fully capable of saying a good word even for Mr. Taft, with whose opinions on the Sherman law he seems now to be in agreement.

But Mr. Munsey's rebellion is likely to do good. It struck a note that has already met with a response from prominent Eastern Republicans, who are feeling the need for a new cohesion in front of Democratic victories. And Mr. Roosevelt's mania for dictatorship will not be allowed to stand in the way.

Senator Owens and the Recall.

The bill introduced by Senator Owens for the better regulation of the recall procedure is not likely to receive the smiles of a state administration that thrives upon impetuous enthusiasms and the clamor of sectional greeds. None the less the bill is one of the many signs of a healthy reaction against the monkey-house order of politics designed to bring the noisiest, rather than the best, men to the front.

Senator Owens's bill is a moderate one, but that will not save it from the administrative ban. Accepting the principle of the recall, he would strip it of its more scandalous concomitants. First of all it forbids the circulation of recall petitions. It requires that they shall be deposited for signature in certain specified places, so that the voter shall go to the petition instead of the petition being brought to him. Secondly it requires that every petition for a recall shall be accompanied with another petition against the recall, so that those who disapprove may have the opportunity to say so specifically and in such a way that their disapproval shall be counted. There are other features in the bill, but these are the salient ones. That they are suggestions of obvious value, that they would conduce to a genuine expression of public opinion, that they would prevent the more vicious forms of recall persecution, will probably avail them little, but it is just as well that there should be an open vote for and against the perpetuation of a scandal.

For every one knows that the circulation of a recall petition, or indeed of any other kind of petition, is a scandal and a farce. Every one knows that 90 per cent of those who will sign almost any petition that is put in front of them will not take the trouble to walk around the block for the same purpose, and that the "opinions" of such people have no more value than those of a canary. Every one knows that there is hardly a case on record where a canvasser, paid by results, has failed to produce the requisite number of signatures, or ever will fail so long as ink is cheap and plentiful. And yet it is by such mechanism as this that honorable men can be assailed and smirched. It is by a procedure such as this that the unintelligence, the vanity, and the spite of a community can be organized as a perpetual threat to electoral order.

The case of Judge Weller is, of course, cited as proving the value of the recall. It proves nothing of the sort. Judge Weller may or may not be culpable. A considerable number of the police courts of America may or may not be highly organized and highly efficient branches of the white slave trade. But the remedy is not the recall. The only possible remedy for the election of bad judges is the election of good judges, and this is a proposition so self-evident that it should commend itself even to the intelligence of a Johnsonian progressive. The only possible justification for the recall is the plea that the people are not competent to elect good judges, a plea that might very properly be made and that is made tacitly by advocates of the recall. But if the people are incompetent to elect good judges they are equally incompetent to invoke the recall, since the same people who would elect a bad man would recall a good one. The recall is, of course, a piece of hysterical quackery that is already self-doomed, and Senator Owens's bill, whether successful or unsuccessful, is a nail in its coffin.

Editorial Notes.

Evidently the sacred cause of labor is not without its rewards, since Mrs. Tveitmoe is in possession of property of the value of $70,000 which is available for the release upon bail of her husband. The incident should serve as a stimulus to the ambitions of youth, already over-prone to lament that the days of opportunity have passed. It is only a few years ago since this horny-handed son of toil came to California with the sweat of a Minnesota penitentiary fresh upon his brow. His offense against a brutal capitalism is said to have been that of forgery, and it was natural that so valiant a revolt against the conventional ideas of property should endear Mr. Tveitmoe to the comrades of San Francisco and should lead him into the foremost position in the ranks. There is nothing to show whether Mr. Tveitmoe brought anything with him to California in the shape of a nest egg, whether there was any small residue from his Minnesota adventures. Presumably not. We may suppose that he had to begin once more at the bottom of his ladder and make his way to the top by those peculiar gifts first evidenced in Minnesota and lately displayed afresh by the proceedings at Indianapolis. Mr. Tveitmoe never seemed to have anything particular to do, at least not in daylight nor of the kind that decent folk applaud, but whatever he did must have been remunerative—in a small way, of course—since property to the value of $70,000 is so easily raised for his liberation. It is an inspiring spectacle and one calculated to animate our youth with a due sense of the ignominy of work, which is rarely rewarded upon a scale so munificent. Now what could have been the source of that property? Is it possible that we have a clew, as the detectives say, to the whereabouts of that vast sum of money raised for the McNamara defense, and raised from workmen all over the country to whom $70,000 would seem an impossible dream?

The late Professor James of Harvard University, philosopher and man of letters, during the later years of his life took an active interest in the work of the Society for Psychical Research. Some time before his death he entered into an understanding with his friend, Dr. Hyslop, a fellow-enthusiast about psychical matters, under which it was agreed that he would, if it were possible to do so, communicate with him (Hyslop) from the spirit world. Dr. James died some two years or more ago; and now comes Dr. Hyslop with the grave statement that he receives occasional messages from his late friend through the agency of an "entranced" boy of fifteen. It would be natural to expect from a man of Dr. James's high culture and serious interests in life and mind messages bearing some relationship to serious things. It would seem that his spirit should in its communications reflect the tone and quality of the man as he lived upon earth. Indeed it is not conceivable that Dr. James, attempting from the spirit world to confirm theories of spirit-life held by himself and others, should pass by serious matters to chatter about trivialities. Therefore when Dr. Hyslop tells us that the spirit of Dr. James warns him against a bug-a-boo styled a "poltergeist," which has a habit of throwing ink-stands in the dark and exposing razor-blades and matches where they may do harm, we are inclined to doubt. When we are told further that the spirit of Dr. James instructs Dr. Hyslop to formulate an essay opposing "votes for women" with the discreet injunction not to tell his wife the tendency to smile becomes irresistible. Before the *Argonaut* can be convinced that Dr. James is at the spirit-world end of this particular telephone there must come out of it something in better accord with the mind of Dr. James as we knew it on earth.

The pudding, if by this suggestive figure of speech we may designate a present administration of state affairs, is proving its quality in the preparations now being made at Sacramento for its eating. State Controller Nye has been a member of the board which makes up the financial budget and he has been very much more than a cipher in its operations. For some weeks past he has been busy with his associates preparing the list of demands to be made by the various agencies of expenditure upon the state treasury. But before completion of the work he has suddenly and with some emphasis pulled himself loose. The cause of Mr. Nye's retirement is no secret. His ideas of limit to state expenditure run to the sum of $14,000,000, while the ideas of those who more directly represent the governor go to the handsomer figure of $26,639,526—this besides a vast grist of special demands to be presented in behalf of special purposes and particular constituencies. To put it briefly, Mr. Nye gets out because he will not stand for demands aggregating more than eight and a half million dollars which he thinks unnecessary and preposterous. The governor has not yet been heard from with respect to this newest instance of official treason, but we suspect that he is almost as mad inside as he was when Mr. Nye refused to accept the Bull-Moose programme last fall and announced that he would cast his vote, not for Mr. Roosevelt, but for Mr. Wilson.

The Pile Drivers and Structural Ironworkers' Union, No. 77, has taken steps to bring to the attention of the governor the reprehensible conduct of George P. Feeley and to request that the said Feeley be summarily dismissed from his position of head draughtsman for the state harbor board. Feeley's offense was certainly one of great gravity, and since it is not yet included in a still imperfect criminal code it is only fitting that the governor should do prompt justice in the matter. For it seems that this malefactor not only refused to pay his back dues to the union, but actually tore up his union card in order to display his contempt for the union officials. Surely blasphemy can go no further than this. But a special appeal to the governor should not be necessary in the case of such flagrant misdeeds as Feeley's. The police should be empowered to act promptly and effectively in order that such scandals may be wholly suppressed. Let it be understood that any one speaking or acting disrespectfully toward a labor union, its officials, its cards, its badges, its walking delegates, or its dynamiters shall be liable to arrest and the third degree. We have already seen the arrest of a restaurant proprietor for the crime of writing on his own window, but evidently the lesson was not enough, as witness the behavior of the miscreant Feeley, who was not satisfied with feeling contempt for the union, but who actually showed it. The governor should now nip this incipient rebellion in the bud. He should discharge Feeley and he should deduct the union dues from his salary.

We note the suggestion that under the projected Democratic tariff bill lemons are to be put upon the free list and that the duty on oranges is to be cut in two. It is needless to point out that these proposals indicate a policy extremely hurtful to leading California interests. We ought to be in the position to make effective protest at Washington, but in view of the political events of the past two years the outlook is not hopeful. The incident illustrates impressively the position in which the Johnsonian politics has placed us.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The spread of scientific knowledge receives ungratifying proof from an appeal addressed to the federal authorities by four eminent criminologists of Chicago. Professor Haines, Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, Mr. Olsen, and Dr. Hoffmau are responsible for an assurance that criminals, and especially murderers, have now become so scientific that only scientists can catch them and that a special board must be created to make war upon the educated malefactor. Two of the newer methods of murder are specifically indicated, and they are an unpleasant reminder of some of the old Borgia crimes. The first is to inoculate the victim with cobra poison, of which a little goes a long way, and that can easily be introduced into the blood by means of a trifling scratch. The second mode is to place a few disease germs in the food or drink of the victim. Mr. Olsen tells us that frequent efforts are made to obtain disease germs and that these are usually intended for murder, and he draws a cheerful picture of the "many persons" who die in an apparently normal way and surrounded by their families, but who actually owe their fate to snake poison or to disease germs deliberately administered. Now this is a sad and sorry state of affairs. It almost makes us wish that there were no such things as disease germs or that the sportive little demons had never been detected by the medical eye. We seem to be perfectly helpless against this new kind of murder, and all that we can do is to refrain from giving offense to any one or amassing riches that can make us the objects of cupidity. But where do the murderers get their cobras from? One would suppose that there are few things so hard to obtain as cobras.

Microbe poisoning has always been a fascinating pursuit in the East, and its introduction to America illustrates the old saying, *Ex Oriente Lux*. But they do it on a large scale in these older and greater civilizations. You take a cholera or plague victim and just throw him into the village well. If he is not already dead he soon will be. So will every one who drinks the water. We may eventually reach the larger vision here, but in the meantime it is almost as hard to get a complete cholera or plague patient as it is to get a cobra.

Governor Marshall of Indiana, the next Vice-President of the United States, is occasionally fortunate with his epigrams—a rare gift in Vice-Presidents. Abraham Lincoln, says Mr. Marshall, would not have been a biblical or Shakespearean scholar had he lived in a town with a Carnegie library. That is unquestionably true. And he would not have been a great man at all if he had had a wealthy father and the "advantages" of a modern education.

By the way, is it not a little curious that nearly every time nature needs a supremely great man she seeks him from just those environments of poverty and struggle that we uplift people regard it as our supreme mission to abolish? Lincoln, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Cromwell, and Shakespeare are but a few from a long list. And yet we still fatuously suppose that our systems of higher education are affording genius an opportunity to disclose itself. So far genius has diffidently evaded her chances.

Dr. Wakeling, the Egyptologist, tells us that it is useless to warn the tourist against the fake curio. He buys and is sold with an unfailing regularity, and hardly any imitation is too gross to deceive him. Dr. Wakeling tells us of a lady who bought a scarab from a boy who assured her that he had himself stolen it from the excavations in the Temple of Aknaton. And she displayed her treasure triumphantly and always with the words, "And I am sure it must be true, for he had such an honest little face."

Nearly twenty of the more commonly used drugs have advanced in price as a result of the war. In some cases, such as that of opium, the production itself has been curtailed, since nearly all medicinal opium is grown in Turkey. In other cases the shortage and the consequent high prices are due to the immense demands of the armies in the field. This is especially true of quinine, which is needed in large quantities to ward off malaria and the other results of exposure.

The war tension in Europe must be a very real thing when armies are actually facing each other across the frontier lines. Thus we read of a misunderstood military order on the French frontier near Arracourt, an order that was translated into a general mobilization and that not only made the frontier towns shake in their shoes, but produced a flurry on the Paris bourse. Indeed a partial mobilization actually took place, and if the German garrisons had shown a similar impetuosity it is easy to see that some one might have been hurt. Another sidelight on the reality of the war flurry comes from the announcement that Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, has been ordered to join his regiment. One would think that even Austria could find some better work for Kreisler's hands than to wield a cavalry sabre. Even Russia is more civilized than this, since Mischa Elman has been excused from all military duty and permitted to glorify his native land in ways more practical than the firing of a rifle.

And speaking of the war scare in Europe, it seems that M. Millerand, the minister of war, has a bone to pick with the Syndicalist Confederation of Labor, whose efforts on behalf of "peace" have produced so many desertions from the army as to constitute a national danger. The confederation, says M. Millerand, believes in peace abroad, but not at home. It holds up its hands in pious horror at the prospect of war with Germany, but it is ceaseless in its provocations to civil war between classes, and between those who receive wages and those who pay them. But in spite of the desertions M. Millerand has no doubt that the country will rise as one man and hurl itself against its foes as soon as the diplomats give the word, and he seems to have some justification for his faith when we read of the excitement at Arracourt and the enthusiasm created by the boy scouts now so successfully animated by the inspiring and ennobling word Revenge.

It is said that Pope Pius has sent a message to the Balkan conference in London urging that the Holy Land be wrested from Turkish control. For the credit of Christianity we may hope that the report is untrue. The Crusades deluged the Holy Land in blood a thousand years ago, and since then a good many terrible wars have been waged under the hideous conviction that Providence can be pleased or propitiated by violence and murder. There are no such abominable words in the language as a holy war, and if they are actually in use today it says little for the evolution of the race during ten centuries.

Who are the people who believe in the fatality of the number 13? Disclaiming all such superstition for ourselves, we also fail to find it among our friends, all of whom hasten to make the conventional disavowals. And yet the London county council has just waived its rule requiring the orderly numbering of streets. Henceforth No. 13 may be omitted so as to outwit the angel of bad luck in search of his favorite number for the bestowal of his malevolences. It is aristocratic London that avoids No. 13, not plebeian London. The vast East End with its squalors and miseries is indifferent to omens, possibly because its familiarity with ill-fortune has brought with it the proverbial contempt.

But now we are immersed in the atmosphere of a 13 that we can not avoid since it is the year 1913, and not even the London county council may tamper with the Christian chronology. All that we can do is to be more careful than usual about the 13s that we can avoid. To sit 13 at table during the present year will indicate a more than usual amount of cussedness, since even the actuarial tables of the insurance companies show us that out of the ordinary mixed company of 13 adult guests the chance that all will live for a year is not a very good one. Of course if we increase the number to fourteen the likelihood of a death is still larger. By the way Richard Wagner was essentially a child of the number 13, according to "Literary Curiosities." He was born in 1813. Add the numbers 1, 8, 1, 3 and we have again 13. Wagner had 13 letters in his name. He composed 13 great works. He finished "Tannhäuser" on April 13 and it was produced on March 13. And Wagner died on February 13, after a life that even pessimism can hardly call unlucky. But then, of course, geniuses are different. To observe the number 13 is like infant baptism. It can not possibly do any harm..

Mr. Loraine Petre has managed to say something almost new about Napoleon, no small feat in these days of intimate research. In his "Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813," he tells us that Napoleon's overthrow was accompanied, if not actually caused by, the changed conditions of his adversaries. He found himself no longer fighting against dynasties with their disciplined and hired armies, but against whole peoples, "encouraged by the examples of Spain and Russia to rise *en masse* against the tyranny of the oppressor." Mr. Petre reminds us of the story first told by Lord Acton of Napoleon's realization that his star was on the decline. Lord Acton says: "Having been repulsed at Laon by the Prussians, Napoleon tried his fortune against the Austrians, and was defeated at Arcis. It was here he understood that the end had come, and that he rode forward and stood over a shell about to explode. An officer, on the point of uttering a warning cry, was stopped by another, who said: 'Don't you see that he is doing it on purpose, and wants to have it over?'" It is related that Grouchy said of Napoleon at Waterloo: "Il a oublié l'art de la guerre."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

"Potluck" is defined in a such a practical way in Limoges, France, that the beholder ever after remembers that it means, "take what you get and say nothing." In a certain corner of that quaint city of jostling roofs there is still segregated, much as if in a ghetto, a Saracen population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter and outside of each steams a great pot of soup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot. When a customer comes with a penny in goes the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer has to take.

The new state penitentiary which has been designed for Illinois will have the best features known in modern architecture for buildings of this kind, such as sunshine in every cell, circular cellhouses, and outside cell for each prisoner. The circular arrangement of cells is the European plan, and is considered much more healthy. In a little while, perhaps (suggests the New Orleans *Picayune),* state officials will change the name of penitentiaries to "hotels for the detention of criminals."

North Dakota capitalists have purchased a twelve-acre ranch in Saskatchewan, Canada, where they will raise work cattle for the market. Oxen are in greater demand by the farmers of that section than horses, the ranchmen declare, and for many years it has been impossible to supply the demand.

INTAGLIOS.

The Three Kisses.

The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not,
And earth's forgot,
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay,
When dead lips tell
We must sob farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.
—*Susie M. Best.*

King Apollo.

When my lady sleeping lies,
Her sweet breaths her lips unbar,
Which, when King Apollo spies,
With dream footfall not to mar
The dear sleep,
Through the rosy doors ajar
He with golden thoughts doth creep.
—*Michael Field.*

An Answer.

"The gods have hated me," one said,
"That they send black-browed Woe to sit
Beside my hearth." Her sombre head
Woe raised, and answered: "Slow of wit

"In sooth thou art, and dull of sight,
Who thus the eternal gods dost blame.
To those whom the gods' hate doth blight
Is sent in wrath, not woe, but shame!"—*Anon.*

Good-Night.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand,
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there!
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night.
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands? Ah! then,
I'll have to say good-night again.
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Expectation.

Between the sunset and the sun
Night slumbers on the sleeping bars
And through its curtain, one by one,
Gleam tender glances of the stars
Between the sunset and the sun.

And so between my love's lips lies
An untold message meant for me;
Whether 'twill bring me sweet surprise,
Or dole, or doubt, or Paradise,
Is known alone to destiny.

Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears
Between her eyelids and her eyes,
A mystery of mist, appears,
That hints of hope and flatters fears;
And on her lips a burst of sighs,
And on her lids a red that dies
To slumberous shadows that fall and rise,
Till, as I seek some sign to see,
Between her eyelids and her eyes
Love lights his lamp and laughs at me.
—*Francis Howard Williams.*

A Stolen Visit.

This is her dainty room,
Where youth and beauty found their perfect bloom;
This is her cozy chair;
How oft her form has nestled softly there!
Here is her gleaming glass,
By which her graceful figure used to pass;
And, though she be away,
It seems her smiles are there, and still will stay.
These are her favorite books,
The pages longing for her loving looks.
Here is her happy bed,
The pillow where she nightly rests her head.
She comes—her step I know:
Bless thee, sweet room! Alas, that I must go!
—*George Birdseye.*

The Way of It.

This is the way of it, wide world over:
One is beloved, and one is the lover;
One gives, and the other receives.
One lavishes all in a wild emotion.
One offers a smile for a life's devotion;
One hopes, and the other believes.
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a god-like passion,
One plays with love in an idler's fashion;
One speaks, and the other hears.
One sobs "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it,"
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for the other and nothing beside,
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over:
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down, it will rise tomorrow,
And life is not over yet.
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN."

Success of Louis N. Parker's Biblical Pageant-Play at the Century Theatre in New York.

Looking back in a critical mood over something like thirty years of more or less constant theatregoing, I am led to confess that few of the great poetical dramas I have seen realized their ideal possibilities. Poems, romantic legends, even fairy stories of the higher order, suffer sad changes on the stage. Shakespeare alone, playwright as well as poet, could people an enchanted island or an Arcadian forest and preserve all the illusions of fancy. Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" has probably withstood theatricalism better than the work of any other modern poet. Attempts and failures mark the line, however, all the way from Tennyson to Aldrich. Even Barrie's fantasy, "Peter Pan," commercial success as it has been, and as it remains, with the charm of Maude Adams's personality to reconcile us to the disillusioning process, is not the dainty, fragrant, imagination-feeding conceit that grew out of "The Little White Bird." So recently have we seen the failure of Pierre Loti's poetic tragedy, "The Daughter of Heaven," with its magnificence of staging and sumptuousness of detail, that the lesson seems worth reading again.

Perhaps actors and managers will learn how to do it some day, at least with as much success as attends the presentation, at not infrequent intervals, of "As You Like It," "Mid-Summer Night's Dream," and, more rarely, "The Tempest." Undoubtedly the classic tradition aids even mediocre Shakespeareans; but some other play poems should be helped to survive until they acquire tradition and a dramatic classicism. I find cause for renewed hope in Louis N. Parker's "pageant-play" in four acts, "Joseph and His Brethren," produced last Saturday at the Century Theatre. Mr. Parker is somewhat skilled as a craftsman, and he has done good work in several plays that are not spectacular. In his latest effort he has really achieved some remarkable effects, on the dramatic as well as on the pictorial side, and he will reap a rich harvest. Yet he triumphs in spite of faults that seem inevitable. But three of the actors in a speaking cast of fifty thoroughly or even measurably absorb and move in the spirit of the story. Many of them are as modern, as slovenly in speech, as graceless in manner, as if they were novices. Time will smooth out these wrinkles under efficient management, but now the idealist—or, say, the sophisticated—is impatient with them.

Mr. Parker went to the Bible for one of the oldest stories of simple love and hate, of triumph over deadly enmity, of glory and reconciliation crowning a career of persevering effort. The drama was there, ready to his hand, if only a little of the stately language to be put in the mouths of his characters. The scenes in which the important events took place were plainly suggested, and stage carpenter and scene painter could be relied upon for positive aid. With the human elements rested his greatest problem after all. It would be easier to overtask the players than to fit their capabilities to a nicety. That he so nearly succeeded is most creditable.

There are thirteen scenes in the play, and they are fit backgrounds for what is a pageant drama. The first shows the tents of Shechem in a broad Oriental landscape, and the next the wells of Dothan, where Joseph is cast into a slimy, snake-infested pool. In the succeeding acts there are settings of Egyptian interiors in Potiphar's dwelling and in Pharaoh's palace, and later a view of the great pyramid of Cheops by starlight. All are beautiful in drawing and in harmony of colors. None of the accessories are lacking throughout the progress of the story. Several times there are a hundred and fifty people, perhaps more, on the stage, and the costumes are such as the painters show in pictures of the period, and all so well chosen and arranged that the general effect is most impressive. So far as the merit of the production as a spectacle is concerned, only words of praise are required. In striking effects and sheer beauty it bears comparison with anything of the kind, and we have had numerous examples of Oriental munificence in the last two seasons.

Adorned but not weighted with this wealth of elaboration, the story of Joseph, told so simply in the Scriptures, might well be made visually impressive to the spectator. The crises in the career of the shepherd boy and best beloved son of the patriarch are all dramatic, but their full value and significance could be brought out on the stage only by the most adept methods of the playwright. Mr. Parker has given the story with a comparatively faithful observance of the record, enlarging but seldom making over new its situations. The jealousy of the elder brother Simeon and his plot to remove the envied one are shown, and without obvious recourse to melodrama. The rescue of Joseph from the pit by Zuleika, then on her way to become the wife of Potiphar, is a variation, but a pardonable one from considerations of the theatre. From this first meeting of Zuleika and Joseph comes the motive of passion, followed in the later passages between the two—the vain assaults on Joseph by the woman, now become the head of Potiphar's household. If in the later career of Joseph as Pharaoh's viceroy the generosity of the now powerful official is magnified, it is for a good end.

Many phrases from the biblical narrative are spoken on the stage, and they are easily recognized among Mr. Parker's strongest lines, yet the author has avoided with skill the pitfalls that lay in this use of the wise old scholars' diction. It is not in the words, but in the cadences, the inflections, the tones of simplicity that should carry them, that the actors fail for the greater part, and in failing break the illusion, the spell of Canaan and Egypt which the scenes produce. James O'Neill as Jacob and as Pharaoh, and Brandon Tynan as Joseph, are not among the offenders. Their speech is of the theatre, but of the old-school actors, unhurried, and used with discriminating power. But there are modern melodrama actors in the cast as well, and they make the most and the worst of their opportunities. Frank Losee is such a Potiphar, and there are reminiscences of other scenes of jealousy, discovered treachery, and violence, in his every scene. Howard Kyle as Simeon, the plotting brother of Joseph, is almost as bad, but a good voice and distinct utterance are to be set down in his favor. Among the women there is little choice. Pauline Frederick is a physically alluring Zuleika, but her phrasing and manner are those of the wily, seductive adventuress of Parisian gowns, rather than those of the Egyptian whose costume half-reveals, half-suggests her charms. Violet Romer, as a dancer, displays her grace and agility even more pleasingly than in some of her other appearances.

. "Joseph and His Brethren" will be a great popular success, and run for many a season. There is no hazard in the prediction, and Mr. Parker may be congratulated without reservation. His recent essay for Mme. Simone, "The Paper Chase," made from a novel, "The Minister of Police," was anything but solid and satisfying. It was a romantic custard. More's the pity, for the sake of the French actress, who deserved something better. It is well that George Tyler had faith sufficient to try the biblical drama, after that. Yet it seems easy enough now to have forecast the reception of the pageant-play. The ordinary playgoer will find it full of interest, and the occasionals, who are drawn by plays of religious association, like "The Sign of the Cross" and "Ben Hur," will by themselves make its future secure.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1913.

* * *

Buluwayo is a dreary looking place, as it lies on a great wind-swept plain. But even the most casual observer, passing quickly through, can not help noticing the air of prosperity. The streets are wide and well kept with avenues of trees and fine houses everywhere. A few minutes out of the town is the Cecil Rhodes estate. His favorite residence was not at Government House, but here in a group of native huts—rondavels—round huts built of clay, covered with plaster and with thatched roofs. These huts have now been replaced by a European house, where the director of the farm lives. It is situated on top of a little hill with a view over all the valley. Everywhere there are cultivated fields and well-nourished cattle, and strange trees with a quantity of magnificent poinsettias growing here and there. After passing the farm the scenery becomes much wilder. The geological formation of the Matoppos is curious. Everywhere are enormous blocks of round, smooth stones, perched one on top of the other in such a way that it seems as though the least breath must knock them over. But there they have remained for centuries, and what subterranean force threw them into this position it is difficult to conceive. After a drive of an hour and a half the road stops at the foot of a great bare hill. All around there are hills upon hills. Here is spread the "view of the world." The tomb of Rhodes is at the highest point, and nowhere in sight is the smallest trace of a human habitation. Nothing but hills made up of the marvelous rocks, which seem to roll away to the horizon. The largest of these bowlders appear to be concentrated at the spot. These are the words from the will of Rhodes about his last dispositions: "I admire the grandeur and the solitude of the Matoppos in Rhodesia, and I therefore desire to be buried there on the hill where I used to sit and which is called the 'view of the world' in a square cut in the rock on top of the hill covered by a simple brass plate and with these words on it, 'Here lie the mortal remains of Cecil John Rhodes.' "

* * *

Each country has its distinctive types of glass, but it requires special and well-trained perception to tell the difference between some of the English and Irish specimens of the last century, and the careful copies which are now being made of them in European factories. The latter, however, can generally be known by their greater whiteness and lightness of weight. Waterford glass is now the most sought after by collectors, but equally beautiful pieces were made in the Cork and Dublin glass houses. Glass-making can be traced back for about 2300 years to the people who lived on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, but its origin has never really been fixed. Its ingredients are still the same, and their proportions seem to have varied very little. Silica and an alkali, that is quartz, or flint, and potash, or soda, are still used.

* * *

Berlin has just opened a new hotel with a roof-garden restaurant, the first of its kind in Germany. It will command a splendid view on summer nights of the famous Berlin Zoo and the brilliantly illuminated environment. The hotel represents an investment of $2,500,000.

* * *

Chinamen will be permitted to enter Panama in future only after depositing $1000 to guarantee their return to China on completion of their contracts with the firm in whose service they come out.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Currie Lauder, son of Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, is completing his third year at Jesus College, Cambridge. He has passed the first part of the law special.

A. Sinadino, who has been appointed consul-general at Boston by the Greek government, is president of the Pan-Hellenic Union of America. He is prominent in business, being engaged in the cotton trade.

Janet Scudder, America's most prominent woman sculptor, will superintend the erection of a fountain of her own design on the Rockefeller estate at Tarrytown, New York. She has been working in a Paris studio.

Territorial Senator Conrad Freeding, Representatives Thomas G. Gaffney and Frank Aldrich, who have left Nome for Juneau to attend Alaska's first legislature, will travel 2000 miles, in part by dog team over snow and ice.

Dr. Alvah H. Thompson, who will pay out $180,000,000 annually as disbursing clerk of the pension service, was formerly chief of the finance division, pension department. The sum which he will handle was until recently passed out through eighteen pension agencies, which were abolished the first of the year.

Mrs. John Billington, the veteran actress of the English stage, recently celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday at her home in London. Fifty-five years ago she played Venus in "Cupid and Psyche" at the Adelphi Theatre. Before going to London she had already toured the provinces, where she won considerable fame. Despite her great age she is still in good health.

Sir Thomas Henry Elliot, K. C. B., the new deputy master and comptroller of the British royal mint, has been secretary of the board of agriculture since 1892. Prior to that time he was in the inland revenue department. The deputy master is appointed to discharge the duties of the superior post, which by an act of 1870 is held by the chancellor of the exchequer for the time being.

George A. Holmes, who has entered on his fifty-seventh year in the office of register of deeds in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, was born bereft of speech and hearing. He attended the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, where he received an education which admirably fitted him for his future life work. Probably no other man in this country is quite so familiar with the real estate transfers in his county as this New Englander.

Frank Froest, one of the most famous investigators ever produced at Scotland Yard, is about to retire, after thirty-four years in the service. He is responsible for one of the greatest reforms accomplished at "The Yard," by breaking down the rule of maintaining obdurate silence toward the press. He never made the mistake of telling the newspaper men all he knew, but everything he thought it was right for them to know, and no more.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has just been formally recognized for the first time in the United States. The National Geographic Society, at its annual banquet in Washington, at which he was the guest of honor, presented him with a medal in recognition of his attainment of the South Pole. When he goes north next year, in an effort to reach the North Pole, he intends to carry a wireless equipment which will enable him to keep in touch with civilization.

Dr. Margit Balogh, a Hungarian woman, has been appointed by the Hungarian minister of instruction to engage in geological research work in connection with a French expedition to the Atlas Mountains in northwest Africa. Dr. Balogh's work will be confined chiefly to the historic province of Constantine, now part of modern Algeria. Her aim will be to amplify the magnificent collection of antiquities which Andor von Semseys, the great Hungarian explorer, sent to Budapest in 1880.

Zarah Howilson Pritchard, founder of the new school of submarine painting, whose work is among the most unique in the world, lives at Pasadena, California, but is a native of India, Irish by birth, and was educated in Scotland. He goes down to the bottom of the sea in a diver's suit, and with specially prepared equipment sketches rapidly for fifteen or twenty minutes, and takes sufficient color notes to enable him to finish his picture in the studio at his leisure. All his finished work is done on leather.

General Powell Clayton, probably the only man alive who has sat as a delegate in every Republican national convention since the party came into being, and for fifty years one of the leading political figures in the South, has just resigned from the national committee, leaving Arkansas for Washington, where he will quietly spend the remainder of an active career. He is now eighty years of age. His last political fight, and the most stubborn, followed Roosevelt's announcement of his candidacy last spring. General Clayton and a few of his associates held the Southern delegates in line for Taft. General Clayton came out of the Civil War a Union brigadier-general, went to Arkansas to become a planter, but engaged in politics. He was elected governor of Arkansas in 1868, served in the United States Senate, and was later ambassador to Mexico for eight years.

LOW TIDE.

The Secret Disclosed by the Sea.

A living. sentient thing is the sea. Have you not walked along its beach. and had it suddenly fling out a tentacle at you—a tentacle by distance, perhaps, impotent. but nevertheless menacing? Have you never watched the sea, to catch it quiet. off guard—and did you ever find it so? It is always heaving. breathing. covertly uneasy, like an animal which. curled with head in paws. yet leaves an ear open. Gigantic, strong. quick. cunning. treacherous in its friendship and cruel in its humor, the ocean is a creature never to be trusted, ever to be feared, and of ways manifold.

By the bluest of seas sits Summervale. Here they live, the happy villagers. content with their sand and sun and stunted cypresses. for they have the sea. Nothing can take that from them. and nothing can take them long from it. The sea and its shores are their twelve-months world. tourists and gardens their principal business.

Into this Eden we arrived a little late for the renting season. and we sought vainly for a suitable cottage. Summervale is laid out upon broad. delightfully independent lines: its dwellings are ranged haphazard at the sandy shore. scattered haphazard amidst the rolling brush. and incorporated. equally haphazard (nevertheless with equal method in the madness) with the yellow cliffs up-jutting above the surf. Therefore the stranger is constantly greeted by architectural surprises, and it was quite through accident that. upon despairing ramble, footsore we discovered the realization of our hearts' desire.

This was a low. bastioned house of buff stucco, Moorish in design. with a court between its two wings, a wall surrounding it on three sides. and its front apparently flush with the face of the bluff upon which it stood. At the base of this natural foundation surged, upon a rocky beach. the long rollers of the Pacific.

A new cardboard sign on the gate said: "For sale. Inquire within." Having reconnoitred by right and by left. we returned. to worship at the sign.

"They might rent. and sell later," we argued. lingering.

The wall was of warm plaster: over it were climbing roses and nasturtiums and flowering vines; within was glimpse of palms, yellow acacias. shrubs, and a riot of smaller plants, amidst which hummed joyous bees. The wings of the house were inviting arms. It was an ideal place for rest and dreams, but to us, peeping through the iron gate. appeared no movement of human life. With tourist hardihood we decorously emulated more timorous angels and "rushed in."

Emitting the proper exclamations of rapture, as apologies in case that apologies might be required. we wended among the flowers. Whereupon from the doorway which formed the centre of the house stepped out upon the stone porch here a man, advancing to welcome or to reprove.

He was a youngish man (say about forty-two) in white serge: a youngish man of pale complexion, bullet head. round smooth face, full lips, and small blue eyes set close against either side of a narrow nose.

That was his peculiar feature: the small blue eyes indenting the bridge of the nose. They gave him a furtive, quick expression, not overly pleasing.

However, his smile was pleasing. his bearing gentlemanly. We begged his pardon for the intrusion; 'twas granted.

Yes. the place was for sale, on very easy terms. It might even be for rent. but he preferred selling. We went into ecstasies regarding his yard. whereat he smiled and said: "Wait till you see my other view. This is the back of the house."

He led us through the short hall dividing the centre of the house: and behold. from the sandy garden and its sunshine we had passed to a solid cement portico, with arches, high over the tossing sea. The arches framed vistas of blue, white-flecked: by leaning over, one could gaze down upon a narrow strip of pebbly beach. one hundred and fifty feet below. At the ends of the portico was only sky, for the bluffy cliff curved back slightly. Here, in this solid portico, was seclusion, peace, safety.

"This is my favorite side of the house," quoth our host. "To me it is the whole place."

"You have a lovely, lovely view," we gushed. And——

"Beautiful!"

"See the gulls!"

"Hear the waves!"

"How far down to the water?"

"About one hundred and fifty feet."

"Don't you get afraid. in a storm?"

"Oh, no. This is solid rock. Sometimes I've felt it shake. but there's no danger."

"How far up does the water come?"

"I've had the spray from a storm: but the ordinary high tide is far, far down, of course."

"And you never get tired of the view, I suppose?"

"Impossible. The ocean is always changing. It never stays the same—and it is so convenient, too!"

"Why?"

"To drop things in. When the tide is out and the beach is clear, we have to be careful. But when the tide is in, as at high tide, then that is a splendid time to clean house. Oh, a splendid time," and thus asserting he seemed to wax most enthusiastic. "Just dump the stuff over and down it goes, and away!"

Such an expediency rather disgraced the portico, to my mind. Nevertheless, the methods of any community are interesting, if not model.

"How deep is the water, then?"

"Six or seven feet. Seven feet with an eight-foot tide. and swells as high again. Oh. yes; that's the time! When we have the highest tides. say twice a year." The youngish man strode nervously about, expatiating upon this his pet convenience. "That's the time. And this is the best portico I know for the purpose. The very best."

"But you don't save for six months to dump your trash."

The close-eyed youngish man laughed.

"No. no. No, indeed. There is a moderate high tide every day and every month. but twice or three times in a year—say in March and September—we have especially high tides, around eight feet. Then is the time to do your big dumping. Anything large, you know; large and awkward: large and awkward and a nuisance, that you want to be rid of. Dump it over, into an eight-foot tide, and it is gone. Gone forever. Tide takes it out to sea. A wonderful provision of nature. Once gone, gone: no cleaning up of ashes, no messiness or débris, no traces to be washed, raked. or swept. The ocean takes care of it all. whatever it may be. A *very* satisfactory arrangement."

One would have thought that the youngish man with the small close eyes had located his house especially in order to facilitate its weekly or monthly or semi-annual cleaning!

"Beats pneumatic apparatus. eh?" I queried.

"Decidedly! With suction cleaners you have the dust. But the ocean obliterates. And an eight-foot tide—ah. an eight-foot tide! What an agent, right at the door, I might say; right below the edge of my portico. Tons of water from the wide Pacific pouring greedily in, and next morning pouring out, out, out, unlimited."

"Remarkable!" we admitted, somewhat amazed.

"Therefore I speak of the convenience of the portico, as well as its other advantages," proffered the youngish man. "Er—you appreciate. It's a portico with natural ash-dump, clothes-chute, and other attachments."

"Fitted not with a pneumatic cleaner, but with a hydraulic cleaner," we proposed. lightly.

This pleased the youngish man.

"That's it! Hydraulic cleaner," he agreed. "Certain to work, no expense. and self-operating. And at eight-foot power with a good swell on. sufficient to take care of the biggest stuff you can feed it."

We left him pleased, and with a promise that if we favorably considered the terms for so convenient a place we would be back.

Naturally, the next step was to consult the landlady at the hotel.

"Who owns that beautiful yellow plaster house, on the cliffs, south about four blocks, with a court and a wall?"

"Right on the edge of the cliff?"

"Yes. The front of it, or what he called the front, faces directly over the water."

"That must be Mr. Rusling's place."

"It's for sale, we see. He says he might rent it, either."

The landlady was astonished.

"Is that so? I declare! Must be something new."

"There's a sign on the gate. We talked with him, too."

"Young man—or moderately young—with eyes close together?"

"Yes. Does he live there alone?"

"His step-sister's been keeping house for him, but they don't get along well together. Of course I don't know, but I've heard they quarrel and almost fight. She went away a couple of weeks ago. and now I suppose he's tired of the trouble of getting help and wants to sell. Beautiful place. Were you out on the portico?"

"Oh, yes. He showed us that, as one of his *conveniences.*"

"Oh, no," corrected Gladys. "He showed us the ocean as one of his conveniences. So useful to dump things in, he said!"

"Fawncy!" ejaculated an Englishwoman. standing near. "How very odd. The ocean, you know!"

"And to put his beautiful portico to such use, too!" emphasized Gladys.

"He must have been joking," asserted the landlady. "We aren't allowed to put trash into the ocean. along the town front. Oh, no. The town ordinances are very strict on the subject. Otherwise the beach would be unsightly and offensive with the stuff washed back by the tide. He was joking, surely."

"He said he did it at high tide," informed Gladys.

"Yes at the very highest. An eight-foot tide, twice a year, was his greatest convenience, as an attachment of the portico," we others chimed in, eagerly. "That, he claimed. removed everything. even to the largest articles."

"Fawncy!" ejaculated the Englishwoman.

"I see," commented the landlady. "So he waits for the highest tides. does he?" And she laughed, merrily. "What an idea! You must have found his place pretty clean, then. We had an eight-foot-and-one-inch tide only yesterday—highest of the year."

"And we missed it!"

"Well, today you'll get the lowest tide," she consoled. "That's another sight. At two o'clock this afternoon is the lowest tide of the year; a minus one foot!"

"What does it do?"

"He didn't say anything about the lowest tide, did he? It isn't pretty, or grand like the highest tide; and he couldn't call it a 'convenience' for him! But it's curious. It lays all those rocks bare for a quarter of a mile out. Uncovers things that aren't uncovered for another year: shells and starfish and lobsters and such queer truck. Folks here make a greater point of lowest tide than they do of highest tide. It's a regular gala day. and they all go collecting in all sorts of costumes, with all sorts of tools. poking and raking among the rocks. You ought to join them."

"We will. This afternoon?"

"Yes. You want to wear your oldest clothes—bathing suits are best. Most folks take along a piece of iron, like a poker or a short crowbar. for abalones, so as to pry 'em off the rocks. The best place is right below this house we've been speaking of. As I say, low tide isn't pretty, and probably that's why he didn't mention it as an advantage of his place: but it's worth seeing. People can walk on the bottom of the sea! Down below his place a cave will be open, just this once in the whole year. It isn't really a cave; it's more a dish, or a cup: and somehow it's sealed so that the outlet drains it only at a minus one foot tide. We call it Neptune's Punchbowl. Usually it's thick with abalones and other valuable shells. You must be there when it drains."

Obedient to the advice, about one o'clock we joined the jolly procession of prospectors wending its way to the low-lying rocks and reefs of the shore-line. A grotesque parade it was: of overalls, bathing suits, corduroys. divided skirts. limbs bare or semi-bare. heads covered with flapping straws or bandanna turbans, hands equipped with pokers and crowbars and spears and staves, baskets and sacks. For the ocean was about to deliver up its secret hoards.

As the landlady had assured, the reefs below the Mr. Rusling house proved to be one of the favorite places, and hither a goodly portion of the procession was deflected. When we also arrived, already the reefs, slimy and glistening and black, were dotted with ant-like figures rummaging about; and still receding the ocean grumbled sullenly.

The yellow cliff bounding the rocky beach stood high: and upon its rim was plain the Rusling plaster house. A figure in white serge or flannels—the figure of a man—was leaning over, in an arch of the portico, as if intent upon the doings amidst the reefs. He was watching through a field-glass. It must be the youngish man with the small close eyes—Mr. Rusling himself! We heard numerous comments upon him, as other persons also saw.

"He seems interested!"

"Expect he's lonesome, now that his half-sister's gone."

"Guess nobody can live with him, he's so queer."

"They quarreled. about every minute, didn't they?"

"I hear he wants to sell."

"Fine place."

"Yes; but too big for one person."

"Hope he's enjoying himself with that glass."

Hoarsely roaring, ever more sullen, the sea slowly yielded its territory: its mien and tone those of lion or dragon retreating. head snarling over shoulder, from a long cherished hunting-ground. The enormous curved surges loomed and broke, and each eleventh surge broke a fraction of an inch further out. Fraction of inch by fraction of inch the black, glistening, slimy rocks were exposed to the unwelcome sun. Thousands of flat crabs scuttled. great red ones squeezed back into their crevices. mussels hung helpless in the full glare; surprised, all those wet, cold. half-blind or stary creatures whose home was the under-world must blink and shrink at the light of day, as if they were evil deeds now brought to judgment. And in the sundry little pools cuttlefish. crawfish, eels. and their fellows darted frantically from human foot-tread. Green fringes of weed and kelp. suspended to canopy silent recesses. pulled ruthlessly aside by fingers of earth revealed treasure of abalone and mussel.

Still roared the unwilling sea, impotent to protect its own: and its acreage sown through a twelvemonth was delivered over to pillage by greedy and finger of the Lilliputian humans.

All the reefs were alive with voice and figure. Above. from his lonely portico peered intently through his glass Mr. Rusling. watching the scene as if we might have been poaching upon his preserves shared with the ocean. The sense that his glass was trained so constantly upon us gave us an embarrassed feeling; he had us at disadvantage.

The minutes fled. As two o'clock drew near, gradually more and more searchers hovered about one especial locality. until here was a coagulation, awaiting the emptying of Neptune's Punchbowl.

The Punchbowl was a cup amidst the reefs, about three hundred yards from the shore. As ran the gossip. ordinary low tide would not disclose the outlines; now, with the slippery rocks glistening about it, it held six feet of water made black and impenetrable by the gently waving weeds curtaining its depths.

So we all gathered. intent. The low mark of one foot minus was calculated for two o'clock sharp—or. allowing for progression inland from the government computing level. as at two-five. Somebody proudly held a chronometer: there was a dispute over watches.

Suddenly. true to the inexorable order of Nature, the ocean yielded this its last stand; amidst murmur and jostle and shout and cheer, with a sucking rush the liquid contents of Neptune's Punchbowl flowed swiftly out by under channel; foot by foot were its fringes of green weeds bared, until into view leaped the very bottom.

We all craned—recoiling with cries horrible to hear. For prone and white in this the bottom of Neptune's Punchbowl uncovered only once a year was a human outline, sometime a woman, but now dreadful to behold—the jocular, cunning gift of the sentient sea.

As we recoiled, scattering and affrighted, such another terrible cry, a single cry, pealed through the air, that we all must stare, just in time to witness, as we pointed, shocked again, the equally white figure of Mr. Rusling shooting down, asprawl, from the portico upon the cliff.

For he had heard, perhaps he had seen, and he knew that the sea, so trusted, had betrayed him.

Edwin L. Sabin.

San Francisco, January, 1913.

LONDON SWAYS TO RAG-TIME.

Popular Melodies a Society Craze.

Rag-time music is a society craze (according to the London *Standard*). It is not only popular among office boys, who make the city melodious with their whistlings from Aldgate to Temple Bar, but it is the surest kind of music to enliven the drawing-rooms of Mayfair.

Mr. Percy Haydon, who gives a rag-time "turn" at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, is one of the few English music-hall artists who have made a success of this merry music, which is almost a monopoly of American artists, and he has many opportunities of studying its popularity in society, as he is frequently engaged as an entertainer at receptions and drawing-room entertainments in the West End. "However inattentive a fashionable audience may be when a tenor with a world-wide reputation or the greatest virtuoso of the violin is entertaining them with the finest classical music, the first few chords of a rag-time melody command instant attention, and, in some curious way, make everybody immediately gay," he said to a representative. "It is, I think, the lilt of the music, which is always written in a measure which listeners can accompany by snapping the fingers or swaying the shoulders. The music laughs at the people, and they laugh back again. Not even the most distinguished people of the highest social standing are proof against its curious appeal. They can not resist the temptation to sway with the music—not only young people, but the elders as well.

"At a reception given by the Duchess of Marlborough, at her Curzon Street mansion, the rag-time melodies set everybody gently swaying to their lilt. I could see through the corner of my eye as I sat at the piano that everybody was listening hard, and such encouragement urges one to do one's best. The more enthusiasm I put into it the more the ladies and gentlemen appreciated it, and I knew that some very stern old dowagers were swaying gently to the music, because I could see the blaze of diamonds in their tiaras moving to and fro in time with the music. In other big West End mansions rag-time is the sign for everybody to stop talking and to crowd in from the other rooms to listen to it. It is also astonishing to me to discover that so many people know the extraordinary words of some of these rag-time songs and join in the choruses. For instance, it is somewhat of a surprise to discover that prosperous and quite elderly city men can join, word-perfect in such a chorus as, 'He's the high-falutin', shootin', scootin', son of a gun from Arizona, rag-time cowboy, Joe!'

"I found another very enthusiastic rag-time audience at Buckingham Palace, where I sang at a party given to the upper servants of the palace. They were nearly all familiar with the rag-time songs, and appreciated them immensely. In fact, rag-time is now a universal craze. Any other kind of song does not appeal at all, but these simple, tumty, tumty, tumty, tum, one-step melodies seem to set everybody swaying their shoulders, and are an irresistible invitation for many people to dance."

Maud Hobson, a Gaiety actress, well known abroad as well as at home, died in London January 26. Miss Hobson first appeared in "The Forty Thieves" at the Gaiety while it was under the management of her uncle, John Hollingshead, who died in 1904. She was an Australian by birth. Maud Hobson was her stage name, her real name being Jennie Maud Manson. She left the stage after a year on her marriage to Captain W. B. Hayley, and went with him to the Hawaiian Islands. Here she stayed some time, and her husband held the post of prime minister and commander-in-chief to King Kalakaua of Hawaii. She herself formed a great friendship with Queen Liliuokalani and was her favorite companion.

On the death of her husband, Miss Hobson returned to the Gaiety under George Edwardes's management, and appeared in "Faust Up-to-Date," "In Town," and other plays. Her great success was in the part of the "Gaiety Girl," which she "created," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and she toured in the piece in America and Australia. She was in "The Geisha" at Daly's, "A Night Out" at the Vaudeville, "The Brixton Burglary," "The Messenger Boy," and several other plays.

The marvels of the construction of the Panama Canal and the effect of the new waterway on the world's geography were described by Dr. Vaughan Cornish at the Royal Geographical Society yesterday in a lecture entitled "The Panama Canal and the British Empire." He first showed the relation of the canal to the geography books. The Americans started operations in 1904, said the lecturer, and probably by the coming autumn the first great liners would go sailing across South America—literally across it.

"Its importance to us," said the lecturer, "is primarily due to the fact that our empire is set in the sea. We consist of a number of countries separated by the unsociable ocean. But the friendly Panama Canal will reduce some of the distances which separate our constituent countries, and in doing so will bring us all nearer to each other. Then we are a great shipping community, carrying not only from our own ports, but from foreign port to foreign port as international carriers, so that the general reduction in sea distances which will result from the canal is of great commercial importance." The greatest fact was that it brought British Columbia 6000 miles nearer to the home country. This would facilitate the flow of emigrants and the export of finished products both to British Columbia and to the provinces behind it. British Columbia was one of the most desirable countries in the whole of our empire, with a splendid climate, fertile land, great mineral wealth, extensive forests stocked with game, and rivers crowded with fish. It was undoubtedly destined to be the home of a great part of the British race, and its character and circumstances were such as would foster all that was best in our character and our civilization. An astounding development was thus likely to follow the opening of the canal.

Millers are generally heavily fined if they adulterate their flour with powdered chalk, but if one is to believe the doctors of Munich the sin is not a very grievous one. Indeed, the chalky flour is to be preferred to the ordinary article. And so within the last few days some of the inhabitants of Munich have been enjoying chalk bread. Calcium chloride is the name that is given to the substance added to the flour, and apparently if the taste is not quite as much to the liking of the average man, most of those who have eaten it have been quite ready to ignore this point in favor of the assurances signed by several doctors that the bread was better for them that was printed on the wrappers in which the bread was delivered. Apparently, to summarize a long technical explanation, the staple food and drink of the Munchner, bread, meat, and beer, are very deficient in the salts of calcium,. although for several reasons it is desirable that these salts should enter into the nourishment of the normal person.

The control of London traffic by the police has been a matter of slow evolution (says the London *Chronicle*). A century ago when George IV dined with the lord mayor soon after his accession, it took his escort five hours to force a way through the crowd, which filled the streets from his palace to the Guildhall. And it was not until about thirty years ago that the existing system of regulating traffic at crossings was instituted. At the beginning it required four policemen at every important junction to do with difficulty what two constables and sometimes one now effect by a motion of the hand. But the men in blue stuck to their task and hung on to horses' heads and summoned rebellious drivers till the reign of law and order was established.

One of the interesting phases of the Union Pacific Railroad is the educational bureau which virtually conducts a complete correspondence school for employees. The instruction is offered to any worker whose desire to better himself is strong enough to make him willing to study. The lessons are carefully corrected and graded by officials of the railroad and returned to the men. Record sheets are also furnished in order that the men may keep an account of the work done and the percentages received. The lessons are practical in subject-matter and method. No attempt is made to mark anything but substance. Writing, spelling, grammar, and punctuation are not taken into consideration in assigning per cents.

Recently shipped from London, there is now on display at the Charles Gallery in New York the famous Grosvenor Thomas collection of stained glass, unquestionably the finest private collection in the world. The most interesting item of the collection is a series of eleven panels of Flemish fifteenth-century origin and of great historic importance, since they have been identified as the portraits and heraldic achievements of the Emperor Maximilian and members of his family. The entire collection consists of about 300 panels.

Progress towards higher civilization among the Filipinos is shown by the insular bureau of civil service. During 1912 sixty examinations were held, exactly like those given for admission to government employ in the United States. Twenty-nine per cent of the 7422 persons examined passed. On January 1, 1912, there were 8713 persons in the insular civil service, representing an increase during the year of 1099 persons. Of the 1099 there were 47 Americans and 1052 Filipinos.

Fraternities are to be barred in the high schools of New York City. The board of education recently decided that such organizations will not be allowed among the pupils while in school and will not be recognized by the principals or teachers.

TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON CLUB.

The Appointed Time.

"It is a gamble," said Loomis, "and it might seem attractive to others. Not to me."

"Well, isn't everything a gamble, business or sport?" asked DeWitt. "You can't tell how you are coming out, no matter how careful you are about going in. The chance that stocks will go up or down is just the same as the chance that the ball will fall in the red or the black on the roulette wheel."

"Not the same," rejoined Loomis, "for full knowledge of the market and the holdings enables the operator to forecast ordinary fluctuations. There can be no forecast of a happening that is governed only by chance."

"May I suggest," interposed the Professor, "that the analysis is destructive of both contentions. Mr. Loomis assumes that there are happenings 'governed' by chance. Perhaps if he will examine the phrase he will discover that it is paradoxical. Is what he calls chance, governed by something?"

Loomis hesitated, and DeWitt laughed. "I think the professor agrees with my view."

"On the contrary," said the professor. "I believe there is no such thing as chance. More, I am willing to rest my belief on your experience. Have you ever known of an occurrence that ultimately proved to be utterly purposeless and out of time? Don't answer me too quickly. Let me tell you of a strange series of what my friend Loomis calls chances. The story has just come to me fairly complete, though I knew some of its particulars long ago.

"Nine years ago two children, brother and sister, were placed in a charitable institution in New York City. Their mother had died and left them unprovided for, their father had disappeared some time before. The boy was ten years old, the girl, seven. After a year in the institution the boy ran away, and, strange to say, left the city and followed the railroad westward. It was in the summer and he made his way easily, for fruit was plentiful and sleeping out of doors was not a hardship. He had many adventures along the road, but none worth mention until late in September, when he found himself in a little village in Southern Michigan. His clothing had been worn to rags and he was beginning to be shy of towns, fearing arrest and possibly a forced return to New York. But in Mattawan he saw a kind-faced woman who not only gave him a meal but a complete suit of clothes, and who talked to him with so much interest that he told her more of his story than he had confided to any other new acquaintance. He said that his parents were dead, that he was going to California where the gold came from, and that he had made his way alone from Rochester. The woman tried to induce him to stay for a time with her, but he was afraid and got away as quickly as he could.

"He arrived in San Francisco Christmas week, by that time well inured to hardship but still self-reliant. His first meal in this city was earned the next morning, selling papers, for he found not only instruction but help among the newsboys. For a long time he made no more than a bare living, but by the time of the fire he had begun to save. Three years ago, then fifteen years old, he realized that he needed an education more than anything else, and he began to attend night school. He kept his place on the street selling the morning papers, but in the afternoon gave it up to others while he went to his studies. Last November he learned of a place with an engineering firm here that would be open for him if he could prepare for it. To make it he would require at least six months at the university, and it seemed out of his reach. He needed two hundred dollars to sustain him, for he would be obliged to give up his newspaper selling. Every plan he could think of presented the same necessity—more money—and he knew of no way to get it. Two days later he picked up a purse on the walk where he had stood so many mornings, and in the purse was $600. It seemed like a direct answer to his wishes, but he wanted to be honest. The next morning he turned quickly but tremblingly to the 'lost and found' advertisements. What he hoped not to see was there, and two hours later he was on his way to the address given. To his knock the door opened and there, not recognized for a minute of curious surprise and struggling recollection, stood his sister, whom he had not seen for seven years. From sorrow at a loss that had left her penniless in a strange city, there was a quick change to happiness.

"Her story was even more interesting than his. She had been chosen from among her many companions in the institution and adopted by a childless couple from Michigan who had visited New York with this purpose in mind. A long time after she had become wonted to her new home she told her foster mother of her brother, who had run away three years before. With her description the kind-faced woman recalled the boy she had fed and clothed, and told the sister of the incident and the boy's expressed determination to go to California. Then came from the charitable institution a message and a bequest. The father of the children had traced them so far, but had died before he could join the daughter. He had left for her $600. With this small fortune the girl could think of nothing but a journey to California in search of her brother. She came and found him by losing her purse.

"Now, gentleman, will you call these related happenings merely chance? As Mr. Loomis said, 'Not to me.' In a universe governed by law there can be no such thing as chance."

F. H. Ferguson.

"THINGS I CAN TELL."

Lord Rossmore Relates Some More or Less Discreet Reminiscences of His Irish Life.

Lord Rossmore is not very sure whether his book should be described as recollections or as an autobiography. Perhaps its scope is best indicated by its well-chosen title, and it may be said that if there are many things that Lord Rossmore "can tell" there are also other things that he can not, or must not, tell. For what, he asks wisely, is the good of revealing *everything* you know, a doubt evidently shared by Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who, when told by the author that he intended to take the public into his confidence, replied: "Don't, Derry, don't."

Lord Rossmore, descending for the moment to the plane of autobiography, tells that he was born in Dublin in 1853. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee:

> Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing-room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time, and slept soundly until two o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath. It was a moonlight night and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look, and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of "Rossmore, Roosmore, Rossmore," was heard, and then all was still.
>
> The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay, and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy, and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at seven o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.
>
> "What's the matter, what's the matter?" asked Sir Jonah. "is any one dead?" "Oh, sir," answered the man, "Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half-past two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead."

The author tells us a great many stories of his youth. Indeed his book consists mainly of stories, which is a good way to write a book if the stories are of the right kind and illustrative of their day, as these are. He tells us, for example, of a "stiff, starchy Englishman" whom he invited to shoot partridges on his estate at Monaghan:

> By the middle of the day we had broken up a covey, and the dogs came to a point a short distance away from a cottage where a man was standing at his door, looking out directly where the birds would be most likely to fly. My companion didn't care a bit and went with the dog to take the shot.
>
> "Look out for the man at the door," I cried anxiously.
>
> He yelled to the cottager, and as he wouldn't budge, when the birds got up, Mr. Englishman fired, with the usual result that he missed the birds, but a loud howl informed us that he had not missed the man, who was peppered all over like a moth-eaten garment, and yelling for all he was worth.
>
> I rushed up to the sufferer, whose agony had now turned to profanity coupled with intense wrath against the violation of the sacredness of the rights of a householder. "Shot in me own door," he kept on repeating. "I'll have his life." I managed to pacify him by telling him that his aggressor was only an Englishman who couldn't really be expected to know any better, and the gift of half a sovereign completely mollified him.
>
> I went across to the crack shot. "'Pon my word," I said, "you ought not to have fired. However it's all right, I've soothed him down with half a sov.!"
>
> "Well, you *are* a fool," was the grateful rejoinder.

When the author was a "brat of a boy" he was elected to the United Service Club in Dublin and later on he joined the Kildare Street Club. As most of his particular friends were members of the latter institution he says he can't complain of the times he had:

> I remember once Percy La Touche being reprimanded by a surly old member in a not unamusing manner. Percy was looking out on the street when his attention was attracted by a pretty servant girl who was cleaning the windows of a house opposite.
>
> "I say," he remarked to the surly one, "there's a pretty girl for you," and as no notice was taken of his observation he repeated it with marked appreciation of the window-cleaner.
>
> "Young man," said Surly, "I heard your remark perfectly well, as you intended me to do. I gather from it that you are one of those who go through life seeking the destruction of servants. One day a pretty housemaid will doubtless become an inmate of your home. The inevitable will happen, and then the girl will be discharged without a character. Yes, sir, and I will go still further, and affirm that you will not even be blamed in the matter, for your mother will probably say, 'Leave my house, you abandoned creature, words can not express my indignation at discovering that you have corrupted my son.'"

The Dublin theatres at that time were by no means the homes of art that they have since become, but at least the audience was amusing, however little could be said for the actors. Upon one occasion a repertory company performed at the Old Queen's Theatre, but their efforts were not appreciated:

> First they attempted burlesque and made a hideous failure of it; then they tried "Macbeth" with worse results, and then in despair they attacked our old friend "Faust." Not a single performer looked his part, but the most comic figure was Mephistopheles, who, instead of being long and lanky, was a short, thick, pot-bellied individual who might just as well have played Cupid. The thrilling moment arrived when he had to disappear down the road below; the blue flames came up invitingly through the trap-door, and Mephistopheles made an attempt to descend with the devil's own dignity. But he failed to reckon with his tummy and so he stuck. He wriggled and wriggled, but he couldn't wriggle down that tight place, and the whole audience watched his efforts with breathless interest. At last a shrill whistle from a "god" calling to his friend on the opposite side broke the stillness.
>
> "Are ye there, Micky?"
>
> "I am."
>
> "Well, there's still a chance for ye, Micky."
>
> "How's that?"
>
> "Hell's full," was the answer.
>
> How every one laughed.

Another time a heavy tragedian soliloquized, "Oh, that I had a window in my breast, that man could see my thoughts." And a gallery boy in the tones of greatest concern asked, "Wouldn't a pane in your belly do as well?"

Apropos of nothing in particular the author tells us that some Irish stories take a lot of beating, and in proof he relates a yarn of what happened to a young man on his honeymoon:

> His wife was very sensitive about being taken for a newly wedded bride, so she insisted on absolute secrecy being kept about their recent appearance at the altar.
>
> The husband had an Irish servant, however, who was not tongue-tied, and he therefore gave Pat the strictest injunctions not to breathe the word "wedding" when they arrived at the hotel where they intended to put up.
>
> All apparently went well; the "old" luggage did not betray them; they looked a perfectly self-possessed couple, if anything rather *blasé* than otherwise, and the little wife was quite pleased with the success of her strategy.
>
> But next day, when the happy pair went down to breakfast, things had changed. On her way to the lift the bride noticed that certain of the chambermaids whom she passed regarded her with slightly scornful and amused curiosity; the lift man tried to be facetious; the hall porter eyed her with true Teutonic sentiment, but the climax was reached in the dining-room when the head waiter winked to one of his satellites.
>
> After breakfast the husband interviewed Pat. "Look here, what have you been saying?" he demanded sternly. "I'm sure you have given the game away. Come, own up, you blackguard."
>
> Pat protested his entire innocence, but it was of no avail; his master still repeated, "What have you been saying?"
>
> "Well, yer honor," said Pat at last, "didn't ye distinctly tell me not to say ye was just married?"
>
> "Yes, I certainly did."
>
> "Well, I'll take me oath I never mentioned a word about it. All I did say was that ye didn't intend to marry the lady till next month."

Equally irrelevant but equally good is the story of the baron of German extraction who appealed for the suffrage of an English constituency:

> I remember a story of a certain baron of German extraction who shall be nameless. He was a bit of a snob, and when he was standing for his constituency he thus addressed the meeting which, as usual, had an Irishman in its midst.
>
> "My friends," exclaimed the baron, "my title is of no mushroom growth; my grandfather was baron, and my father was baron . . ." Then came the Irishman's chance.
>
> "An' it's a great pity that yer mother wasn't baron too," he shouted, to the joy of the meeting and the discomfiture of the titled alien.

The loveliest woman whom the author ever saw—of course with the exception of his wife—was Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who was Miss Jerome of New York and subsequently Lady Randolph Churchill. The first time he saw her was at Ascot, and he asked at once, "Good heavens! Who's that?"

> A chorus of remarks instantly arose. "Why, that's Mrs. Cornwallis-West," "Nobody her equal," "Beats Lillie Langtry hollow," and then in unison, "Surely you know Mrs. West?"
>
> "No," I replied, still all eyes for the lady; "but it won't be my fault if I don't know her very soon."
>
> The late king, who was then Prince of Wales, gave a ball that night to which our party was invited, and greatly to my delight I saw Mrs. West there. She had looked beautiful in her white gown, but she looked ten times more lovely in her ball array, and I simply couldn't take my eyes off her. She was talking to Miss Sartoris, with whom I was acquainted, so I went up to her and said boldly: "Will you introduce me?"
>
> "H—m," replied Miss Sartoris, "I don't know whether Mrs. West wants to know you."
>
> "Never mind, I'll introduce myself." So I turned to Mrs. West and said with true Derry-daring, "Come on, let's have a dance."
>
> "Well, and I will, yer honor," she replied with the most tremendous brogue.
>
> Off we went. I was in the seventh heaven, but I noticed that the floor seemed strangely empty. However, I was too happy to trouble about any reasons why other people were not dancing, until I bumped into no less a personage than the Princess of Wales. Then the truth dawned on me. H. R. H. was dancing, which accounted for the empty floor.
>
> Goodness gracious! how I was hauled over the coals by my indignant family for this unwitting breach of etiquette, but I must say that Mrs. Cornwallis-West was enough to make any man forget everybody and everything.

That day at Ascot was a long time ago and many society beauties have come and gone since then, but Lord Rossmore thinks that few, if any, have ever equaled Mrs. Cornwallis-West:

> This eulogy reads as though I had been kissing the Blarney Stone, and that reminds me of a story about a certain well-known American Duchess, who was returning to England after a visit to Ireland.
>
> "Have you seen the Blarney Stone?" a friend asked her.
>
> "Yes, certainly I have," she replied.
>
> "Well," said a man who hoped to get a rise out of her, "they do say that the virtues of the Blarney Stone can be conveyed to another by a kiss."
>
> "I guess that may be, but I don't know anything about it, because I sat on it," she answered.

Lord Rossmore knew the late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, very well. She was a pretty and amusing woman who was rarely guilty of saying a stupid thing, and King Edward was always greatly entertained with her talents as a *raconteuse:*

> I remember hearing her tell a story of how a young American girl burst into a hotel room one day waving a letter in tremendous excitement and shouting, "Hooray, hooray, aint it glorious!"
>
> "What on all the earth's the matter?" asked everybody. "What's glorious?"
>
> "I'm just real happy," she cried, doing a dance round the room. "Here's Poppa been bitten by a mad dog and we're off to Paris in the morning. Aint it glorious!"
>
> I suppose I need hardly explain, even to the rising generation, that "Poppa" intended to go to Paris to consult Pasteur, the great dog-bite man.

The author tells us another American story, but he is not quite so graceless as to attribute it to the Duchess of Manchester:

> The following is one of the best Yankee stories I have ever heard. An American was re-visiting the scene of a terrible battle he had been through and he recognized a hut to which he had crawled after the fight, and where the occupier, a handsome colored woman, had given him food and shelter. He went down to renew his acquaintance with his benefactress and found her alive and flourishing.
>
> "Good-day," he said, "isn't this the place where the famous battle was fought which lasted two days, and—don't you remember me?"
>
> "No, sah," she replied. "I remember the battle, but I don't remember you."
>
> "Come, come," he remarked, "don't you remember a man crawling in here about four o'clock on the second day of the battle, and you giving him some bread."
>
> The woman looked at him intently, and then asked very slowly, "Are you quite sure that you are de gentleman who came in here 'bout four o'clock ob de second day ob de great battle?"
>
> "Yes," he answered solemnly, "I swear it's the truth."
>
> Then the benefactress called to some one in the next room, "Lucinda, my girl, come in here right away. *Here's your pa.*"

The author used sometimes to "make a night of it" with Jimmy Davis, and on one occasion slept at his house after a somewhat late carousal. Ringing his bell in the morning, it was answered by William, the butler, and the following colloquy ensued:

> "Good-morning, William," I said briskly.
>
> "Good-morning, my lord."
>
> "Quite early, isn't it?"
>
> "Well . . . not *so* early, my lord."
>
> "H'm, I thought it was. Anyhow, I'll get up and have some breakfast. I suppose nobody's down yet?"
>
> "Oh yes, my lord, your brother and Lord Mandeville have breakfasted some time ago."
>
> "Bother them. I thought I'd be first. What did they have, William?"
>
> "Smoked 'addock, my lord."
>
> "Did they?" I cried. "What a drunkard's breakfast. What do you think I had better have, William?"
>
> He eyed me coldly, but not unkindly, and then said with marked meaning, "Smoked 'addock, my lord."

Another of the author's escapades was with a married woman to whom he had written a letter which her husband did not read in the platonic spirit it was intended to express:

> After this, the lady's husband insisted that all communication between his wife and myself should cease and I kept my word religiously, although I really don't know how I managed it. One afternoon I was having tea with a friend in her sitting room at Claridge's when the forbidden fair one came in unexpectedly.
>
> It was a really awkward predicament and of course to speak or not to speak was the question which instantly presented itself, but the lady solved the difficulty herself by saying to me, "Hullo, Derry, what are you doing here?"
>
> "Hullo," I replied somewhat lamely, "fancy seeing you."
>
> "Well," she answered, "as I am here, suppose you give me a kiss to celebrate our meeting."
>
> "Oh, no," I said, "certainly not. I think I'd better leave trouble behind me," and with that I made for the door. But the lady was before me, and with a laughing "No you don't," she turned the key and slipped it inside her bodice. Then she commenced to chase me round and round the room for all she was worth, but just as the fun waxed fast and furious, and her friend was in fits of laughter, a knock was heard at the door. We took no notice, and continued our romping, but the knock was repeated in a peremptory manner and my hostess suddenly turned pale and almost fell on the sofa.
>
> "Heavens," she gasped. "I had entirely forgotten that the Prince of Wales was coming here this afternoon. That must be his royal highness outside the door. Quick, Derry, unlock it at once." But she reckoned without the key, which had, in the scrimmage, slipped down into a somewhat ungetatable place and required a great deal of trouble to secure it.

It was the Prince of Wales, who was fully aware of the situation, but too tactful to refer to it.

Sport occupies a goodly share of the author's recollections, and among many good sporting stories is one told by the son of a prominent Irish peer:

> The youth was sitting next Percy La Touche in a club somewhere down in the south of Ireland, and he said to Percy, "I say, La Touche, did you ever get a double right and left at woodcock?"
>
> "I don't grasp your meaning!" replied Percy. "Do you mean a right and left with first gun, and a right and left with second immediately after?"
>
> "No," said the young man, "I mean *two* woodcock with the first barrel, and two woodcock with the second."
>
> "No," answered Percy, "I never did," in tones which implied, "and no one else either."
>
> "So I supposed," said the other in a very supercilious way. *"I've only done it myself twice."*

Lord Rossmore gives us very little politics, for which we may be duly grateful, but he allows himself one story at the expense of Mr. Gladstone and the Home Rule agitation:

> The subject of Home Rule always reminds me of the day when old Gladstone sat down and Mrs. Gladstone made a speech on the hustings. Said she, addressing the throng, "My friends, I found it very hard to convince my dear husband about the claims of Ireland for Home Rule, but one day when he came into the breakfast-room he remarked to me, 'My dear wife, you've over-persuaded me about that downtrodden country. You have at last converted me in favor of Home Rule.'
>
> "I got up from my chair, put my arms round his neck and gave him a loving wifely kiss." She paused to see what effect her words had produced and an irrepressible Irishman called out, "And it sarved the owld beggar parfectly right."

The author calls his book an *olla podrida* of an Irishman's memories. He has lived, he tells us, an amusing and a happy life, with many friends and few enemies, and with the assurance that if he has not done much good in the world, at least he has not done much harm. And among the good things to his credit this bluff, hearty, and haphazard volume of recollections will not be least.

Things I Can Tell. By Lord Rossmore. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Man Who Was Good.

In this case Mr. Merrick seems somewhat to have overdrawn his ideal of feminine fidelity, and fidelity carried too far becomes unpleasant. A woman's power to forgive and to love unworthily is very great, but not limitless.

When Tony Carew, an actor, persuades Mary Brettan to leave her position in order to marry him he confesses at the last moment that he already has a degraded wife and therefore that the ceremony is impossible. Surrendering to his passionate entreaties she lives with him on the understanding that he will marry her as soon as his wife dies. When Mrs. Carew does eventually die Carew informs Mary that he has a chance to marry the wealthy woman who has been financing his theatrical tour. It would be foolish to lose so great a professional opportunity, and so Mary is callously thrown into the road by a monster of vanity who seems to be actually perplexed by the unreasonableness of her grievance. As a result the wronged woman is reduced to starvation, and to all those miseries that civilization inflicts upon those guilty of the combined crimes of helplessness and womanhood. It seems incredible that Mary should preserve any tenderness for such a wretch as this or that his memory should cause her to reject the offers of a good and honorable man whom she might otherwise have loved. But Mary does all this, and as a result we feel not only bewildered but indignant. Mr. Merrick tries us too far.

Of course the story is told with literary skill, but we wish we had been spared that scene in the hospital when Mary sucks the choked tracheotomy tube and so saves the life of Carew's child, ill with diphtheria. We see no particular reason why the life of an uninteresting child should be purchased at such a price.

The Man Who Was Good. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.20 net.

The Buccaneers.

If Mr. Don C. Seitz continues to write so well we shall feel that he is out of place as business manager of the New York *World* and that he ought to be translated to the immaculate purities of the editorial rooms. His latest production is a volume of verse, real verse, in which he expresses the old spirit of the Panama buccaneers, and does it with a swing and a dash that may sometimes be rough, as he admits, but that is all the better for it. Here are a few representative stanzas:

> Here's smoke and flame to add to the zest—
> The cowardly creoles have fir'd their nest!
>
> Too late for saving their jewels and cash,
> So quickly our rascals have made the dash
>
> From sea to sea! Across the world
> Death and destruction swiftly hurl'd
>
> 'Gainst the old city! 'Tis a hundred years
> Since Drake's drum fell on their startled ears!

Howard Pyle contributes a colored frontispiece to these vigorous verses that are well worth publishing and well worth buying.

The Buccaneers. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Bubbles of the Foam.

Mr. F. W. Bain is doing a good work by his translations from original Indian manuscripts. Already he has given us several volumes, and now we have this—of course allegorical—story of an Oriental despot and the forest beauty whom he wooed only too successfully. Mr. Bain, following the example of Emerson, seems to think that we need this Oriental touch in our literature and thought. For the West is beginning to be disappointed with its fetish of liberty. Her Utopias are ending in blind alleys, her sages discovered to be less sage than they seemed, her science turning superstitious, her literature wallowing in the gutter, and her women descending from the pedestal of sex to play the virago in the contamination of the crowd. Whether Orientalism can save us from some of these evils is doubtful, but there may be individuals who can benefit from the "imperturbable tranquility and calm" of ancient India.

Bubbles of the Foam. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

Russia.

Professor Goodrich's qualifications for his large task are not overwhelming, but at least they are sufficient. He was conected with the Imperial Government College at Kyoto, interpreter to the American consulate in Nagasaki, and therefore in constant communication with important Russians, and in 1899 he traveled extensively in Russia. Such an experience would hardly justify a detailed analysis of Russian life or policies, but this is not attempted. The author confines himself to his own observations and to such reflections and forecasts as naturally suggest themselves to an acute and instructed mind. At least in one respect he deserves unstinted applause. He recognizes that there are always two sides to a question, that Russia's religious severities have been exaggerated and may even be defended, that her treatment of alien peoples is often humane and gentle, that Siberian prison life is not altogether hellish, and that Russia's foreign policies are not always more selfish than those of other nations. The book, in spite of a certain querulousness and professional omniscience, does a work seldom done so well. It tells us many of the things about Russia that we ought to know and it excludes nearly everything that is unimportant.

Russia in Europe and Asia. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50 net.

Valserine.

The supreme test of the new author comes not with the first, but with the second, volume. When Margaret Andoux wrote "Marie Claire" it was judged, and rightly, to be a remarkable story. Now comes a collection of short stories that are by no means lacking in delicate touches, but that are so thin, of such gossamer texture, as almost to lack the semblance of life. The author seems to have made a fetish of simplicity, and in order to obtain simplicity she avoids facts and events. If Marguerite Andoux aspires toward real fiction she must describe life as it exists and with a little of the robust elements that are associated with daily experience. For the life that is made up of phantom sentiments is not recognizable.

Valserine and Other Stories. By Marguerite Andoux. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.30 net.

A Valiant Woman.

This "contribution to the educational problem" is written anonymously in memory of a woman whose identity is kept a secret, but we are not told why so much anonymity is necessary. Perhaps it does not very much matter, since the various chapters on educational topics may speak for themselves and make their own effective appeal by their moderation, reasonableness, and pertinence. It seems to be the burden of the author's contention that we have tried to do the impossible under the belief that ignorance is the source of all evils and that ignorance is curable. In the vast majority of cases it is not curable because it is due to incapacity to receive. A surface culture, smartness and alertness may be acquired, but not an education. Standards, once imposed, must be steadily lowered to suit the powers of the unteachable, whereas it would be better to devise some system that would ask of each pupil only what he is qualified to do.

But these essays are not confined entirely to education. The author has the courage to state the truth that man is the creator and not the creature of his environment, and that economic conditions do not produce crime. Nor do poverty and wretchedness. Whoever the author may be and under whatever inspiration the book was written, it is full of shrewd observation and of keen and benevolent judgment.

A Valiant Woman. By M. F. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net.

Ireland.

The passage of the Home Rule bill renders opportune a second edition of Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Dublin Castle and the Irish People." No one could be more competent than Mr. O'Brien to describe the exact status of the Irish people under a British government or the details of a system probably without a parallel in civilization. The author devotes himself mainly to a picture of that system, but he allows himself also to interpret the Irish sentiment of which he himself is so able an exponent. It is not so much for a new mechanism of government that Ireland asks as for some kind of a national and distinctive existence, for some opportunity to control a destiny that shall be Irish and not British. She seems within measurable distance of achievement.

Dublin Castle and the Irish People. By R. Barry O'Brien. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25 net.

Strindberg's Plays.

Presumably Strindberg's plays find a response in America, for now we have another volume containing "Creditors" and "Pariah." Björkman, who contributes the introductions, describes the former play as a masterpiece, and seeks to account for Strindberg's hold upon our interest by the theory that if we search our souls unsparingly we shall have to admit that had the needed set of circumstances been provided we might have come unpleasantly close to the Strindbergian creatures that we are now inclined to reject as unhuman. No doubt this is true, but whether it constitutes an appeal is another matter. No doubt every sub-human potentiality lies more or less close to the surface of every man and might be developed by conditions, but a healthy dramatic interest seems to be attracted more by the possibilities of superhumanism than of subhumanism.

Plays of August Strindberg—"Creditors" and "Pariah." Translated by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

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"The Second Part of Henry the Sixt" has been added to the First Folio Shakespeare now in course of publication by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, edited with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter. Price, 75 cents per volume.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Deutsche Heimat," edited by Josefa Schrakamp, giving a general survey of the German nation, with notes, conversational questions, and vocabulary. Price, 80 cents.

In "The Minister and the Boy" Dr. Allan Hoben, Ph. D., suggests various ways in which the church may exercise a wholesome influence over boy life. It is published by the University of Chicago Press. Price, $1 net.

"A Little Book of Verse," by Leila Peabody (Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents net), rewards the reader by an occasional illuminating thought, but the volume would have been smaller if all the commonplaces had been omitted.

The Short Course series, edited by the Rev. John Adams, B. D., has been enlarged by the addition of "The Beatitudes," by the Rev. R. H. Fisher, D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net). Mr. Fisher writes with persuasiveness and insight.

Those who read the series of delightfully humorous sketches that appeared under the title of "Cobb's Anatomy," by Irvin S. Cobb, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, will welcome this publication by the George H. Doran Company in volume form and with illustrations by Peter Newell. Price, 75 cents net.

Telephotography, by which large pictures of distant objects may be obtained by combinations of positive and negative lenses, has for some time been a matter of interest to photographers, and therefore there should be a welcome for the little volume on "Telephotography," by Cyril F. Lan-Davis, F. R. P. S., just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (75 cents net). The explanations are clear, and every factor in the process receives due attention.

"The Shadow of the Flowers" consists of a selection of passages from the poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich made by Mrs. Aldrich in response to a request for a list of the flowers mentioned by him in order that the garden of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial at Portsmouth might possess every flower so mentioned. Every reference is illustrated with pencil sketches by Talbot Aldrich and Carl J. Nordell, the result being a graceful volume not to be overlooked by Aldrich lovers. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, $2 net.

"Essays and Addresses," by Judge Roger A. Pryor (Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net), contains among other addresses the author's "Speech on the Resolution Reported by the Committee of Thirty-Three," "The Soldier, the Friend of Peace and Union," and his address "On the Influence of Virginia on the Formation of the Federal Constitution." Addresses of this kind are a valuable aid to historical study, and Judge Pryor can give them to us in their best and most vigorous form.

"Intellectual Religion," by Thomas Curran Ryan (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net), may be described as a special plea for certain religious tenets. The author's position may be somewhat gauged from the following stupefying declaration: "God is the enemy of all evil, both material and moral, judging from the facts that the former has almost disappeared and the latter has greatly decreased." Certainly the disappearance and the decrease are not of the kind that one would notice.

"The Growth of Freedom," by H. W. Nevinson, is among recent additions to the People's Books (Dodge Publishing Company; 20 cents per volume). After sketching the course of the struggle for liberty the author says that "bureaucratic interference with personal life, long the plague of most European capitals from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, threatens to infest the world. . . . We may well imagine that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of trial than for a blameless city, cautiously regulated to virtue by the best mechanical appliances of the clerks on boards and the heads of government departments."

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at
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The Financier.

Before estimating the ethical values of Mr. Dreiser's latest novel—indeed of any of his novels—it is well to discriminate between successful ambitions and happiness. After all it is happiness that we are all looking for. The attainment of ambitions may seem the most desirable road to happiness, but shall we rightly ascribe success to him whose ambitions are triumphant, but who finds that they do not lead to happiness? It is significant of much of Mr. Dreiser's work that his heroes get everything they want except happiness. They win money, power, and the love of women in unstinted quantities. But they leave the stage with downcast faces, drearily, and to slow music.

This is true of Frank Cowperwood, hero of "The Financier." He is force personified. His morality is the business conventions of the day, no more. He makes a fortune, loses, it, goes to jail, recoups himself, and settles in the West. He once saw a lobster devour a squid, methodically, remorselessly. He determines to be the lobster and the business world his squid. He succeeds because he is efficient and because he absorbs or destroys every inefficiency in his path. When he meets Aileen Butler he absorbs her, too, however willing a victim she may have been. He has a wife already, but what of that? Cowperwood and Aileen are wholly conscienceless, knowing no law but their own desires, no restraint but the public censure that is bad business. Unthinkingly we may say that we have here a type of success and a map of the roads that lead to success. That will be true enough, but we may still ask if success is an end in itself, or merely a means to happiness. For certainly Cowperwood is not happy. Nor is Aileen. Nature has given them everything they asked of her, but they are left to find that happiness is not included in this prodigality of attainments. They have confused the means with the end.

Mr. Dreiser writes much as one would write a private diary, careless of style, and with a tendency to disquisitions upon things that do not matter. He seems anxious to formulate an ethical idea and to state it succinctly, but without a clear idea of what it is or enthusiasm in its defense. But the ethical idea is in the story itself. It is the disillusionment that follows success. His last chapter leaves us with a sense of the pity of it all, the futility of the efforts even of Titans who win the whole world and lose their own souls.

The Financier. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.40.

The Short Story.

Professor Pitkin's book may safely be recommended to those who believe that a high-school education is sufficient equipment for short-story writing. It is of course easy to exaggerate the importance of technic, which will be useless without imagination, ideas, and intelligence. But these latter virtues will also be useless without technic, which can be learned, while these can not. Professor Pitkin succeeds in telling us how to use to the best advantage what we have, how to choose a topic, what to say about it, how to handle the dominant character, the plot action, the order of events, the point of view and atmosphere. He is always clear and definite, and while he does not burden his work with illustrations he tells us where we may find them for ourselves. His book is of decided value to the short-story writer.

The Art and the Business of Story Writing. By Walter B. Pitkin. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Mary, Mary.

This curious story of an Irish girl is a picture of lowly life in Dublin that is probably accurate and certainly interesting. Mary is the daughter of a charwoman who lives precariously on her daily pay and who struggles hard to save her daughter from the drudgery that is her own lot in life. We are shown something of what it means to live in one room, the extraordinary helpfulness to one another of the very poor, the innocent superstitions that keep hope alive, and the optimism that is never so evident as when the loss of a day's pay may mean hunger. Mr. Stephens is not a sentimentalist. At least he tries not to show it. Indeed he cultivates a sort of kindly cynicism that is more effective than a tearful appeal for sympathy. But he has produced a distinctive little sketch, one that adds to our knowledge and stimulates our kindliness.

Mary, Mary. By James Stephens. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Old Chinatown.

If this book were not already in existence its present production would be impossible. The Chinatown of San Francisco still exists as a geographical area, but its costumes and its distinctiveness have been largely obliterated by republicanism, democracy, and a misguided imitativeness. To speak of Dr. Arnold Genthe's photographic prowess would be superfluous in California, and so it is enough to say that we have here nearly a hundred examples of his best work in Chinatown, and including nearly every aspect of Chinese life. It would be equally superfluous to praise the descriptive powers of Mr. Will Irwin, who contributes the letterpress. There could be no stronger nor more competent combination than Dr. Genthe and Mr. Irwin, and in this case the result is a volume that every Californian ought to possess.

Old Chinatown. By Arnold Genthe and Will Irwin. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2.50 net.

Alexander's Bridge.

This story is based on a well-worn but always fertile theme, the power of a man to love two women at the same time. Every man knows that this is possible and probably no woman believes it. Bartley Alexander is a great bridge builder, happily married and fortunate in every life relation. On a visit to London he meets an actress, Hilda Burgoyne, with whom he had some youthful love passages during his student days and who has now become a star in her profession. Hilda has remained unmarried, and Alexander now learns that she has been faithful to the memory of her first romance. There is no need to say what happens, for we all know what does happen to frail human nature under such circumstances, but the author solves the problem in perhaps the only way that it can be solved with finality.

Alexander's Bridge. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net.

The Literature of Israel.

Dr. Fowler's ambitious task has been to write a history of the literature of Israel similar to those written for ancient Greece, Rome, India, Persia, and Arabia, and it is not a little remarkable that the task has been left until now. Possibly there has been a reluctance to show how much of this literature was borrowed, and how much is owing to Babylonia, Assyria, Canaan, and Egypt. Israel, of course, stamped her literary inheritance with her own genius, as do all nations, and so made of it something that may be called a new creation. It is now possible to discriminate between what she inherited and what is due to her own genius and to measure the extent of extraneous influences upon her writings. Dr. Fowler has done this with marked success in this substantial volume and he has done it without any of the theological bias that so often mars even the best works of this kind.

Adequately to review so large a work would be difficult, but it may be said that its twenty-six chapters cover a period from the ancient, prehistoric Semitic world down to the early Maccabeean era, about 135 B. C., that is to say, practically the whole span of distinctively Jewish history. Every chapter bears the mark of research and scholarship, of a strong desire to know the facts and to present them lucidly and impressively.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel. By Henry Thatcher Fowler, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Tradition," the title play in the new volume of one-act plays by George Middleton, author of "Embers," was to be produced at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, this week by the Woman Suffrage party. The author's wife, Fola La Follette, for whom the play was written, has the leading part. Henry Holt & Co. will publish the book in February.

An English library committee recently, by resolution, destroyed a copy of Fielding's novel, "Tom Jones." The book was taken home by a member, who read it for the first time. He reported it as immoral, and at the committee meeting there was a fierce debate.

John O'Hara Cosgrave and Mrs. Jessica Garretson Finch were married this month at the bride's country home at Bellehaven, Connecticut. Mr. Cosgrave was the managing editor of *Everybody's*, and is now editing the magazine of the New York *Sunday World*. Mrs. Finch is the founder and head of the Finch School of New York, and is well known in educational and suffrage circles. She was president of the Equal Franchise Society last year.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's series of "Memories" in *Scribner's Magazine* is one of the most delightful contributions to the literature of reminiscence that recent seasons have seen. History, biography, impressive criticism, and a cheerful philosophy of life were seldom better combined than in these entertaining and valuable papers.

In the spring list of Thomas Y. Crowell Company is an announcement of the early appearance of a translation of Karl Mortensen's "Handbook of Norse Mythology," which has gone through many editions in the Danish original.

Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie, the Mennonite Maid," and other stories of originality and insight, is said to have written something radically different yet even more powerful in her new novel, "The Parasite," which the J. B. Lippincott Company is bringing out this month.

In the February *St. Nicholas* there is a plain and simple yet feeling appreciation of the late Frank Hall Scott, president of the Century Company, who had watched over this best of magazines for the young, as well as its elder brother, the *Century Magazine*, from the beginning.

Alfred Henry Lewis, the inventor of a piquant brand of cowboy slang that is like nothing ever heard on land or sea, has written a new Wolfville book, "Faro Nell and Her Friends," which will be published at once by the G. W. Dillingham Company.

New Books Received.

Deutsche Heimat. Edited by Josefa Schrakamp. New York: American Book Company; 80 cents.

A general survey of the German nation, with vocabulary and appendices.

Virgil. By T. R. Glover. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

A second edition.

A Primer: Day by Day with Sam and May. By Emma Serl and Vivian Evans. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

For school use.

Madison Hood. By Hamilton Drane. Chicago: The Hanning Publishing Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Inner Life and the Tao Teh King. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. New York: Theosophical Publishing Company; $2 net.

A commentary on the philosophy of Laotze.

The Sea-Kings of Crete. By Rev. James Baikie, F. R. A. S. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A plain account of the investigations that have revolutionized all ideas as to the antiquity and the level of the earliest European culture.

Highways and Byways in Somerset. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

A history and a description.

The Middle Class. By J. Rosett. Baltimore: Phœnix Publishers.

A play.

The Teacher's Health. By Lewis W. Terman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 60 cents net.

A study in the hygiene of an occupation.

The Taming of the Shrew and All's Well That Ends Well. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net each.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

The Silver-Burdett Arithmetics. Book One. By George Morris Phillips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

For primary grades.

Mewanee, the Little Indian Boy. By Belle Wiley. Silver, Burdett & Co.

For school use.

Who's Who, 1913. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3 net.

An annual biographical dictionary.

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In the Year Just Ended

Whatever upsets were experienced in the political sphere in 1912, business advancement was general, and here in California growth was well maintained in city and country. Certainly the year was pleasing to such a large concern as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which experienced a substantial growth and saw work well under way on one of the greatest power propositions ever undertaken in the West, that of the Lake Spaulding dam, in the high Sierra in Nevada County.

The cost of this undertaking will exceed $6,000,000, and at least two years will be required, it is estimated, to complete the work. It was begun to enable the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to supply its steadily growing field with electricity for power and other purposes, and when completed will, through the medium of the new power plants, add 100,000 horsepower to the present supply of electric current furnished by "Pacific Service." "When this threatens to prove insufficient," announces Vice-President John A. Britton, "we will go ahead and do some more constructing."

Many hundreds of men have been actively engaged in this big work for months past, and as many hundred as can be employed to advantage will be kept busy up there in the wonderful mountains until the labor is finished.

Another pleasing feature of the company's business during the last year was the extension of its electric system in country districts, where diversified farmers are fast realizing what can be accomplished with the aid of electrically driven pumps. Trained canvassers were put in the field, and their work met with a gratifying response, with the result that electricity has been introduced for many purposes into thriving colonies. Thus a new field has been opened, which must continue to grow and assume more diversified possibilities as the great fertile valleys and hillsides become populated with homeseekers. Just what this means may be better understood when it is estimated by Mr. Britton that within the company's territory there are susceptible of irrigation over 12,000,000 acres of land, which, when irrigated, will be capable of supporting a population of at least 2,000,000 people.

Aside from all other growth in 1912, "Pacific Service" supplanted by contract some large private power plants in San Francisco, demonstrating to such large companies as the Union Iron Works and Sutro Baths that "Pacific Service" is cheaper and more reliable than the power produced by any private concern.

Serving as it does two-thirds of California's population, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is naturally interested in every movement which will benefit the state, and is always ready to extend its electric wires, gas mains, and water pipes wherever there is a possibility that such action will be justified. It supplies 200 towns with electricity; fifty with gas; twenty-five with water, and operates one electric railway system. It employs 4800 people; operates eleven hydro-electric plants in the mountains; five steam-driven plants in big cities, and sixteen gas works. It serves thirty of California's fifty-eight counties, an area of 37,775 square miles.

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"BROADWAY JONES."

Europe-diluted America is beginning to be proud that it has native traditions. It has learned to revere the pure American stock, and, in a way, to enshrine memories of old-fashioned ways of thought, and of family customs. All this sentiment it does not admit, mind you, but it exists, all the same, and theatrical managers and playwrights have found it out. Rural drama as it was—that is, sentimental melodrama—is, however, getting the go-by. It is homely realism that the people want, even if that realism is set in an atmosphere of farce. The theatre-goer wishes to laugh at the old-time villager, with his slow, homely, antiquated ways. But he laughs indulgently, even tenderly, and with a touch of national pride. And who so quick to discover this as the playwright of the present? And who so completely, thoroughly, and all-roundedly of the present as our friend, George M. Cohan? Hence "Broadway Jones," which is a cheerful and likable farce.

There was a time when George M. Cohan only turned out machine-made musical comedy. But he has mellowed with time. Not only has he learned to distinguish the workings of human nature from the antics of stage automatons, but I suspect that the feverishly artificial atmosphere of Broadway has made him learn to prize the exploitation of genuineness in the drama.

At any rate, in "Broadway Jones" the charm of an agreeable and enjoyable little play lies in transplanting the youthful and indiscreet hero from a hectic career on Broadway to the village of his fathers—and even of his forefathers—and finding that it is good. To be sure, the tone of the play all through—or nearly all through—is one of levity. But the levity is acceptable and amusing, and the one departure from it constitutes a moral. And our American loves a moral in the drama, no matter how simple, how artless, how naïve.

True melodrama, which always has maintained its hold on the people, and does today in its metamorphised form of music-picture-plays, succeeds in doing so because the fact that it has a moral is so palpable. The confirmed patron of music-picture-plays has not yet emerged upon a plane of dramatic subtlety. Perhaps that will come yet, even in photographed pantomime. This is a wonderful age, and, in the matter of adjusting ourselves to change, we live hard and fast.

George M. Cohan does not at all obtrude his moral, but it is there, impossible to overlook, even in its setting of levity and laughter. For "Broadway" Jones, who has traveled the pace along the Great White Way, who has sampled every joy known to Broadway, and in the doing has exhausted his wealth and his credit; Broadway Jones, who tries to mend his broken fortunes by a marriage with a wealthy old woman, and in the very teeth of the plunge finds himself the legatee of a million, goes to his home town to raise money on his legacy, and unexpectedly finds himself entangled in a moral obligation. He finds that if he sells the chewing-gum factory in Jonesville that he will rip up the financial resources of his native village. The trust that wishes to buy only wants the name and the brand. The plant would go to waste. And Broadway Jones accepts the obligation. Exit Broadway. There's the story. But Mr. Cohan contrives to tell it in a way to make you laugh; and to laugh frequently and wholesomely.

The solid citizen in front thoroughly approves of the American atmosphere of the play. He enjoys the allusions to Broadway itself. He feels a brotherly sympathy with Broadway Jones's meteoric career. No doubt he would like to taste many of those high-flavored pleasures that ate into Broadway Jones's generous patrimony. And he particularly enjoys the facile flow of Broadway's vigorously idiomatic discourse. It is inspired slang. Not the esoteric kind that only the initiated can translate. Not the labored slang that sounds fabricated for effect. But the easy, facile, fluent slang that rises instinctively to the lips of a typical American youth. The slang that meets and expresses every situation; the slang that we all know, and that we laugh to hear when it springs to the lips with that neatly casual air with which Ralph Morgan makes Broadway Jones utter it.

Ralph Morgan fills the bill as "Broadway" very thoroughly. He is not a legitimate comedian, but the rôle calls for the methods of farce, and as such should be expressed the general tone of the piece. Farce it is, with large gobs of homely realism. Mr. Morgan's Broadway has the typical slenderness of a youth who has gone the pace. He has nervous, scrooged-up attitudes, and a large-eyed solemnity interposed with bursts of youthful elasticity. He has a husky bark with which he meets disconcerting situations, and he has likableness.

So has his friend Wallace, a heavier-weight, played agreeably with an effect of the solid protectiveness of a more responsible nature, by John Webster.

The company, it should be mentioned, is a good one. Several responsible male rôles are exceedingly well rendered. That of Judge Spotswood, the Jonesville attorney of Broadway's chewing-gum interests, is particularly well played by Frederick Maynard, who bestows upon the judge a certain halo of homely simplicity, and the reposeful deliberateness of a man who has never known the fever of life in a metropolis.

Daniel Burns gives an excellent impersonation of a boy who is at that crochetty stage of his life when his ego and his ambition are alike inconveniently big, and he feels that he is misunderstood by an uncomprehending and unsympathetic world.

George Schaeffer, as Broadway's imposing butler, was quite impressive with his statesmanlike dignity and his bald-headed beauty. We knew, later, why such an imposing individual was selected for the rôle. For Louis Parker, in "Pomander Walk," showed us how easy it was for a butler to pass himself off as a gentleman. The line of demarcation is frequently very thin in a democracy; probably out of it, too. And certainly that was an ingenious expedient of Mr. Cohan's, to have his well-dowered widow recognize the possibilities in Rankin, and construct out of his self-respecting dignity a husband and an earl.

In the little bit of the character part of Higgins, the constitutional grouch of the chewing-gum works, and as Peter Pembroke, the brow-beating representative of a wily trust, Messrs. Henery and Staley afforded further testimony as to the good standards that prevailed in the selection of the company.

Two pretty girls and two older women made up the feminine ensemble. Carolyn Lee and Marie Taylor represented satisfactorily the two extremes of mature femininity; the one the painted dame clinging desperately to an uncredited similitude of youth; the other, the cheerful, wholesome, energetic "ma" of a comfortable, rural home—the kind of mother who snubs the boys, and pets the girls, and loves the husband with an honest, undemonstrative, matter-of-fact affection, and who makes everybody comfortable all round. Both characters are enlivened with little farcical touches, and, indeed, the character of the wealthy Mrs. Gerard is almost altogether pure farce.

The two pretty girls are Clara, Judge Spotswood's daughter, a lisping maiden at the ice-cream and soda-water stage of existence, and Josie Richards, the young business secretary of the Jones chewing-gum plant. In this latter character Mr. Cohan has aimed at representing the capable, responsible girl employee so universal now in business houses, whose pink-cheeked, glossy-haired youthfulness is entirely reconcilable with conscientiousness and clerical expertness. Edith Luckett and Grace Morissey are the names of the two actresses who impersonate the pair of rural beauties, and they do it very nicely. But, in sketching out these two characters, somehow Mr. Cohan's hand loses its cunning. He gives them no individuality; they are just the genus girl, with a certain stiffness and setness about the composition that subtracts from its naturalness.

About that of the Spotswood family in toto, however, there could be no question. They are set in the old-fashioned interior that our grandmothers loved to compose: tidies, shell-work, ghastly family portraits in staring black and white, unquenchable chromos; all were there. The audience reveled in it. They enjoyed Mrs. Spotswood's vigorous simplicity, they almost embraced the judge, surreptitiously, and with an artless sense of wickedness, drawing a whisky-flask from a coy hip pocket. They took to young Sam. In fact, Jonesville was theirs, their very own. It was and is of America of the past; the America that is being submerged under an ocean of modern improvements.

Jonesville is becoming one of our cherished traditions, and as such George M. Cohan placed it with full confidence before the American public and they found it good.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

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A notice posted at the Savoy Theatre, London, where all the town is going to see Actor-manager Harley Granville Barker's production of "Twelfth Night," reads: "In no part of this theatre is evening dress indispensable." This is the first theatre in London to recognize the fact that the general public dislikes obligatory dressing for the best seats. Five years ago no one would think of sitting in the stalls unless in full dress. Now it is only during the opera season at Covent Garden that the failure to have evening dress is followed by refusal of admission.

The San Francisco Orchestra Concerts.

On Friday afternoon, January 24, the San Francisco Orchestra will give its ninth Symphony Concert at the Cort Theatre, at 3:15, and will introduce as soloists B. Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Joseph Vito, harpist, who will play the Mozart Concerto for Flute and Harp, accompanied by the full orchestra. Mr. Puyans is a young artist of great talent, and has the rare distinction of being winner of the first prize for flute in the Conservatory of Paris, July 28, 1904. Joseph Vito will be well remembered by the patrons of the San Francisco Orchestra by his excellent work with Maud Powell at the Popular Concerts of January 10 and 12.

Following is the excellent programme which the orchestra will give Friday afternoon:

Mendelssohn ....Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"
Schubert ....Symphony No. 8, B Minor (Unfinished)
Svendsen..........Overture, "Carnival in Paris"

The San Francisco Orchestra will give a special Wagner Concert in the auditorium of the German House, Polk and Turk Streets, Sunday afternoon, January 26, and the following programme will be given:

Vorspiel ...."The Meistersinger"
Vorspiel ...."Lohengrin"
Siegfried's Rhine Journey....................................From "Die Götterdämmerung"
Forest Murmurs...............From "Siegfried"
Prelude and "Isolde's Love Death"...............................From "Tristan and Isolde"

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The Sembrich Farewell Concert Sunday.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the greatest living exponent of the art of singing in its highest degree, will give her farewell concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 26, at 2:30.

The affair will be in the nature of a strict song recital, the great diva contributing the entire programme of twenty-five beautiful numbers. Part I will be devoted to the old airs and songs, the composers represented being Beethoven, Paradies, Handel, and Munro. Part II will consist of classic German songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. Part III will illustrate the modern song, with works by Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf, Grieg, La Forge, and Foote. Part IV will be a most interesting and novel one, and will be made up of folk songs of various countries, sung in their original languages; Canadian, Irish, New Grecian, Norwegian, Polish, and Hungarian melodies are on the list. Manager Greenbaum says that it will be the most beautiful and interesting programme ever offered in this or any other city.

The tickets are on sale at the music store box-offices, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Columbia Theatre after 10 a. m.

This will probably be the very last time that Mme. Sembrich will be heard in this country.

◆

The Mischa Elman Concerts.

Mischa Elman, now a "real" man, for he has just reached the age of twenty-one, is, according to the Eastern papers, playing more wonderfully than ever. This is but natural, for a violinist will always develop most rapidly between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five or else retrograde, and Mischa Elman is not the kind that will do the latter. Of all the younger violinists none has the real "kiss of Genius" that Elman possesses. His distinguishing qualities are not those that practice, study, and mere talent develop—they are gifts. A tone that is almost human in quality and sings its way into one's very heart can not be acquired. Elman is to violinists just what Caruso is to other tenors; both possess a tonal charm that is indescribable—we merely know it exists.

Manager Greenbaum has secured Elman for three concerts, two of which will be given Sunday afternoons, February 9 and 16, and the other on an evening the date of which is not definitely settled.

◆

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SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
WAGNER CONCERT
Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26, 1913
at 3 o'clock sharp
In the Auditorium of the New
GERMAN HOUSE
Polk and Turk Streets

Programme: Vorspiel, "The Meistersinger"; Vorspiel, "Lohengrin"; Siegfried's Rhine Journey, from "Die Gotterdammerung"; Forest Murmurs, from "Siegfried"; Prelude and "Isolde's Love Death," from "Tristan and Isolde."
Tickets $1.00. All seats reserved.
Seats on sale for all concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Cort Theatre, and Kohler & Chase's.
OTHER CONCERTS
Tenth Symphony, Friday afternoon, Jan. 31, 1913
Tenth Popular, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2, 1913

CAROLINA WHITE
Queen of Dramatic Sopranos and the Artistic Sensation of the Chicago Grand Opera Company
IN TWO SPLENDID CONCERTS
SCOTTISH RITE HALL
Wednesday Night - Jan. 29
COLUMBIA THEATRE
Sunday Night - Feb. 2
THEODORA STURKOW RYDER at the Piano.
Prices $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Seats on sale Monday, Sutter Street box-office Sherman, Clay & Co.
Direction W. H. Leahy and Frank W. Healy.

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MRS. LANGTRY (Lady De Bathe) and her Company in "The Test"; LOLO, the Sioux Indian Mystic; CHADWICK TRIO; ROXY LA ROCCA; WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE in Mr. Cressy's Own skit, "One Night Only"; WORK and PLAY; THOSE FRENCH GIRLS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Hit, RALPH HERZ, One of Musical Comedy's Most Famous Stars.
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Two weeks, beginning MONDAY, January 27
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
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In David Belasco's Thrilling Play
THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
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2d and LAST BIG WEEK STARTS MONDAY
Night and Saturday Mat. Prices—50c to $2
Popular Matinee Wednesday.
Henry W. Savage Offers the Pullman Carnival of Fun
EXCUSE ME
By Rupert Hughes
With WILLIS P. SWEATNAM and the N. Y. Cast.
Commencing Sunday night, Feb. 2—FLORENCE WEBBER in "Naughty Marietta."

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason
Starting Sunday Matinee, Jan. 26
ROAD
SHOW
WEEK
9—ALL-STAR FEATURES—9
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

GREENBAUM ATTRACTIONS

SEMBRICH
FAREWELL CONCERT
This Sunday aft, Jan. 26, at 2:30
COLUMBIA THEATRE
Tickets $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at Columbia. Baldwin Piano.
CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY
SOPRANO
CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM
BARITONE
IN JOINT RECITALS
SCOTTISH RITE HALL
Sunday aft, Feb. 2. Tuesday and Thursday nights, Feb. 4 and 6
Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, ready next Wednesday at above box-offices. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum. Steinway Piano.

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Sunday afts, Feb. 9 and 16
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Coming—Nordica.
Adeline Genee Ballet Co.

VALENCIA THEATRE
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125 MEMBERS
Opening this SUNDAY EVE, Jan. 26
Sunday, "Aida"; Monday, "Lucia"; Tuesday, "Faust"; Wednesday, "Rigoletto"; Thursday, "La Tosca"; Friday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Saturday mat., "Lucia"; Saturday night, "Aida."
Prices, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75cts, 50 cts. Box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
2d Week—"Thais," "Andrea Chenier," "Amico Fritz," "Faust," "Il Trovatore."
Steinway Piano.
Coming—Adeline Genee Ballet Co.

VANITY FAIR.

An interesting widow—experience renders all widows interesting—writes to one of the palladiums of our liberty to the effect that she resents very strongly being treated as "a feeble-minded idiot incapable of managing my own affairs." Her resentment is doubtless justified, since she tells us that she is about to be married again and therefore is obviously neither an idiot nor incapable of managing her own affairs.

It is natural that our chivalry should be aroused by such an appeal. Readers of this column will be aware that if there is anything upon which we may justifiably pride ourselves it is our chivalry. And what can be more inspiring than a widowhood undismayed by loss, equipped for fresh pursuit, resolved once more to conquer and to possess?

And so we hasten to read the affidavits and the pleas in this particular case, determined that justice shall be done though the heavens fall. Now it seems that when the late dear departed left this vale of tears for another and a better world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage his widow found herself in possession of an income of $6000 a year, which is not so shady even with the cost of living what it is. But there was a proviso to the will. If she should marry again—which is precisely what she intends to do—her income will be $1000 a year only, the remaining $5000 going to "a doubtless deserving but not very interesting female cousin of my late husband." Note the concentrated venom of that description. You know there can't really be anything in the "absent treatment" of the mental scientists nor in their "malicious animal magnetism," or that deserving but not very interesting female cousin would have found herself at the head of a mournful procession and yet looking so natural in about four days after that will was read.

Now we should like to argue tenderly and yet firmly with this afflicted widow. She has a sense of burning injustice, which of course is natural enough, seeing that she can't get exactly what she wants. Any woman would feel the same way and does feel that way chronically. She says her situation is "positively humiliating," which is true enough when we remember that she is writing a letter to a newspaper and that possibly some one outside the family may read it. She says it is "perfectly monstrous that my liberty should be interfered with in this way," and it is of course "perfectly monstrous" that any woman should feel herself under restrictions, obligations, compulsions, or hindrances of any kind whatsoever, under any circumstances whatsoever. All women feel that way.

But just for the sake of a row let us look at this thing from the viewpoint of the dear departed. Poor devil, he can't speak for himself, probably gave up speaking for himself altogether from the moment when the "tie that binds" was first slipped around his neck. It is only fair that his side of the case should be presented.

Now why should he feel called upon to provide a life income for a hypothetical man of whom he had never heard and whom he would probably regard with a certain compassionate animosity? He did not restrict his wife's actions nor restrain her liberties in the smallest degree. He left her at freedom to marry again and she intends to avail herself of that freedom. All he did was to leave his money to her and to take precautions that it should not pass into the hands of a successor for whom he could hardly be expected to have any tender feelings. The lady admits in her letter that the man whom she now wishes to glorify with the tender gift of her experienced affections has only $1000 a year and that their joint income will be only $2000 a year. Quite so. That is precisely what the defunct may be supposed to have foreseen. Possibly he was not unwilling that his priceless treasure should pass into other hands, but he did not propose to supply those other hands with cigars, drinks, and automobiles. If we may imagine anything so frivolous he has probably exchanged the wink of perfect understanding with his celestial companions and poked shadowy ribs with a ghostly and facetious finger. We hate to do it, but we must render judgment for defendant.

What may be described as a prejudice against the bath was recently exemplified at a meeting of an English educational committee when the cleanliness of school children was under discussion. One of the committee had received a message from a mother to the effect that "their medical officer was not to interfere with her Tommy at school, as she had sewn him up for the winter."

Mrs. John W. Alexander of New York is one of those well-meaning reformers who deplore the American woman's craving for Paris clothes. Mrs. Alexander is one of the judges for the New York *Times* competition for American designed hats and gowns, and from that exalted position she implores her sisters to amend their ways, to eschew Paris, and to patronize home industries. Paris clothes, she says, are not better than American, nor nearly so suited to American needs. The Parisian woman rides everywhere and her clothing is not appropriate to women who walk. How absurd, then, to copy the gowns of women who rarely put their feet to the ground and to expect to use them gracefully for walking purposes. If American women would but think for themselves we should soon see the creation of distinctive American styles and the tyranny of the Paris costumier would be at an end.

Now Mrs. Alexander means well, but she has another guess coming. Apparently she supposes that American women buy Paris dresses because they prefer their appearance, style, or suitability. Nothing of the sort. Nothing could be further from the facts. They prefer Parisian dresses because they are Parisian, and so far from being anxious to create, or to favor, a distinctively American style, it is precisely this very thing that they are determined to avoid. Once label a thing as peculiarly American and the fashionable woman will travel half around the world to get something that is different.

"I see you got a lodge pin on. That's my lodge. Lizzie took my pin so's to wear it to a party. That aint th' only lodge I belong to. Are ye a Mason? Y' aint? Are ye a K. P.? Y' aint? Say, you ought to know my Uncle Bob. He's what I call a 'jiner.' They aint a lodge struck these United States yet that he haint rode its goat. By jing, he knows more'n enough pass-words to write th' Bible with. That's one reason he never got married. He can't stay out o' lodge meetin' long enough. If old Bob ever dies I hope he gets drowned in th' ocean, 'cause his funeral'll paralyze this town for onct. He aint a very leading citizen, an' I'll bet he aint got a dollar in any bank, but, believe me, he's got enough receipts for lodge dues to paper the city hall. It's a good thing for a fellow to belong to some lodge. I don't care if it's nothin' more'n th' Independent Order o' Prickly Pears. He knows everybody aint in it. Mebbe he thinks they can't get in it. That swells him up. An when a man's got reason to feel proud he's a lot better citizen 'n th' other kind sneakin' 'long with his head down an' tryin' to do somebody all th' time." This as reported in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

The New York newspapers, the really democratic ones, have hastened to inform us, pictorially and otherwise, how the children of multi-millionaires amuse themselves with winter sports. The breathlessly agitated reporters have observed these things for themselves. Pens and cameras have been requisitioned in the search for news, and so an awe-struck world is privileged to participate, but at a respectful distance, in the games of these young scions of enormous wealth.

They make snowballs. Think of it. Just like ordinary human beings. Of course they don't throw them. That would be too much like common people. No, they draw their right arms back, holding the snowball firmly in their fingers, then bring the arm swiftly forward, releasing the snowball at exactly the right moment. This propulsive force is found sufficient to carry the snowball to a considerable distance, presumably in proportion to the prospective wealth of the thrower. It is an operation not easy to describe and that ought to be seen to be understood.

These children go coasting, too. They lie on the sled stomach down. One might suppose that such wealthy children would stand upon their heads, but they don't. When the sled is released it travels down hill, a fact hard to explain except by the law of gravity, which one would hardly think would apply in such cases or with children whose parents are powers in Wall Street. There is no doubt, says the New York *Evening Post*, that Fifth Avenue is democratic, whatever may be said of the great mass of plain citizens for whom such journalistic snobbery is served up.

An American correspondent of the London *Standard* says that a curious scene was recently enacted at the Congress Hotel in Chicago. The Pompeiian Room and the big grillroom adjoining were crowded with the usual guests, when a man and two women entered. There was much craning of necks as the trio sat down. The man ordered wine. It was opened amid a fusillade of laughter, which caused more craning of necks. Then people began to leave in a hurry. By ones and twos and in little groups about 150 persons deserted their tables.

Somebody whispered to Colonel Nate Kauffman, head of the Congress Hotel management. A waiter hurriedly approached the object of the commotion. "I'm sorry, but we can't serve you," he said to one of the women. The woman arose, her head down. Her companions slowly followed.

At Peacock Alley stood a tall hotel detective. "No, not that way," he said. "Side door for you."

"Who was it?" asked a bystander. "That," said Colonel Kauffman, "was Lucille Cameron Johnson, second white wife of the champion heavyweight pugilist of the world. She has probably commenced to learn the lesson that drove that first poor creature to suicide. But it can not be helped."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

They were discussing at the club the difference between discretion and valor, and it was exemplified by one who said it would be valor to have eaten a Christmas dinner at L'Orgnon's restaurant, and departed without tipping the waiter. And discretion? "Well," he proceeded, "to go to a different restaurant for New Year's dinner would be discretion."

◆

The young man, feeling out of sorts, went to consult a doctor. "I have some queer pains," said our friend. "I see," said the doctor, looking wise. "Do you feel a sharp pain low down on your right side?" "Doc," answered the young fellow, "I only get $12 a week. Don't go looking for any symptoms of appendicitis." The case was immediately diagnosed as indigestion.

◆

During the Christmas dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine-looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms. "I came near not being here tonight," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance." The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?" The girl smiled demurely and said: "In Boston."

◆

There is at least one Boston banker who has a measured admiration for Thomas Lawson. "He is always full of quips," says the banker. "Not long ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those real 'high financiers' whose low methods Lawson loves to turn the light on. I arrived at the funeral a little late. I took a seat beside Lawson and whispered: 'How far has the service gone?' Lawson, nodding toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back: 'Just opened for the defense.'"

◆

One day it was raining very heavily in Berlin, and a wealthy merchant, on leaving the exchange, hailed a cab and asked to be driven to a distant part of the city. On the way the merchant discovered that he had forgotten to put his purse in his pocket. What was to be done? On reaching his destination he got out of the cab and said to the driver: "Will you please give me a match? I have dropped a gold-piece on the floor of the cab." Instanter the cabman whipped up his horse and soon disappeared round the next corner."

◆

George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, on one occasion, when being examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer. "You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Is not that rather a low calling?" "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it." The lawyer fell into the trap. "What was your father's calling?" he inquired. "He was a lawyer," replied Clarke, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the discomfited lawyer sat down.

◆

When the late Franklin Fyles first visited London he told his traveling companion, as they rose from breakfast the first morning, that he would have to be gone most of the day. "I've got to see a doctor and a lawyer, to whom I have cards of introduction," he explained, "and there are a couple of dramatic critics here who've written me to call as soon as I reached town. Then I'm going to hunt up Goldsmith's grave in Temple Garden—I'd rather see that than any other one thing in all England." A few minutes past ten Mr. Fyles walked into the hotel again, and, to his friend's surprised look, merely said: "Doctor and lawyer and critics all out. Only man at home was Oliver."

◆

Mayor Gaynor, defending New York from a charge of undue wickedness, said at a recent dinner: "There is no more wickedness here than there is in London or Paris or Berlin. They who find wickedness are usually seeking it—and we find what we seek, whether it be a roulette game or a song service. Those critics remind me of the hotel cashier who, after paying a lot of food and liquor and tobacco bills, returned to the hotel drunk. 'All those people treated me,' he explained, 'when I handed them their checks.' 'Well, well,' said the proprietor, shocked. 'Is it possible that none of my creditors are temperance people?' 'Some of them are,' the cashier admitted, 'but their checks I sent to them by mail.'"

◆

At a Christmas masquerade ball a squad of young sentries stood guard out in the cold. As the ball progressed, the conduct of a certain guest disguised as a Santa Claus astonished and perplexed everybody. This Santa Claus would dance with the prettiest women for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, hurrying to the buffet, he would drink a bottle of champagne and eat lobster salad, ices, caviar sandwiches, truffled turkey—everything in sight. The host, after several hours of such gluttonous and intemperate conduct on the part of the Santa Claus guest, conferred with his butler, and to his amazement learned that the offender had, by actual computation, devoured forty sandwiches, sixty ices, and eight quarts of lobster salad, while he had drunk thirty-one bottles of champagne and ninety glasses of punch. It seemed incredible! Yet there he was, as vigorous and fresh and sober as ever, now whispering compliments in a pretty matron's ear, now rushing to the buffet for more wine and more lobster. Puzzled and vexed, the host took Santa Claus by the arm and led him into a recess. "Show me your invitation card," he said. But Santa Claus, alas! had none. "Then unmask!" Dolefully the spurious guest obeyed. "Why, you're one of the sentries!" "Yes, sir." He was, indeed, one of the sentries—one of the squad of sentries stationed outside in the cold. These young men had hired a cheap Santa Claus make-up, and, donning it one by one, had each enjoyed a brief but delightful share of the Christmas fesivities—the dancing and lobster and champagne in the ball-room.

◆

A newspaper man was dining with the late Senator Jones in New York many years since, the evening papers being full of a shooting affair on the Riviera. A French gentleman had been killed by an annoyed American husband. Enter a supreme bore, uninvited, but who joined the two full of the desire to lecture them upon the importance of "the American husband abroad"—the sentinel of the domestic virtues: "Let no man rifle that casket." For quite five minutes they endured this, when Jones caught the bore, the breath out of his lungs, and said: "What, shoot an unarmed man in his pajamas? We don't behave like that over on the coast. I was getting off the elevator at the Pacific Union Club in San Francisco last week with a friend of mine, luckily a man of nerve, when lo! a stranger with a gun said to my friend, 'You have got to die.' 'Die?' said my friend. 'Why, whatever is the matter?' Said the other, 'Since I have been over to New York you have been paying attentions to my wife.' 'Possibly,' said my friend; 'but what is the name, please?' 'Hiram Kimball,' said the gun man. My friend produced a notebook with a lettered index and turning to K, said, 'Is it Mrs. Clara Kimball or Mrs. Grace C. Kimball?' Said the husband, 'It is sure enough Clara.' 'But,' said my friend, 'does the lady object?' 'No,' said the husband, 'but I do.' Said my friend, 'Then as far as I am concerned that makes all the difference; I cross her off my list. Good-evening.'" The jaw of the bore fell and of the foreordained mission of the American husband abroad was heard no more.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Optimist.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo:
"I never have time to feel blue,
If it bores me, you know,
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to."
—*Century Magazine.*

◆

Pauline Veere's Ride.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Pauline Veere.
The car was numbered eight, nineteen, five,
And the riders are lucky to be alive
After the ride that cost so dear.

She said to her chauffeur friend, "Tonight,
If the folks are gone, get the big car out;
And me and Min and her friend Joe White,
Will meet you at half-past nine about;
And just them two and you and me
Will go for a joy ride far and free,
Apast each village and house and farm;
And the country folks we will sure alarm;
And no one the wiser, so what's the harm?"

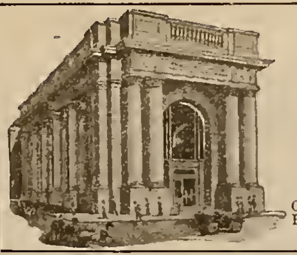
A swirl of dust, then a vanishing speck;
A blur in the moonlight, a streak in the dark;
And the farmer wakened, and said: "By heck,
It's some of them city folks out fer a lark."
That was all. And so, through the gloom and the light,
Pauline and her friends hit it up that night
To prove again, in their headlong flight,
That the path of the joy rider ends in wreck.

It was two by the village clock
When they turned around for the homeward run,
And all of a sudden there came a shock;
And the auto vaulted the wayside wall
And lit in a field; and the folks who rode
Were scattered around like the leaves in fall;
And the car burned up near its erstwhile load;
And so came the end of all their fun.

You know the rest—in accounts you have read
How the farmers picked them all up for dead
Near the wreck of the car all bent and charred,
And how the chauffeur got six months hard.
When the boss is gone and the coast is clear,
Remember the fate of Pauline Veere.
—*Walter G. Doty, in Life.*

◆

Channing Pollock, the author, and the Messrs. Shubert have been exchanging courtesies. The other evening at a banquet Mr. Pollock said: "I read plays for the Shuberts for two years—may God forgive me!" Whereupon the Shuberts replied: "God may forgive him, but we never will—either for those he recommended or for those be turned down."



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Violet Crerar of Hamilton, Canada, and Mr. Herbert Gallagher of this city will take place Wednesday, January 29, in Hamilton. Mr. Gallagher is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gallagher of Hamilton and a nephew of Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., of this city.

Miss Dorothy Baker was hostess at a tea Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, who is spending the winter in town.

Miss Ila Sonntag gave a tea Friday complimentary to her house guest, Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento, and Miss Ruth Slack.

The Misses Maud and Dorothy Woods entertained their friends at a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Ruth Slack and Miss Marie Bullard.

Miss Dorothy Woods was hostess Friday evening at a dinner preceding the Cinderella ball.

Mrs. Cullen F. Welty was hostess Saturday at a bridge-tea complimentary to Miss Louise Boyd, who left Tuesday for Panama.

Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Louise Janin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock gave a luncheon recently in San Rafael complimentary to Rev. Father Vaughn, S. J. Mrs. Eleanor Martin also entertained in honor of Father Vaughn.

Miss Helen Forbes was hostess at a dinner last week in honor of Miss Arabella Morrow.

Miss Morrow gave a tea Wednesday, when Miss Ruth Slack was the fêted guest.

Mrs. Lester Herrick entertained at an informal tea at her apartment on Hyde Street complimentary to Mrs. Francis J. Davis and Miss Barbara Small.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Kerr of Portland.

Mrs. Egbert Stone and her daughters, the Misses Harriet Marion and Helen Stone, entertained their friends Sunday at an informal tea.

Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck, Jr., gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. David Madison Willis (formerly Miss Klotho).

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Washington Street and with their guests attended the Cinderella ball.

Among others who entertained the same evening were Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen.

Miss Kate Brigham has issued invitations to an informal dance at her home on Vallejo Street, Tuesday evening, January 28.

Miss Dorothy Page entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Thursday evening at her home on Broadway.

Miss Cora Jane Flood was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz von Schrader gave a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Katherine Hooper and Mr. Joseph Hutchinson.

Miss Arabella Morrow entertained a group of young friends at a tea Wednesday at her home on Hyde Street.

Miss Elizabeth Brice was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. William Martin and her daughter, Mrs. John E. Pond, were hostesses at a tea Saturday in honor of Miss Arabella Morrow.

Mrs. Eugene Lent gave a luncheon and bridge party recently at her home on Pacific Avenue.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis entertained a large number of guests at a tea yesterday in honor of Miss Dorothy Page.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott was hostess Monday evening at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained a number of guests at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Green Street.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy was hostess Tuesday at a tea in honor of her sister, Mrs. Hartman of New York.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel gave a bridge-tea Wednesday at the Francisca Club complimentary to Mrs. Hartman.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore entertained a large number of young people at a dinner-dance at their home on Russian Hill.

Miss Dorothy Deane gave a dinner last evening preceding the ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace gave a dinner recently in honor of Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Miss Eliza McMullen has issued invitations to a luncheon Wednesday, January 29, at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Misses Alice and Caroline Griffith will give a tea this afternoon at their new home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith. Mrs. Griffith was formerly Miss Constance McLaren.

Miss Maye Colburn will give a luncheon Thursday, January 30, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Washington Dodge has issued invitations to a bridge-tea Monday, January 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, February 4, preceding the Mardi Gras ball.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden gave a luncheon Saturday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Rutherford of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin has issued invitations to a tea Wednesday, January 29.

Major W. C. Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett entertained their friends recently at a reception at their home in the Presidio.

The officers of the Coast Artillery were hosts at a dance Saturday evening in honor of Miss Sadie Murray. The affair took place in Assembly Hall at Fort Scott.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel last Thursday, complimentary to Miss Anna Klumpke.

Mrs. Edward Vere Saunders entertained at bridge on Monday, January 20, in honor of Miss Dorothy Deane.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon will leave in April for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the past six months.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has returned from the East, where she has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. George Pillsbury and Mrs. George Hood.

Mrs. William H. Crocker is contemplating leaving in April for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have returned from Los Gatos, where they were the guests of Dr. Harry L. Tevis. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels will leave tomorrow for New York.

Mrs. George Martin has gone to Pasadena to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Pike have arrived from Coalinga and will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons are contemplating a trip to Panama. They will be accompanied by Captain William Holmes McKittrick and will be joined by Mrs. James Athearn Folger and her daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, who are at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney have returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin, widow of the celebrated composer, is expected to arrive in this city the latter part of February. She will be accompanied by her daughter, Miss Doris Nevin.

Bishop Samuel Fallows of St. Paul's Episcopal Reformed Church of Chicago arrived in this city Saturday en route to the Philippines.

Miss Cora Smedberg returned Sunday to her home after an operation for appendicitis at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mrs. James Parker, Jr., of Annapolis, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Miss Harriet Stone has gone to Reno to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard left Saturday for the East to spend a month with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman. They were accompanied by Miss Kate Peterson, fiancée of Mr. Ward Mailliard, who will visit friends in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud have arrived from Monterey and are at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. Richard H. Pease and Mr. Arthur W. Watson have gone to Portland for a month's visit.

Mrs. James A. Black, Mrs. George Tyson, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Adams Blackmer are established in a house on Clay Street.

Mr. William Duane of New York, a nephew of the late Mr. Sampson Tams, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington have gone to Honolulu for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. James Coffin and her daughter, Miss Sara Coffin, have closed their home in Ross and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Harold G. Plummer has arrived from Honolulu and will visit friends in this city before returning to her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Robert Walton (formerly Miss Georgiana Jones) has returned to her home in New York after a visit with her mother, Mrs. John P. Jones, of Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett have returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker and their little son will leave February 20 for Seattle, where they will remain two months. Upon their return they will occupy their country home, which is undergoing many changes.

Mrs. Thomas Kerr of Portland and her two little sons are visiting Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden have returned from Coronado.

Mr. Walter S. Martin has gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has gone to New York for a few weeks' visit.

Paymaster George Brown, U. S. N., has recently arrived from the Bremerton Navy Yard and is at Mare Island. Mrs. Brown is visiting her parents, Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, at their home in Berkeley.

Lieutenant John A. Monroe, U. S. N., is expected to arrive soon from New York and will be stationed at Mare Island.

Captain Edward A. Sturgis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sturgis returned last week from Seattle and have since been visiting Mrs. A. S. Montgomery. Captain Sturgis is en route to his post in Arizona, where he will be joined later by Mrs. Sturgis.

Admiral William H. Whiting, U. S. N., Mrs. Whiting, and Miss Marie Whiting will spend the next few weeks at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. Arno Dosch (formerly Miss Elsie Sperry) are contemplating returning to this city to reside permanently. They are at present in Oregon and upon their arrival here will visit Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry at their home in Redwood.

Mr. Newton B. Knox of London is in Peru on professional business. Mrs. Knox and her little son are enjoying the winter sports in Switzerland.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton left last week for New York en route to Europe, where she will be joined by her daughter, Mrs. Albert Russell, who expects to sail in April.

Carolina White in Concert.

With the intention of taking a well-earned rest, Carolina White, the beautiful and sensationally successful dramatic soprano of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, is visiting California for the first time and will be heard in concert at Scottish Rite Hall, Wednesday night, January 29, and Sunday night, February 2.

One of the valued members of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, Miss White was selected by Andreas Dippel as the soprano to open the present season in Chicago and Philadelphia. Miss White's singing of the heroine in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," and Aïda in Verdi's "Aïda," the opening bills in Chicago and Philadelphia, were vital contributions. Less than four years ago Carolina White, a Boston girl, was taken from the chorus by Andreas Dippel, and that successful manager's estimate of Miss White was accepted by Puccini, who gave the title-rôle in "The Girl of the Golden West" to Miss White to create in Chicago, and by Wolf-Ferrari, who publicly complimented Miss White for her creation of the leading rôles in his "Secret of Suzanne" and "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Carolina White will return to the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company after her San Francisco concerts, and will be with Tetrazzini, Mary Garden, and the other great stars, a valued member of the great company that W. H. Leahy and Andreas Dippel will bring to open the new Tivoli Opera House.

Seats will be on sale Monday morning, January 27, at the Sutter Street box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kearny and Sutter Streets.

Lambardi Grand Opera Season at the Velencia.

To establish a permanent grand opera company on the Coast and give splendid performances at prices that will permit the music lovers of all classes to enjoy this form of art, is the aim and ambition of the projectors of the Lambardi Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company, which opens the second half of its first season at the Valencia Theatre this Sunday night, January 26, at 8:15.

The organization as it now stands is unquestionably the finest opera company ever assembled in this country, outside of the three big and high-priced companies of Boston, Chicago, and New York.

Manager Will Greenbaum, who is now associated with the local management of the Lambardi Company, announces the following repertory for the opening week of a very limited season: Sunday night, January 26, "Aïda," with Ester Adaberto, late of the Metropolitan Opera House; Blanche Hamilton Fox, mezzo from the Sigaldi Opera Company in Mexico, where she has been singing in such good company as Bonci and Vicarino; Eugenio Folco, a new dramatic tenor just arrived from Paris; Sig. Nicoletti, late of the Montreal Opera Company; and Signor Martino, a splendid basso. Monday night, "Lucia di Lammermoor," with the glorious coloratura artiste, Regina Vicarino, and the popular tenor, Agostini. Tuesday night, "Faust," with Lina Bertossi, a new tenor named Bellingeri, and Sig. Martino. Wednesday night, "Rigoletto," with Vicarino, Fox, Agostini, Giovacchini, and Martino. Thursday night, "La Tosca," with Adaberto, Folco, and Nicoletti. Friday night, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." Saturday matinée, "Lucia," and Saturday night, "Aïda."

The sale of seats will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s throughout the season, and in the evenings and Sundays at the Valencia Theatre.

During the second week Massenet's sensational opera, "Thaïs," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," founded on an incident of the French Revolution, Mascagni's "Amico Fritz," and the old favorites, "Faust" and "Il Trovatore," will be given.

The Beel Quartet.

The Beel Quartet will give its fifth concert at the St. Francis next Tuesday night, January 28. The novelty of the offering will be Paul Juon's Sonata for viola and piano, played by Nathan Firestone and Eugene Blanchard. Schubert's Quartet in A minor, and Smetana's "Aud meinem leben," will be the quartet offerings. Tickets may be secured at the usual Greenbaum box-offices.

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The home in Annapolis of Lieutenant Charles Conway Hartigan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hartigan has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Hartigan was formerly Miss Margaret Thompson of this city.

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland has been brightened by the advent of a son.

By Parcels Post

Make somebody's birthday or wedding anniversary happier by the gift of one of our special hand-painted, satin-finished boxes full of delicious Pig & Whistle candies. You can send it by parcels post at a trifling cost.

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The Peninsula
A Hotel in a Garden
30 Minutes from San Francisco
SAN MATEO
See the Polo Games at San Mateo each Sunday
Auto Grill and Garage. Special attention to auto parties. Unusually low winter rates now in effect make this the ideal place for winter residence. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, Manager

Hotel St. Francis
Tea served in Tapestry Room from four to six o'clock
Special Music
Fixed Price
A Daily Social Event

PALACE HOTEL
Situated on Market Street
In the centre of the city
Take any Market Street Car from the Ferry
FAIRMONT HOTEL
The most beautifully situated of any City Hotel in the World
Take Sacramento Street Cars from the Ferry
TWO GREAT HOTELS
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CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA

$4.00 per day and upward—American plan. Courtesy and unlimited service to guests are important factors that have in a large measure given this famous resort hotel its popularity among the world's travelers. Its location is singularly attractive to those who delight in land and water sports. Polo, Golf and Tennis Tournaments during winter. Write for booklet
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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

During the past year the membership of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has grown from 1800 to 3200 members. The annual report of President M. H. Robbins, Jr., shows corresponding energy and industry among the standing committees. The publicity committee has issued 264,500 booklets boosting San Francisco and the surrounding country. The committee on maritime affairs has been a year studying the needs of San Francisco harbor, and has effected numerous improvements. The transportation committee has been instrumental in saving local shippers $300,000 annually by having certain rates in the San Joaquin Valley adjusted.

Attorney Charles H. Fairall, former counsel for ex-Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, whom he sued Monday last to recover $4096.25 on a note given for services, has applied to the superior court to set aside a deed executed by Schmitz in favor of his wife, Julia, to property at Vallejo and Pierce Streets, where the home is located.

The history of the Spring Valley Water Company was told Friday night, accompanied by pictures of the properties, in a lecture by Hermann Schussler, consulting engineer of the company. The lecturer entered the employ of the company in 1864 and he told how the present plant, which comprises a total of 103,000 acres, began to supply water to San Francisco through a single wood flume two feet wide and a foot deep.

J. Parker Whitney, miner, horticulturist, railroad builder, sportsman, and author, died at Del Monte January 17, aged seventy-eight. Mr. Whitney came to California in 1851, and was soon a leader among those who assisted in the development of the state. There was hardly a branch of industry in which he had no investment, but his especial interest was in the mineral wealth. He became a wealthy man through his knowledge and energy. Mr. Whitney is survived by a widow, his sons Vincent and J. Parker, and a daughter, Mrs. J. C. Wheeler, Jr.

Dr. Charles L. Tisdale, secretary of the state board of medical examiners, has tendered his resignation to Governor Johnson. The board deposited a check for $1324, signed by Dr. Tisdale, with the statement that this amount represented restitution of the amount of a shortage in the secretary's accounts.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Until David Warfield in David Belasco's remarkable play portrayed his latest character, Peter Grimm, which the great actor will present at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, January 27, it had been thought that he could never be fortunate enough to interpret another rôle as popular as his music master. Mr. Warfield, like many another genius who has given the world a masterpiece, was apparently over-burdened with the success he made of "The Music Master," until he stood in jeopardy of being known as a one-part actor. "Peter Grimm," however, is now acknowledged to have accomplished the apparently impossible, for this new, lovable character has entirely supplemented in interest the esteem "The Music Master" held.

The new Warfield character, which theatre-goers are soon to see here, is said to reflect the same simple-hearted charm as did the old musician, Herr Von Barwig. Where the good music master gained his beauty of thought and soul from living in the world of melody, Peter Grimm's character grows into its purity of feeling from living among the flowers. Peter Grimm is a florist by profession, and he unconsciously imbibes the sweetness and simplicity of their natures. He is thrown into a vortex of dramatic situations, but through all the excitable scenes that are thrust upon him the sweetness of his character is ever uniquely evidenced. The entire story is told by David Belasco amid the beauty of flowers that are everywhere to be seen.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is described as a wonderful triumph for Mr. Belasco and an added achievement for Mr. Warfield and is said to give the world a new and wholesome impersonation of deep dramatic penetration. All the original Belasco Theatre cast and production will be seen here unchanged. The company includes Marie Bates, Walter D. Greene, Thomas Meighan, Joseph Brennan, William Boag, John F. Webber, Percy Helton, Janet Dunbar, Marie Reichardt, and Tony Bevan. Matinées will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There will be no Sunday performances.

"Excuse Me" a Laughing Success at the Cort.

"Excuse Me," the Rupert Hughes Pullman carnival, returned to the Cort Theatre last Sunday night and corralled quite as many laughs as it did last season. "Excuse Me" is of the type of farce-comedy that does not cloy with frequent seeing. It does not stale. It is just as refreshingly mirth-provoking now as when it was first put on the boards. And the reason for this is simple. Hughes has departed from the regulation farce methods. He has kept away from the French notion, which has to do with mistaken identities and improbable, impossible situations. "Excuse Me" reproduces types and scenes from real life. It is peopled with folk who are real human beings. The playwright has merely looked at them through the keen eyes of the satirist.

Henry W. Savage has sent us a company that is on a par with that of last season. Of course Willis P. Sweatnam, greatest of negro impersonators, is in his old part of the porter, and is responsible for most of the fun. His characterization is a bit of real histrionic art. "Little" Jimmy Wellington, corpulent, bibulous, and good-natured, is happily played as before by Sidney Greenstreet, and his wife is charmingly portrayed by Rita Otway. The eloping couple is played in just the right spirit by Reeva Greenwood and Robert Frazer. Jack Hollis and Enid Gray do clever work as the ministerial couple who are on their first vacation in thirty years. Excellent characterizations are contributed by William V. Strunz, Lalive Brownell, Ethel Weir, Winifred Lee, Leo Cooper, and others of the large company. The second and final week of the engagement starts tomorrow night.

Florence Webber, the girl who skipped lightly into stardom in a single night, comes to the Cort Theatre Sunday night, February 2, in "Naughty Marietta," the most tuneful comic opera that the prolific Victor Herbert has yet turned out. The producer is Oscar Hammerstein, who has recruited many of the singers in the company from his numerous grand opera organizations. A special augmented orchestra will be in evidence.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The fascinating Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe), who has succeeded where Ponce de Leon failed and has absolutely defied the ravages of time, being much younger in appearance and in spirit than the average woman of half her age, is now making her farewell tour of this country and will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinée. She will appear in a playlet called "The Test," an adaptation from Victorien Sardou's drama, "A Wife's Peril," in which she scored one of her greatest successes. It affords her abundant opportunity for the exhibition of her histrionic ability, and the display of that sartorial adornment for which she is justly famous. Mrs. Langtry will be supported by her own company.

Lolo, a little sixteen-year-old Sioux Indian girl from the Pine Ridge in South Dakota, will be an interesting feature of the coming bill. She is gifted with what might be termed a sixth sense. It is an amazing power of second sight. Many scoff at the possibility of such a thing, but the little mystic astonishes and confounds the most skeptical. Besides reading, while blindfolded, letters, telegrams, and other documents supplied by the audience, she also does some marvelous sharp-shooting. Since she was four years old she has been the wonder not only of her tribe, but also of the white people of South Dakota.

The Chadwick Trio, consisting of father, mother, and daughter, will appear in their skit called "For Sale, Wiggins' Farm." Ida May Chadwick as the country "Hee Haw Girl" is a scream, and as a buck and eccentric dancer she is without peer.

Roxy La Rocca, the famous Italian harpist, will be heard in classical and popular selections. The harp he uses was presented to him by the King of Italy as a recognition of his musical genius.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will present "One Night Only," another of Mr. Cressy's famous sketches, and a sequel to "Town Hall Tonight."

Work and Play, two capable comedians, tumblers, and good all-round athletes, will keep the fun going.

Next week will conclude the engagement of Those French Girls and Ralph Herz. Mr. Herz is one of the most gifted and finished artists that have appeared in this city and has scored a big hit.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The anticipated annual Road Show, comprising the cream of Pantages acts, will open at the local Pantages Theatre on Sunday afternoon. The bill is one of the strongest that has been sent over the time in years, and carries nine acts, with the famous and original Pony Ballet, direct from London, as the principal feature. The ballet has six bewitching English maids, who offer one of the best terpsichorean novelties in vaudeville. The girls introduce dances of all nations with appropriate costumes, and finish with a clever musical number where the maids use tiny xylophones attached to their dresses. A true story of New York tenement life is "A Fourth Ward Romance," to be presented by Janet Louden and company. A real live baby in the sketch is one of the big laugh-producers. Tom and Edith Almond are singers, dancers, and musicians who carry special scenic effects. Hazel Folsom is a Pantages find, discovered in Seattle. Miss Folsom bills herself as a "simple singer of simple songs" and has been one of the pleasing features of the show. "Fun in the Swamps" is an acrobatic specialty which Rice, Bell, and Baldwin will offer. Murry K. Hill will present his original monologue. The Serenader Trio are harpists of exceptional ability. Singers from Sunny Italy are Guistat and Berrio. The added feature will be a pictured story of John Bunyan's immortal allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Following David Warfield at the Columbia Theatre will be seen an elaborate production of "Gypsy Love," with Phyllis Partington playing the prima donna rôle. Miss Partington is a young San Franciscan who was one of the originals in the production when it was first offered in this country. This Franz Lehar musical work has been staged by A. H. Woods, who has given San Francisco some of the best musical productions of the past decade.

There will be no Sunday night performances during the David Warfield engagement at the Columbia. Matinées are announced for Wednesdays and Saturdays.

William H. Crane will be seen here next month, appearing for one week only in his newest success, "The Senator Keeps House." Another noted star coming to the Columbia Theatre for one week is Donald Brian, who will be seen in "The Siren."

David Belasco is to send to San Francisco his notable success "The Concert," in which will appear one of the strongest companies ever organized by Belasco. This play was so pleasing to New Yorkers that it was kept there for more than two seasons.

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Rider-Kelsey and Claude Cunningham Concerts.

On Sunday afternoon, February 2, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Manager Greenbaum will introduce to our music lovers two of the foremost living concert singers, Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, a soprano with a voice of unusual beauty, and Mr. Claude Cunningham, the eminent baritone. Both of these artists are Americans and in the East are by far the most popular of all the strictly concert singers.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey was at one time a member of the opera company at Covent Garden, but preferred the concert platform. In New York she received from the First Christian Science Church the highest stipend ever paid any singer outside of opera, receiving five thousand dollars per annum for one solo each Sunday for forty weeks.

Mr. Cunningham made his professional début in London some ten years ago and was immediately engaged by Mme. Patti for her last tour in this country. His voice is said to be a magnificent one, and both of the artists are thorough musicians and offer programmes of the very highest standard, singing the masterpieces of the German, French, English, and Italian repertory and many beautiful duets. At the opening concert, in addition to duets by Mozart, Cornelius, and Sinding, each artist will sing several groups of the great lieder.

A second concert will be given on Tuesday night, February 4, and a farewell one on Thursday night, February 6. Manager Greenbaum predicts that after their first appearance these artists will be taken up by our local music lovers, who usually appreciate a really good thing after they know about it.

The complete and unusually interesting programmes may be secured at the music store box-offices, where the sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning, January 29. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

◆

Mme. Nordica to Give One Concert Here.

A quite unexpected offering of the Greenbaum season will be a single concert by that favorite artist, Mme. Lillian Nordica. It seems that the famous singer had been routed to journey from Texas to Canada to fill some engagements and would have to pass through this city en route, and so our local impresario managed to arrange to secure her services for a single appearance, which is announced for Sunday afternoon, February 23.

◆

Josef Lhevinne.

To arouse interest in a pianist after presenting Godowsky would be no easy task for any manager, unless he could secure an artist of an entirely different genre. Manager Greenbaum has certainly accomplished this in securing Josef Lhevinne as his last pianist for the season. This Russian virtuoso, whose work here three years ago made a most profound impression, has been secured for a few recitals late in March.

◆

The California State Floral Society is planning an exhibit to be held at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco March 27, 28, and 29. It is to be a flower lovers' show. The exhibit will comprise bulbous flowers, wild flowers, roses, and flowering shrubs. A forestry exhibit and an exhibit of California medicinal plants will be included. All plant lovers are invited to assist in making the show a success. For further particulars communicate with Miss Charlotte F. Williams, general director, 1808 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco.

◆

Thomas Cook & Son have been appointed foreign passenger agents for the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company. There could have been no better selection. "Cooks" is a household word with those who speak of foreign travel, wherever the English language is spoken, and only superior knowledge, ability, and equipment could have won the reputation the house enjoys.

◆

The Occidental Kindergarten Association has elected the following officers: President, Miss Florence Musto; first vice-president, Miss Rose Steinhart; second vice-president, Mrs. Andrew Armer; treasurer, Miss Lutie Goldstein; recording secretary, Miss J. Pauson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. L. Stone.

◆

The state will receive $11,379 inheritance tax from the estate of the late William Mintzer, lawyer and clubman. Eugenie W. Lees, the eldest of the family, pays $100; Lucile T. Little, $100; Lucia N. Mintzer, $3373; Mauricia T. Mintzer, $3773, and William Mintzer, Jr., $3633. The total value of the estate is found to be $426,736.

◆

Warden—Your wife's outside and wants to see you. *Prisoner*—Oh, tell her I'm out.—*Ulk.*

◆

Delicious Hot Drinks—Just the thing for these cold days. Hot Chocolate, Bouillon, Malted Milk, etc., at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores.

If I Were the Public And You Wanted to Interest Me

In the matchless product—Ghirardelli's IMPERIAL Cocoa—what would you write about? What would I want to know?

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Good. The D. Ghirardelli Company makes it, right here in San Francisco. Biggest establishment of the kind in the West. Been making products of the cocoa bean here since 1852.

Why should I use Imperial?

That's right. Why should I use it in preference to any other? Because it's better, made by a new special process, possesses **all** the nutritive qualities of the cocoa bean, digests perfectly, unexcelled for flavor.

About its cost?

It costs a little more than ordinary brands, but is higher quality and goes farther. **Imperial** is the result of a demand for a cocoa to measure up to the finest foreign and domestic makes. Try it and find out how superior it really is.

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Pears'

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has old Billyuns much of a family?" "Numerous—but 'not much.'"—*Life.*

"How is it there's roast hare on the menu again today?" *Waitress*—Well, it ate the canary yesterday.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Bessie—What makes you think that he married for money? *Jessie*—I have seen the bride.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Paragrapher—The sporting editor stole my paste pot and scissors. *City Editor*—I'll speak to him. This plagiarizing must stop.—*Judge.*

"What makes Willoughby look so woebegone? Disappointed in love?" "Yes." "Who got the girl?" "He did."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Where have you been?" "Shtopped at café to get a drink." "John, you haven't got as bad as that at a café. You've been to a brewery!"—*London Opinion.*

"Pa, when people say that a man is a good provider, what does it mean?" "It means that they are trying to apologize for his bad habits."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Duer—Say, old chap, let me have a fiver, will you? I'll let you have it back before the end of February. *Dunn*—February of what year?—*Boston Transcript.*

Ambulance Surgeon—Cheer up; you are not going to die! *Motorist (looking at wrecked machine)*—I don't know about that—that was my wife's auto.—*Chicago News.*

Grand Vizier—Your Majesty, the cream of our army has been whipped, and is now freezing. What would you advise? *The Sultan*—Add a few cherries and serve.—*Puck.*

"This is a man's world," she complained. "Perhaps it is," he replied, "but one wouldn't suspect it while straying through a department store."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Let me sell you this encyclopædia." "Nope. No use to me. My son is coming home from college pretty soon an' he'll know everything that's in it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"He invented a dandy story to tell his wife when he got home after midnight." "Good one, was it?" "A peach; it would satisfy any woman." "Did it satisfy her?" "It would've, but he couldn't tell it."—*Houston Post.*

"Why don't you want me to marry your daughter?" "You have no money." "But I have brains." "Maybe so; but you don't prove it by wanting to get married, young man."—*Washington Herald.*

"Our boy has left us," wept the mother, as their only son waved good-by from the car window. "Yes," said the old man, whom the boy had touched for a loan, "but he hasn't left us much."—*Detroit News.*

"She's been very busy telling me how to rear my baby." "Well?" "But she got into a perfect panic when I asked her to take care of the child for a couple of days. You know I was suddenly called out of town."—*Washington Herald.*

"Haven't you a handsomer chafing-dish than that?" asked the customer. "You want something even more ornamental than this?" "Yes. I want one so beautiful and expensive that my wife wouldn't think of trying to cook anything in it."—*Washington Star.*

"I thought I told you not to eat any porterhouse steak without my permission." "So you did, doc; so you did." "Then why are you disobeying my order?" "This won't delay the paying of your bill, doc; this steak is being paid for by my friend here."—*Houston Post.*

"I hev come to tell yez, Mrs. Malone, that yer husband met with an accident." "An' what is it, now?" wailed Mrs. Malone. "He was overcome by the heat, mum." "Overcome by the heat, was he? An' how did it happen?" "He fell into the furnace over at the foundry, mum."—*Tit-Bits.*

"There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a man in New York to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening." "That's always the way," exclaimed Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."—*New York Telegraph.*

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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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A Contrast and What It Signifies.

Certain hotels in Sacramento largely used by members of the legislature have rendered themselves obnoxious to the Laundry Workers' Union by a failure to render instant and implicit obedience to certain union orders issued with the customary domineering arrogance. As a result the Laundry Workers' Union requested, or rather commanded, all members of the legislature to leave these hotels and to find a residence elsewhere and at boarding places where union orders were received with the usual servility. The members of the San Francisco delegation recognized the voice of their masters, meekly packed their baggage, and departed. The forty-one members of the Los Angeles delegation declined to move. Figuratively speaking, they placed the toes of their boots where they could do the most effective service, and even deputed one of their members to congratulate the hotel proprietor upon her defiance of union impudence.

There we have contrasted epitomes of the public spirit of San Francisco and Los Angeles. There in a nutshell we have the compacted reasons why San Francisco is receding in the industrial scale while Los Angeles goes steadily forward and upward. Also, why San Francisco in her political interests is represented by subservient creatures, while Los Angeles is represented by better men. It is the cowardly and crawling spirit exemplified by these poor creatures of the San Francisco delegation that explains why the metropolis is being steadily drained of her best commercial enterprises while her southern rival is able to attract all the elements of capital and of courage. Materially speaking, Los Angeles has less to offer than San Francisco, fewer natural advantages and transportation and other facilities. But she can compensate a hundred times over for all her disadvantages by a guaranty of liberty in the pursuit of legitimate avocations, by an assurance of exemption from the hectoring insolences of labor unionism that are causing the steady exodus from San Francisco of commercial and manufacturing concerns that constitute a great city.

The State Finances.

Thanks to methods of public finance that would disgrace and bankrupt a corner grocery it is almost impossible to ascertain if there is or is not a deficit in the state revenue. Governor Johnson says that there is a deficit of over a million dollars, and he quotes the controller's statement to that effect. Senator Curtin replies that the governor has garbled the controller's statement, suppressing its salient points and distorting its meaning, which is precisely what the governor is capable of doing. Whether there is enough backbone in the legislature to ascertain the facts and to act upon them is open to doubt. The majority of the legislators now at Sacramento constitute a political machine of the steam-roller type, with little intelligence and less conscience. The laws of California are actually enacted in the governor's room at the capitol. The legislature affixes its rubber stamp and the people pay the bills and congratulate themselves on their self-governing capacities.

It may seem very much like high treason to invite the governor to explain why there should be a deficit in the public revenue, assuming that such a deficit exists. We are not conscious of any benefits for which such an exorbitant price can rightly be charged, except of course those eminent political virtues that the country at large has so signally failed to appreciate. During the year 1912 the people of California paid in the shape of taxes the very considerable sum of $32 per head, or $128 per family of four. Now it seems that a still further sum must be raised. Why it must be raised, the nature of the leakage, the object of the expenditure, the general causes of expansion, might perhaps be ascertainable by expert accountancy, but the only explanation within reach of the average citizen is the fact that Governor Johnson says so. And Governor Johnson, as we all know, is a good progressive.

During the eight years of the Pardee and Gillett administrations the tax rate steadily fell as the value of property increased. In the year 1903 the tax rate was 0.561 and in the year 1910 it was 0.353. Under wise control the same wholesome tendency would have been maintained, seeing that the total values of the state property continued to rise. In 1911 the value of such property was returned as $2,603,344,933. In 1912 it had increased to $2,919,855,033. In these two years the taxes levied under the old tax rate increased from $10,454,215 to $10,922,405. The receipts of public service corporations have now greatly increased, with corresponding benefits to the revenue. Railroads, street railroads, gas, electric, telephone, and telegraph companies are paying more than they have ever paid before, owing to their increased revenue, and yet in spite of all this we are told that we must face a heavy deficit and that fresh taxation must be imposed in order to meet it. And the deficit that now exists, or is said to exist, will be the forerunner of other deficits in the future, since there are already indications that next year will see a revival of the trouble and that the high cost of living will be gravely aggravated by administrative extravagances for which there is neither rhyme nor reason. There may, of course, be some vast moral benefits accruing from the Johnson administration which we are prevented by original sin from discerning at their true value, but so far as material considerations may be counted the entry seems to be on the wrong side of the ledger. And it is the material considerations that will appeal to the taxpayer.

Of course the corporations must pay the new bill. That is to say they must advance the money until such times as they can recoup themselves from the pockets of the consumer, plus the various costs involved in the process. And there need be no doubt that they will do so. Indeed they must do so, since the consumer is their only source of revenue. To increase the taxes of the public service corporations is only a convenient and stealthy way of bleeding the consumer—that is to say, the average citizen—without arousing his attention and resentment. It is the average citizen who will pay the new taxes in a dozen unrecognized ways, although he will fully recognize the fact that the general cost of living is mounting. The taxpayer of "progressive" intelligence—that is to say, of no particular intelligence at all—will doubtless exult at this fresh evidence of intention to "get" the corporations, who as we all know are public enemies and outside the pale of fair play or honesty. Actually it is he himself who will pay the tax in indirect ways and with liberal additions for good measure.

If there were a single public man in California with the real gifts of exposition and of leadership it would be possible for him to create so general an understanding of the financial situation as to clear away the present jungle of wilful obscurities, suppressions, evasions, and deceptions. It would be easy to explain the finances of the state in a budget occupying a sheet of note paper and that would show liabilities and sources of revenue in the same way that a bank shows them. It would be easy to place taxation upon such a basis that whenever an increase became necessary—and with steadily expanding values there ought to be no increases—they would be distributed automatically over the community at large and in such a way as to cause a minimum of injury to property. But we are not likely to have any such reform, or reform at all anywhere, so long as we have an autocratic administration that finds a cover for its extravagances, its padded pay-rolls, its doles, and its pensions in stealth, subterfuges, and suppressions.

Secretary Knox in Reply.

For the candor and dignity of American statesmanship it is to be regretted that the answer of our government to the British protest in the matter of canal charges could not have been the product of a broader mind than that of Secretary Knox. We do not so much quarrel with the position assumed by Mr. Knox—albeit we think it a mistaken one—as with the terms by which he attempts to enforce it. His letter to the British government is that of a technical lawyer and is open to all the criticism which is justified by the substitution of quibbling "points" for broad and statesmanlike considerations. It has, too, the special fault of being vague and obscure in certain paragraphs where clearness was the first of all obligations.

A single citation may be made to illustrate the spirit of a letter wrong in conception and bristling with defects. It is the assumption that the British government has now no ground for protest, since the act which is the subject of protest has not yet gone into effect. That is to say, while Great Britain may object to a policy proposed on the part of the American government and already fixed in legislation, it has no fair right of protest until an act of discrimination is actually committed. The logic of this point is that a law of the United States establishing canal rates is not pro erly a subject for diplomatic consideration until there has been some act under the law against which protest may be made. It hardly needs to be said that this kind of pleading is in closer accord with police court practice than with the dealings of great and friendly nations in their mutual relationships.

Even where Mr. Knox makes concession to the principle of arbitration he seeks to evade acknowledgment of it. Instead of frankly consenting to reference of the whole matter to arbitrators, he proposes to give to the arbitrators selected the title of commissioners, which is just a cheap attempt to save his face. What possible objection can there be, if the matter is to go to arbitration, to calling the thing by its right name? And why refer the matter at all unless the findings of the arbitrators or commissioners or referees—or whatever other name they may be called—are to be authoritative? To refer the case to a commission merely to "inquire into the facts" and to make a report is to leave matters precisely where they are. Such a reference would mean nothing but delay and more confusion.

The issue is entirely plain. It relates to the interpretation of a treaty. There is no reason to inquire into the facts, because any industrious man of fair intelligence may master them all in a day's reading. The question, we repeat, is merely one of interpretation. Many of our leading statesmen stand opposed to the position taken by our government—a position which finds approval nowhere excepting on the part of popularity-hunting members of Congress and the Hearst newspapers. The intelligence and responsibility of the country, broadly speaking, sustain the contention that we should act in accordance with the terms of the treaty interpreted upon its most obvious meaning and without quibbling. But since another view has been declared and got itself enacted into law, and since Great Britain has protested, the matter should be referred to arbitration. The Hague Tribunal would be the proper court of resort; but if there are special reasons tending to disqualify this tribunal then it should be easy for two kindred and friendly nations, speaking the same language and governed by similar laws, to select arbitrators of their own. With exceeding bad grace does it come from this country, which has so long sustained the principle of arbitration in international affairs, to squirm and wriggle in the presence of a situation which demands nothing more than that we live up to our own principles. All Mr. Knox's talk of limited authority, which when sifted down means just no authority at all, is petty, cheap, futile. We regret the necessity for adding that it comes not unnaturally from a man who, in the four years of his incumbency of a great office and having to deal with great affairs, has never shown the least capacity to rise above the character of a parochial lawyer whose mental activities have been limited to the pleading of special causes in behalf of private clients.

It is gratifying to learn from a personal utterance on the part of President Taft that he, with more wisdom than his Secretary of State, is entirely willing to submit the canal issue to arbitration. The President neither quibbles about "points" nor is afraid of words. He speaks with the candor of a large and fair mind, willing to do the right thing and to take any necessary course for finding out what is the right thing. Comparing the President's remarks with Secretary Knox's letter, and noting the broad spirit of the one and the narrowness of the other, one can not but wonder that such variant expressions should come from sources nominally in full and cordial harmony. One can not but wonder why a President of Mr. Taft's mind should permit his Secretary of State to issue a letter so misrepresentative of his judgment and feeling. We suspect that explanation of this riddle involves confession of that quality in Mr. Taft which for all his abilities and virtues has marred his career in the presidency. Whatever Mr. Taft does himself, in seriousness of mind, he does well. But he is mentally lazy. He does many things carelessly and is prone to acquiescence in careless or mistaken work in others. He dislikes to hurt anybody's feelings; and he will often let things go wrong rather than by an exercise of authority make them go right. That he did not see Mr. Knox's letter before it was sent is inconceivable. That he should not see the difference between its conception and terms and the state of his own mind is likewise inconceivable. The probability is that he took the whole thing carelessly and permitted the Secretary to write after his own fashion, rather than wound vanity by insisting that the letter be made what it should have been. It would be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that this kind of amiability, while exceedingly winning in personal relationships, is grievous and dangerous in an administrator. Greatly as we admire Mr. Taft in many ways we can not but confess that he persistently proves through incidents like that under consideration his weakness in administrative relationships. He drives with too slack a rein.

Hazards of the Junket.

The report that Mr. Wilson intends personally to visit the Philippine Islands during the coming fall, turns out, like many another bit of current "news," to be the invention of an imaginative reporter. Taking note of this report, the President-elect announces that he has no plan to visit the Philippine Islands; and he takes occasion to say further that he does not expect to do much traveling during his official career.

Mr. Wilson's determination to stay at home pretty steadily during the next four years is, we think, eminently wise. Theoretically, it is a fine thing for a President to make himself familiar by personal observation with the people and the conditions of the country. But the theory breaks down under the exigencies of actual practice. A President, while traveling about the country, has almost no chance at all to study conditions or to confer with representative men. Practically his progress is a continuous Fourth-of-July procession. Nothing is normal; nothing is seeable in the ordinary sense. A traveling President has no opportunity to touch elbows with the people because everywhere he is surrounded by officials or by privileged and exhilarated persons, more anxious to exhibit themselves in his company than to put him in the way of meeting others. Incidentally a traveling President is exploited and feasted beyond the limits of human endurance; and after such a round he usually returns home in a condition of all but complete prostration.

But this is not the worst of it. Wherever he goes, the President is expected to speak. No matter how worn with travel and feasting, he must get upon his feet at every point where his train halts, or in every city which he visits, and say something. With every moment crowded with social, official, or other interests, with no time for reflection and preparation, he must still speak. As a natural consequence every traveling Presiden utters a vast deal of nonsense; almost inevitably he says many things which it would be wiser to leave unsaid. President Taft's stupendous blunder at Winona, three years ago, is a notable case in point. It so happened that the President was led by local circumstances to make at this little town and without consideration the most important utterance of his whole administration—one which proved his undoing. So, again and again, Mr. Taft and other Presidents have been led under the suggestions of a moment and in the spirit of carelessness into unguarded and mischievous expressions.

A President of the United States is not at all times privileged to speak frankly. His relationship to pending legislation requires that he should at times acquiesce in compromises. He must accept not what he likes best, but the best that he can get. It therefore follows that judgment, propriety, and taste combine to hold him to a policy of reserve with respect to many things. He has not that liberty to speak out openly which attaches to the man in unofficial or irresponsible relationships. And since he must, in prudence, hold to a policy of judicious silence, he should so carry himself as to avoid embarrassments. He can not do this if he must answer calls at every cross-roads passed by his train, and put himself in the way of responding to suggestions and inquiries. The President of the United States speaks from a great platform, for when he speaks the whole country listens. He should therefore speak only under the inspirations of calm judgment and in relationships which put upon him no suggestion to deal with any subject which he would better leave alone. The President ought to command not merely the matter of his outgivings but the time and place of their utterance.

President-elect Wilson is not only a gifted but a practiced orator. He has that exceeding grace in public speech which only comes with love of public speaking. And, while he is entirely at home on the platform, he has already exhibited temperamental tendencies to platform extravagance and indiscretion. He would much better not have said in his Virginia speech what he intended to do to certain people if they should do what they ought not to do. Threats in advance of wrong-doing, always out of place and out of taste, are never so untimely and indiscreet as when they come from the mouth of authority. So at Trenton and again at Chicago, Mr. Wilson, after the manner of the temperamentally exhilarated orator, said things which he would not have said—which at least he should not have said—upon discreet consideration. Manifestly, the President-elect is a man who ought to guard carefully every public utterance; and the best way to hold to this line is to avoid situations wherein he must speak without the advantages of counsel and reflection.

We think Mr. Wilson will do well to avoid the besetments and the pitfalls which await the President who does much junketing. He will do well to select the times and the places of his public utterances; and even then it will be discreet for him to observe the good old rule and think twice before speaking.

Why Glavis Was Eliminated.

When some two years ago Mr. Louis R. Glavis had done the cheap job which contributed to the retirement of Mr. Ballinger from the Taft Cabinet, it became necessary for those who had employed his services to "take care" of him. The matter was passed up to the reform administration in California, and although Glavis was not a resident of the state a job was "made up" for him at Sacramento. In fact two jobs were given him, for he was made secretary of two commissions with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month attached to each—three hundred dollars per month in all. Mr. Glavis accepted, but not with very good grace. He had come to regard himself a very great man, and two petty clerkships by no means measured up to his estimate of his own importance in the political sphere. Then he had contracted liberal habits of life, and three hundred per was not enough to sustain his pretensions and distinctions. And as his employments were little more than nominal, he cast about for means of augmenting his income.

We now have from the governor a statement of what Mr. Glavis did. He accepted employment it seems from persons who had claims, legitimate enough, against the state for what is known as lieu lands—that is, lands granted in lieu of certain other lands withdrawn from entry to which the claim-holders had in part or in whole acquired title. There are many holders of lieu land rights, but the lands themselves are available for distribution in small lots. All claimants can not be accommodated at once; some must wait. It becomes important, therefore, to a claimant to get next the dealer so to speak—to get his claim in ahead of others. It was in promotion of the interest of special claimants by expediting their demands, according to the explanation as we have it from Governor Johnson, that Mr. Glavis busied himself, accepting payment therefor from his private clients. Now this was not in terms prohibited by law. Even the governor himself, without violating any specific law, might serve the interests of private claimants against the state. But Mr. Glavis's service as a special agent or attorney of private lieu land claimants was an obvious impropriety; if not downright official corruption it got up close to the line, and very properly Mr. Glavis was dismissed. Under this administration it is only the higher-ups who are permitted to traffic in special privileges.

In this connection we can but recall a prophecy made in these columns at the time Mr. Glavis was imported into California to be given his reward for the Ballinger job. It was remarked that men of his type unfailingly are victims of moral weaknesses which in the long run find them out—that "before the reform administration get done with Mr. Glavis they will wish they had never heard of him." At the time this was regarded in some quarters as a mere impertinence, and perhaps now the recalling of it may be regarded as a further impertinence.

The Burnett Bill.

The Burnett bill for the better regulation of immigration is but another illustration of a certain fatal legislative disposition to do things in the wrong way. This precious measure, which has already passed the lower house of Congress, proposes to exclude from the country every immigrant who is unable to read. It proposes a number of other things, but this particular clause is the most asinine of them all. Now, by what conceivable process of reasoning can we identify the ability to read with good citizenship? And it is a potential good citizenship that we need and nothing else, and the capacity to read has no more to do with this one requisite than red hair or freckles. Every anarchist who comes to these shores can read. Gompers, once an immigrant and now a bad citizen, can read. The McNamaras can read. McCarthy can read, and so can Tveitmoe—yes, and write, too, if the Minnesota penitentiary records are to be trusted. Practically the whole mass of bad citizenship in America is able to read. Reading is one of the few capacities possessed in common by all the really undesirable elements of the community.

It would be quite easy to argue, and plausibly, too, that an inability to read on the part of an European immigrant tends to an ultimate good citizenship rather than to bad. Here at least we have a mind that is *tabula rasa,* uncontaminated, and unpoisoned by the flood of anarchist, communist, revolutionary, and free-love literature with which Europe teems. The highest potential values in human material are quite compatible with untaught minds, whereas minds that have been wrongly taught can speedily destroy whatever values there may have been. It has been said that few congressmen ever cast a vote except with an eye upon their personal fortunes, and we must suppose either that the Burnett bill has been sustained by some unseen influences, or that the intelligence of those who voted for it is at a lower ebb than we like to believe.

Legislators and State Jobs.

It is not easy to be hopeful that the legislature will enact a law proposed by Senator Wright of San Diego making holders of national, state, county, or municipal office ineligible for membership in the state legislature. Nevertheless the proposed law is sound in principle and it would be most salutary in practice. The first effect of such a law would be to destroy one of the means by which the appointing power contrives to control action on the part of the legislature. The San Francisco harbor service—not to mention other services of the state—notably illustrates evils which Mr. Wright's proposal would stop. Some few weeks ago, and probably at this time, seven members of the legislature were employed in one relation or another by the harbor commission, the members of the commission itself being appointed by the governor and holding office subject to his good-will.

We do not vouch for the fact, but have read in a San Francisco newspaper that upwards of twenty-five members of the legislature are employed in one way or another in state service. It does not require a very lively or imaginative mind to see the connection between a legislative vote and this kind of employment. The state administration, which in some of its aspects has the character of a dictatorship, wants certain things done by the legislature. The particular thing wanted may be votes for a senator, votes to depose a capable official like Alden Anderson, votes to turn over the railroad commission to the governor, votes to provide the governor with a private automobile, votes to refurnish the governor's house, votes for special appropriations for carrying out the governor's political purposes, votes for proposals in promotion of the governor's reform ideas, votes for what not. Some votes may be had by one means, and some by another. And one of the ways of getting them is to pay for them with jobs on the water-front, with the mining commission, in the state penitentiaries, in the state asylums, and God knows where else.

Of course this present administration proceeds in high-minded ways with a lofty contempt for political considerations. All the same the *Argonaut* is willing to bet something handsome that no one of the many members of the legislature appointed to the state service by Governor Johnson has been a bold opponent of the governor's legislative policies. Of course it is a mere coincidence that the honorable Jims, the honorable Bobs, the honorable Bills, and the honorable Dicks who hold down water-front jobs all stood in with Governor Johnson in the last legislature and are counted on for continued loyal support in the legislature now in session. We venture further to suspect that no one of these fine gentlemen had any difficulty in getting leave of absence from his onerous duties at the water-front to attend the legislative session at Sacramento.

Mr. Wright's bill ought not to be opposed by the present administration, since, if our memory serves, it came into office under a specific pledge to do away with the particular form of scandal against which Mr. Wright's blow is aimed. True, some things have happened to disturb the faith of the most trusting. But within the week we have had it from ex-State Mineralogist Storms that the governor assured him that the unbending and unbendable policy of the various state departments must be under the rules of efficiency, economy, and purity. The governor having therefore no interest in the use of state patronage would doubtless be glad to assist Senator Wright to get his bill through by way of thwarting possible future administrations less inspired by pious considerations and less devoted to virtuous practices.

Prayers at Sacramento.

Nearly every session of the California legislature witnesses some sort of a scandal in connection with the services of its chaplains, and scandals, it need hardly be said, are not conducive to the cause of true religion. It has now been found necessary to discipline the assembly chaplain for weaving political pleas into his petitions and for praying for the success of particular and controversial pieces of legislation. It is not likely that the mysterious ways of providence will be seriously deflected from their ordained course by the supplications of a political parson paid by the day, but the incident is an ugly one and hurtful to religion.

The engagement of parsons—presumably "progressive" parsons, or Bull-Moose parsons—ought to be discontinued, and it would be discontinued if we were less anxious to crook the knee to hypocrisies. It ought to be discontinued, first, because it is an affront to religion, and, secondly, because it is an obvious waste of money. For some half a century our legislative parsons have been praying for some sort of administrative wisdom on the part of their hearers. There is not the smallest evidence that their prayers have been answered, since not even a rudimentary, elementary, or embryotic wisdom is yet discernible. Nor is there any reason to hope that their prayers will be answered in the near future, as witness the reports that reach us from day to day. If legislators wish to pray, they are at liberty to do so, but there is no reason why we should pay some one to do their praying for them. The whole thing is an evil and repulsive farce.

Editorial Notes.

The New York *Times* has been studying the economic effects of the boycott, as applied by organized labor against independent labor, and has found in San Francisco, "where the builders' monopoly is enforced," the "best example of union success." Accompanying this statement the *Times* gives some interesting figures: In 1904 there were in the city of San Francisco 4500 manufacturing establishments; in 1910 there were 1398. In 1904 there was employed in San Francisco factories a total capital of $238,103,663; in 1910 the total capital employed was $78,981,879. In 1904 there were employed in San Francisco's factories 44,875 hands; in 1910 the number had fallen to 14,000. In the six years between 1904 and 1910 San Francisco, under the rule of the closed shop, lost two-thirds of her industrial strength. During the same time the industries of Los Angeles, under the open shop rule, more than trebled. Comment upon facts and figures so emphatic, not to say eloquent, would appear superfluous. Yet there are those who think it not worth while to grip the evil of oppressive organized labor by its criminal throat and so shake loose the strangle hold which it has upon our industry.

The citrus fruit growers of Southern California are entirely right in their contention that the projected reduction of duty on oranges and lemons will not reduce the price of these fruits in the markets of the country. The argument is a good one and we ought to be in a position to drive it home with telling force. But that we are not in such position is due chiefly to these same orange and lemon growers and their more immediate fellow-citizens. It was the "progressive" idea in our politics which destroyed the political potentiality of California at Washington and helped to break down the party of protection the country over. And our citrus belt, be it remembered, is almost unanimously progressive. If the voters of the citrus belt had been guided by consistency and common sense, California today would be a strong force for protection, and her influence would not have gone elsewhere to break down the protective principle. We are sorry about the projected cut in the duty on citrus fruits; but we can not refrain from reminding the citrus growers that in a very considerable measure they are responsible for their own misfortune. As in another famous instance, they are hoist by their own petard.

What has happened to the gold invitation plate to a San Francisco ball sent to President McKinley some years ago, is what almost surely happens to every such bit of trumpery in course of time. Not always, indeed, does it get into a pawnbroker's window, but inevitably, if it be not surreptitiously turned to utilitarian account, it gets somewhere where it can serve no reasonable purpose. Dr. Baer, to whom this trinket came through his marriage to McKinley's niece, cared nothing at all about it, and it is not easy to see why he should, since the only difference between this particular invitation and one written on cardboard was the value of the metal contained in it. We think it entirely reasonable that Dr. Baer should have preferred seven hundred dollars in real money to an out-dated invitation to a forgotten festivity which, by its intrinsic value, had become a bother and an incitation to burglary. The incident illustrates the folly of doing simple things in spectacular ways. To put seven hundred dollars worth of good gold into an invitation plate was just a bit of splendiferous extravagance, illustrating a barbaric conception of magnificence. A bit of cardboard would have conveyed to the President every sentiment implied in the golden plate. It would have been just as effective and infinitely in better taste. Of course, Dr. Baer and his wife, having sold a notable relic of the late President to a pawnbroker, will come in for a world of censure; and in one sense it will be merited, since the exhibition of this plate in a broker's window is a kind of discredit to the late President. It would have been better to have melted it up and disposed of it quietly around the corner.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From an Anti-Home Ruler.

San Francisco, January 27, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: The importance of an opinion expressed by the *Argonaut* is so considerable, its publication so wide, as to render specially regretable the views that you advanced in your editorial on the Home Rule bill. Believe me, sir, this is not a matter to be disposed of in a column of type, nor one that can be settled by references to hysteria or by appeals to a "sober statecraft" that is so very sober as to ignore sentiment and the passions of centuries. South Africa is indeed one of those problems that would be, and that was, settled by this same sober statecraft, but only because there were no passions of centuries to be reckoned with, no heritage of hate to forget, no religious discords to be settled. A rather crude materialism excludes sentiment from the domain of fact. It looks only at what is called common sense and the visible conditions of the moment. But tradition, sentiment, and religion are not among the forces that can be regulated by act of parliament. They refuse to disappear at the waving of the political wand.

Why should Protestant Ulster look with equanimity upon the dominance of the Catholic south? Should we in America look with equanimity upon the dominance of the negro? Should we, and do we, permit the supremacy that his voting powers alone would give him? Should we, and do we, say that "there should be no difficulty in so guaranteeing the rights" of the white man "as to prevent reprisals and persecutions"? Is there any way to prevent these things by law, to hinder their exercise in a hundred subtle ways that no laws can reach?

Consider the situation. Ireland is a very small country. At the north is a Protestant minority, prosperous, enterprising, and successful. To the south is a Catholic majority, poor, shiftless, without commercial courage or the instinct for self help. And remember that the terms Protestant and Catholic are not those of mere convention. They imply the odium theologicum to an extent undreamed of in America. They imply mutual contempt. The very words are an invocation of race hatred. The British government has imposed a common law upon these two factions. Its police have kept the peace between them. Dominating them both, it has prevented either from dominating the other, although both are wishful. What must be the effect when that control is withdrawn?

An Irish parliament must be a Catholic parliament. That is to say, a Catholic government must rule over Protestant Ulster. Once more imagine how we should feel under a negro congress or a negro state legislature. Should we talk placidly about guaranties. Do you suppose that any laws that the wit of man can devise can prevent that governmental spirit distinctively indicated by the name of Catholic from controlling or at least tampering with the destinies of Ulster? It is easy to say that there is now no distinctively Catholic spirit in human government. The wish among enlightened men is father to the thought, but there is such a spirit.

What is it but the genius of religion that makes of South Ireland an industrial desert and of North Ireland an industrial paradise? What is it but the paralysis of religion that makes Spain and Portugal and Italy and Austria what they are? It is that same blight of Catholicism that is about to be hoisted into the saddle in Ireland. Do you suppose that laws and guaranties can prevent this? Not until laws and guaranties can banish hate from the human heart. For that is what you have to consider. The Catholics and the Protestants of Ireland hate each other. Upon every side are the reminders of bitter persecutions, of hideous massacres, of ruthless warfare, and I would remind you that almost within the memory of living men a foreign invader has been on the coasts of Ireland and by the invitation of Catholic Irishmen. And when you speak of separate local jurisdictions I would remind you that the very essence of the home rule demand is that there shall be no such separate jurisdictions, but that the whole of Ireland shall be governed by an Irish parliament elected by majorities with all the political rights of majorities and therefore controlled by Catholics. In other words, it shall be a government of Catholics, by Catholics, for Catholics. And there are no conceivable guaranties that can prevent this.

What Ulster will do remains to be seen. Perhaps she will submit, and so afford one more illustration of tyranny triumphant, and the hand of religious liberty moving backward upon the dial. H. C. D[illegible]

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Most people will remember the case of Edward E. Grimmell, who was sentenced for forgery in 1911 and subsequently liberated upon the ground that a surgical operation had removed his criminal proclivities. It seems that Grimmell is now a backslider. He has fallen from grace and is once more in prison for burglary. His supposed cure was hailed with enthusiasm by the yellow press and we were asked to believe that the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth would come, not in the old-fashioned way by prayer and penitence, but by the simpler road of the surgeon's knife that would pare away our vices very much as we now pare away our corns. But probably many such relapses will be necessary before we finally rid ourselves of this particular piece of quackery, seeing that for a hundred people who read of the operation only a few ever hear of its subsequent failure. But at least we have one thing to be thankful for. No state legislature has yet passed a law requiring us all to be surgically examined with a view to the eradication of all the original sin that we may happen to possess. In that case it is to be feared that some of us would lose our heads altogether.

Reference was recently made in this column to a complaint from the Chicago authorities to the effect that ordinary police skill is no longer adequate against the scientific murderer who uses disease germs in his unholy work. Opening an English newspaper at random, the eye is arrested by a report from Agra in India in which a certain Lieutenant Clark and a Mrs. Fulham are charged with the murder of Mrs. Clark. An important piece of evidence was that of Dr. Gore, assistant chemical examiner and bacteriologist, who testified that Clark came to his laboratory and asked for some cholera culture for the purpose of experiments upon animals. Dr. Gore was suspicious and gave his visitor some harmless water microbes, but Clark returned at a later date and asked for more, saying that his experiments had been successful. Reports from Chicago are often of the things that are not so, but it may be that the murderer by microbes is actually in our midst.

The theological mind is notoriously impenetrable by scientific facts, but we seldom have so calm and contemptuous a flouting of demonstrated truth as may now be seen on the commemoration tablet just erected in the Russian Memorial Church at Leipzig. This tablet bears an inscription to the effect that it was placed in position 7784 years after the creation of the world, that being the age of the globe according to the Greek calendar. That theology should have its fictions and that it should show a certain tendency to stick to them is natural enough, but to carve such an absurdity as this upon a memorial tablet does no more than give occasion for irreverent laughter.

The extent to which gold is imported into India and there hoarded has often been a matter for speculation as well as the effect of such hoarding upon prices. In this connection some interesting information is contained in the annual bullion letter just issued by Montagu & Co. of London. The gold, they tell us, is actually buried and not merely deposited in treasure chambers. During the year 1912 India received in gold coin the sum of $139,000,000, or 28 per cent of the world's output, and nearly the whole of this vast sum disappears as effectually as though it were thrown into the ocean. Some of this gold in the shape of thin leaves is actually swallowed as medicine, although for what complaints we are not informed. Some of it is used for gilding the domes of sacred buildings, while sovereigns are often used for decorations. It was found that a certain Rajah had used thousands of them as centre pieces for the minute panes in the windows of his palace. But the bulk of the gold simply disappears and is presumably being hoarded for some purpose that lies unavowed in the minds of its holders.

Speaking of India, the London *Daily Chronicle* quotes a letter from a Babu who asked for an increase of salary because of an expected addition to his family. He ended "Your damnable, miserable——" and this phrase, although unusual, probably expressed the situation to a nicety.

Dr. H. Charlton Bastian of London has startled the medical world by a new theory in bacteriology. He says that bacteria are subject to processes of transmutation under the influence of environment and that harmless bacteria may become the tubercle bacilli by dampness, bad air, and poor food. But the change may be in the opposite direction given the necessary conditions, and the tubercle bacilli may be rendered harmless or beneficent by the imposition of favorable conditions. Doubtless we shall hear more of Dr. Bastian's theory, but in the meantime it has been received with protest and incredulity. A theory that upsets established convictions is always frowned upon, and although medical science has a long record of upset convictions it still has the old conservatism that resents disturbance. And it must be admitted that Dr. Bastian's theory is based upon reasoning rather than observation. He does not maintain that he has actually seen a change of nature on the part of bacilli, but that he has been led to infer that such changes take place.

The strike of a newspaper union in New York has had an unexpectedly tragic result. The chief sufferers from the strike are the Jewish newspapers, and although these have appeared as usual the serial fiction features have been discontinued, since the authors are among the strikers. Consequently the *Wahrheit* has no installment of that great, great and epoch-making story entitled "The Bartered Orphan," and although its readers are willing to believe that virtue triumphs in the end—since virtue always triumphs except in real life—they are left in a state of painful uncertainty as to the way in which this is brought about. Certainly nothing could be more unfortunate than the discontinuance of the story at this particular junction, seeing that the heroine was left locked in a room with the villain and the fate that may now have befallen her is too dreadful for contemplation.

Dr. Stefansson, not satisfied by his discovery of blonde Eskimos, is now cherishing hopes of discovering a new continent. The National Geographic Society has given him $22,500 to that end, and the American Museum of Natural History has voted him a like amount, and while the total sum is not a large one the explorer is pushing on with his preparations. It is common knowledge that there is a vast, unexplored region of the Arctic, lying north and west of Alaska and to the north of Siberia, and there is no reason why it should not be of continental size, perhaps as large as Australia. It may consist only of the usual dreary stretches of ice, but those who have observed the drift of timber and débris are by no means sure that there may not be something there worth finding. The present to the world of a new continent would be one well worth the making.

Raymond Poincaré was elected president of the French republic on the second ballot. The number of votes necessary to elect was 435, and on the first ballot M. Poincaré received only 429. The second ballot gave him 483, his closest competitor being Jules Pams, who received 296 votes. There was very little excitement at Versailles and still less in the country at large. No great issues were at stake, nor ever are in a French presidential election, seeing that the president's actual powers are inconsiderable. Nominally he may do a great many things that he would never dream of doing actually, and in this respect his actual authority is about on a par with that of the King of England.

That the moving picture may have an educational value is hardly open to question. Whether its net results are actually beneficial or the reverse is very much open to question. Some European critics are suggesting that the popularity of the moving-picture show may cause children to imitate the peculiar and exaggerated gestures that are necessary where a story must be told without words. "Who," we are asked, "ever saw a cinematograph performer read a letter without a shudder of horror, a start of dismay, or an ogle of coquettish delight?" And how distressing it would be if the modern child, under the influence of the moving-picture actor, should become a "gesticulating, mouthing creature, with rolling eyes, bent brows, and a habit of clenching his fists when brooding over any wrong." Apart from the force of imitation, which in this case probably does not amount to very much, we may reasonably question if the moving-picture show as it actually exists is a gain or a loss. Some few of the pictures may have an actual educational value. All of them may be kept free from coarseness, but the moving-picture drama is distinctly bad art, if only from the fact that the sense of sight is compelled to do double service and to compensate for the excluded sense of hearing.

Indignant reports from the Chinese province of Kwangsi describe the "barbarous massacre" of thirty-nine lepers who, by official order, were driven suddenly into a pit previously charged with kerosene-soaked wood, shot to death, and then burned. The authorities, says the report, are "glorying in the deed." Of course it makes all the difference whether a thing is done by Chinese or by white men, but there seems little to choose between these decidedly summary proceedings and the painless killing of hopelessly diseased and suffering persons that is so often advocated in our own highly intelligent and humane press. As a matter of fact a discussion of this kind is now being carried on in a leading Eastern newspaper, and while there are plenty to maintain that this sort of merciful euthanasia would be injudicious and dangerous no one seems to be particularly indignant about it and no one speaks of the proposal as "barbarous." And yet these Chinese lepers were certainly incurable. Their lives were a burden to themselves and a peril to the community. We may suppose that death was instantaneous, while the subsequent burning of the bodies removed all danger of contagion. The taking of human life under any conditions may be unjustifiable. It is a moot point. But so long as euthanasia is one of the questions of the day to be debated by civilized, educated, and humane white men there seems to be no reason why we should pour out the vials of our indignation upon Chinese for carrying our own theories into practice.

Woodrow Wilson's prospective troubles over the eternal patronage problem remind an Eastern newspaper of the similar sorrows of Grover Cleveland. Upon one occasion Cleveland received the remonstrances of a senator who had hoped to see a somewhat more rapid distribution of the spoils. "What do you want me to do?" asked the President. "Why, sir, I should like to see you more expeditious in advancing the principles of Democracy." "Ah," replied Cleveland. "I suppose you mean that I should appoint two horse thieves a day, instead of one."

The London Rothschilds are said to be using their considerable influence to prevent the publication of a book purporting to give the history of the famous house. The point to which they take particular exception is the story of how Nathan Rothschild is supposed to have laid the foundations of his fortune. Every one knows the story, but it is now said to be libelous. It is to the effect that Nathan Rothschild bought all the consols within reach immediately on receipt of private information that Napoleon was the loser and not the victor at Waterloo. Early reports from Belgian sources had given the palm of victory to Napoleon, and the news naturally had a depressing influence upon consols. Rothschild alone was in possession of the actual facts and is supposed to have turned his knowledge to good financial account. But now the present generation of Rothschilds repudiate the story and seem particularly sensitive to its repetition.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

The City in the Sea.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrents silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvelous shrine
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.
There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gayly jeweled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence. —*Edgar Allan Poe.*

The Coliseum.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all—
All of the famed, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all"—the Echoes answer me—"not all
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

A hotelkeeper in the suburbs of Paris, having been much troubled with mendicants, put a wheel near the entrance to the building, and above it was placed a sign reading: "Charity degrades both him who gives and him who takes. Turn this wheel one hundred times and get half a franc." Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel (according to *Harper's Weekly*), until the discovery was made that the force employed was utilized to draw water from a well which served a practical purpose in a near-by orchard and hostelry. Then, according to the story, no beggars were seen in the vicinity.

At St. Malo, the gay watering place on the Brittany coast, is the remarkable tomb of Chateaubriand, the father of French romanticism. At high tide it is covered by the sea. It is marked with a simple cross.

THE SHEPARD-GOULD WEDDING.

Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, the Scene of the Marriage Ceremony.

Miss Helen Miller Gould inherited from her father the gray, castellated mansion and estate, Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where on Wednesday, January 22, she became the wife of Mr. Finley J. Shepard. It was such a wedding as Miss Gould might have been expected to have, and it was also such a day as the people of Lyndhurst said she ought to have—the sky clear, the Hudson sparkling despite a faint smoky mist like Indian summer, the rolling lawns of Lyndhurst green in midwinter, bare elms swayed by the slightest of breezes.

Most of Miss Gould's relatives were in the company of about one hundred that attended the wedding, and all of Mr. Shepard's except his mother, Mrs. Peter L. Shepard. From the New Haven Hospital, where she has been helpless for five years, she sent a telegram of congratulations. A group of forty men and women stood in the foyer hall and saw almost as much of the ceremony as the family party. They were Miss Gould's employees at Lyndhurst and her Fifth Avenue home, present by her personal request. Among them were three who had been at Lyndhurst when Mr. Jay Gould was its master.

From the door of the drawing room, or south parlor, where the ceremony took place, to the prie dieu in an alcove, white ribbon had been stretched on white standards, each standard surmounted by bridal roses. The ribbon made an aisle through which the party was to pass. Miss Gould came down the stairs preceded by two flower girls, Helen and Dorothy Gould, daughters of Frank J. Gould. At the foot of the stairs George Gould was standing. His sister took his right arm, and the procession moved toward the drawing room through a hall fragrant with bridal and American Beauty roses and green with tall palm shoots and festoons of smilax and asparagus. The Rev. Dr. Russell was waiting behind the little altar. As the head of the procession neared the minister Finley J. Shepard entered the room from the sun parlor, which flanks the house on the river side. His brother, Louis Jennings Shepard, of St. Louis, followed him in. They joined Miss Gould and her brother before the prie dieu and the ceremony began as the orchestra, palm-hidden in another room, with muted instruments began Handel's "Largo." The Presbyterian marriage service was read, and the ceremony was short.

Miss Gould's gown was of duchess ivory satin with a long train, long sleeves, and neck cut V shaped. The trimming was of duchess and rose point lace, with seed pearl embroidery and lace caught to the sides of the skirt with orange blossoms. The veil, which was attached to the hair with a spray of orange blossoms and extended to the limit of the train, was a gift from the Duchess of Talleyrand-Perigord (Anna Gould). The bride wore a string of pearls inherited from her mother. It is said to have belonged at one time to the Empress Josephine. The pearl necklace encircled a diamond pendant on an almost invisible platinum chain—Mr. Shepard's gift. Miss Gould carried lilies of the valley and a point lace handkerchief given to her by Mrs. Russell Sage, who was not well enough to be present.

Among those who witnessed the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., George Jay Gould, Jr., Edith and Gloria Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould and their sons, Edwin Gould, Jr., and Frank Miller Gould; the Duke and Duchess de Talleyrand and their young son, the Prince de Sagan; Howard Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Burton H. Wright, Mrs. D. W. Cutter, Miss Cutter, Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Snow, Miss Helen Gould Snow, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Northrop, Miss Ida Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Walker, Gordon and Howard Snow, Mrs. William Northrop, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Perpall, Miss Lita Perpall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Terry, Chancellor and Mrs. MacCracken, Miss Estelle Hartshorne, E. B. Pryor, Charles F. Darlington, and Miss Margaretta Stevens. Mrs. Jay Gould, owing to an attack of the grip, was unable to attend.

The wedding present from Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould was a corsage ornament of pearls and diamonds set in platinum, made in a bowknot design with a large marquise diamond pendant. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould gave a long chain of diamonds set in platinum, and from Howard Gould there was an ivory and bronze statue made by a celebrated French artist and entitled "Honor." From Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould there was a long necklace set with pearls, diamonds and emeralds to which was attached a triangular pendant set with similar jewels. Helen and Dorothy Gould, the flower girls, gave a gold mesh bag set with sapphires, and from Kingdon, George, Jr., Edith, and Gloria Gould, children of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, there was a ring set with a square cut diamond surrounded with brilliants. Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould's gift was a porcelain vase which rested on a stand of carved teakwood.

There were many other presents, and prominent among them evidences of the regard the bride has won by her kindly interest in the men of the army and navy. The list of these is long. From the enlisted men of the United States Atlantic fleet came a gold loving cup. The enlisted men and officers of the Atlantic reserve fleet (Philadelphia navy yard) sent a silver loving cup, initialed in rope lettering. From the commander in chief and officers of the United States Atlantic fleet a loving cup of silver. From the soldiers of Fort Monroe, Virginia, Col. Strong commanding, and subscribed to by every man under his command, a silver loving cup. From the enlisted men Twenty-Ninth Infantry, Governors Island, a standard supporting a three-legged silver loving cup. From the women's auxiliary, Y. M. C. A. of New York University, a silver vase. From the Railroad Y. M. C. A. of the Gould Western lines a jewel box and a clock, the former being a replica of the private car Atalanta, used by the late Jay Gould, and the latter a model of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Building in St. Louis, a gift by the bride in memory of her father. A carved silver vase with open work design of flowers and lined with colored glass from the enlisted men at Forts Banks, Strong, and Warren. A silver bowl with a submarine etched on it from the officers and enlisted men of the Atlantic submarine flotilla.

For Tarrytown and the neighboring village of Irvington Wednesday was a holiday. Morning trains that brought guests from the city were scrutinized eagerly at the station. The gates of the estate were wide open. Villagers passed through them to stroll down the drive and stood so near the house while the wedding was going on that they could hear Nahan Franko's orchestra. At 3 o'clock photographers swarmed into the house to get pictures of the decorations, the presents and whatever else they chose, except Mrs. Shepard. Reporters trooped in, too.

All the afternoon and evening two telegraph operators in the Tarrytown station did nothing but receive messages of congratulation, piling in overland and by cable. There were more than one thousand. The broad road leading from the village to Lyndhurst, a mile and a half away, was worn by the bicycles of messenger boys bearing to Mrs. Shepard cheerful words from personal friends everywhere and from men of the army and navy and others who have been helped by her philanthropies.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard will stay at Lyndhurst several days. In about three weeks they will go to Europe, and in England will visit Lord and Lady Decies at Sefton Park. The bride's plans in life will not be materially changed, and she will keep up her city home as well as Lyndhurst.

◆

One of the last ceremonies in which the Viceroy of India took part previously to the state entry into Delhi, when he was seriously injured by a bomb, was at Bhopal, the occasion being the laying of the foundation-stone of the Lady Hardinge Infants' Home. Bhopal is a Mohammedan state, second only in size and importance among the Moslem states of India. For three generations Bhopal has been governed by women, who have shown remarkable firmness of character, have been foremost among Indian rulers in improving the condition of their subjects, and have exhibited an unshakable fidelity to the British connection, even in the dark days of the Mutiny. Two of the three Begums have also proved their literary capacity in writing a history of their state. Her Highness Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum was herself present at the state banquet at Bhopal City, at which Lord Hardinge bore eloquent testimony to the value for civilization of the work she and her predecessors have accomplished.

◆

Seventy miles from Bogota, Colombia, the finest emeralds are found in the famous Muzo mines, which have been worked since 1558. The Spaniards mined there in the middle of the sixteenth century, but withdrew after a time. The mines are now worked by an English company, in partnership with the government. When calcite veins have been located, the side of the hill is dug away in "banks," usually by Indians, whose chief tool is a steel bar forged to a point at one end. The pieces of calcite vein are examined superficially for emeralds, and are then set aside for conveyance to the sorting shed. Fifteen grades are marketed.

◆

Acapulco, Mexico, with one of the finest harbors in the world, is one of the most wretched towns in the entire country. It is poorly built, the houses being, for the greater part, composed of adobe with tiled roofs, while the majority of the poorer class can afford nothing better than rude huts built with poles stuck in the ground, the fronds of the cocoanut palm woven into the sides and the whole thatched. Numerous earthquakes have damaged the buildings, and scattered ruins and cracked walls give the town a wretched appearance. There are no improvements of any kind, no sewers, waterworks, telephone, nor electric lights.

◆

Paper money is said to have had its origin in China in the year 806, when the government issued it to relieve a financial stringency, receiving coin in return, which enabled it to pay off outstanding obligations. In the museum of St. John's College in Shanghai is a paper bill worth 1000 cash, the equivalent of 50 cents American money, which was issued by the first Ming emperor (Hung-wu A. D., 1368-1399). It is nearly two feet long and one foot wide, printed on mulberry bark paper, and is a dark slate color.

◆

A North Carolina legislator has introduced a bill making hazing a felony, granting a pardon to the hazed who shoot their persecutors and imposing a jail sentence on college presidents who fail to suppress hazing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Peggy Timins, the seven-year-old daughter of the Vicar of Smeeth, Kent, is the youngest follower of the hounds in England, and rarely misses a meet of the East Kent Foxhounds.

George Ade, playwright and story writer, recently entered Purdue University, registering in the short course, to take up the study of scientific farming. He owns a large farm at Brooks, Indiana.

William A. Dunning, newly elected president of the American Historical Association, has been Lieber professor of historical and political philosophy at Columbia University since 1904. He is a native of Plainsfield, New Jersey, and a graduate of Columbia, class of '81, as an A. B. He has written several volumes and many magazine articles. One of his most important books is "Carl Schurz's Political Career."

Albert Jaegers, whose model for the monument to be erected at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in commemoration of the founding of the German settlement in 1683, has been approved by Secretary of War Stimson, is self-taught in art. He is a native of Elberfeld, Germany, and was educated in the public schools of Germany and the United States. Since 1890 he has been professionally engaged as a sculptor. He executed statuary for the St. Louis exposition.

Miss Josephine Freund, agent for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at Dilley, Oregon, has for the third time in six years received the medal for perfect work. In 1907 she received the gold medal for the Oregon lines. The station work includes the handling of freight, keeping the office in first-class condition, general agency work, tickets, and through shipping. Inspectors travel over the lines and make their report on all stations. Miss Freund is twenty-five years old.

James Cooper, the originator of the parcel post system, never saw the inside of a schoolhouse until he was fourteen, but so thoroughly has he devoted himself to study that he has a working knowledge of all modern languages. He was born at Nantucket, the son of a printer, and in course of time became a master craftsman himself. In fact the greater part of his education was received in the printing office. At one time he was proofreader in all languages in the government printing office at Washington.

Benjamin R. Stickney, inventor of the new machine which will, it is estimated, save the government at least $200,000 annually in printing postage stamps, has been in the employ of the federal service for eleven years. After working hard for two years and a half he has been successful in perfecting a machine which will print, gum, dry, perforate, and either cut into sheets or wind into coils 12,000 stamps a minute. His device may go even further and revolutionize the entire business of printing from engraved plates.

Miss Katherine I. Harrison, whom the Pujo committe was anxious to summon recently, in the hope that she might reveal some of her vast knowledge of Standard Oil secrets, was for twenty-five years private secretary to the late H. H. Rogers, and is said to have accumulated more than a million dollars as a result of her rare business ability, coupled with her knowledge of inside affairs. She received a large salary, and while Mr. Rogers was alive she acted as the medium through whom all who wished to see him had to negotiate.

Dr. W. C. Farabee, who has been selected to head the University Museum Expedition to explore the upper waters of the Amazon, and study the native tribes in that region, was a leader of the De Milhau-Harvard expedition to the Amazon region in 1906-9, and did considerable work for the Peruvian government, which conferred on him the highest honor ever given a foreigner, that of honorary member of the faculty of San Marcos University at Lima. He is a Harvard graduate, and for ten years has been an instructor in that university. Dr. Farabee is also a member of many scientific societies, and has written much on anthropolgy.

Dr. George Turner, recently knighted in England, partly because of his devotion to the lepers at the asylum at Pretoria during his long career in South Africa, is himself a victim of the dread disease, contracted through his work among the afflicted. For several years he has been living in seclusion in England. During his residence in the Cape Colony he produced a curative and preventive serum which stamped out the rinderpest in that section, saving the country millions of pounds. Then for years he worked among the lepers without pay, endeavoring to find a cure for the disease. On reaching the age limit he retired to England, to pursue his studies into the bacteriological side of leprosy.

Henry E. Lanius, the most interesting figure in the present legislature of Pennsylvania, is blind. He was a reporter for a news bureau during the Spanish-American war, but quit the field to become a metal worker. An accident in a steel mill cost him his eyesight. He learned the blind language, and with the aid of his faithful wife kept abreast of the times. They bought a small farm, and in time he became an expert upon soil and the markets. Then he bought more land, and entered politics. In the primary of 1912 he was pitted against five opponents, including a banker and a manufacturer. Through cold and storm his wife drove him through the country to more than forty meetings. He is a magnetic speaker, and a clear thinker.

MAKERS OF EMPIRE.

What the Soldier Found in the Wilderness.

Miss Grimwood wondered why Gregorio had not called her for breakfast, and then as she fastened the cameo pin at her neck she remembered that she had paid him the day before and the cook was probably in Indang at the cockpit. The jungle was rustling with the hill breeze, but already the night coolness had been dissipated by the Philippine sun and the day had settled into its steady, withering heat.

She stopped for an instant to survey herself in the broken mirror which surmounted the primitive teakwood table. The sun and heat and steaming rainy seasons of Cavite were turning her yellow, but she knew it mattered little, for she was what they called back in her Massachusetts home "an old maid," and as school-teacher at Balancor, seventy miles from Manila and connected to the outside world by a single strand of telephone wire which followed a jungle trail, she had little necessity for a good complexion.

The Grimwoods had been whalers and world travelers, and her square jaw and long nose and imperious eye were reasons enough for her being in Balancor teaching thirty odd young Tagals "Inglis" and the same lessons which had been doing service for generations in New England schools. If she hadn't been Henrietta Grimwood she probably would have been Josiah Grimwood and on the quarterdeck of a gunboat in Manila Bay, or commanding a troop of cavalry in the hills around Balancor or fishing on the Newfoundland Banks. But being a woman never deterred Henrietta from satisfying the restlessness in the blood of the Grimwoods—she had to be on new frontiers at the edge of things, and she had never been sorry that she was a woman, and could see no reason why being a woman should keep her dragging at the skirts of Fate in a New England village.

"December 9th," she said, looking at the calendar on her table. "My, I'll bet it's cold back home now!" and she had a vision of white fields and buried fences and trees drooping under snow counterpanes.

She pulled in the shell-paned windows to keep out the heat and went to the kitchen and set about making her own coffee. From the screened porch where the fagots crackled in an army field range she could see the parched plaza, and the yellowish-brown roof of the school, looking like a gigantic haycock on stilts, for it had no walls, and the low, overhanging *nipa* thatch reached nearly to the ground.

The crude stone walls of the ruined convent were already baking in the merciless sun, useless from the day artillery had battered them down over the heads of a force of insurrectos. The gilded cross still glistened from a pitiful skeleton of a bamboo spire, and hogs and chickens fretted in the furrows which had marked the horse lines of a cavalry bivouae five years before. Yet life in the hills of Cavite was much the same as before Balancor had heard shell fire and cavalry trumpets—the natives still gambled at the cockpits, did just enough work in the rice paddies to insure a scanty store of rice, fished tentatively in the hill streams, and wove and spun enough to make a few clothes. They still scratched a cross over the door when smallpox came, ate with their fingers, stole when the opportunity offered, and lied if they found an untruth more convenient than the facts. The civilization which had been brought with a gatling gun had made small progress, except that the children picked up a few English words haltingly and recited Mother Goose rhymes in parrot fashion without having the vaguest idea of what they were all about.

But Miss Grimwood never worried about progress, never questioned the desires of the government, never had the slightest doubt that she was doing a good work, or that it might be useless after all. She had the infinite patience of a pioneer and knew that the ideals of her chiefs were worth working for and that after five hundred years of Spain it was hard for a simple people to understand what the constitution and the flag of the United States could mean.

So she was not worried that December morning about the progress of civilization, for she would be well satisfied if she taught Ramona or Carmen how to turn a seam or Miguel how to read "The cat runs after the rat" before the vesper bell of the padre.

But she did have a sense of loneliness as she measured the over-dried corn meal with a half of a cocoanut shell and greased the pan for the muffins. She couldn't talk to Bacoor or Imus because Felizardo and his band of *ladrones* had cut the telephone wire as they fled before a column of cavalry. The day before she had heard the intermittent rattle of a skirmish and knew that the soldiers must be somewhere near scouting the jungle trails for the bandits, who were raiding and robbing among the hill people. She had heard little about this latest outbreak, but knew that the town of San Francisco de Malabon had been sacked in spite of the native constabulary guard, an American surgeon killed, the wife and children of the native provincial governor kidnaped as hostages, and the treasury looted. Yet she had no fear of Felizardo and his fifty men—a Grimwood never feared anybody and she had long before put her faith in the efficiency of the military forces of the United States.

The clatter of the tin dishes in the kitchen had already attracted the wandering herd of black pigs and they nosed at the bamboo posts under the floor and grunted hungrily.

Miss Grimwood laid her breakfast in the *sala,* after she had filled the cans which held the table legs with a fresh supply of coal oil as a precaution against a visitation of ants, and still with a vision of white hills in her mind, sat down and poured the coffee. It was then that she heard a step on the veranda.

"Come in," she called, without turning from the coffee strainer. It might be the houseboy or one of her pupils with flowers or a boy with fresh eggs.

The flooring creaked and she looked toward the open door, to see a mere boy clad in khaki with a carbine slung in the hollow of his arm, and she knew that the soldiers had come, although she had heard none of the village commotions which heralded strangers.

"Good-morning!" she said, as briskly as she could before her surprise at seeing him had waned. He stood awkwardly in the door and leaned against the jamb and his knees trembled a little. She saw that he had been wounded and had fashioned a crude bandage over his shoulder and under his arm, and his face was very white against the dun brown of the *suale* wall.

"Good-morning," he said with a quaint smile. "I didn't reckon I'd see any white folks. Where be I at now, ma'am?"

"Balancor, but you must come in and sit down. You've been shot, aint you? I guess a cup of coffee would fix you."

"It aint nothin' much," he said wearily. "It's the fever—slept out last night down here in a gully somewheres—got lost I suppose—that arm aint hurt none to speak—I've had *dengue* pretty bad and I got it yet. That coffee smells powerful good, ma'am."

"You look all played out. You need a square meal, that's what you need, and some quinine and some nursing. You aint been looked after, young man. What's the matter with your army doctors? They don't let you boys walk around full of fever as you be and not do for you, do they?"

"We aint had a doctor since we left Bacoor. He come out and rode with us two or three days, but he was too fat to ride—the way we was ridin', ma'am—and we been fightin' pretty well the last ten days and he couldn't catch up with the column, I reckon. I didn't have time to git sick—oh, I felt sort of shaky, but we been hot after the niggers and until I got touched last night and got separated and curled down by myself to have a nap, I aint paid much attention to how I felt—heard anything of Felizardo?"

"No, I haven't heard a word about him since Malabon. You sit right down here and have some coffee and corn muffins. Grimwood's my name—Miss Grimwood, and I'm the school-teacher here. Why, you're just a boy—bless my stars, can't they get men to do this work out here?"

"I'm twenty," he said, a bit defiantly, for all his smile, as he walked unsteadily to the table and dropped into the bamboo chair she placed for him. "I've been in the service now a year—told 'em I was twenty-one when I 'listed in Macon, because I shore did want to come out to these Philippines. Wordin's my name, ma'am—Private Wordin of the Second Cavalry, K troop. My horse is down by the branch and I reckon I hadn't ought to leave him there—we're in a hostile country now, and it wouldn't do for me to lose my horse."

"I guess you ought to have some eggs, too—you look all pale and petered out. What would your mother say now, Private Wordin, if she should see you looking so peaked and feverish. My, but your eyes are yellow! I guess this country can wait a while before it gets civilized to give you a chance to recuperate. You just light into those muffins and coffee—Lord knows you look as if you needed something substantial!"

"They feed us right enough," he said, as he reached for the canned butter. "K troop feeds better than any troop in the regiment, but you know when we're in the field a little hardtack and coffee and a bit of bacon is plenty—we don't need much to eat out here when we're in the field—cavalry don't, anyway. Maybe the doughboys need plenty of beans and canned goods, but cavalry—I reckon I better go back and git my horse." He half rose and reached for his carbine.

"You sit still—I'll have the horse brought up."

She called to some Filipinos who were carrying water up from the river bed in long bamboo poles, and they brought the cavalry horse and tethered him outside.

"I wasn't able to get my blanket and shelter tent off last night," he said. "There was just enough shock in that bullet that touched me to give the fever a chance to get the upper hand. I'd been fightin' it off for quite a spell, and then I got lost down there in the brush and it got dark powerful quick and I didn't dare to sing out, but flopped down when I got my picket line fixed. We had quite a skirmish with 'em yesterday, and there's been some fightin' today, but over across the cañon—I tried to make it across, but I had to be careful."

"You let 'em fight—they'll find you well enough, or you'll find them. You need quinine and a rest more than the government needs your services today. Maybe you'll be better tomorrow, but right now you need a chance to fight that fever."

"Oh, I'll have to go back, ma'am—the captain——"

"Never mind the captain. You're going to have a cool bath and a long sleep under a mosquito net between sheets. Your eyes look yellow and your skin looks yellow and you'll die if you keep on this way. Suppose your mother'd let you go out into that sun and fight today if she could see you now? Think I'm going to let 'em send you back home in a black box—I'll just take this rifle, young man, and I'll have that horse unsaddled and fed and watered—now don't you say a word, because it won't do a bit of good, and if that captain of yours comes here and starts to make a row, I guess I can handle him. You're more of a sick boy now than a private soldier. I'm going over to teach school now, and I'll come over a couple of times before noon and see if everything is all right. And I'll take this rifle with me, and if you need it it's only twenty feet to the school, but I guess Felizardo won't bother around here any today."

So Wordin took his quinine and stripped off his worn uniform and bathed his fever-numbed body and slept through the day in a cool cane-bottomed bed.

When he awoke after sunset a pack train was in the plaza and K troop of the Second and Miss Grimwood was talking with the captain in the *sala.*

"That boy ought to be back home with his mother," said Miss Grimwood as Private Wordin rejoined his command. "I don't see why they send boys out here to do their civilizing."

"The idea of a woman being out in this wilderness!" said the captain to his second in command. "Here she has been for a week all alone among a lot of treacherous natives, and the scout company in the hills. Why the dickens don't they send men out to such towns and leave the women in Manila? What does she know about benevolent assimilation or a colonial policy?"

Frederick Ferdinand Moore.

San Francisco, February, 1913.

◆

"Wassailing the apples" is an ancient custom observed annually in some of the apple-growing parishes of Devon, England. This year it was celebrated on January 6. Practically every man in the parish made his way to the largest orchard with guns and anything with which he could make a noise. Arrived at the orchard, the men formed a ring around one of the trees, while a farmer sang an ancient ditty, beginning "Oh! apple tree I wassail thee." Then all the persons standing round expressed the hope that there would be a good crop of apples in the coming season. Cheers were given, and the men who were standing round said: "Now, Tom Pod, we wassail thee," at the same time firing off their guns. The health of the tree was then drunk, and a piece of toast stuck in one of the branches "for the robins" in the hope that it will bring luck.

◆

A quaint charity exists in South Shields, England, which operates, according to the will of the deceased donor, once a year. It is known as the "Winterbottom Awards for Unmarried Female Domestic Servants," and the chief object is to reward domestics for faithful and satisfactory service. This year the candidates numbered sixteen, and all fulfilled the conditions, which are that they shall have not less than ten years' service in one situation. The last awards ranged from $15 down to $12.50, according to length of service.

◆

Descendants of proud Polish kings live a decadent life in one of the wildest mountain regions of Europe, holding fast to inner Galicia. They have become primitive, and clothe themselves in suits of blanketing and furs, fashioned at home, with which to withstand the long and rigorous winters. They wear their hair long, live in rude slab board and log huts, and altogether strangely resemble the North American Indian in his semi-civilized life today in the American Northwest.

◆

When Judge Louis C. Barley of the corporation court of Alexandria, Virginia, was sworn in for another term to begin February 1, the old-time oath of office was administered for the first time in the memory of court officials. The oath, among other obligations, pledged the judge not to fight a duel or take part in one, and he was required to swear that he never had resorted to the field of honor, and that he had never sent nor accepted a challenge to mortal combat.

◆

The *Washington Irving,* a mammoth steamer intended for passenger traffic on the Hudson River, was launched at Camden a few days ago. A novelty attending the launching was that the christening was done with a bottle of water from the Sunnyside well on the old estate of Washington Irving. The steamer will accommodate more than six thousand passengers.

◆

Under the social ideals of China, every man is anxious to marry, but no man is permitted to seek a wife for himself. The contract of marriage is always made by a third party, and often a man finds himself bound to an imbecile, insane or chronically diseased wife whose father has paid the marriage broker a high price to get her a husband.

◆

According to evidence given at the West London court recently, any person arrested within the boundaries of Kensington is entitled to be taken to court in a cab. The reason given is that Kensington is a royal borough.

◆

The art of shoeing horses to protect their hoofs against the evils of hard usage, was unknown to the Greeks and Romans and is first mentioned in the history of the Celts as late as the fifth century.

◆

South Africa not only supplies itself with explosives, but exports dynamite in large quantities to Australia and the East. The saving to Australian mines by this means is estimated to be £125,000 a year.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

The Life of the Great Artist and Inventive Genius Is Well Described by a Russian Biographer.

Dmitri Merejkowski, the author of this fine volume on Leonardo da Vinci, has chosen an effective way to tell his story, even though that way be not strictly in accord with the canons of biography—if there are canons of biography. He seems to have collected all the authentic material that is available and to have reinforced it with imaginary dialogues and situations so as to give it a certain dramatic and colloquial form that it would otherwise lack. Perhaps the work would have been better for a preface explaining its method, although the method is obvious enough. Other biographers have used it with success, nor can there be any complaint against a plan which in competent hands adds so much of force and interest to the narrative, and the author's hands are certainly competent. He has used his imaginative powers only in the setting that surrounds his hero. So far as Leonardo himself is concerned, he seems to have adhered to historical accuracy, and the result is a portrait as complete as research can make it and displayed before a background that does no more than set forth the central figure to advantage.

One of the earlier scenes presented by the author is Leonardo's workshop in Florence, a workshop that seems to belong to the mechanic or to the alchemist rather than to the artist. For two nights he has been working sleeplessly upon his flying machine, and now he wakes his sleeping assistant by his exclamations of disappointment as he watches a soaring swallow and compares the ease of its flight with the immobility of the bat-like monster on the ground beside him:

"You were wise to sleep," said Leonardo, "for the wings have failed."

"What! these also? Nay, master, but I will not make your machine again. Think of the money, the labor we have thrown to the wind! What better can you want? Not to fly, on wings like those, would be impossible! An elephant could rise on them. Pr'ythee, master, let me try! I will prove them over water, and then if I fall I'll come off with no worse than a bathing. I can swim as a fish; I wasn't born to be drowned."

And he clasped his hands supplicatingly. Leonardo, however, shook his head.

"Patience, friend, have yet patience. It will come in its own time, and then——"

"Then?" cried the smith, almost in tears. "Why not *now?* Of a surety, master, as true as God is in heaven, I shall fly."

"No, Astro, fly thou wilt not. By a mathematical law——"

"I could have sworn you would say that! To the devil with your mathematical laws, for they upset everything. And to think of the years we have labored! I am sick to remember it! Every gnat, mosquito, fly, I pray you license—every *muck*-fly, every *dunghill*-fly—has its wings; and men crawl like worms. 'Tis rank injustice! And why should we doubt? There they are, your wings, ready, and beautiful; ready to be blessed of God, and spread, and to be off!"

Leonardo, we are told, had once broken off in the very middle of the "Cenacolo" to invent a new mincing machine for sausages, and had delayed fixing the head of St. James to his shoulders because he was dissatisfied with the blades of the cutter. The best of his Madonnas had to wait in the corner while he devised a spit for the roasting of sucking-pigs, and he had already perfected a lye made from fowls'-dung for the washing of linen. And now there was the flying machine; premature, as we know, by some centuries.

Another vivid picture is Leonardo's detection of the fraud practiced by the alchemist Galeotto, who had actually performed the transmutation of metals in the presence of critical witnesses:

When they were alone Galeotto said to him, "Well, master, what do you think of my experiment?"

"The gold was in the rods," replied Leonardo, dryly.

"What rods? What do you mean, sir?"

"The rods with which you stirred the molten metal. I saw all."

"Did you not yourself examine all my utensils?"

"These rods are not those we examined."

"Not those! Master, permit me——"

"Have I not told you I saw everything?" repeated Leonardo, with a smile. "Be not obstinate, Galeotto. The gold was concealed in hollow rods tipped with wood. When the wooden ends were consumed in the molten mass, the gold fell into it."

The old man's legs shook; over his face spread a look at once abject and pathetic. Leonardo touched him on the shoulder.

"Fear not, Messer Galeotto, none shall know. I am no tale-bearer."

The impostor seized his hand feverishly and cried: "You will not betray me?"

"No. I wish you no ill. But, Messer Galeotto, why these frauds?"

"Oh, Messer Leonardo," cried the other, and immediately the boundless despair in his eyes was transfigured by a flash of hope, "I swear to you by God, that if I seem to have practiced deception, 'tis but for the welfare of the duchy, for the triumph of science, and because my deception shall endure but a brief space. For, Messer Leonardo, truth it is that I have verily found the philosopher's stone. I do not assert that I have it yet in my possession, but I know that it already exists. That is to say, it as good as exists; for I have found the way and you know that the way is everything. Three or four more experiments, and lo! it is accomplished. What was I to do, messere? Is not the discovery of so grand a truth justification for so small a deception?"

"Nay, Messer Galeotto," replied Leonardo, gravely, "to what purpose would you play with me at blind-man's buff? You know right well, even as I know, that the transmutation of metals is a baseless dream: that there is no philosopher's stone, nor can be one. Alchemy, necromancy, black magic, all these sciences not founded on mathematics and exact experiment are delusion or deception."

The author uses the diary of Giovanni Boltraffio to good effect. Here we have all sorts of gossip about the great artist—his pursuits, occupations, and conversation. Today, we are told, Leonardo should have completed the countenance of the Apostle John, but he stayed at home watching the flights of insects and so absorbed in studying the construction of their bodies "that 'twould seem on it depended the destiny of the human race." Great was his delight to discover that flies used their hind legs as rudders:

Tonight I beheld him, standing in the rain in a close and fetid alley, absorbed in the contemplation of certain spots of dampness on a stone. He stood there a long while, and the urchins in the street nudged each other and mocked him. I asked him what he beheld in the stone.

"Giovanni," he said, "see the splendid monstrous figure! Chimera, with her jaws wide; and beside her an angel with flying hair and airy flight, fleeing from the monster. The caprice of chance has produced a picture worthy of a great artist."

He traced with his finger the outline of the damp spot, and to my amazement I recognized that what he said was true.

"Many," he said, "think this habit of mine an absurdity; but experience has taught me how useful it is for the education of the fancy. I have taken from such things what I wanted, and brought them to completeness. Listen to far-off bells; you can find in their confused clang the very names and words you lack."

Here is another extract from the diary illustrating Leonardo's passion for his art and his methods of study, that never seemed repulsive so long as they might serve some educational end:

For tears the eyebrows contract; for laughter they expand. The master goes gladly with those condemned to death, watching in their faces the degrees of their agony and terror; and the very executioners wonder at him, when he makes a study of the last quivering of the muscles.

"Nay, Giovanni, you understand not the man he is!" cried Cesare. "He will lift a worm from the path lest his foot crush it; but if his own mother were a-dying he would watch the contracting of her eyebrows, the wrinkling of her forehead, the drooping of the corners of the mouth."

The diarist remembers and records some of the master's aphorisms and injunctions. There are very many of these and they lose none of their value through lapse of time:

"Note the expression and the gestures of deaf-mutes."

"When you watch persons, do it without letting them know; so shall their movements, their laughter, and their tears be more natural."

"An artist whose own hands are angular and bony is apt to depict people with angular and bony hands; for every man likes the faces and the bodies which resemble his own. The ugly painter will choose ugly models, and *vice versa.* Let not the men and the women whom you paint seem your blood brothers either in beauty or in deformity. This is a fault which attaches to many Italian artists. In painting there is no error more treacherous. I consider the temptation arises from the fact that the soul makes the body which belongs to it. Of old it shaped and fashioned it in its own likeness; and now when again it is called upon to fashion a new body with brushes and paint, it yearns to reproduce the shape in which it has long had its habitation."

Leonardo permits harm to no living animal, nor even to plants. He eats no meat and predicts a day when the murder of animals will be considered as evil as the murder of men. Passing a butcher's shop he says with disgust: "Truly man is the king of beasts, for his brutality exceeds theirs." And yet Boltraffio gives us another picture, inexplicable in its contradictions, its anomalies:

God forgive me, I have again been with Cesare to that accursed tavern! We spoke of the master's compassionateness for animals.

"You refer, Giovanni, to his eating no flesh?"

"It may be so. I know——"

"You know nothing! Messer Leonardo is not moved by goodness, but by the love of singularity."

"What mean you by that?"

He laughed somewhat forcedly.

"Peace. Let us not quarrel. Wait, and I will show you certain of his drawings—i' faith, very interesting drawings."

So upon our return we crept, thief-like, into the master's studio. Cesare rummaged till he had found a certain concealed sketch-book which he showed to me. My conscience pricked me; nevertheless I looked with interest.

They were drawings of colossal bombards, explosive balls, many-barreled guns, and such like engines of war, executed with no less delicacy than he lavished on the divine countenances of his Madonnas. Especially do I remember one bomb, half a *braccio* in diameter, called "Fragilità," the construction of which Cesare explained to me. It was a cast of bronze, the hollow being filled with layers of gypsum. Leonardo had written on the margin beside the sketch:

"Most beautiful bomb. Very useful. After leaving the gun it ignites while one might pronounce an *Ave Maria.*"

"Ave Maria!" cried Cesare. "How does this use of a Christian prayer please you, my friend? You see the breed of his inventions! And have you heard his definition of war?"

"No."

"'*Pazzia bestialissima,* the most brutal of madnesses.' A pretty definition, methinks, for the inventor of these engines. Here is your holy man who eats no flesh, who lifts a worm from the path lest a boot should tread on it! Both one and the other simultaneously! today a devil, tomorrow a saint. A Janus, with one face toward Christ, the other towards Antichrist. Which is the true Leonardo, which the false! Who can say? And he does it all with a light heart, with a mystic seductive grace. *He is at play.*"

We have a vivid picture of the death of Beatrice d'Este, the nineteen-year-old wife of Ludovico Sforza, who had already borne her husband two children and who died in giving birth to another. An old hag persuades the distracted husband to eat a dish of wolf's flesh, for "'tis of great benefit to the wife in her labor if her husband will eat the flesh of wolves":

She was interrupted by Messer Luigi Marliani, the first of the court physicians, who came from the sick-room, followed by his colleagues.

"Well? well?" asked Ludovico.

There was a silence; then Messer Luigi spoke:

"Your Excellency, we have done all that is possible. Now we must put our hope in the clemency of the Lord."

"No! No!" cried the duke, seizing his hand. "There must be some means! It is unendurable! Try something!"

The physicians exchanged glances like augurs, hoping thus to reassure him. Then Marliani, knitting his brows, said in Latin to the young doctor beside him:

"Three ounces of river snails, with nutmeg and red coral."

"A bleeding, perhaps?" suggested another, an old man, with a gentle and diffident face.

"I had thought of it," said Marliani; "but Mars is in Cancer and in the fourth house of the sun. And, further, today's date is an uneven number."

The old man sighed, shook his head and forbore to urge his point. Various other loathsome medicaments were proposed, till the duke could no longer contain himself. He turned furiously to the doctors.

"To the devil with all your science!" he exclaimed; "she is dying, do you hear me? She is dying! and you have nothing better to propose than three ounces of snails and a plaster of cow's dung! Rascals, charlatans, fools! I will hang every one of you!"

He paced the room a prey to mortal anguish, listening to the sufferer's unceasing groans. Suddenly his eye fell on Leonardo and he drew him aside.

"Listen," he cried wildly, "Leonardo, you are master of great secrets. No, no, deny it not, I *know.* Ah, my God! my God!—that cry! What was I saying? Yes, yes! Help me, Leonardo! Do something! I would give my soul to succour her—even for a short space—only to still that cry!"

Leonardo would have replied; but the duke, forgetting that he had appealed to him, hurried to meet the chaplain and two monks entering at that moment:

"At last! God be praised! What have you brought? Ah! a particle of the remains of St. Ambrose, the belt of St. Margaret—is she not the patroness of women in childbed?—and a hair of the Blessed Virgin! Ah, how I thank you! And surely your prayers——"

Leonardo watches the torture of the bereaved Ludovico. "Not a wrinkle, not the quivering of a muscle escaped his passionless all-seeing eyes. Presently, overmastered by the desire to draw, he slipped from the room to fetch his sketch-book."

A favorite amusement of the day was the "scientific duels," on which almost unbelievable superstitions and ignorances disputed with each other for the edification of the court. Upon one such occasion Leonardo was persuaded to speak, and he told his audience how land and water had changed places on the earth as he himself had discovered by the study of fossils. In this he was opposed by the rector of the University of Pavia, who believed it better to explain the fossil shells on the ground of an accidental freak of nature or as due to the deluge:

An uncomfortable silence followed; all felt that the rector's reply had been a trifle weak. Then the court astrologer, Ambrogio da Rosate, a great favorite of the duke's, advanced another explanation based on Pliny's natural history; which was that the petrified shapes which looked like marine animals had been formed in the interior of the earth by the magic working of the stars.

At the word magic a resigned smile played over Leonardo's lips. "Then, Messer Ambrogio," be replied, "how would you explain the fact that the stars in the one place should make animals not only of many kinds but of various ages? (for the age of shells can be ascertained no less than the age of horns or of trees). What say you to finding some of these shells entire, some broken, some mixed with sand, mud, the claws of crabs, fish-bones, and rubble, such as you may see any day on the seashore; and the delicate imprint of leaves on the rocks of the highest mountains, and marine weeds clinging to the shells, petrified and blended into one lump with them? From the working of the stars, say you? If this is to be our reasoning, messere, then in all nature there will be no phenomenon for which you can not account by the starry influences, and all science outside astrology is useless."

Here an old doctor of scholastic interposed, saying that the dispute was irregular.

"For," he exclaimed, "either this question of fossils belongs to a vulgar, mechanical science, alien to metaphysic, and hence not to be discussed in an assembly met to contend solely about philosophical questions, or it verily pertains to the true, the sublime science of dialectic; in which case it must be discussed according to the laws of dialectic, which alone allows theory to ascend to the sphere of pure speculation."

"I understand you, messere," said Leonardo, patiently; "I have thought of what you say. But the alternative is not as you state it."

"Not as I state it?" cried the veteran, smiling angrily, "not as I state it? Then, sir, pray let us hear how *you* propose to state it!"

"Nay, nay; I had no wish to offend. In fine, I spoke but of shells. I think—nay, messere, but there is no vulgar science, nor is there sublime science. There is but one science; that which is based upon the experience of the senses."

Some discussion, we are told, followed the debate and Leonardo's religious orthodoxy is called in question, since he holds it better to be a philosopher than a Christian. The duke defends the artist, since "in his company I never weary":

"And our posterity will praise your excellency for having protected a genius so extraordinary," said Messer Baldassare Castiglione, a very elegant cavalier from the Court of Urbino. "'Tis pity," he added, "that the man should neglect his art to give himself to dreams and chimeras."

"True, Messer Baldassare; I have often reproached him. But painters, you know, are an unmanageable race."

"Your Excellency speaks well," said the Commissioner of the Salt Tax, who was burning to tell a tale of Leonardo; "painters are impracticable folk. T'other day I came to his studio seeking an allegorical drawing for a marriage chest. 'Is the master at home?' say I. 'No,' is the reply, 'he bath gone forth, greatly busied, to measure the weight of the air.' Truly, I thought the youth mocked me; but when I met Leonardo himself and taxed him with this folly, he confessed it, looking at me as if he thought I were a fool. Ladies, how like you the notion? and how many grains will you find in the spring zephyr?"

"I know worse of him than that," said a young lord with a vulgar self-complacent face; "he has invented a boat which travels up stream, yet without oars."

"How doth it travel?"

"On wheels, by steam."

"A boat with wheels? Nay, sir, this must be your invention of this moment!"

"I had it of Fra Luca Pacioli, who had seen the design. Leonardo conceives that in steam lies a force able to move large ships, let alone little boats."

"You see! You see! Did I not tell you!" cried Madonna Ermellina; "this is his necromancy, black magic pure and simple!"

"'Tis not to be denied he is mad!" said the duke, with his urbane smile; "for all that I wish him well."

A word of merited praise must be given to the translater, Mr. Herbert Trench, who holds the author's exclusive authority. A large number of fine illustrations complete a work that is unsurpassed among the biographies of Leonardo da Vinci.

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. By Dmitri Merejkowski. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Heroine in Bronze.

Mr. James Lane Allen, already favorably known as a novelist, calls his latest story a Pastoral of the City, and as real people never appear in pastorals, but only much more delightful ideal people, we shall hardly expect to identify the hero and heroine among our friends. In this case the hero is a young author who discovers that he has the plot of "a perfect love-story of a youthful pair." Naturally he hurries away to impart the joyful news to the lady of his heart, who lives in wealth upon Fifth Avenue, and who desires to hear a sketch of this wonderful inspiration. But disaster follows. The lady believes that she recognizes herself and her college life in the story and so wraps herself in a chilling atmosphere of rebuke for such a violation of confidence and piracy. And so there is a rupture. The lady goes abroad and the hero stays at home to elaborate his conception through the sweltering heat of a New York summer.

It is a slender idea and would break down under a greater weight than the delicate weavings that the author hangs upon it. Mr. Allen writes not only delicately but dexterously, and with a sure and certain touch upon the finer sentiments that are rare enough in fiction as well as in life.

The Heroine in Bronze. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Lady Macbeth.

Dr. Isador H. Coriat tells us in his little volume that if the tragedy of "Macbeth" be read anew in the light of modern psychopathology, "the interpretation herein given will be found the only adequate one, namely, that Lady Macbeth is an accurate example of hysteria."

It may be so, but we have no intention to read "Macbeth" in the light of modern psychopathology. We shall take particular care not to do so. Indeed, we doubt if there is any light that psychopathology can throw upon Shakespearean drama, although it may throw a good deal of darkness, as in the present case. We may further suspect that Dr. Coriat has fallen into the common scientific error of supposing that he has explained something merely because he has given it a name, such as hypnosis, hysteria, somnambulism, subconsciousness, hallucination, and suggestion. We are not in the lease concerned with the pathology of Lady Macbeth, but we are concerned with the fact that such a woman as Lady Macbeth may have lived and that the great passions that consumed her still fill the stage of human life. In point of fact, Dr. Coriat seems to have been guilty of a grave piece of literary impudence.

The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth. By Isador H. Coriat, M. D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents net.

The Little Gray Shoe.

Mr. Percy Brebner has added another "Zenda" story to his list, and a very good story it is. Its hero is a soldier of fortune named Heselton, belonging to a foreign legion of daredevils in the service of Saxe-Oldenburg, which seems to lie somewhere under the shadow of Austria. Heselton protects a young serving maid who had strayed in the way of soldierly insult and is rewarded by a glimpse of a pretty face and also by a little gray shoe that the lady drops in her flight. There is no need to sketch a story so full of intrigue and politics; but it may be said that there are rival princes, and also a lovely princess who is unwilling to marry in obedience to the necessities of statecraft. Heselton finds his serving maid again and so learns that things are not always what they seem, but first of all there is a daring ride with the lady to the frontier and a splendid duel with swords. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brebner will write more stories like this. A single good "Zenda" novel is worth a score of the more modern type, with their bold women and their reek of money.

The Little Gray Shoe. By Percy Brebner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

Tapestries.

By one of those curious swings of the pendulum that historians may note but can not explain, it seems that there is a sort of tapestry renaissance and that we have learned not only to value the old work, but to produce new tapestries for ourselves. Mr. Hunter, whose work on tapestries surpasses all others, tells us that during the last century ancient and splendid tapestries were cut up into draperies, bed spreads, and floor rugs, and that some of the most priceless of them all were used to cover orange trees.

Mr. Hunter seems to tell us everything that can be told about tapestries. He gives us the history of all the ancient pieces that have been preserved; he tells us how they were made, why they were made, and their claims upon our admiration. We have a chapter on the Metropolitan Museum tapestries, four chapters on the main divisions of tapestry design, another chapter on the care of tapestries, and an extraordinarily interesting account of the existing tapestry works at Mortlake, Merton, Windsor, and Barcheston. Moreover, we have a section on the Gobelin, Beauvais, Aubusson, and earlier French looms, as well as the American, Italian, German, Spanish, and Russian looms. Nothing seems to be omitted from what was obviously a labor of love and enthusiasm. A special word of praise is due to the four full-page illustrations in color and the 147 illustrations in black and white.

Tapestries: Their Origin, History, and Renaissance. By George Leland Hunter. New York: John Lane Company; $5 net.

Robin Hood.

It would be worth some inquiry as to why such stories as Robin Hood and Chevy Chase and a few others of a like kind should be among the immortals. But they are, and therefore they can never be told too often, if only the skill of the telling be worthy of the topic.

In this volume Mr. Louis Rhead gives us the story of Robin Hood and his outlaw band and their famous exploits in Sherwood Forest. Probably romance and sentiment have been very kind to these burly ruffians, investing them with virtues that they did not possess, and the author does all that literary and artistic skill can do to intensify the illusion. For Mr. Rhead has not only written the story, but also illustrated it with a large number of full-page drawings in black and white, as well as a map of the royal forests in the days of Robin Hood.

Bold Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band. Penned and pictured by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

American Presidents.

Professor Chancellor, who writes this useful volume on "Our Presidents and Their Office," avows himself "a convinced decentralizationist and Jeffersonian Democrat," and while he makes this clear enough in the handling of his topic, he never allows it to obscure his historical vision. His substantial volume contains not only biographies of all the Presidents of the United States, but also an assortment of well-arranged information as to their policies and the principal acts of their administration. But it must not be supposed that the work is in any way of the dictionary order or intended only as a work of reference. The historical thread is preserved all the way through, while the literary style is of a high order. It would be hard to find any book of greater or more permanent value to the student of American history.

Our Presidents and Their Office. By William Estabrook Chancellor, Ph. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $3 net.

Canute.

Dr. Larson's volume, which appears in the Heroes of the Nations series, is a reminder of how much may be done by careful research to uncover the stories of past heroes. But the author's intention is not purely biographical. He tries to ascertain the result of Viking invasions upon English civilization and the part that they played in the development of imperialistic ambitions. For Canute began as a pirate and a Viking. Like Alexander, he found that he had no more worlds to conquer and so turned his attention to government. His influence upon English ideas must have been enormous, and just how enormous the author attempts to ascertain.

Without following Dr. Larson too closely in may be said that he has written an important historical work and has attained a success that is a monument to his erudition and energy. The illustrations of ancient monuments are especially interesting and valuable.

Canute the Great. By Lawrence Marcellus Larson, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50 net.

Grit Lawless.

This is a story of South Africa, written with apparent knowledge of the country and of colonial conditions. The hero is Grit Lawless, who has been cashiered from the British army and has since led the adventurous life of the social outcast. He is employed to recover some letters that are being used for blackmailing purposes and then discovers that the search for the letters brings him into contact with his wife, from whom he is estranged. The story follows a fairly obvious course for the customary length and ends as it obviously must end. Mr. Young is a practiced and competent writer and although he gives us nothing extraordinarily original, he can easily hold the attention of his readers and win their approval.

Grit Lawless. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

Who's Who.

The 1913 edition of "Who's Who" contains 2226 pages of biography, and it need hardly be said that it belongs to those books of reference that should be found on the library table rather than on the library shelf. Every volume of this invaluable publication shows an improvement upon its predecessors. The tendency is always toward a greater inclusiveness, a wiser discrimination, and a better condensation. With its first appearance we wondered how we had ever lived without it. We know now that its place is among the essentials of life.

Who's Who, 1913. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Sea Yarns," by John Arthur Barry (J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net), is among the latest books for boys and a capital book it is. The author gives us ten stories told with a convincing accuracy and vigor and well illustrated in color by Charles Pears.

"Ken Ward in the Jungle," by Zane Grey (Harper & Brothers; $1.25), is an ideal book for boys, and of this the author's name is sufficient guaranty. The jungle is that of tropical Mexico and the adventures are of the most thrilling kind and described with an admirable energy and realism.

"Gleams," by Edwin Björkman (Mitchell Kennerley; 75 cents net), is a collection of aphorisms that sometimes reveal a flame of wisdom and that sometimes amaze us by their poverty. But it is a book that lovers of Björkman will wish to possess. If we do not find something that is satisfying at a first glance we shall at a second.

Admirers of Anatole France's "Bee"—and they include all who have read it—will welcome the translation by Peter Wright that has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. ($2.50 net). Mr. Wright's rendering is in choice and delicate English, while the full-page colored illustrations by Charles Robinson are exquisite bits of design and coloring.

From Sherman, French & Co. comes a little volume of unpretentious but often excellent verse by Hilton R. Greer, entitled, "A Prairie Prayer." Mr. Greer contents himself with the simple things of life and somehow his verse conveys the impression that it was written for love of the writing, which is quite a good way to write verse. The price is $1 net.

"Roses from My Garden," by Gertrude Capen Whitney (Sherman, French & Co., $1.35), is a volume of verse printed on decorated pages and with title line illustrations. It seems a pity that so much verse should be published that is little more than rhymed prose, or that compositions admirably designed to give pleasure to a family circle should be offered to the criticisms of the world.

Three more volumes have been added to the commendable Life Stories for Young People series, translated from the German by George P. Upton and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (50 cents net each). These are "Ulysses of Ithaca," "Achilles," and "David Livingstone." This series is now reaching notable proportions and should not be overlooked by those in search of the best kind of biographical literature for the young.

"Avanti," by James M. Ludlow (Fleming H. Revell Company; $1.25 net), must be counted among the historical novels that are worth reading. It is written of the period of the Garibaldian invasion and the union of Sicily with Italy, and while it conveys a stirring and accurate picture of troublous days, it is by no means inconsiderable as a love story. The author has written other romances of the Mediterranean and his latest story is as good as any.

Just at present the boy is receiving somewhat more attention than his merits deserve, and therefore we have only a limited enthusiasm for "Just Boy," by Paul West (George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net). The book is in the form of letters from a boy who calls himself appropriately "the Boy Skurge," and while they are distinctly amusing and true to life, the spelling becomes a little burdensome. But taken in tabloid doses the story is an enjoyable one.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published Henri Bergson's "An Introduction to Metaphysics," as translated under special authority from the author by T. E. Hulme. It first appeared after "Time and Free Will" and "Matter and Memory," and before "Creative Evolution," and while it is in no sense an epitome of the others, it yet forms, says the translator, the best introduction to them. The essay in its present form has been revised by the author, who has added some additional material. The price is 75 cents.

The anonymous author of "Philip Dru: Administrator," said by the publishers to be "a man prominent in political councils," describes how the radical elements of the day, "under pressure of rising prices for the poor and greater privileges for the rich, literally burst into one great conflict, the Second Civil War." The story is therefore prophetic, and when it comes to prophecy we are all pretty much on a level of knowledge. But the story is fairly well told. B. W. Huebsch is the publisher and the price is $1.20 net.

Dr. T. L. Pennell's little book on "Things Seen in Northern India" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net), is so small as to give a first impression of inadequacy. But it is by no means inadequate for those who need salient impressions free from historical and scenic padding cribbed from the conventional guide-book. The author has the gift of sight and of terse descriptions of what he sees, and the result is an entirely satisfactory glimpse of India and of her people, and one that has the graces of admiration and sympathy.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Pear Tree.

When winter, like some evil dream,
  That cheerful morning puts to flight,
  Gives place to spring's divine delight,
  When hedgerows blossom, jewel-bright,
And city ways less dreary seem.
  The fairy child of sun and rain,
  My neighbor's pear tree flowers again.

His plot is not so fair a thing
  As country gardens newly green,
  Where winds are fresh and skies are clean.
  There, like some gay-appareled queen,
In broidered kirtle walks the spring;
  But dust and smoke have soiled her gown
  And dimmed her beauty here in town.

Yet so the tree is glorified,
  More gracious for the grimy wall
  Whereon the fragile petals fall.
  And rows of houses, grim and tall,
That shade the garden's farther side,—
  More beautiful for growing here
  Where even spring is almost drear.

Ethereal in the dawning light,
  A sun-kissed cloud in glow of day,
  All rosy in the last red ray
  When twilight spreads her mantle gray;
And like an angel tall and white,
  With murmurous wings and shining hair,
  By night the tree keeps vigil there.
—Dorothy I. Little, in the Academy.

The Harbor-Mother.

The little boats from the ocean glide,
Hurrying home with the eventide
    For shelter and rest
    To the peaceful breast
Of the harbor-mother, whose arms stretch wide.

As she quiets each quivering, weary wing,
This is the song that I hear her sing,
    While the stars hang low,
    And the night-winds blow,
And strong and silent the slow tides swing;

"Rest, little boats, through the deepening night—
Rest till the smile of the sun is bright;
    Then away and away
    Through the long fair day;
Nothing shall hinder your eager flight.

    "Sleep now, and rest;
    For that is best,
And calm and safe in the harbor-breast."
—From "Horizon Songs," by Grace Duffield Gordon.

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Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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Grain Growing and Canadian Expansion EDWARD PORRITT
Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," KURT SCHINDLER
What Is Socialism—II. A. MAURICE LOW
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Cardinal Newman.

These two large volumes of biography by Wilfrid Ward—himself, be it remembered, a Catholic—leave us with a certain dreary sense of mental tragedy. Properly speaking, the work is not a biography at all. A biography should deal with human life, and not only with those shadowed corners of human life that are haunted by theological phantoms. Incredible as it may seem, the author devotes only one chapter to Newman's life before his reception into the Catholic church. If the author were possessed of a better sense of biographical values he would have known that Newman ceased at this point to be interesting as a human being in a world of living men, and that only a *de mortuis* remained to be written of an intellect paralyzed by the abnegation of free will and the right to think.

Nevertheless there is a certain mournful attractiveness about these pages. Mr. Ward makes it clear to us that Newman discriminated between the church and its representations and that he found a certain satisfaction in the historical fabric of his faith denied to him by those who consistently frowned upon his enthusiasms and repulsed his energies. We must assume—since Newman himself says so—that he never repented the great change that silenced his voice and removed him from the world of living things, and yet we are not wholly insensitive to an undercurrent of regret for a move that placed him forever out of reach of the great place in human leadership and in literature that rightfully belonged to so great an intellect and to so strong an enthusiasm.

It need not be said that Mr. Ward writes in a way worthy of his theme, although always with the theological bias that tends to distort his sense of values. Whether he intended to produce a picture so dispiriting, whether he knew it be so dispiriting, can not, of course, be determined, but it is hard to believe that the cause of his church can benefit from a revelation that discourages and saddens.

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. By Wilfrid Ward. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $9 net.

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The Dramatic Festival.

It would be hard to say too much in praise of the drama as an aid to education, as the most powerful of all methods of stimulating the imagination and calling forth the latent faculties of the child. In this volume Mrs. Craig professes to deal with principles rather than with their specific application. She deals with the organization and administration of the æsthetic department of school work, but at the same time she is so liberal with her suggestive material as to supply the teacher with all that is necessary for a start. The first part of Mrs. Craig's book is devoted to the general idea of folk plays in schools and playgrounds, while the second contains suggestions as to the forms of plays and festivals for the successive school periods. Indices, appendices, and bibliographies help to form a volume of unusual completeness and marked throughout by enthusiasm and capacity.

The Dramatic Festival. By Anne A. T. Craig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

◆

The Bells.

This beautiful volume owes its novelty to the gorgeous illustrations by Edmund Dulac. Gorgeous is indeed the word, and it may be that the severely artistic sense would find something to cavil at in a color scheme and a color complication that may be held to be out of place in a book illustration. But it may be that the severely artistic sense robs its possessor of more pleasure than it confers. At least it is so rare as to justify the prediction that this beautiful book will receive a welcome from those who think so highly of Poe as to applaud a richness of production that has seldom been surpassed.

The Bells, and Other Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. New York: George H. Doran Company; $5 net.

◆

Conversion.

Those who like stories of conversions will find them here in profusion and set forth with the familiar literary skill of Mr. Harold Begbie. That many persons have a repugnance to such avowals and parades of private and sacred experiences, to such a rending of reticences is another matter. Mr. Begbie's book is not for them. He gives us thirteen chapters, each devoted to some particular experience, and it may be said that they are written without hysteria and from a religious ground somewhat broader than that of the revivalist.

The Ordinary Man and the Extraordinary Thing. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

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Daphne in the Fatherland.

The anonymous author has much that is amusing to say about life at the German court and the personal peculiarities of the emperor. No doubt it is all authentic enough, since it seems to be based upon personal experience. But why throw it into the form of a novel, for that is what has been done—thrown. It necessarily loses in verisimilitude, since the novel itself is not a very good one, and we are unwilling to believe that the public taste has now reached a point where nothing can be tolerated unless it comes in the guise of fiction.

Daphne in the Fatherland. New York: Brentano's.

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Gossip of Books and Authors.

George Bernard Shaw's new London weekly paper to be published in the spring promises to stir matters up in the political, musical, and dramatic world. His partner in the weekly will be Sydney Webb, a wealthy Socialist.

Harold Monro has opened a "poetry bookshop" in Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London. He is the author of two or three volumes of poetry, also editor of a monthly publication formerly known as *The Poetry Review*, and now called *Poetry and Drama*. Within his store will be found for sale copies of the works of major and minor poets alike. But Mr. Monro does not intend to stop at selling poetry. Twice a week in the store there will be a recital at which young poets will read their own and other people's poetry aloud to any one who cares to listen. Professor Henry Newbolt, in formally opening the building a few days ago, laid great stress upon the value of these recitals. He reminded his hearers that from time immemorial poetry was intended to be read aloud.

Early this month G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish a volume entitled "My Autobiography," by Mme. Judith of the Comedie Française—an actress who was not only a stage rival but a close friend of the great French actress Rachel and the intimate of Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Alexander Dumas, Prince Napoleon, and many other men of letters and of rank.

The Imperial Edition of Sir Gilbert Parker's books, now being issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, has a frank preface by the author himself. He tells how he took his first collection of stories to England in 1889, and how Archibald Forbes's comment was: "Those stories, Parker—you have the best collection of titles I have ever known." The young man understood. That night he put his manuscripts, which represented a good two-years' work, on the flames until every one of them had gone up the chimney in smoke. But it was not long to the time when Henley sent him a postcard that read, "Bravo, Balzac!" There are to be eighteen volumes.

The government of Canada has issued an order prohibiting the sale on the government railway trains of books by Elinor Glyn, complaint having been made by the Social Reform League.

A good many people who know that something is the matter with G. Bernard Shaw will be glad to be told what ails him. This is the diagnosis of H. M. Hyndman, the London critic: "What a pity it is that Shaw should have stunted the natural growth of his mind and racked his intellect to fiddle-strings by his confoundedly inappropriate diet! Why has Shaw no pathos? How is it he is destitute of poesy? What makes his humor comparatively thin? Why do his dramas tend to peter out at their latter end? I say it with all confidence and certitude: because his food is not suited to our damnable climate, and his drink does him no good. In Sicily, or Tasmania, at Santa Barbara, Cape Town, or Copiapi these vegetarian vagaries may be pardonable, though I should be sorry to try them on myself even there. But in England and in London, to say nothing of Ireland and Dublin, they are a sheer tempting of Providence to reduce a man to his lowest possible common denominator."

Dr. Lavendar, the lovable character of Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales," was acknowledged by that author in a recent interview to be a composite of two clergymen whom she had known in her childhood—one her uncle, Dr. William Campbell, president of Rutgers College, and the other, Dr. Preston, at one time an Episcopal rector in Pittsburgh. As is now generally known, Manchester, a suburb of Pittsburgh, was the original Old Chester. The latest appearance of Dr. Lavendar is in Mrs. Deland's just-published holiday book, "The Voice."

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr, authoress, died at her home in Rutland, Vermont, January 18. She was a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and was in her eighty-eighth year. From her childhood she was a writer, but the first published poem of Mrs. Dorr was sent by her husband to the old *Union Magazine* a year or two after her marriage in 1847 to Seneca R. Dorr, of Rutland, a successful lawyer and banker. In her literary career Mrs. Dorr had counted among her friends Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Richard Henry Stoddard and his wife; also Mrs. Lucy Sigourney, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Octave Thanet, Whittier, and many other famous people. Some of Mrs. Dorr's best-known works have been "Farmingdale," "Friar Anselmo," "Afternoon Songs," "The Power of England's Face," "Afterglow," "A Cathedral Pilgrimage," "In Kings Houses," "A Romance of the Days of Queen Anne," and "Beyond the Sunset." One of her best-known single poems is "An Old-Fashioned Garden."

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New Books Received.

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. By Isabel Gordon Curtis. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Shakespearean Studies. By William Rader. Boston: Richard C. Badger; $1 net.

"The fruit of sermons given from a city pulpit on the ethics of Shakespeare."

The Crock of Gold. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A fairy fantasy.

The Story of Panama. By Frank A. Gause and Charles Carl Carr. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; $1.50.

Panama, past and present.

Timon of Athens. Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

The Motto of Mrs. McLane. By Shirley Carson. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1 net.

The story of an American farm.

Until the Day Breaks. By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Browns. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

My Little Sister. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.25 net.

"An intense story."

The Dragoman. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

A novel.

A Slice of Life. By Robert Halifax. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel of low life in London.

Marie Antoinette: Her Early Youth. By Lady Younghusband. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5 net.

A biography.

The Shadow. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Happy Warrior. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.35 net.

A second edition of a popular novel.

The Red Hand of Ulster. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A novel of Irish life.

Venus and Adonis, Lucreece. Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

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THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Harmony aad Dissonance in a Season of Symphony.

The second season of symphony in San Francisco closes with the tenth regular Symphony Concert, January 31, and the tenth Popular Concert February 2. It is true that a supplemental season will be given which will extend the orchestral concerts at the Cort Theatre well into March, but these are to be given as a matter of managerial exigency and are rendered advisable if not actually necessary from a financial point of view; but the season of 1912-13 as originally planned by the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco ends with the two concerts above named. Thus the time is ripe to take account of stock—to add up the artistic gains which have accrued to the culture of San Francisco through the agency of its Symphony Orchestra.

From out the jangle of dissonance which singularly enough is set up by all musical organizations whatsoever, and particularly symphony orchestras, the "pedal note" of appreciation is sometimes drowned utterly or at least is heard but faintly. There are so many angles at which the critic may review the achievements of a symphony orchestra and such antipodal tastes clamoring for gratification, that a symphony orchestra without bitter—and sometimes excusably bitter—critics is inconceivable.

It would be a mistake to assume that the local organization is unique in its inability to satisfy everybody. Even the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic are not exempt from the tooth of adverse criticism. The Philharmonic organization is just now being pilloried by some of its critics, and its splendid director, Stransky, is being berated beautifully because the programmes provided by the Philharmonic have not pleased certain of its patrons; and the Hub City critics are complaining of the Boston organization and saying that it has lost its compact tone and its finesse.

This will inevitably be true of every symphony orchestra; it will invite, encourage, and justify criticism. The classicist will deplore the presence of Debussy and Strauss on the schedule of offerings, while the modernist with faith and face fixed on Moussorgski, Debussy, and Dukas, Reger, et al., will sniff contemptuously at Mozart and Haydn and even find Beethoven's Fifth symphony archaic. I know a steady patron of the local orchestra's concerts who bemoans every recital that doesn't present the overture of "Tannhäuser." Add to artistic differences, those that arise from temperamental divergencies and professional jealousy and business criticism, and it becomes clear that no symphony orchestra can escape censure. Indeed, kindly censure is advantageous. It adds urge and impulse, just as dissonance does to tone. Nothing is so stupid as a lengthy progression of "concords."

Just the same this "pedal note" of appreciation before mentioned should be heard locally, and perhaps it will be of particular effectiveness just now, lest, without its reassuring resonance, the citizens who formed the Musical Association of San Francisco and volunteered to shoulder all financial losses that might accrue, lose heart, in the face of a certain and heavy deficit, and permit their city to lapse once more into its symphonically silent state.

Since 1895, when Fritz Scheel undertook the hazard that attended the financing and presenting of a symphony orchestra, this city has endured without a representative orchestral body. Cities of much less wealth and much smaller population boasted symphony orchestras—Los Angeles to the south and Seattle to the north, for instance; while eastern cities of considerably less importance than the metropolis of the west enjoyed the presence of flourishing symphonic organizations. But San Francisco had none. Meanwhile our sometimes boastful claims of musical regeneracy were met with skepticism by the informed visitor who asked: "Where is your symphony orchestra? You may have discovered Tetrazzini, and rejoiced first of any American city in the beauties of the Del Conti presentation of 'La Boheme'; you have a fountain presented by Lotta, and you support grand opera in Italian every winter at your Tivoli. But these are not the evidences of a city's true musicianship. Where is your symphony orchestra?"

And we were abashed and admitted that our best musicians spent all their talents for tone in the orchestras of our theatres and cafés.

For fifteen years this was so. Meanwhile the world of music was being revolutionized. Strauss was writing his dissonantal tone poems; Debussy was experimenting in the orchestral web willed him by Moussorgski in Russia, German and Elgar in England, and the new Frenchmen, Magnard, Revel, De Severac. We knew them not—save from the pages of musical magazines. Our local composers, McCoy, Schneider, Zech, and others were scoring for full orchestras that existed only in their imaginations. Musical progress, from a serious, creative, and independent point of view, was impossible. Edgar Stillman Kelley, who has made the world listen to him, went away with unheard manuscripts in his possession to find a field where the dead notes might live in orchestral beauty.

I dwell at some length on this point because it is important that San Francisco realize its artistic need of a symphony orchestra and provide such encouragement as is required to perpetuate the organization that is now finishing its second year of life.

A coterie of business and professional men whose devotion to commerce and finance was not sufficient to rob them of time for appreciation of the arts, assembled themselves together and determined to see what could be done for their city's musical salvation. That was in 1911. It might be well to list the roll of honor. It will be seen that it contains the names of several who, like R. M. Tobin, are familiar with music in its technical aspects and who are not mere dilettanti rhapsodists:

> Dr. A. Barkan, T. B. Berry, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel. W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. T. Crocker, W. H. Crocker, Frank Deering, Alfred Esberg, J. D. Grant, Frank Griffin, E. S. Heller, John D. McKee, William Mintzer, J. D. Redding, John Rothschild, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman, R. M. Tobin.

They sent forth a circular letter to the public, and this was the prelude:

> The Musical Association of San Francisco was organized in 1911 for the purpose of fostering the love of music in San Francisco and the surrounding counties by establishing a permanent orchestral body along the lines of those maintained in the larger cities of Europe and the East and to arrange annual series of concerts of educational value which would interest not only the cultivated music lovers but the young and the wage-earners as well and thereby inculcate a love for the very best in musical art in our citizens of all classes and stations. Convinced that the only way to create a love for good music is to give the public an opportunity to hear it, the undersigned conceived and brought into existence the Musical Association of San Francisco, whose membership has now reached nearly three hundred, but it is earnestly hoped that a membership of five hundred may be obtained, which would insure a permanent orchestra owned and controlled solely by this association.

You will notice that the end of the sentence expresses the hope that a membership of five hundred might be secured to the end that the symphony orchestra be established as a permanent symphony orchestra with all that the term denotes.

Unfortunately the response was not as great as had been hoped and the membership—each contributing $100 for the season—did not "insure a permanent orchestra owned and controlled solely by the association."

This misfortune has been responsible for much adverse criticism. It has been pointed out that our symphony orchestra was not permanent in the sense that the Philharmonic or the Boston symphony orchestra are permanent. That is to say, the instrumentalists are only employed from concert to concert and remain permanently employed, as heretofore, by the local theatres, and cafés, and restaurants, and cafeterias.

It is to be hoped that another year will see our orchestra on a permanent basis, employing its instrumentalists by the season and monopolizing their practice time and their public appearances. Only in that way can an orchestra develop efficiency sufficient to cope with the difficulties of modern scores or adequately express the beauties of the classics—the simplicities of which are anomalously their greatest difficulties.

However, the first year of the symphony orchestra closed with agreeable artistic finish and made no burdensome demands on the purses of those who guaranteed the payment of all the bills. For it must be known that nowhere does symphony pay. From the composer who, like Brahms, laboring for ten years over his C minor symphony, puts priceless time into his work, to the publisher who issues the composition at enormous expense for the benefit of a pitifully limited market, and thence on to the society which presents the masterpiece—the symphony industry is not a profitable business.

In the hope that the season of 1912-13 would find a large public willing to assume the risks attendant on the establishment of a permanent symphony orchestra, and realizing the inestimable good inhering to the "fair" name of San Francisco by the presence of a successful symphony orchestra, the same men—with but few changes in the board of governors—undertook the second season, which is now drawing to a close.

I understand that the losses this year have been heavier than last. Undoubtedly many of the drains on the treasury were unnecessary. Too much was paid to certain of the "soloists" in the orchestra, particularly in the case of Arthur Hadley, who, though a good 'cellist, is not so good as Grenauer, for instance, who dwells in this city and could have been engaged for half the money paid Hadley. Other extravagances in the management—a sample of which the engagement of Arthur Hadley may be taken to be—have helped to swell the deficit without any proportionate gain in artistic results.

The engagement of Henry Hadley at a salary for the season of $10,000 might be regarded as a prodigal expenditure of funds. In this selection, however, the board of managers assumed that Hadley's name attached to our symphony would give the organization a standing in the world of music—a reflection, as it were, from the director's fame as a composer. Whether this is so may well be doubted, but the theory was reasonable and Hadley's social gifts were regarded as an asset not without value as a drawing factor. The correctness of this, too, may reasonably be doubted in view of the recent extra concert given outside of the regular season, in a new concert hall, and appealing direct to the general public. I regret to say that there were almost as many instrumentalists in the orchestra as there were auditors in Knights of Columbus Hall on the occasion mentioned.

So far as the general public is concerned, Henry Hadley, without reference to his abilities as a director, has failed to "draw." His personality as a conductor has not exhibited that magnetism which makes people say, "Hadley played Beethoven's Fifth symphony beautifully."

It is notorious that some of the greatest composers have been failures as conductors. Perhaps it would be correct to say that Hadley is not quite great enough as a creator to be a complete failure as a conductor. It is certain that his fame as a composer is in no danger of being rivalled by his fame as a conductor.

However, Hadley has given us some interesting readings, particularly of the modern works, as of Rachmaninoff's second symphony.

As a programme builder (and I attack this subject with true temerity) Hadley has not been altogether a success. A glance over his programmes will demonstrate this clearly.

In the ten symphony concerts we have heard but one Beethoven symphony (the Fifth); we have had one Schumann symphony (the First); one Haydn (in D); one Brahms (the Third); Tschaikowsky's Fourth and Rachmaninoff's Second, which was played at the third and again at the tenth Symphony Concert. We have had Dvorak's familiar "From the New World," Schubert's Unfinished symphony. Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," which was also given at one of the popular concerts, and finally we have Hadley's "North, East, South, and West" symphonic suite. That comprises the symphonic menu of the regular symphony concerts. Mozart has not been heard (I am speaking now of symphonies), Schubert's completed "Swansong," the C major symphony, and Mendelssohn's masterpieces were omitted, Berlioz was slighted, Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony might have been heard with profit instead of trivial piano compositions converted into orchestra works; Chausson, Dukas, d'Indy. and Saint-Saëns from France; Raff and Hugo Wolf from Germany, and all the Russians save Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff, have been coldly treated in our programmes of symphony, as likewise were Bantock and Elgar, whose "Pomp and Circumstance" march doesn't count. Of our American composers, only Hadley himself was represented in significant composition. Wagner was permitted to monopolize the symphonic programmes as be did the popular, and while no one—myself least of all—resents the presence of Wagner on any programme, it must be confessed that for a man who wrote no symphonies he engaged too much time on symphonic programmes. He was a "five to one favorite" over Beethoven, Brahms, or Haydn. I have called attention to the total omission of Mozartean symphony from the programmes. Many of us (seeing that it was not Hadley's notion to give audiences new to symphony a cultural training therein), would have welcomed the opportunity of hearing Paderewski's or Elgar's comparatively new works; Bruckner's C minor symphony, about which much of enthusiastic comment has been written; George W. Chadwick's great Third symphony, or Vincent d'Indy's or Gouvy's French compositions. Instead we have had much on symphony programmes that was not symphony—more, in fact, that wasn't than that was—light overtures, music drama excerpts, caprices and arrangements for orchestra from piano music.

Though I do not share in the disappointment, there is much regret expressed over the scarcity of soloists visiting the local orchestra. Judging from the increased public attendance, however, whenever an artist of the first range was engaged to play with the Symphony Orchestra the casual outsider is driven to the conclusion that a larger outpouring of money for tickets on the part of nonsubscribers would have been induced by more frequent presentation of artists. Maud Powell's concerts drew splendidly and so did Tina Lerner. Gottfried Galston did not do so well and neither did Carrie Bridewell.

Recommendations for another season of symphony would seem to flow logically (if the foregoing is, as I think, a true account of the difficulties that have hindered the season just closed from the success it on many counts deserved), as follows:

A conductor should be employed who commands the esteem of the world of music for his attainments as orchestral director, rather than as composer.

A more careful engagement of artists from abroad, whose equals if not superiors may be found at home, should be made.

More essentially symphonic music at symphony concerts and more excerpts from the greater masterpieces of orchestral compositions should be given at the popular concerts—taking the less abstruse movements from the symphonies, such as the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth or the Larghetto from the Second, or the Scherzo from Schubert's C major symphony for instance. Thus would the taste for symphony be whetted and the intent in giving popular concerts be achieved. The intent being to "make" audiences for symphony, and to develop a taste that would lead to the appreciation even of Brahms's prodigious polyphonic skill.

It is certain that San Francisco has demonstrated in the season just completed that it has the material for the making of a great orchestral body. It will get the patronage if proper programmes are presented to lure the public.

That it also has a devoted band of pioneers is likewise a certainty, and the unkindest element of adverse criticism leveled even in friendly spirit at their efforts of this season, arises from the fact that it is scolding them for spending funds too extravagantly and complaining that they lost their own money.

Walter Anthony.

Public Utility Securities

Public utilities in California are profiting by the general prosperous conditions, as well they may, seeing that they have so materially assisted in their establishment. The report of the State Railroad Commission shows that during the past nine months the exceptionally large sum of $54,721,925.41 has been invested in the development of public utilities coming under the jurisdiction of the commission. Of this total $46,282,763 represents the authorized issuance of bonds, debentures, or notes, while the balance of $8,439,162.41 represents stock issued.

This is at the rate of $72,000,000 per annum.

The report states that while no exact figures are available, it is probable that 1912 was the banner year in financial development among public utilities in California.

The record shows that more money was raised for purposes of electric railroad construction than for any other form of public service enterprise, and that next in importance were the gas and electric corporations.

Further the records bear out the financial press of London, which recently commented upon the growing favor with which the investing public is regarding utility securities. It is evident that the public utility of today is accepted generally as an institution of stability, a better investing medium than railroads and other commercial enterprises to which the guardians of trust funds were wont to confine their attention. And in this new condition of things the Pacific Gas and Electric Company plays a most important part.

The story of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's wondrous development, of its aid in the development of the vast territory covered by its system—thirty of the fifty-eight counties in California, where live two-thirds of the state's entire population—of its sound, progressive policy, is no longer a new one. But the following information from the Controller's department is of especial interest just now as bearing out the observations of the world's financial experts regarding the standing of public utilities such as this great corporation in the investment field:

On December 31, 1910, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company had 1380 stockholders; on October 1, 1912, the number had increased to 2400. The number of stockholders almost doubled in less than two years.

Among the present stockholders are 759 women, who hold in their names stock of the par value of $4,213,000.

Of the total issues aggregating in the neighborhood of $42,000,000, ninety per cent is held in the United States.

Taking stocks and bonds together, there are probably 25,000 individual holders of "Pacific Service" securities, including many beneficial institutions, such as orphanages, hospitals, and others of a similar character depending either wholly or in part for their support upon income derived from investment of endowment funds.

The spirit of the times is thus revealed.

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"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM."

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is a pretty and pleasing play. Wise Mr. Belasco never forgets that the cheerful, childlike American public detests moods of prolonged seriousness. And even in a play of the supernatural like this one under discussion, he introduces innumerable harmless little jests that banish the gathering shadows, and awaken echoes of wholesome laughter.

For Peter Grimm will have his little joke; yes, even as a spook, standing unheard and unseen in the familiar places that knew him well, in his mortal time, Peter has his little joke. Peter, who claims that he was becoming "a grouchy old bachelor" before he invoked the spell of childhood in his home by adopting little Katie, has learned, in his later and mellower years, the value and happiness of little jokes. And when he learns from his doctor that his time for little jokes will soon be cut short, Peter refuses to be serious, and immediately cracks another.

It is easy, from this, to imagine how the American public takes to him. They take to him even more when he becomes fretful and hectoring. For David Warfield gives him so simple and childike a nature that his interference with the human destinies of the young people in his household is forgiven, because he is so thoroughly persuaded that what he tries to bring about is right and desirable. So, in the moment of Katie's unwilling consent to marry his nephew, Frederick, a cold-hearted and scheming egoist, who throws dust in his uncle's eyes, the old man's joy kills him.

In that supernatural country of greater wisdom to which the soul of Peter Grimm travels, he learns of his mistake. Katie loves James, the serious young secretary. Frederick is the one who is responsible for the absence and disgrace of the daughter of old Marta, the housekeeper. Frederick refuses to carry on his uncle's dream of continued family possession, and plans to sell the nursery business that has been in the hands of the Grimms uring the four centuries that succeeded the utch settlement in New York state. And eter Grimm sadly "comes back" and tries to untangle things.

He stands in the doorway of the familiar room with its old Dutch furniture, its dim portraits, its ancient, dull potteries, and its pictures that suggest the mosaic art of the Holland painters, and tries hard to bridge over hat incommunicable space that lies between he dead and the living. And those whom, in ife, he employed, or ruled, or sheltered, or efriended, or loved, pass him by, unseeing.

The old Scotch doctor, with whom he has nade a compact that the first to die shall eturn and visit the other after death, is even linder and deafer than the rest, for others re dimly conscious of an urgent influence uiding their thoughts. Only one sees and ears—eight-year-old William, whom disgraced nna Maria has sent home to her mother's are, sees and speaks with the kind old man vhose gentle charity has given him a home.

And it is at this point that Belasco attains o a high pitch of dramatic stress. Peter rimm commands little William to utter aloud is secret and terrified knowledge that rederick is the man associated with his emories of his mother, Anna Maria's life exile. Battling with his terror of Frederick, nd trying to obey the beloved ghost, the boy believed by all to be raving in fever, except by the attentive old doctor. But proof is ere of what the boy speaks; Katie is saved, nd Peter and little William pass happily away "the undiscovered country" that all would ng for, Peter says. "if the rest only knew."

"The Return of Peter Grimm" has about it thin borrowed aura of scientific authority. or the shrewd Mr. Belasco refers to the assistance derived from "a conversation with rofessor James of Harvard, and the works of rofessor Hyslop, of the American branch the London Society of Psychical Research." the play may be called a ghost story up to te. The cheerful atmosphere, the subdued, t also cheerful apparition, make it more . Twentieth-century ghosts refuse to be oomy. If they did not, I'm afraid they uld be socially cut, even by the more exploring spirits of the day.

As a ghost, David Warfield gives Peter imm a more subdued air, more modulated nes, a gentleness and deliberation of speech at the live Peter did not possess. And her way, he always seems to reach the arts of his audiences. David Warfield is w one of the pets of the American theatregoing public. A dangerous eminence for a player, more particularly when it is based not only on artistic achievement, but on something personal in the artist.

As with Maude Adams, there is something in Mr. Warfield's attractive personality that makes him peculiarly lovable to his following. In their eyes the king can do no wrong, and that point being well established, the king immediately proceeds to do wrong. It is not a very big wrong and proceeds, primarily, from the grateful king striving all the harder to deserve what to him may seem the exaggerated approval of his enthusiastic subjects. So he proceeds to gild refined gold and paint the lily. In other words, in striving to represent the little natural inaccuracies, the momentary stammerings, the forgetfulnesses and self-interruptions of ordinary speech, Mr. Warfield overdoes it sometimes, so that we are taken out of the illusion, and pause to watch David Warfield acting.

He is allowing himself to fall into mannerisms, and into quick methods of winning a laugh that are not necessarily artistry. The exasperated shoutings of Peter through the telephone, and during the psychical discussion, could easily be copied by a cheaper man.

Yet, in spite of this defect, David Warfield succeeded, peculiarly well during the first act, in establishing what many better men could not do. He gave us the impression of Peter being the soul of the household—the loving, dictatorial, charitable, interfering, vividly enjoying, childlike soul of a happy home. And there, too, David Belasco builded well, in painting this simple, old-world, Dutch-descended interior.

The interest of the story is maintained after Peter's death, and before his wraith appears, because of the complications in Katie's destiny, and because, too, of the unknown possibilities of Frederick's nature. Frederick is a character compounded of old-fashioned and present-day elements of villainy, although, since some of the elements mentioned are of the present day, villainy is too strong a word. For Frederick loves Katie, in his way of loving, and has a few moments of compunction and remorse when he thinks of the betrayed girl whose child he will not own. Nor is he spectacular in his uncondonable faults.

But we all knew that Peter was going to come back and try to right things, and so the house of mourning gave us a dramatic sense of being haunted by the expectancy of the coming presence. A true Belasco effect for the coming of Peter's uneasy shade was given by invoking a thunderstorm, which turned the dull, sad daylight into a sort of cloudy twilight. And suddenly, in the shadows of the peopled room, there was Peter, quiet, pale, a little sad and wistful, but still preserving a sense of humor unshadowed by his journey across the space.

The idea of Peter sending his message through the instrumentality of the child was both pretty and ingenious. It worked out interestingly and appealingly, and Percy Helton (a boy or girl—heaven knows which—of eleven or twelve) played beautifully the role of the child, whose coming death sharpened his psychic vision. "Played beautifully" doesn't at all mean that Belasco gave us a dying-Eva child. William, although subdued by a premature acquaintance with sorrow and fear, is a natural boy, who, munching cakes, talks confidently with the beloved shade about the regrettableness of Peter Grimm's premature decease before he and William had had their circus jamboree. And during William's last earthly slumber, before a happily released Peter Grimm carries him away, he dreams of the raptures of the circus.

All of the other characters rotated, in some way, about Peter's contented home or business life. These rôles were well played, the name of Marie Bates heading that of the other players, in the matter of familiarity to the audience. Joseph Brennan either had a splendid makeup or a natural physical fitness, for the rôle of the blunt Scotch doctor. It was admirably done, but we could have wished that Belasco had dispensed with a Scotch accent for the character, since, in a naturalistic representation, plain English is quite hard enough to understand.

Janet Dunbar, young, sweet, with a breathless girlish voice, played prettily the rôle of Katie, who made domestic sunshine in Peter's home. Thomas Meighan, a mate to Miss Dunbar in youth and comeliness, joined with her in pleasing us in a scene of shy, delicately restrained boy-and-girl love.

Walter D. Greene's Frederick, one of the important characters, is played with good sense and discretion, and a commendable absence of high lights of old-fashioned villainy.

Marie Bates, of course, put something special, some delicate flavor of legitimate comedy, in the character of Mrs. Batholommey, the pastor's wife.

And the smaller rôles of the lawyer, the pastor, the housekeeper, and the clown were all rendered with that finish which recalls numerous stories of Belasco's fastidious and untiring rehearsals.

The childlike taste of the average American theatregoer for perpetual action is very noticeable. As a general thing, long monologues, unless they are funny, awaken a sense of injury in the average audience. But I was pleased and tickled to observe that Belasco dares to introduce in the later acts both monologue and temporary inaction. And because the team of Belasco and Warfield pulls together in this overthrow of our present-day stage traditions, the majority of the audience enter wholeheartedly into the moods invoked.

Peter Grimm stands in yearning immobility, speaking quietly to the different ones that he finds in the shadowy room. And they listen, or seem to, musing, dreaming, their thoughts unconsciously influenced by the persistent longings of the benevolent wraith.

And the audience listens, too, and probably goes away making a mental note to look up Professor James's and Hyslop's books. But I can tell them that unless they have metaphysical minds, James will unhorse them quite. But as for Professor Hyslop, they will probably be highly entertained in following with him the will o' the wisps of the science of psychics.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

The Rider-Kelsey and Cunningham Concerts.

Manager Will Greenbaum is not given to making extravagant promises and rarely if ever disappoints those who have faith in his judgment in matters musical, and he is most emphatic in his statement that on this coming Sunday afternoon, February 2, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, he will present two of the finest concert singers in the world, in the two American artists, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, a soprano with a voice of unusual beauty and who uses it with the art of a Sembrich, and Claude Cunningham, the eminent baritone. In the East, the announcement of a joint recital by these artists will pack big Carnegie Hall to the doors, but Greenbaum has experienced the difficulties of introducing new artists too often to expect too much at first, though he is confident that after these singers are once heard here they will have all musical San Francisco at their feet.

At this first concert each of the artists will sing groups of important classics, Mr. Cunningham contributing five numbers by Schumann, two by Strauss, and two by Hugo Wolf, and Mme. Rider-Kelsey some important works by the same composers. A special feature will be the duet singing, and works by Mozart, Cornelius, and Sinding will be heard. It is said that the ensemble work of these artists will prove a revelation to our concert-goers.

The second concert will be given on Tuesday night, February 4, with quite a different style of programme, a special feature being the works of old English and classic and modern French composers, and there will be duets by Mozart, Beethoven, Paladilhe, and Schumann.

The third and farewell concert with still another complete change of programme is announced for Thursday night, February 6.

Complete programme books of these three exceptionally interesting offerings may be secured at the music stores.

◆

Mischa Elman, the Caruso of the Violin.

Mischa Elman, the brilliant young Russian violin virtuoso, will give three glorious programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, February 9 and 16, and Friday night, February 14.

At the first Elman concert, a week from Sunday, Mr. Percy Kahn, the pianist, will assist Elman in a performance of a Beethoven Sonata for piano and violin—the one in F major. Elman will play Ernst's Concerto in F sharp minor, Handel's "Sonata" in D major, and a group of works by Chopin-Wilhelmj, Hummel-Burmester, Sammartini-Elman, and Brahms-Joachim, and that test piece for all virtuosi, "I Palpiti," by Paganini.

At the only evening concert, vi[illegible], February 14, the Beethoven Sonata in D, Op. 12, the Concerto in G minor by Bruch, Tartini's Sonata in G minor (The Trill of the Devil), and other interesting numbers, including by request the "Sicilienne et Rigaudon," Francœur-Kreisler, will be given, and at the farewell concert, a Mozart Sonata and Goldmark's rarely heard Concerto will be the features.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at the music stores, where mail orders may be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum.

◆

A Hint to the Hostess.

Your dinner guests will welcome the Italian-Swiss Colony's Golden State, Extra Dry, California Champagne. It has replaced the imported article at many notable banquets and dinners this winter.

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VANITY FAIR.

The breakfast given to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson by the Democratic women of New York seems to have been a great success. It was like a prolonged and joyous corset sale where the race was to the swift and the victory to the strong. Every woman there believed that she had a fixed and inalienable right under the constitution to be first through those doors, just as she believes it to be a shame and an outrage that any other woman should be present at the corset sale, where those interesting garments are positively being sacrificed for only a little more than the usual price. Accommodation had been provided for 1000 women, but 1500 were invited, and they all came. They all came early, too, with the intention of being the first to enter the reception-room on the way to the breakfast-room, and they adhered to that intention valiantly. Mrs. Simon Baruch, who was chairman of the entertainment committee, surveyed the field of strife for a while, took note of that struggling, swaying, unlovely mass of femininity, and sent a hurry call to Oscar Underwood to the effect that "there won't be a hat or a gown left to go in to breakfast with if something isn't done quickly." Now women can have breakfast in public without their hats, although they would much rather not, but to breakfast without gowns would mean an exposure of stage mechanism, of ropes, pulleys, and scaffolding, that would be fatal to equanimity. The problem was ultimately solved by brute male strength, which, be it noted, is not yet wholly superfluous even at a woman's meeting. Like a spectre at a feast it lurks behind all human movements. It is the court of last appeal and its judges are not recalled. The doors were forcibly closed and the excluded ones were left to condole with one another and to advocate various reforms that would have the effect of admitting them and excluding the other women.

But in spite of this little initial difficulty the whole affair went like a wedding bell, although there were not enough seats at the breakfast, which caused a few of the ladies to become Republicans on the spot. Then it was found quite a job to get the ladies to sit down, one fair enthusiast persisting in standing on the table because she could see so much better from that point of vantage, which, of course, was conclusive. The appeals of Mrs. Baruch were of no avail, but at last one of the three or four men present, a diplomat of no mean order, took the situation in hand with a "Now, girls, please take your seats." That did the trick, and there were no laggards in the general movement of subsidence that followed.

◆

Mme. Nordica says that the business women of America dress better than the business men. Whether this is intended as a mere casual observation and without significance is not apparent. If so we will let it pass. But if some inference derogatory to man is intended then we may reply that a large proportion of women who work do so for the purpose of dressing themselves, and for no other reason. They have no other concern or ideal in life than dress, no other ambition than to array themselves.

◆

When we committed ourselves to the statement—and we did so only after meditation and fasting—that the American woman would continue to hanker after Paris fashions, no matter how many distinctively American fashions might be produced, we expected to stand alone like David in the lion's den. Even a rebuke from Mr. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* would not have surprised us, and it will be remembered that it is Mr. Bok's mission in life to persuade our women how pretty they would look if they would only patronize home industries. Of course the worthy Mr. Bok jumped off on the wrong foot, so to speak, when he assumed that our women want to look pretty. They don't. They want to look Parisian, and if the inimitable Bok would only mark, learn, and inwardly digest this fact he would save himself a lot of trouble.

But to return. When we penned the aforementioned immortal opinion we were not aware that we should have the support of the *Millinery Trade Review*. We did not ask for it and it was not offered, but there it is in black and white. And the *Review* says what we should never have dared to say, for it expresses a doubt if Bok is in earnest, although how any one named Bok could fail to be in earnest it is hard to understand. If there is a name that carries a conviction of earnestness, sincerity, tenacity, as well as other things, it is the name of Bok. The *Review* is "not prepared at this moment to state the exact number of women in this country, but we are willing to stake our reputation . . . on the statement that of the presumably 50,000,000 women in the United States not one per cent would, if given the choice, select a gown or hat made in this country (or any other for that matter) in preference to a Parisian creation, *if she had the price for the latter article.*"

Now that ought to settle Bok for quite a time. That ought to waltz him up to the penitent's bench with a conviction of sin. But the *Review* goes on to warn the trade of what will happen to it should it lend its ear to the soft and seductive blandishments of Bok and cease its present habit of importing Paris fashions. We are told: "Were the trade as a whole to abandon this course or to try to substitute American designs for Parisian, the number of individuals who would immediately begin to import their own hats would increase a thousand fold, women would take, and would get, commissions to bring over 'swell Parisian creations' and there would speedily spring up a business of importing French hats that would leave the trade very much *out* of it." And when it comes to a knowledge of women we believe that the *Review* has forgotten more than Bok will ever know.

◆

We read with something like awe that various titled ladies of England have decided to go down personally into the slums of London in order to teach the wives and daughters of the very poor how to cook cheap food in the most appetizing and economical manner. Viscountess Falkland, Lady Helen Brassey, Lady Altamont, and Lady Duckworth are among their number, and we hear that they submitted their scheme of "uplift" to Queen Mary, who enthusiastically endorsed it. Presumably these good ladies will remonstrate with the wife who skimps and saves in order that she may give her husband a piece of meat with his supper, and prove to her that a handful of oats is cheaper and more nourishing. The succulent sausage will be banned in favor of a bran mash, and as for the glass of beer it is obviously unnecessary and reprehensible.

We may wonder what the slum dwellers will think of this gastronomic mission. And yet there need not be much of a mystery about it. They will think pretty much as we should think under like circumstances. Suppose the average middle-class citizen of today should receive an unsolicited visit from young Mr. Rockefeller, for example, who hastened to explain on his way to the sitting-room that he had called to expound the advantages of walking to town instead of riding on a street-car, that the gain to health would be quite considerable, while the saving of 10 cents a day would amount to a lot in the course of half a century. It would be quite true. It is better for us to walk instead of to ride, and the savings would be substantial. But what should we be likely to say after we had regained our breath, especially if we were aware that we were being "uplifted." We should probably say with adjectival fluency that we could regulate our own affairs for ourselves, and that one of the holiest delights of life is to do things that are not good for us. Well, that is probably the way the slum-dwellers will feel toward an invasion of fine ladies who never had an ungratified wish in their lives and who have come to implore their protégés to eat oats that they can afford but don't like, instead of beefsteaks that they can not afford but do like. But the slum-dwellers will listen in stony silence and they will continue to arrange their ménage just as it is arranged now. You see they like it that way.

◆

Here is another scientific sharp who has written a book about bald-headed men. He explains the whole thing for us, but leaves us plunged in a pit of black despair by the assurance that there is nothing to be done. None the less we intend to go on trying. There are still 437 patent remedies that can justly complain of our neglect, but their day will come.

The author of this particular book says that bald heads are not due to sinful lives, as is usually supposed by the women's uplift associations, but actually to an excess of strength. A vigorous digestion leads to increased heart action and this in turn to a congestion of the scalp by forcing blood to it. The blood vessels of the head are therefore engorged and weakened, the scalp is overheated, the hairs die and fall out, and there you are. Women do not become bald because their heart action is less than men's. Nor do dwellers in tropical regions, and for the same reason. It is the men of northern climes who have this undesirable vitality and who have to pay for it by a thinning of the thatch. Therefore there is no hope for the bald-headed man. Ointments, unguents, liniments, embrocations, and massages will serve him not.

◆

An Eastern society newspaper tells us of a mother and daughter who made eight trips to England during a single season in the hope of meeting on the steamers some society leaders whose acquaintance might be useful to them in their social ambitions. Let us hope that the poor wretches succeeded in their quest and that their feverish blood has been cooled in some of those upper strata to which they have aspired with such energy.

◆

A news item from England says that Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Lady Frances Balfour, Lady Bunting, and other prominent suffragettes have invited all their followers to spend a day in silent prayer for the success of the Cause. Of course if the women are going to do that sort of thing——! But imagine a whole day of silence.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young lady called one day on Rubinstein, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing. "What do you think I should do now?" she asked, when she had finished. "Get married," was Rubinstein's answer.

◆

The Honorable Tim Sullivan of Tammany fame tells of a young philosopher he encountered not long ago on the street. This lad was of diminutive size, and carried under his arm such a load of newspapers that the Honorable Tim was moved to pity. "Son," asked the Tammanyite, "don't all those papers make you tired?" "Nope," cheerfully replied the bit of humanity; "I can't read."

◆

When the waiters struck in New York seventy of the seventy-five cooks employed at the Waldorf-Astoria went out. This left the kitchen rather inadequately manned, and the maitre d'hotel hurried downstairs to see what could be done. He found one of the five faithful ones ready for business. "You will remain?" asked the maitre d'hotel. "Yes." "You will help us cook for our patrons?" "Yes." "What do you do? What sort of cook are you?" "I make the meringue!" he said proudly.

◆

A well-known shipper, who puffed a particular brand of champagne, met Charles Hawtrey at the club luncheon table. "You are so well known, Mr. Hawtrey," he said, "and your opinion carries such weight, that you would be doing me a great favor if, when ordering champagne, you would ask for my brand." "Certainly," said Mr. Hawtrey, "I'd be delighted to do so." The shipper was profuse in his thanks. "Not at all," said Hawtrey, "but, I say, old chap, how jolly awkward for me if they should have it?"

◆

A Chicago vegetarian engaged a German cook lady not long ago. His wife liked the appearance of the applicant; her references were good, and the wages she demanded not exorbitant. "I'd like to have you come," said the lady of the house, "but perhaps you won't want to live with us. We are vegetarians and never have any meat in the house. Would you be satisfied with a vegetable diet?" The fraulein scratched her head. "Vell," she said dubiously, "iss beer a wegetable?"

◆

The girls who are going out in thousands from British factories and workshops to Australia seem to start generally in domestic service out there. "I heard of one," says a Melbourne scribe, "who could not cook. But, after days of learning, she produced an edible dish tastefully surrounded by scalloped paper. Her mistress took occasion to compliment her upon her neat ornamentation. "Yes, mum, that's one thing I can do real well," was the reply. "You see, my trade in London was to make paper linings for coffins!"

◆

The case had reached a critical stage. Even the judge seemed to awaken to a live interest in the proceedings, for the most important witness was about to be cross-examined. "So you are the lady's maid?" began the relentless barrister. "Yes, sir." "And where were you at seven o'clock on the evening in question?" "I was in my lady's room, sir." "For what purpose." "I was dressing my lady's hair, sir." The barrister leaned forward and spoke slowly and impressively. "Now, think," he said, "I want you to be very careful in answering this question: Was or was not your mistress in the room at the time?"

◆

There was a raw recruit in the army who was on "sentry-go," and the sergeant had to instruct him in the graceful art of saluting his superior officer. The sergeant passed him, walked down to the gate, came back and received his salute in due order. "Has the colonel been by yet?" asked the sergeant. "No, sir," said the sentry. Backward and forward the sergeant went between the sentry-box and the gate, each time receiving the proper salute from the sentry and inquiring about the colonel. During his absence on the last occasion the colonel himself, an insignificant little man in mufti, came by. He received no salute, so he pulled up the man sharply and demanded to know why in the name of goodness he didn't salute his superior officer. "Dash it all, I'm your colonel!" he said; "I'm your colonel!" "The deuce you are," said the sentry. "Then you're in for a dickens of a row, for the sergeant's been looking for you for the last half-hour."

◆

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt discussed at the horse show his project of living part of the time abroad. "Why shouldn't one live a lot abroad?" he said. "They are not so bad over there. In dress, in books, in plays, in music—really, you know, in nearly everything they are not so bad. I fear we underrate them. I fear we are all too prone to regard the foreigner as he is regarded in the story of Count Sans Terre. 'Why, count,' said a friend, 'look at your face! Such rapier cuts! Don't you know that dueling is going out of fashion?' 'I have not been dueling,' growled the count. 'It's my American wife. She makes me eat with a fork.' "

◆

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

◆

At a time when the Irish situation seemed critical to the officials at Dublin, in 1881 or 1882, a certain Liberal peer was delegated to go to Hawarden and consult with Gladstone. Upon his return his friends received him with eagerness. "Well, what did he say; what policy did he recommend?" The peer blushed slightly, hesitated a moment, and then mildly remarked: "Well, to tell the truth, the fellow was so wonderfully agreeable that we never got on to the subject of Ireland at all."

◆

A beginner at golf was on one occasion taking an unconscionable time to get round a seaside course near Edinburgh. Several holes had been "played" in a manner which produced a look of disgust in the face of the caddy. Getting badly bunkered, the gentleman tried several clubs, one after the other, without success. Turning to his caddy, he inquired: "What should I take now, boy?" To this the caddy promptly responded: "Ye should tak' the 4:25 back to Edinburgh."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Art of Dining.

Now when you dine with Mrs. B.,
Or when she asks you there to tea,
Although your conversation's bright,
Remember, you're a satellite.

And though you're full of quips and fun,
You must not overcloud the sun.
For he who lets his hostess shine
Is asked another day to dine.
—*London Opinion.*

◆

Uppers Are All Today.

As you journey along on life's railway train
In sunshine and shadow, in frost and in rain,
Try hard as you like you can't cut a dash
For the man at the wicket who pockets your cash
Says, "If I'm not mistaken
The lowers are all taken;
Uppers are all today."

When you go to a church where millionaires are
And ask for a seat not back very far,
The man in frock coat who stands at the door;
His face is familiar; you've seen him before;
Says, "If I'm not mistaken
The lowers are all taken;
Uppers are all today."

When the work you have done is deserving of praise
And you go down to your boss expecting a raise
He sizes you up while he lights his cigar
And pointing the way to an up-going car
Says, "If I'm not mistaken
The lowers are all taken;
Uppers are all today."

When a pretty young lady whose shoe is untied
Puts out her cute foot as you kneel by her side,
Some other young fellow moves to fondle her shoe
And she accepts his attention and politely to you
Says, "If I'm not mistaken
The lowers are all taken;
Uppers are all today."

When you break all the strings of your old violin
And go to Saint Peter and ask to get in
He thinks of your sins with regret in his eye
And closing the door of the sweet by and by
Says, "If I'm not mistaken
All the uppers are taken;
Lowers are all today."
—*Chicago News-Herald.*

◆

Ode to the Lactic Acid Bacillus.

Hail to thee, germ philanthropic!
Greetings, O noble bacillus!
Humbly thy help I petition, menaced by early senescence:
Evil albuminoids threaten, while I affrighted harbor
Phenol ingredients!

Happy the pure protozoan, limpid, intransitive, deathless!
I, with diversified tissues, functionate feebly, and perish:
Harmful intestinal flora, low, deleterious indols
Frustrate longevity.

Come, thou acidulous atom, let me absorb and possess thee;
Give thee a dwelling eupeptic, feed thee with minimum toxins,
And for thy chosen companions, colonize mild and benignant
Glycobacteria!

Come in proliferate power, kind
Metchnikoffian microbe!
Stimulate sanative cultures, banish these auto-infections!
Let us go forward, triumphant, joyous, immune, and aseptic,
Unto Millennium!
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain, in Century Magazine.*

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Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,700,000
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Capital actually paid up in Cash.	1,000,000.00
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Employees' Pension Fund	148,850.22
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Dean to Mr. Frederick Hussey of New York. Miss Dean is a granddaughter of Mrs. Simeon Wenhan, a sister of Mrs. Flora Dean Magee, and a cousin of Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher and Mr. Simeon Mills.

Miss Barbara Sutton was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux entertained a large number of friends at a bridge tea Tuesday, January 21.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a bridge tea recently at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Helen Hunt gave a tea last week at her home in Washington, D. C., in honor of her cousin, Miss Floride Hunt of this city.

Mrs. James Suydam was hostess at a tea Thursday complimentary to Mrs. Charles Hovey of Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney entertained a number of friends at a luncheon in honor of Countess Knuth of Denmark.

Miss Amelia Christie was hostess at a tea in honor of Miss Margaret Holmes.

Miss Dorothy Dean was the complimented guest at a bridge tea given by Mrs. Edward Saunders.

Mrs. M. H. de Young was hostess at a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Jane Hotaling.

Miss Anna Olney entertained a number of her young friends at a bridge tea, complimentary to Miss Otilla Laine.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose entertained a few friends at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Elliott McAllister gave a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Parker of Pasadena.

Miss Fernanda Pratt was hostess Saturday at a tea in honor of Miss Ruth Slack, and at a luncheon earlier in the week, complimentary to Mrs. J. Marshall Williams.

Miss Eliza McMullin entertained a large number of her friends at a luncheon Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Elizabeth Brown was hostess at a bridge tea at the Francesca Club.

Mr. Hubert Mee gave a dinner dance last week at his home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained a number of young people at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Miss Harriet Pomeroy.

Miss Beatrice Howitt gave a tea Thursday at her home in San Rafael, complimentary to Miss Katherine Hooper, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, and to Miss Gladys Jones, fiancée of Mr. Kenneth Weaver.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy was hostess last evening at a dinner preceding the ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained a large number of guests at a dinner preceding the ball.

Miss Jane Hotaling gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Casey.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at a theatre party Monday evening.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave an informal tea Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Bernard Ford (formerly Miss Marian Miller), who arrived last week from London.

Mrs. Arthur Duncan and her sister, Miss Josephine Hannigan, gave a bridge party Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Jessie Sherwood entertained the members of the Sewing Club Tuesday afternoon at her home on Filbert Street.

Mrs. Willard Wayman was hostess yesterday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Sidney Cloman.

Miss Nancy Glenn will give a luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening preceding the Mardi Gras ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell will give a dinner Tuesday evening.

Miss Ethel McAllister will be hostess Monday at a bridge tea at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. John B. Aitken has issued invitations to a bridge tea Monday, in honor of Mrs. Mendell P. Hammon.

The Misses Alice and Henrietta Harrison Smith will give a luncheon Tuesday at their home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Otilla Laine will be hostess Monday at a luncheon.

A number of friends of Mrs. Edgar Peixotto will give a dance at the Sequoia Club, Saturday evening, February 8, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Peixotto.

Dr. Morris M. Herzstein has issued invitations to a dinner dance Saturday evening, February 15, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Maud will give a dinner dance Friday evening, February 7, at the Hotel Stewart in honor of her son, Mr. Charles La Montagne.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries gave a dinner dance Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Ensign Harry Hill, U. S. N., gave a dinner dance last week on the cruiser *Maryland*.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins entertained a number of their friends at a dinner in honor of Miss Mercedes Crimmins.

Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., was host recently at a tea at Fort Winfield Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, who has been spending the past ten days in this city, will leave early in February for Florida.

Mrs. Walter Dillingham, of Honolulu, arrived Sunday from Chicago, where she has been spending several months with her parents, and has joined Mr. Dillingham at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels left Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels for a trip to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss of Lake Tahoe are in town for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris at their home in Port Washington, N. Y.

Count Lewenkaupt Faulkenstein and Countess Faulkenstein have arrived from Europe and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. Countess Faulkenstein, who was formerly Miss Azalea Keyes, is a niece of Mr. Alexander Keyes of this city.

Miss Beatrice Nickel has returned from Portland, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Hannah Williams Hobart has returned from the East, where she spent the holidays, with her children. She is at present visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lilley are occupying apartments at the Somerset.

Mrs. Horace Hill left last week for a visit in Santa Barbara. She was accompanied by Miss Jeanne Gallois.

Miss Helen Bertheau has returned from Eagle Ranch, San Luis Obispo County, where she was the guest of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have returned from their wedding trip to Europe. They are temporarily residing with Mrs. Ford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris will spend the summer in their bungalow in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Batchelder of Atherton are spending a few days in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney has rented the apartment on Gough Street of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, who are en route to Europe.

Miss Grace Gibson will spend the next few weeks in Coronado, where she will visit her aunt, Mrs. R. G. Dillworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Brown have arrived from Philadelphia and will spend several weeks at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Brown, who was formerly Miss Marie McKenna, is the daughter of Justice Joseph McKenna and Mrs. McKenna of Washington, D. C.

Miss Geraldine Forbes has returned to Menlo Park after an extended visit with friends in Baltimore, Virginia, and New York. She was recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool (formerly Miss Isabelle Donahue Sprague).

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann and Miss Johanna Volkmann will leave in March for Europe, where they will spend the summer. They will be accompanied by Miss Edith Treanor.

Miss Mercedes Crimmins has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron in Burlingame.

Mrs. Bradford Thompson has arrived from her home in New York and is a guest at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Thompson, who was formerly Miss Mary Donohue, is related to Baroness von Schroder.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler spent the week end in San Rafael.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has returned from a visit in Burlingame.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld has returned to Sacramento after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mrs. Carl Edwards of Los Angeles (formerly Miss Mabel Poett), is visiting her relatives in Burlingame and San Mateo.

Mrs. E. Dore and her daughter, Mrs. Ruby Bond, left Sunday for Yonkers, N. Y., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wooster. Upon their return they will occupy their country home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have given up their house in San Mateo and are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sargent (formerly Miss Mary Cunningham), have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Judge James Monroe Allen and Mrs. Allen have returned from Arizona.

Mrs. Breese of Los Angeles has recently been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor.

Mr. Talbot Walker has returned from Seattle, to remain until the middle of February, when he, Mrs. Walker, and their little son will leave for Seattle to remain until May.

Former Governor George R. Carter of Honolulu sailed last week on the *Manchuria*.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker have moved into their new home, which they recently bought of Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean.

Mrs. John I. Sabin has returned to her home in Los Altos after a visit with Dr. Redmond Payne and Mrs. Payne.

Mrs. Talbot and her daughter, Miss Amytha Talbot, left Tuesday for Washington, D. C., after having spent the winter season in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague have returned from the East and are occupying their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., has recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have returned from a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox have recently moved from their studio in Van Ness Avenue, and are residing at the Hotel Yorke.

Mrs. E. C. Sterne of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clark has been taking a rest cure at the Adler Sanitorium.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones will return next week from Los Angeles, where they have been spending the past three months.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels have returned from a visit in Monterey and Paso Robles.

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis and Miss Laura McKinstry have returned from Paso Robles.

Lieutenant Jacob H. Klein, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Klein have returned to the Bremerton Navy Yard after a visit with relatives in this city.

Brigadier-General Charles Woodruff, U. S. A., is in town at the Hotel Victoria.

Admiral John Milton, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Milton will arrive shortly from Arizona, where they are visiting their son, Mr. Maxwell Milton. They will reside permanently in this city.

Major Lewis Merriam, U. S. A. (retired), of Washington, D. C., is in town for a brief visit.

Colonel W. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has returned from Washington, D. C., where he has been on official duty for the past two months.

◆

Miss Kitty Cheatham in San Francisco.

San Francisco has as a visitor this week, in the person of Miss Kitty Cheatham, an artist of a very exceptional kind. It is not easy to define Miss Cheatham's professional character. Without being precisely an actress or precisely a singer, she is yet very much of both—and in ways entirely unique. If the term entertainer had not been cheapened to meretricious uses, it would very definitely convey an idea of the things Miss Cheatham does, and does with such delicacy and such charm as to lift her performances into the realm of a very real and genuine art. Miss Cheatham's professional fame finds perhaps its most positive basis in her appearances during several seasons in what may be termed musical readings with the New York and Boston Symphony Orchestras; her part being to give in words what the musicians interpret in sounds. That she does this in a way to really supplement the work of the musicians and to command the approval of the critics, carries its own artistic assurance.

But musical interpretation is only one phase of Miss Cheatham's art. Her readings cover a wide range, being adapted in varying programmes to varying moods of appreciation. Twice each year in New York, and occasionally in London, Miss Cheatham gives entertainments for children upon a plane so far above ordinary children's performances as to afford no basis for comparison. A notable critic, speaking of her Easter entertainment last year, declared that Miss Cheatham had developed a new art, one at once exquisitely subtle and exquisitely beautiful and beyond the reach of imitation. "We have in this performance," he said, "a perfect art, yet withal something which art alone could not provide. Nobody will succeed to Miss Cheatham's professional character unless a happy providence shall give us another woman of the same rare mold."

It is to be regretted that Miss Cheatham's engagement in San Francisco is limited to a single appearance before the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Thursday of this current week. Her contract for the present tour is with a Los Angeles manager whose consent will have to be obtained for a more popular performance than that above named, and there is no assurance that this may be had. For the sake of the many who would like to hear Miss Cheatham it is to be hoped that arrangements may be made.

◆

Mme. Simone closed her season in Chicago earlier than her schedule required, "because her art was not appreciated." She is returning at once to Paris, where her next appearance will be in Henry Bernstein's new play, "The Secret."

◆

Francis Wilson will star under John Cort's management for a long period. He will be seen first in a three-act comedy, "The Spiritualist," written by himself, which will be given in New York this month.

◆

The home in Niagara Falls, New York, of Captain Burton J. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell has been brightened by the advent of a son. Captain Mitchell, who has resigned from the army, is a cousin of General Funston, U. S. A.

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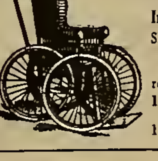
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"Naughty Marietta" at the Cort Theatre.

Oscar Hammerstein will present Florence Webber and the Hammerstein Comic Opera Company in "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort Theatre for the two weeks commencing Sunday night, February 2. The usual matinées will be given.

Mr. Hammerstein, in placing Miss Webber at the head of his favorite company, selected a young American prima donna comedienne of exceptional promise. She possesses a really splendid voice—for no other would he able to interpret the rôle of "Naughty Marietta" and she can act. In the East Miss Webber has already established herself as a great favorite, but this is her first trip to the Pacific Coast.

This also is the first time that Mr. Hammerstein has sent us a comic opera company. In the support of Miss Webber are a company of vocalists and comedians of renown and it is said that this organization is one of the best singing companies ever gathered together for a light opera. In addition, this is the identical company which supported Miss Webber all last season, with the single exception of the contralto.

"Naughty Marietta" is a comic opera in two acts. The music is by Victor Herbert and is considered by his knowing critics to be the best he has ever written for a light opera. The book and lyrics are by Rida Johnson Young, who enjoys the unique distinction of being about the only woman dramatist who can write successful light operas. An enlarged orchestra will be a feature of the performance.

The final performance of "Excuse Me" will be given this Saturday night.

Last Week of Warfield at the Columbia Theatre.

Like their Eastern brethren, local critics have been at a loss for sufficient adjectives in their praise of David Warfield, who is now appearing at the Columbia Theatre in David Belasco's tensely interesting play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." There can be no question as to the genuineness of the success of both star and play, for one has but to visit the box-office of the Columbia Theatre at any hour of the day, to find that all the seats are being taken up as rapidly as the man behind the window can dispose of them. The second and final week of the engagement begins Monday night, February 3. There will be matinées on Wednesday and Saturday. The engagement will be all too short to allow the Columbia Theatre box-office to meet the demand for seats.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) is proving a great success at the Orpheum. For next week, which will be the last of her engagement, she will present "Mrs. Justice Drake," which is described as a fantasy. The action of the sketch is laid in 1920 and it is said to afford Mrs. Langtry the best vaudeville opportunity she has yet had.

James H. Cullen, who is now playing his fourteenth consecutive year on the Orpheum Circuit, will be included in the new bill. Each season he surprises his audience by having new material that is as good or better than that he won their approval with on preceding visits. He is a storehouse of good stories, comical parodies, and unique songs.

George W. Barry and Maude Wolford will present their comedy novelty "At the Song Booth," in which they introduce their own topical songs.

The Hess Sisters will make tbeir first appearance here. They are terpsichorean artists who were prominent features with the "Follies of 1911," "The Summer Widowers," "The Henpecks," and other Broadway successes. Their programme includes representative dances from various nations.

Ethel May Barker, a youthful violinist, will be heard in a wide range of selections.

The Schenk Brothers, athletes par excellence, will appear next week. Their feats of skill are remarkable.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will present next week, which will be their third and last, a brand new Cressy playlet entitled "The Man Who Remembered," in which Mr. Cressy and Miss Dayne will impersonate respectively two strikingly original characters. For the finish of his act Cressy promises something rather difficult. He says he will sit absolutely motionless and silent for three minutes thinking, and make the audience follow his train of thought as attentively as if he disclosed it in words.

Lolo, the Sioux Indian Mystic, who is creating a sensation, will also close her engagement with this bill.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

A trio of headline vaudeville stars top the new bill opening at the Pantages Tbeatre Sunday afternoon. In addition to the three big Pantages features, Walter Montague's virile dramalet of San Francisco, "Twenty Minutes in Chinatown," will be given its premier presentation. Montague's tragedy is a true page from picturesque Chinatown and relates the actual happenings which occurred in a recent Tong war. He has gathered a powerful cast to interpret the playlet. A strong feature of the new bill is the Melnotte Lo Nole Troupe of wire walkers, who are wizards on the tight cable. The Four Burns Sisters offer an excellent vocalizing specialty. Tbe girls play various stringed instruments with a refreshing vim and dash. A hodge podge of mirth and nonsense will be presented by Dugan and Raymond, billed as "The Messenger Boy and Maid." Josh Dale, a rapid-fire, black-face violinist, keeps the audience rocking with laughter at his ecentric bowing and funny yarns. The Six Abdallahs will present whirlwind acrobatic pastimes of the Arabian desert. The Spencers will add to the bill with a repertory of high-class singing selections. As usual the motion pictures will be of an excellent standard.

◆

The Opera Season at the Valencia Theatre.

The Lambardi Grand Opera season opened in a blaze of glory at the Valencia Theatre last Sunday night, and it is the consensus of opinion that it is the greatest organization of the kind that has ever appeared in this city, with the single exception of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Singers, chorus, and orchestra all came in for the most lavish praise both from the critics and the public, and the season bids fair to he a triumphal success. Manager Greenbaum has again proved that the Valencia Theatre can be successfully managed if the attractions deliver the goods.

This Friday night, January 31, the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Fox, Folco, and Giovacchini, and "I Pagliacci" with Bertossi, Folco, and Giovacchini will be given for the only time this season. At the Saturday matinée "Lucia" will be repeated and in the evening "Aïda."

The repertory for the second week is as follows: Sunday night, February 2, and Saturday night, February 8, "Il Trovatore," with either Adaberto or Bertossi, Fox, Folco, Giovacchini, and Martino. Monday night and Thursday night, Giordano's beautiful opera, founded on an incident of the French Revolution and entitled "Andrea Chenier," will be the offering, and on Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon, Massenet's sensational work, "Thaïs," will be given with Vicarino in the title-rôle. Wednesday night "Faust" will be repeated, and on Friday night a charming presentation of Mascagni's lyric masterpiece, "Amico Fritz" is promised.

The repertory for the third week will include "Otello," "Mignon," and Cilea's dramatic opera, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which has never been given in America, excepting two years ago at the Metropolitan. The story is the same as that of the famous play, for many years a favorite of Sarah Bernhardt, Clara Morris, and other famous actresses.

The down-town box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s will be maintained throughout the season.

Adeline Genee and her enormous ballet company will follow the opera season at the Valencia.

◆

Tenth Popular Concert.

The San Francisco Orchestra gives the tenth symphony concert of the regular season at the Cort Theatre this Friday afternoon, at 3:15 o'clock. The programme includes:

Rachmaninoff...Symphony No. 2, E Minor Op. 27
Saint-Saëns ....Danse Macabre
Wagner..Procession of the Guilds and Introduction to Act III, from "Die Meistersinger."

The tenth popular concert, the last of the series of twenty concerts included in the regular season of 1912-13, and which is to be followed by a supplementary season of six symphony concerts, will be given at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 2, at 3:15 o'clock.

Under the capable direction of John de P. Teller, chorus master, and Conductors Paul Steindorff and Henry Hadley, rehearsals have been in progress for the past two months in the preparation of the programme for this concert, which is to include two choral works: Massenet's "Eve," and Henry Hadley's "In Music's Praise." Massenet's "Eve," which is programmed as a mystery in three parts, will he given the first time in San Francisco. Mr. Paul Steindorff will conduct "Eve" and will have as soloists Mrs. Orrin Kipp McMurray, soprano; R. M. Battison, tenor, and Mr. Harold Pracht, baritone.

Mr. Henry Hadley will conduct "In Music's Praise," which enlists the services of Mrs. Everett Bruner, as soprano. Mr. Harold Pracht will appear as baritone in this number also. The chorus, of approximately 250 voices, represents the best vocal material on both sides of the bay.

Season tickets for the supplementary season will remain on sale at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. until Saturday evening, February 1. The single-seat sale will open on Monday morning, February 2.

◆

The Carolina White Song Recitals.

At the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, February 2, lovers of things musical will have another opportunity of enjoying the wonderful art of Carolina White, leading dramatic soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Theodora Sturkow Ryder, the fine pianist and accompanist. The impression both beautiful women made at Scottish Rite Hall on Wednesday night was a most indelible one, and if given a reception in keeping with their excellence the Columbia Theatre Sunday night will house a capacity audience. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Sunday, at which time they may be had at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre.

◆

A Valentine Warning.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Friend—The public will miss you now you have left the stage. *Actor*—That's why I left. I dislike being hit.—*London Standard.*

She (in the theatre)—Does my feather spoil your view? *He (sitting behind her)*—Oh, no, madam, I've cut it off.—*London Opinion.*

Agnes—What foolish things a young man will do when he's in love. *Ethel*—Oh, Agnes! I'll bet Jack has proposed.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That tramp talks funny, ma'am. He says he castigated his itinerary from Boston." "He only means he beat his way."—*Baltimore American.*

"Brown got off a great mother-in-law joke the other night." "That so? What was it?" "He said he was very fond of her."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why so glum?" "My wife threatened yesterday to go home to her mother." "Oh, well, probably she won't go." "She didn't."—*Houston Post.*

First Humorist—No, I never read my jokes to my wife—she only laughs at them. *Second Humorist*—You're lucky—mine cries!—*Chicago Daily News.*

Bookkeeper (to boss)—Mr. Grouch, I'm going to get married. *Grouch*—Glad to hear it; you won't be so all-fired anxious to get home early—*Boston Transcript.*

Knicker—A judge has ruled that a woman shouldn't spend more on clothes than on rent. *Mrs. Knicker*—Well, then, we shall have to pay a bigger rent.—*New York Sun.*

Miss Rocksey—What makes you think that papa has no idea of letting me marry you? *Young Scods*—So far he's given me three wrong tips on the stock market.—*Life.*

"I'll never write to a college girl again." "Why not?" "Oh, nothing much. I have just learned that 200 of her classmates read my letters regularly."—*Washington Herald.*

Judge—It seems to me that I have seen you before. *Prisoner*—You have, your honor; I taught your daughter singing lessons. *Judge*—Thirty years.—*New York Evening World.*

"Before she was married she was constantly on the lookout for a husband." "Well?" "And since she got one she is still constantly on the lookout for him."—*Houston Post.*

Wigg—You can't place much faith in Bjones's promises, can you? *Wogg*—I should say not. Why, that fellow couldn't keep a promise in a safe deposit vault.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Billiwink, you are looking blue. Are you in the hands of the loan sharks again?" "Worse than ever, Ringgold; I've just discovered that I married one!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Have you any unmarried daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Vanderbloom. My daughter Minnie was unmarried last week by Judge Cuttem of Reno."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Why do you want a new trial?" "On the grounds of newly discovered evidence, your honor." "What's the nature of it?" "My client dug up $400 that I didn't know he had."—*Washington Herald.*

"It is an easy matter for an agent to sell Gupp an edition de luxe set of books." "How so?" "All the agent has to say is, 'Mr. Gupp, you look like a man of intelligence'."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"I like people who speak the truth." "So do I," replied Miss Cayenne; "although I confess I am annoyed by those who can't recognize it unless it is something disagreeable."—*Washington Star.*

Lady (at customs wharf to Messrs. Cook's official)—I have nothing to declare. What shall I say? *Official*—Say, madam, that you have nothing to declare. *Lady*—Yes; but suppose they find something?—*Punch.*

"What is Wombat always pondering about? Looks as thoughtful as a tree full of owls." "Been that way for years. Spends all his spare time trying to think of some way to utilize the burnt matches."—*Washington Herald.*

"What is going on?" asked a terrified stranger in Central America. "Revolution," replied the man in the uniform. "Who is the leader of the rebels?" "Don't know yet. That's what this fight is about."—*Washington Star.*

"Yes, I had to swear off." "Why?" "It was time. After getting safely into the house, I deliberately awoke my wife to ask her the name of the song I was humming. When a man gets that way it's time to quit."—*Washington Herald.*

"The check is small," said the poet, "but remember that John Milton got only £5 for 'Paradise Lost'." "Well," replied the busy publisher, "you know John would insist on writing about the upper world instead of the under world."—*Washington Star.*

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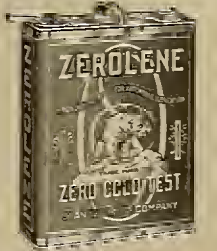

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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The Exposition and Transportation.

The transportation difficulty is one of the most serious problems that the city will have to face in connection with the exposition preparations and it is one that can not be shelved or postponed. An exposition that is practically isolated by inadequate transportation services might as well not be held, and while a way out of the difficulty will have to be found, it is to be hoped that it can be done without resort to extra-legal methods or to a straining of the law as it now stands.

The problem was bound to become a pressing one sooner or later. The exposition has developed it sooner, but it could not have been delayed for long unless we were willing to see all city extensions remain permanently at a standstill. The building of street railroads implies the employment of capital, and capital is not available except upon an understanding of fair play and an expectation of normal returns. The invitation to capital to come and be killed meets, naturally enough, with a chilling response, and that is precisely the kind of invitation that San Francisco has extended. The city has given immunity to labor unionism to harry and destroy its industries. It has cooperated with labor unionism by all kinds of harassing restrictions as to hours of labor, fares, rules, and regulations. Its laws have been dictated by a veritable spite against capital and by an apparent determination to drive it out and to keep it out. And now the bill has to be paid.

Indeed, we have been paying the bill for a long time past, although in less evident ways. The manufacturer who finds that labor unionism will not allow him to exist quietly pulls up his stakes and goes to Los Angeles or elsewhere, and only a comparatively few people hear of it. Manufacturers have been doing this by the score, and we have been too apathetic and too complacent to notice it or to appreciate its gravity. But the exposition is another matter, and yet the difficulty here is part and parcel of the same malady. Capital has been frightened away and refuses to return for fear of something like confiscation. And it looks very much as though the exposition must suffer from the insensate policy of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The Legislative Grist.

The state legislature is in the closing hours of its first month as we write on Tuesday. There is now to be a vacation time of one month in which, presumably, the individual legislators will return to their homes and ascertain by conference and presumably under the guidance of prayer the wishes of their constituents with respect to measures which have been presented. At the end of this period there is to be another session at Sacramento, during which the refreshed and strengthened representatives of the people will consider the various bills before them in the light of their own matured judgment aided by counsels, human and divine, as aforesaid.

If in truth there is to be anything like thoroughgoing consideration of the matters at issue, there has got to be some pretty lively doings this coming month of recess. For there now stand in due official presentation before the legislative body some three thousand-and-odd bills, ranging in length from three lines to three hundred pages and in substance from grave to gay, from lively to severe. In this mass of projected legislation there are no doubt some few non-essential suggestions. And, we are told, there are minds and hearts so blind to the lights of truth and beauty as to suggest that the bulk of these three thousand-and-more proposals relate to impracticable or impossible things, allied to no known principle and representative only of whimsicality or charlatanry. To refute and confound this carping spirit, we have only to name a few of the measures as they stand awaiting legislative action. For example, we have a bill to pension every mother, upon the theory that the state treasury is a fathomless and boundless reservoir of wealth upon which drafts may be made without limitation. Curiously enough—by an oversight, no doubt—fathers are not included in the beneficent provisions of this measure. Another proposal founded in the same theory of an inexhaustible supply of ready money would pension every school-teacher. By some hapless oversight, there has been failure to provide pensions for everybody else, but this, of course, may easily be corrected.

The system will call for some money, and we note the presence of a few doubting Thomases, deficient in the faith which should inspire progressive legislators. It has been proposed to make up for any possible deficiency by the simple process of laying new taxes upon the corporations—this upon another pleasant theory that whatever is got from the corporations is just so much clear gain, in no way or manner drawn from the dear people. Close kin to this last proposal in its grip of the fundamental essentials of economic science is a bill declaring that every corporation shall declare dividends at the rate of six per cent per annum upon its capital stock. Here, let us interpolate, is a consummation which has been too long delayed. By all means let every corporation be forced to declare dividends regularly. For reasons of his own, the publisher of the *Argonaut* trusts that this rule may be speedily enforced and that a beginning be made under the head of letter "A."

Running further down the list of interesting innovations, we come to a measure submitted by the "California League of Justice," whoever that may be, to put the science of eugenics upon a practical footing. This measure calls for an appropriation of $100,000 to be spent in the purchase and equipment of a 1000-acre farm. When this haven is ready twenty-five men of faultless robustuosity and of impeccable heredity are to be selected by the state and duly mated (in marriage) with an equal number of equally endowed women. The arrangement seems liberal—the ratio of males being in excess of the usual allowance in breeding establishments. The state, "through the eyes of experts," is to observe what happens, the idea being to note the effect of idyllic conditions upon the offspring of idyllically selected and conditioned parents. All of which seems very simple, beautiful, practicable, and reasonable.

It would be a pleasure to range through the whole grist of three thousand and more proposed measures, of which the above are fair samples—not merely a pleasure, but a study of infinite educational value with a due ingredient of moral inspiration. But there is neither time nor space at command, and with apologies to our readers we must refer them to the reams upon reams of printed matter done (at the public charge) in the highest style of the art by our friend Richardson, the state printer. Anybody may secure copies of all these bills, thus providing himself with varied and novel reading matter, sufficient for the rest of his life. It is a rare opportunity—one which we trust nobody will neglect.

Amending the Constitution.

Theoretical reflections about the impracticability of changing the constitution of the United States have been knocked into an excellent imitation of a cocked hat by the course of the several states in the matter of the amendment authorizing an income tax law. The thirty-eighth state to ratify this amendment—making the necessary two-thirds—was Wyoming, and the thing was done on Monday of this week. On the same day two other states, Delaware and New Mexico, also ratified the amendment. It will now be unnecessary for other states to do it, but they are literally tumbling over each other in haste to get themselves listed on the popular side of a sweeping movement. Only three states, in which the capitalistic interest is still a paramount influence in legislation, have negatived this proposal.

The ease with which the income tax amendment to the constitution (the sixteenth) has gotten itself adopted, presages success to other proposals of constitutional amendment now before Congress and the country. The six-year presidential term with ineligibility for future presidential service is, we think, destined to be the next successful movement. The partisans of Messrs. Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson, albeit the latter was elected upon a platform which demands this particular amendment, are fighting against the proposed change, but they are not likely to win against an almost universal popular sentiment. In spite of a combination of personal forces, Senator Works's resolution embodying the above named proposals has scratched through the Senate within the week. It may be—probably it will be—beaten in the House; but while present rejection of this particular resolution may set back the movement a little, it will not prevent the ultimate acceptance of the principle involved in it. The events of the past five years have very definitely fixed in the public mind a sense of the danger involved in repeated presidential terms and thus assured the ultimate triumph of the restrictive principle.

Speaking broadly, it may be said that there is a distinct advantage in the discovery that constitutional changes are not very difficult. A too flexible [illegible]stitution has indeed its disadvantages, but they are not comparable with the evils of a too rigid constitution. Neither the standards nor the mechanical organization of government can remain fixed. Under a fundamental system absolutely or practically unyielding, the system itself must soon become obsolete, since the universal will of a people will have its way outside the fundamental law if there be no practicable means of achieving it within the law.

The Caminetti Episode.

Reports of the near-riot in the California senate and of Mr. Caminetti's arrest are so confused that it is by no means easy to discriminate between the rights and the wrongs. Nor is much profit promised by their discussion. Might is right where the interests of the Bull Moose party are concerned, and any departure from programme is ruthlessly crushed by the simple expedient of a majority vote. No one ever suspected the lieutenant-governor of possessing any knowledge of parliamentary law or of any disposition to observe it if he did possess it. And naturally it never occurred to an administration henchman that an opponent of Mr. Roosevelt could conceivably have any rights, or could merit any other treatment than the knock down and the drag out—a terminology ordinarily to be avoided, but possessing the double advantage of exactly stating the facts and as having the prize-ring sound so familiar to Bull Moose ears.

But Mr. Caminetti seems to have the right upon his side, even though he may have erred by an excess of fervor. He was entitled to speak to any point of order then before the senate, even though the president of the senate should attempt to suppress him by ignoring him. Parliamentary law never intended to invest a presiding officer with powers of veto over any speaker who happened to be displeasing to him, and it seems clear enough that Mr. Caminetti was refused recognition, not because he was technicaly out of order—for he was not—but because his views were distasteful to the lieutenant-governor. To order his arrest and his violent removal was simply a piece of blustering brutality in no way improved by the lieutenant-governor's subsequent undignified effort to retrieve by a denial an error far too grave to be retrieved. It is to be hoped that Mr. Caminetti will persist in his declared intention to seek redress in the courts for a personal outrage that is no more than a reduction to practice of Bull Moose principles.

It is easy to understand that Mr. Caminetti's position was intensely distasteful to the sacred majority which goes through its marionette motions in obedience to the strings pulled by the governor. The bone of contention was United States Senator Works's advocacy at Washington of the one-term constitutional amendment, which limits the tenure of the presidential office to one continuous period of six years. That such a proposal should be made at all is, of course, treason to the Bull Moose cause. That it should be made by Senator Works, himself a renegade from that cause, was an additional offense to administration circles. There was no particular reason why the legislature at Sacramento should feel called upon to express an opinion one way or the other at this particular stage of the game, but however that may be, Senator Sanford introduced a resolution commending Senator Works for his support of the one-term proposal. It was in the effort to negative Senator Sanford's motion that the fracas occurred. It was evidently intended to burke all discussion, to whistle up the steam roller, and to dispose of the obnoxious resolution just as quickly as the mechanical vote could be obtained. But Senator Sanford objected to these summary proceedings. He objected also to any subterfuge that would smuggle the resolution out of sight without a vote at all. He wanted the matter to go upon record and in this he was sustained by Mr. Caminetti, who insisted so strenuously upon being heard that the lieutenant-governor ordered the sergeant-at-arms to seat the mutinous senator "with all the force at your command." Subsequently he ordered him to be arrested and removed from the chamber, although he rescinded the arrest a few minutes later.

The incident was a farcical one and yet not free from its ugly and dangerous features. The machine men, for the most part of a peculiarly ignorant and unscrupulous type, have evidently supposed that a wave of temporary popularity has empowered them to act as dictators and to override the normal rights of individuals and minorities. This is precisely what they have done whenever opportunity has favored them, but hitherto their suppression of justice, their outrages upon propriety, and their perversions of political power have been done in the usual furtive ways and in channels hidden from the public eye. But now we have this display in the legislature itself, but its only remarkable feature is its publicity. If it had been allowed to go unchecked it would have established a precedent for the denial of the ordinary rights of speech and of debate to all members known to hold obnoxious views. It would have meant the muzzling of all legislators unprovided with the governor's license to speak. But publicity will doubtless have its salutary effect, and we may suppose that henceforth the lieutenant-governor will either restrain his temper or revise his ideas of legislative rights.

Private Exploitation of Inauguration Day.

The part of the government in the ceremonies of presidential inauguration is limited to procedures at the capitol. All the rest is just flub-dub gotten up under private initiative. It is not surprising, therefore, that inauguration day at Washington is marked by some vulgarities, anomalies, sillinesses, and stupidities. People who like to be individually conspicuous, tavernkeepers who want a crowd, street car companies and taxicab owners who likewise want a crowd, shop-keepers who want to sell goods, and all who welcome any kind of excitement conspire to make the show as "stupendous" as possible.

It follows quite naturally that many undignified and foolish displays attach themselves to the ceremonial. Once, long ago, we recall as a conspicuous sight of inaugural day an open carriage in which a melodramatically obvious widow in the blackest of weeds and surrounded by a group of melodramatically obvious orphans was receiving with tearful joy a check for life insurance from the hand of a patriarchally-bearded gent of benevolent appearance, representing a life-insurance company. Whether this particular exhibit got into the formal procession we can not say, but it did parade up and down Pennsylvania Avenue during the whole afternoon.

Scarcely less in keeping with the proprieties of the day are some of the features in preparation for next month's inaugural parade. Surely, a regiment of suffragettes, illustrating by their varied costumes the disparities of feminine fortunes, will not be an appropriate or an edifying spectacle. Nor will there be any particular dignity in a pack of houn'-dogs now in training somewhere in Virginia for the great event, and guaranteed to keep in the middle of the road. These are the two most objectionable of the announced "features," but it is safe to say that there will be others, equally ridiculous.

Mr. Wilson has given as among reasons for discountenancing a so-called inaugural ball, that it involves the government in indirect expense for a privileged entertainment. How true this is, is known to all who have had even a little observation of Washington life. For illustration we may take the single item of the hall in which the great ball is held. It involves the use of the building occupied by the pension bureau. Erected some fifteen or more years ago in the name of pension service, this building was in fact designed for a ball room. To make it practicable for pension office purposes, it has to be divided by temporary partitions. For the ball these partitions must be taken down and the whole office plant of the pension service carried out and stored somewhere, in advance of the event, since the great room must be in the hands of decorators for at least a week or ten days. Then when the ball is over, it takes another several days to strip it of its decorations, clean it and to replace its partitions and reinstall the vast pension office plant. In the meantime, the work of the pension bureau has been in a state of paralysis and many hundreds of employees regularly paid by the government are idle. We will not undertake to say how much in money it costs the government to turn the pension building into a ball-room every four years. But it is a very large sum; and there is a still further element of cost, in the form of demoralization of the pension office service.

Mr. Wilson has done well to put a crimp in this particular abuse. It is no part of the functions of government to give a ball which, relatively, only a few persons are privileged to attend. It is not indeed a vastly serious matter, but it is a matter outside the lines of propriety. The inauguration of the president is essentially a public event, and it should be so regarded and treated. In connection with it there should be no ceremonies, even tacitly authorized, under private initiative and therefore subject to breaches of taste on the one hand and to commitments against the public treasury on the other. The precedent which Mr. Wilson seeks to make we hope will have the effect of doing away with the private exploitation of inauguration day.

Our Railroad Wrecks.

The present inquiry into the causes of railroad accidents may throw some light even into the mind of the chronic reformer who is already quite satisfied that our bad record is due to wicked corporations who think more of their dividends than of the lives of their servants and customers. It is a comfortable opinion and highly stimulating to a progressive zeal that flourishes upon class clamors and thrives upon hate. But the facts are against it.

Some of these facts are supplied by Mr. James O. Fagan, who can hardly be described either as a theorist or a corporation apologist, seeing that he has been a signalman for thirty years. Mr. Fagan in no way minimizes the importance of safety appliances and of the proper use of every mechanical device, but he says that all these things are, and must be, relatively useless unless the personal character of the railroad workman is of the highest type available. A safety appliance in unsafe or incompetent hands might almost as well not exist, and so we get back once more to the personal equation that is so often unaccountably overlooked in our estimates of values.

And character, says Mr. Fagan, can not always be obtained by the railroad companies. Labor unionism will not allow them to insist upon efficiency, reliability, and carefulness in their men. Labor unionism will not allow them to penalize or to discharge inefficiency, unreliability, and carelessness. Labor unionism, or the "labor machine," as Mr. Fagan calls it, interposes to protect the men whose incompetence is a perpetual menace to themselves, their comrades, and the traveling public. No one who knows labor unionism can doubt the exact truth of what Mr. Fagan says. No one who knows labor unionism will question the reality or the import of the threats made by the unions against any railroad company having the temerity to discharge a man because of his general incompetence, even though that incompetence might at any moment produce a disaster.

We are not left wholly to the opinions of Mr. Fagan in this matter, since an object lesson has been furnished in the last few weeks. Our own newspapers have recorded a strike upon one of the greater English railroads, a strike undertaken for the purpose of compelling the reinstatement of an engine driver who was discharged or suspended for going upon duty under the influence of liquor. Whether the man was actually incapacitated does not matter. Probably he was not. The fact remains that the company removed him from the engine because he was believed to be a danger to the train, and labor unionism compelled his reinstatement. We may imagine for ourselves how many incompetent drivers, signalmen, and despatchers are allowed to remain at their posts by companies who are unwilling to encounter the ruinous violences of the strike.

It is all a part of the same system, a system that places a premium upon inefficiency and that demands immunity for the absence of character. Inefficiency may be tolerated in the ordinary affairs of life. Indeed, it must be tolerated, since labor unionism takes care that we shall get little else. But when it comes to the safety of railroad trains it seems time for us to know the facts and to make a protest.

Professor Ferrero on War.

An article on the danger of war in Europe contributed by Professor Guglielmo Ferrero to the *Atlantic Monthly,* is notable not only for its survey of current events, but also for a theory of the probable causes of war that runs counter to the more popular view. Professor Ferrero is neither an alarmist nor a sensationalist, and if he would have us cut loose from some of our mental moorings, at least he gives us substantial reasons for a change of opinion.

If war should come, says the author, it will be due, not to the ambitions of rulers or the machinations of diplomats, but to the restless excitement of the new democracies. The peoples of Europe are tasting a fuller measure of power than ever before. Without actual experience of war they are beginning to look upon it as a vast adventure, a sort of national frolic, an opportunity for romantic heroism to be welcomed rather than abhorred. The stirring of the great popular masses has called into existence a swarm of newspapers devoted exclusively to the easy task of flattering the public passion and of persuading those who know nothing of government that no art is more easy or more successfully exercised. On the other hand, the men who were once leaders of opinion, the men of trained sagacity and experience, are withdrawing altogether from public life and devoting themselves to other matters. Power, in other words, has been transferred to the hands of the masses, and the war fever is apt to run through the masses like fire through stubble.

Professor Ferrero seeks his first example in his own country of Italy, and here, at least, he should be on sure ground. The king and the government, he says, were very reluctant to make war upon Turkey, but the people and their newspapers insisted. The king was practically notified that he must give way or abdicate, and now as a direct result of a democratic mandate we have the Balkan war and all that may come in its train.

Germany is another case in point. Whatever we may think of the German emperor, it is an incontestable fact that he has falsified all the sinister predictions made of him and that for a quarter of a century Germany has heard no shot fired in anger. But how long will the emperor be able to stand between his country and war? Professor Ferrero says that he "loves peace more than his people, whose criticism of him is that he will not squander their blood and treasure, but wishes, at all costs, to save the one and the other."

There is no need to multiply examples. The masses, we are told, have the same warlike propensities that they have always had. The present generation has hardly seen war and therefore has glorified it into a sport and crowned it with a halo of romance. And the present generation can do what their forefathers could not do. They have all the powers of peace and war. They are articulate, enfranchised—and irresponsible. The author does not profess to predict the outcome, but "if the time should come when organized armies should be no more, but when whole peoples armed with fearful instruments of destruction should hurl themselves upon one another—the very thought of it would be appalling to us. Yet no less serious does the possibility appear to the eyes of many Europeans."

Wilson and the Trusts.

President-elect Wilson's attitude towards what may be called the trust question is indicated by a series of measures presented by him to the New Jersey state legislature. One of these measures would render the directors and managers of corporations personally responsible for illegal or criminal acts done by such corporations. Another undertakes to give definite meaning to the term "restraint of trade." The definition is as follows:

> Any combination or agreement between two or more corporations, firms, or persons, to create restrictions in trade, limit production, increase prices, prevent competition in manufacturing, transporting, or selling any commodity, to fix prices to the public, to make any agreement directly or indirectly precluding a free and unrestricted competition, to make any secret oral agreement or arrive at an understanding without express agreement whereby the same thing is accomplished.

Another bill prohibits stock-watering with the appropriation of stock in any corporation, in any secret or questionable way. Mergers are to be allowed, but "stock issued in payment for any purchase must not exceed the actual value of the property acquired." Moreover, such property must be "cognate in character" and must be used by the purchasing corporation "in the direct conduct of its own proper business," not "for the purpose of restraining trade or acquiring a monopoly." Corporations may merge only with the permission of the Board of Public Utilities. But one corporation may not hold another's stock. Another bill prohibits the organization of a corporation with intent to promote or conduct or acquire a monopoly. Another forbids discrimination in prices between sections, communities, or cities with intent to secure a monopoly or to drive out a competitor.

It is to be said for these measures that while they are a bit suggestive of Utopia, they aim at results which all reasonable men must confess to be proper and wholesome. That, in the event of their adoption by the legislature of New Jersey, they will cure all evils against which they are aimed, we very much doubt. Reforms are rarely worked out after this immediate and wholesale fashion. But they are designed to make conditions better; and they will tend to destroy the ill-repute which New Jersey has attained as a mother of trusts. And just here is the rub. Under the very liberal—not to say easy—laws of New Jersey, thousands of corporations which carry on business all over the country have their "home offices" there. In the aggregate, they pay a large sum into the coffers of the state and into the private purses of state and county officials. Any effort to break down this system is certain to encounter positive opposition in the state legislature and out of it. It will be interesting to observe the fortunes of Mr. Wilson's bills during the next few weeks.

If there is to be universal and drastic regulation of corporations in the United States, provision for it must ultimately be made by United States law. That is to say, corporations must be under national, rather than under state authority. For many reasons the states will object to this, for it will very considerably reduce the practical powers of the states, likewise reduce their income at many points. Nevertheless, national incorporation is an absolute necessity if there is to be uniformity in privileges and in regulation. The present system of incorporation under state law offers a direct bid to "liberality." Corporations, of course, no matter where they actually do business, will make their nominal and legal headquarters in the state which offers them the widest range of privilege. And there will always be a few states to bid, as New Jersey has done in the past, for the patronage of incorporators.

The Weller Recall.

The narrower problem presented by the recall movement against Judge Weller is now within measurable distance of a settlement, but whether the wider problem will be settled or only aggravated remains to be seen. With regard to the lesser issue the *Argonaut* has already expressed itself. So far as the public bench of this city is concerned—and indeed of all other cities—it avows itself to be guilty of contempt of court, and it is a hearty and ungrudging contempt. Whether Judge Weller did or did not misconduct himself, whether or not he constituted himself an ally of the white slave trade, may be a matter of opinion, but there is no doubt that the police bench in general deserves to a peculiar extent the stigma that President Taft placed upon the administration of the criminal law in general when he said that it was a disgrace to the country.

But the larger problem will still remain after we have disposed of the case of Judge Weller. Indeed it is likely to be even more grave than it is now. We have to remember that Judge Weller was elected by a popular suffrage and that precisely the same machinery will elect his successor. Is it likely to work more wisely, more responsibly than it did before? Or will it select some other man of a like calibre, some needy and crafty attorney with an ability to get votes, and whose only lesson from the fate of his predecessor will be to exercise more caution and to replace effrontery by stealth? There is no reason to suppose that the electorate will be more cautious than before. Indeed, there is every reason to suppose that it will be less so, seeing that it will now be lulled by the assurance that rascals can easily be kicked from office and that the necessity to elect men who are not rascals is therefore less pressing than before. If the advocates of the recall of Judge Weller had directed even one-half of these same activities to the awakening of a sense of civic responsibility for the election of all police judges, they would have gone a long way to uproot an evil. But they have preferred to lop off a single twig and to ignore the fact that it will grow again and that the tree upon which it grows is diseased to the core.

We are told triumphantly that judges in general have already taken warning from the fate of Judge Weller and that there is a general tendency to increase bails and to insure the punishment of criminals. Now, such a tendency may be good, but the motive behind it is humiliating to the bench and, in the long run, a grave danger to liberty. It implies an attitude of subservience among judges, a disposition to keep their ears closer to the ground than ever, and to listen more abjectly than before to the murmurs from certain small but well organized sections of the community. It means, in other words, that the bench has been weakened and that justice will be administered henceforth, not in accordance with the law, but in deference to the wishes of influential groups and organizations. The immediate results may seem to the short-sighted to be good, but will they always be good? Are we willing to turn over the administration of justice to groups and organizations? We have had some experience of other groups and organizations and it was not a comfortable or creditable experience.

The Weller incident may yet be turned to good advantage if it shall lead our reformers to recognize that the real evil is not in the bad acts of a bad man, but in the apathy that allows bad men to be elected and that then seeks to remedy an initial error by the weakening of the whole judicial bench. For strength and independence are the supreme requisites of a judge, and especially in a democratic system. For without them democracy itself can not continue.

The Case of Mrs. McKenzie Gordon.

Mrs. McKenzie Gordon's appeal to the Supreme Court to determine the question of her citizenship will be watched with much sympathetic interest. Mrs. Gordon, it will be remembered, is a native Californian who married an Englishman and who now finds that she has relinquished her American citizenship and is therefore debarred from the electoral rights that her countrywomen have recently acquired. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gordon was not allowed to register, and under the spur of this disability she asks for a legal determination of her actual political status, a determination that likewise affects many other women in California.

Now, whatever the law may be, there will be a general recognition that Mrs. Gordon has a distinct grievance. If the Supreme Court should confirm the opinion of the registrar—and probably it will be forced to do so—it will be necessary to take the requisite steps to have the law changed in accord with common sense and justice. An American man who married an English woman would not lose his citizenship, and there is no reason why the wife should lose hers against her will. Why, then, should the American woman lose her national status and her political rights because she happens to have married a foreigner. Until recently the question was one mainly of sentiment, although sentiment has its inalienable rights, just as have more material things. But since California women have been enfranchised the question takes on new and larger aspects and must be judged and answered accordingly. And public opinion will decide—indeed, it has already decided—that a marriage contract should have no more effect upon nationality than any other sort of a contract.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Caminetti will surely encounter opposition in his efforts to immortalize General Frémont and Senator Hearst by placing their effigies in the national hall of fame at Washington. Neither of Mr. Caminetti's candidates has any just claim to this form of canonization. Under close scrutiny, Frémont appears anything but a heroic figure, and Uncle George Hearst, while in his way an excellent man, had neither exceptional elevation of character nor distinction for achievement. We doubt if it be possible at this time to come to any general agreement as to the men entitled to the honor proposed by Mr. Caminetti. The name of Father Junipero Serra will occur to many, yet there is force in the argument that he represented Spanish, rather than American, dominion. One figure, curiously representative of the old régime and the new, and upon many considerations entitled to signal honor, is that of General Vallejo. If the *Argonaut* were called on to nominate a candidate, it would name this native Californian, who bore a notable and distinguished part under the government of California by Mexico and later under the American régime. But it would be difficult to name another candidate equally worthy. Luther Burbank has been proposed, but against this suggestion it is properly to be urged that no man should be so signally honored until he is definitely and safely dead. Much may be said in support of many names connected with the life of the state; but in connection with every one thus far proposed, there rises instant and valid objection. Perhaps we would better wait until time, with its siftings and its perspectives, shall have instructed us as to who our heroes are.

The regular biennial agitation for laws for protection of wild game is on at Sacramento, and from the amount of attention which it gets in the newspapers it would appear to be one of the chief objects of legislative consideration. A curious thing about this business of game protection is that the people who never shoot and against whom therefore no protection is needed, never take the least interest in it. By some curious impulse—we came near saying fatality—it is invariably the man with a taste for shooting and with a hunting lodge on the marshes who is most eager for the "protection" of game. Curious, truly!

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

London publishers and London novel readers have been once more disturbed by the action of some of the great lending libraries in barring a certain work of fiction by a new author upon the ground of its supposed immorality. There is no need to mention the name of the novel, as it may be what the libraries say that it is, but certainly an important problem exists in the ease with which the lending libraries can exercise an effective veto upon a book. If an undesirable novel can be barred, why not an undesirable work of science, why not any book that happens to be distasteful to influential conventionality? In London the library trade often constitutes nearly the total sale of a book and that a few respectable old gentlemen in Mudie's and elsewhere should exercise a power of life and death over literature seems to be a greater power than any old gentlemen ought to possess.

Naturally the incident has called forth the usual "letters to the editor" in which leisurely London so much delights. One indignant correspondent wants to know why Fielding's "Tom Jones" is still available, and he asks plaintively, "Is there a father—out of a lunatic asylum—who would give 'Tom Jones' to his boys to read in preference to the excellent works of our day?" The question is not exactly one that answers itself. We should like to know the names of the "excellent works" referred to. There are many novels of the present day, of immense popularity and freely admitted to well-conducted homes, that are infinitely more pernicious and corrupting than "Tom Jones." They are written with the intention to corrupt and poison, carefully baited with suggestion and lewdness, which "Tom Jones" certainly was not. We may doubt if "Tom Jones" ever corrupted any one, or ever could. It is suggestiveness that destroys the boy's mind, not a frank and honest coarseness.

Mlle. Marie Denizard, who was a candidate for the French presidency, is described as a tall, dark young woman with strong features, who took her ambitions seriously and could see no reason why a woman should not be the head of the state. There is no particular reason if precedents hold good, except the fact that there is no woman in France at the present time with enough force of character to commend her to the electors. Mlle. Denizard was not rejected because she was a woman, but because there were various other human beings who happened to be men and whose fitness for the position was more evident than her own. Europe is by no means unused to government by women. Even Russia submitted to the sway of Catherine the Great, and it will be within Mlle. Denizard's recollection that a few years ago the overwhelming majority of the human race was governed despotically by two women, that is to say by the Empress of China and by Queen Victoria. Therefore women can hardly be said to have been excluded in the apportionment of power.

M. Poincaré, the new president of the French Republic, is certainly a man of resource. When he took the portfolio of finance he found that the twenty-five centime piece was so unpopular as to have nearly disappeared from circulation. Poincaré said that he would restore it to favor and he did so. No one knows where the rumor came from, but suddenly every one began to believe that a certain number of the twenty-five centime pieces bore the name of Rothschild in nearly invisible letters and that the great bankers would receive these coins and pay heavily for them. Citizens no longer refused the twenty-five centime pieces. They clamored for them, and although the story is now many years old the good Frenchman will still examine every coin with an eager hopefulness that is always disappointed.

The American traveler who finds himself in Dresden or Leipzig will do well in case of need to look out for policemen who wear badges bearing the crossed flags of the United States and England. Officers thus decorated can speak English, and even though it be not the most accurate kind it will suffice. And now Berlin is to follow the same praiseworthy example. A number of officers have been selected and sent to a language school from which they will emerge fully equipped to be guide, philosopher, and friend to the wandering tourist innocent of all tongues save his own.

America is not the only country to awake to the disappointing fact that the highly educated man is nearly unemployable. There was a time, said a speaker at the London Education Conference, when education and science were supposed to cure all the ills of society and to usher in the golden age. Employers began to demand certificates of learning and a college degree was the open doorway of opportunity. But experience has produced a revulsion of feeling in this respect. The educated man was found to be inferior in effectiveness to his less well equipped competitor, and now the employer wants capacity rather than learning. And he usually finds that capacity and learning do not go hand in hand. Education, says the employer, lasts too long. When the student is at length ready to begin his business career he is no longer pliable nor easy to teach. He has lost the best part of his youth and he can not pick up the ground that would ordinarily have been covered years before. Moreover, he has a sense of superiority that despises drudgery, and he supposes himself to belong to a sort of upper caste. In other words, his education has given him learning, but it has not given him character or discipline, and it is character and reliability that are needed in business. It seems to take the world a long time to realize that character is the supreme need everywhere and at all times. We are just as willing as ever to accept the substitutes that are "just as good." To put it in a nutshell, says the speaker in question, what an employer wants in these days of divided labor is an experienced and trustworthy employee. Public schools and the older universities simply turn out a very distinctive type of man who is totally ignorant of the special affairs he wants to take up.

What is the matter with Jefferson County, Alabama? The Birmingham, Alabama, *News* tells us that during the year 1912 there was a murder every week day in the year. This has been about the average for some years past, but with a tendency to grow worse, while during the first nineteen days of the present year there were ten murders and eleven deaths from "unknown causes." There are more murders committed in this one county than in the whole of Great Britain, including London, a fact not surprising when we learn that in 1912 only one man was executed for murder and he was a negro. There seems to be no common cause for these murders, except that human life is lightly considered and that the law is despised. The frontier settlements in the West were once supposed to hold the record for bloodshed, but any description of a frontier community that tolerated a murder every day would be laughed at as fantastic. And yet this very state of things exists in Alabama and without any of the excuses that existed in pioneer days and before the law of the land could effectively assert itself.

We may wonder if the 600 eminent Germans who have just protested against the adoption of the Roman type instead of the Gothic could give any reason for their action that would be acceptable to intelligence? It seems to be a peculiarly senseless display of a crass convention. The only reason that they advance is the surprising one that the change would be a surrender to foreign influence, an argument that could have been used just as cogently against the introduction of Christianity or the telephone. The Gothic type is credibly said to be responsible for the bad eyesight of the German people and it is certainly answerable for a great deal of profanity and despair on the part of foreigners who wish to learn German. The old Gothic type was admirable for decorative purposes and the mediæval monks who used it could produce marvels of beautiful colored penmanship. But time was cheap in those days, and even conservatism should shrink from perpetuating a useless burden merely because it is an ancient one.

An anonymous correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* has been to hear Clara Butt sing "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the "Lost Chord," and he wonders why we don't hear more of the old ballads instead of the "high-falutin', crazy creations of lyric writers who are ashamed to make the singer declare an honest sentiment." His wonder is shared by a large number of music lovers, probably by the great majority, but the difficulty is to persuade the performers of the fact. And yet one would think that the performers would see this for themselves. It must have happened to all of them to choose one of the old ballads for an encore, and its reception could leave them in no doubt as to its popularity. But they continue to deal out the "maudlin creations of Debussy and Richard Strauss," and to give us the real music only as a makeweight or an afterthought.

A London bookseller is anxious to imitate the Paris experiment of having regular recitals at which poets shall give readings of their own verse. Paris, we are told, has shown some appreciation of the project and actually furnishes an audience. But it is to be feared that Anglo-Saxon communities are less tolerant of the modern poet. We refuse to buy his books or even read them if they are given to us, while as for listening to his declamations, the idea is unthinkable. Attendance might, of course, be made compulsory and probably some legislator at Sacramento could easily be persuaded to bring in a bill to that effect.

Lady Blake, in the *Nineteenth Century*, tells that the women of China have not been so backward in the imitation of men as some of our suffrage propagandists would have us believe. The Chinese women, says the author, have often distinguished themselves in government, in literature, and even in war, and have "frequently displayed great military prowess." There were two women generals and two regiments of women in the Taiping rebellion, and in the sixth century a woman was made a duchess for her valor against aborigines. Chinese women appear openly in the law courts, and they have so little knowledge of the veil as to suppose that a white woman who wears one must be suffering from some skin complaint.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Paris, having purchased the antiquated city fortifications from the government, must solve the peculiar problem of finding accommodation for 120,000 people who will by this act become homeless. The space occupied by the twenty-one-mile wall encircling Paris, and the "firing zone," five hundred yards in width, facing it, is to be converted into public parks. This space is covered by many thousand ramshackle houses, occupied by the poorest class of work people and ragpickers, and in many instances turned into resorts for criminals and tramps. The amount expended on these fortifications, erected in 1840 and now to be razed, exceeded $200,000,000.

The Wyoming legislature this year has two women in its lower house, Mrs. Anna B. Miller, of Laramie, mother of six grownup children, distinguished for her household virtues, and Miss Nettie Truax, of Sun Dance, for several years a successful county superintendent of schools.

Official figures show Africa led the world in the production of gold last year, with the United States second, Australasia third, and Mexico fourth.

BUDDHA.

"The Sermon of the Myriad Leaves."

[The verses herewith were read at the Buddha Jinks, of which F. M. Somers was Sire, given by the Bohemian Club in the redwood grove at Sequoia Valley, Marin County, on the night of September 3, 1892. The three sonnets were read at the altars of Buddha by the three Priests of the Trees, A. Gerberding, Joseph D. Redding, and Jerome A. Hart.]

REDWOOD.

Within the mighty shaft, O Redwood-Tree!
A legend like a guarded secret lies;
Oh, give it to thy friends whose loving eyes
Behold the best of Nature's work in thee!
Awake! and breathe a tale of priests who came
In treasure-laden ships from India's strand,
To rear within a fabled Eastern land
The temple of their faith in Buddha's name.
Transformed to forest monarchs, mute they dwell
The spirit of the New World wrought the spell,
That ages after one should find and claim
Her glories in a greater prophet's name.
Yet not in vain thy faith, O tree divine!
The fairest temple of the world is thine!

BAY.

Thus speaks the Bay-Tree!
Through the changing year,
These outstretched arms I deck with glistening leaves,
And watch their shining green fade into sere,
And let them fall where Mother Earth receives,
With gentle spirit, as of one who grieves
O'er love's sweet labor wasted to decay,
And of them a soft fragrant carpet weaves,
Dead covering dead till all shall pass away.
Have you not known, O dullards! until now
My leaves were born for immortality?
Born to be plucked and wreathed around the brow
Of him whose thoughts or deeds can never die.
So pluck! But rather let them rot beneath
Than deck a brow unworthy of the wreath.

—*Peter Robertson.*

MADRONE.

In the aforetime, when the sea was young,
But yet the moon already waxen old,
Nymph, god, and satyr wandered thro' the wold,
And Memnon's stony lips at sunrise rung.

Æons have passed like hours, since sirens sung,
Since Jove wooed Danaë in a shower of gold,
But Buddha—Lord of Earth and Time—was old
When Jove and Juno, Time and Earth, were young.

A mystery broodeth o'er the forest dim,
Where solemn redwood, laurel green, and bay
All bow obeisance to great Buddha's throne.
Ghosts of dead gods whisper a phantom hymn;
Trees, birds, and humans, awed and cowering, pray;
Moved by the night-breeze, moaneth the madrone.

—*Jerome A. Hart.*

The following lines were written by General L. H. Foote, and read by him:

Convened in the forest, and couched on the sod,
We bow to the symbol and worship the God:
The smoke of His incense is rising on high,
The arch of His temple is spanned by the sky;
It is jeweled with stars, and cloistered by trees,
It is flecked by the moon, and fanned by the breeze;
His priests at the altars are standing apart,
They see with the spirit, and hear with the heart;
His edicts are wordless, yet fixed and sublime,
Far wiser than wisdom, and older than time;
To Him, the Eternal, sing pæans of praise,
The world without end, the beginning of days;
Incarnate, Almighty, All-seeing, Unseen,
The Master, the Maker, benign and serene;
The voices of Nature intone and adore,
With thunder of billows that break on the shore;
The worlds, in their orbits, wheel onward above,
The fruit of His law, and the proof of His love:
What are we, pray tell, but a part of His plan,
The life of His life, in the body of man;
He breathes on the germ of the spiritless clod,
It stirs with emotion, half human, half God.
And thus we have being, develop and grow,
To work out our fate, and to reap what we sow;
We live but to die, and we die but to live,
We lose what we gain, and we keep what we give;
We think and we reason, reflect and conceive,
We query and question, we doubt and believe;
And yet we are baffled, and seek, in despair,
The why and the wherefore, the whence and the where.
As the cause and the sequence are hidden from us,
It is folly to fear, and vain to discuss.
The priests and the prophets in ages gone by,
Heard sounds in the air, and saw signs in the sky;
They fashioned a fabric of faith for our needs,
With its marvelous forms and its binding creeds;
In the frenzy of faith, again and again,
The Earth has been deluged with blood since then.
Give cant to the dogs, and give creeds to the winds;
They are meat for the priests, and husks for the hinds.
Man makes his own heaven, he makes his own hell,
He weaves his own crown, and he rings his own knell,
For the secret of life is solved, when we know
That right begets joy, and that wrong begets woe;
That the kindly thought and the generous deed
Will give us the Eden we long for and need.
Take counsel of conscience, my friends, I beseech,
Be slow in your anger, and calm in your speech;
Be gracious of manner, and gentle of mien,
With hearts that are loyal, and hands that are clean;
Be just and be honest, be wise and discreet,
The victor is crowned in the hour of defeat.
Face to face, I questioned my soul, and it said,
Who will dare to say that the dead are dead?
We miss them, we mourn them, we seek them in vain,
They have found nepenthe and endless bloom
In a blissful somewhere, beyond the tomb,
The promised fruition without the pain.
This is the marvelous secret of death,
To live without life, and breathe without breath.

Inventors were at work over fifty years ago endeavoring to make a typewriter that could answer the purposes for which the machines are now used, but it was not until about 1873 that the device was so improved as to be made practicable. There were many machines constructed for mechanical writing which were in the main similar in principle to those in present use; that is, in the use of keys for manipulating movable type, but the difficulty was in getting the machines to work satisfactorily.

ITALIANIZED ORIENTALISM.

London's Latest Spectacle Drama.

Spectacle plays are the prevailing London theatrical fashion. The reason why is not far to seek. No American city is more overrun with moving-picture shows than the British capital, and the competition has hit the theatres hard. Then there is the Gordon Craig fad, which has accustomed the playgoer to breadth of stage mounting. And finally the phenomenal success of "The Miracle," that gorgeous spectacle play which was described in the *Argonaut* some months ago, has tempted many a manager to court public favor on similar lines.

All this accounts for Sir George Alexander's gamble at the St. James's Theatre. When he was on the continent some time ago Sir George attended a first performance of a revived and refurbished Italian play, and was so tickled with the entertainment that he promptly secured the English rights. This was an act of self-denial; the actor-manager must have realized from the first that there was no part for him; but such a consideration did not prevent him making the gamble. Nor has he thought it worth while to have the piece so reconstructed as to supply him with another variant of his favorite rôle of lady-killer. For once, then, the adoring ladies who frequent the St. James's Theatre for the sole purpose of worshiping at the shrine of St. George Alexander are denied the chief object of their homage.

Whether "Turandot, Princess of China," will succeed in spite of such a handicap, who can say? If, however, the cockney is willing to part with his shillings and half-crowns and half-sovereigns for a revival of the old mystery play, it may prove that he will be just as generous in his patronage of this specimen of Italianized Orientalism. For "Turandot" is nothing more than that. In its Italian form it was the work of Count Gozzi, that rival of Goldoni, who in the eighteenth century made himself a name by adapting Eastern fairy tales for the amusement of Venetian audiences. But Gozzi could count upon a nimbleness of wit and a gift of improvising which is hardly at the service of the London theatrical manager. When the Italian had sketched out the main outline of his drama, and decided upon a few principal characters, his work was done; he knew he could leave the filling in of the dialogue and the creation of the "business" to the volatile actors and actresses. Besides, he took good care to embellish his fairy plays with topical allusions based upon the contemporary life of Venice, and topical allusions which are both foreign and a century and a half old are a heavy burden for any theatrical entertainment.

Reduced to its bare bones, "Turandot" consists of nothing more substantial than three riddles. Here is the story. Turandot, a princess of China, a maiden of many charms but a man-hater, has persuaded her father to promulgate an edict to the effect that when she is sought in marriage she shall ask her suitors three conundrums, failure to answer which shall entail immediate execution. There have been numerous candidates for the job before the play opens, all of whom have paid the penalty with their heads. This, however, does not deter Calaf, Prince of Astrakan, who is the suitor immediately in view when the play starts. Calaf, however, is smarter than his unfortunate predecessors, for when Turandot compounds her three riddles he solves them all without turning a hair.

Most plays would end there. But not so this blend of Italianism and Chinese legend. In fact it takes a new start from the climax. Calaf, who is so much in love with his own handsome person that he takes female homage as a matter of course, is not particularly anxious to become Turandot's husband, and as a way out suggests that if she can tell who he is he will release her from the engagement. Now the princess has two maiden attendants, Zelima and Adelma, the latter of whom is madly in love with the handsome stranger. These two, for different reasons, try to solve his identity, Adelma going so far as to plead with him to elope with her. And she it is who discovers his name, which she promptly communicates to Turandot. Hence in the morning Calaf finds his secret disclosed, and is about to stab himself when Turandot intervenes and claims him as her husband.

That is all the story. And perhaps it was hardly surprising that some of Saturday night's audience resented being regaled with so thin an affair. Yet it must be chronicled that there were others, and a majority, who seemed to find the fantasy greatly to their liking. And perhaps there were excuses. For certainly Sir George Alexander had tricked out the piece with plenty of gorgeous trimmings. The costumes were superb, suggestive of the glory and glitter of tropical insects and birds rather than the raiment of human beings, while the ceremonial adjuncts were just the kind of thing which is supposed to be native to Oriental courts. That is to say, there were endless processions of carefully drilled supers who waddled their way across the stage and bobbed their heads to and fro in strict keeping with Oriental tradition. The head-dress of the women was of that tightly drawn kind which is accepted as Eastern, and their eyebrows and lips were painted in those hard lines which are attributes of Chinese beauty.

Perhaps the only modern note in the comedy was supplied by the riddle-asking princess. As an exponent of sex pride she might have stepped straight out of the ranks of the latest suffragette procession.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, who looked her part to perfection so far as loveliness was concerned, seemed to have realized that that was the only way to make Turandot acceptable to a London audience. So she gloated over her victims, and despite her toddling gait and fantastic costume played the part of the man-hater and the votes-for-women hoiden with infinite gusto. The only fault with Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Calaf was that he was a thought too detached. Perhaps he was oppressed with the idea that for once he had to sustain the part of Sir George Alexander as the ladies' darling, and so overdid his part. For the matinée idol must unbend a little, giving the impression that he is not beyond conquest, whereas as Calaf Mr. Tearle was as indifferent as an iceberg to all the feminine beauty by which he was surrounded.

Lest all this should appear rather thin for an evening's entertainment, it must be added that there was appropriate music. The services of Ferruccio Busoni had been enlisted for that part of the programme, and the result justified the selection. The score certainly reproduces the spirit and atmosphere of the Chinese fairy tale, making, as it does, an adroit use of Chinese scales plus a kind of bustling semiquaver which well suited the part of the chief of the harem. When, too, the emperor made his entrance to the accompaniment of bare fifths in the bass melody the effect was truly Eastern. Nor has M. Busoni been less successful in guarding against the monotony which is so characteristic of Oriental music, even though in avoiding that defect he has fallen back upon Western methods, which are somewhat alien from the spirit of the piece. The most sprightly number of all was the dance on which the last curtain fell, though that was probably the least Eastern of all the score.

Should this resurrection of Gozzi capture the cockney playgoer the inevitable consequence will be a much digging in the storehouses of old plays and masques, for it is cheaper to adapt the work of the dead than commission the living playwright. The actors are indifferent which plan is followed. They will agree with Weedon Grossmith, who has just told us that whether or not another of Sir George Alexander's ventures put money in his pocket he does not know, but that what was of moment to him was that it kept him free from anxiety for several months and enabled him to spend a "most pleasant time." Henry C. Shelley.

London, January 21, 1913.

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In the ranks of industrialism the baton of the field marshal is at the bottom of every recruit's knapsack, although not every one has the wit to find it (says A. Maurice Low in the *North American Review*). But it is there, and that is the incentive to hard work, to decent living, to the exercise of man's reasoning faculties. That is the reward to which every apprentice may aspire; but what would be his reward if the state took over all industry? Assuming an absolutely honest civil service where there is no favoritism, where influence counts for naught and merit is the sole test—an ideal state of affairs not impossible of realization, but practically almost so—the faithful, diligent, and intelligent government servant would slowly gain his promotion and might hope, after long years of service, to reach the highest rung in the ladder—an agency or the management of an important bakery, let us say. But he would always remain a hired man, a servant of the state. Socialism would mean implanting upon western civilization the debasing and injurious effects of the caste system of the East. A man would be born a baker and die a baker; in all probability the son would follow in the footsteps of the father, and there would be a caste of bakers in America just as there is a caste of offal collectors in India.

◆

The particular universe of stars in which we dwell is half again as large in scale as the world has been supposing. Our own sun is still youthful, and keeps traveling northwardly through space at the comparatively leisurely pace of twelve miles per second, or only two-thirds the average speed of stars of its own class. The North Star is not really a single star, but triple, consisting of three suns revolving about a common centre. These are some of the recent discoveries of the Lick Observatory, the famous graduate astronomical department of the University of California. People who learned their astronomy twenty years ago, or five years ago, will have to change many of their ideas of the universe in the light of the Lick Observatory's newly achieved knowledge as to how the heavenly bodies are born and live and die. Nowhere in the world is so much being done to alter and expand man's knowledge of the stellar universe as on Mount Hamilton, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Campbell, the famous director of the Lick Observatory.

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With the completion of the second unit of the Grand Trunk Pacific grain elevator at West Fort William, Canada, that city will be able to boast of the largest grain bin in the world. Further additions will be made from time to time, as occasion arises, and a final capacity of no less than 20,000,000 bushels is contemplated. Ten elevators of similar size would be able to hold the entire harvest of the great Canadian northwest.

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More than $250,000 has been left unclaimed by relatives in the cases of persons found dead in New York in the last year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Helen Cheever has been clerk in the postoffice at Sioux City, Iowa, for thirty-four and a half years.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault, who is now eighty years of age, was the principal guest at a dialect dinner of the O. P. Club in London recently, and responded to the toast of "The Irish Drama."

M. Tokoi, who has just been elected president of the Diet of Finland, was a miner in this country for more than ten years. He saved money, studied to fit himself for better things, and on his return home became interested in politics.

Dr. Friedman, the noted German specialist, who claims to have discovered a vaccine cure for tuberculosis, has forwarded some of the serum to this country. It will be tried at Saranac Lake, New York, and the results noted with especial interest by the medical profession.

A. R. Whaley, elected vice-president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad a few days ago, at a salary of $25,000 a year, began his career thirty-six years ago as a brakeman on the Providence and Worcester railroad, working for $1.62 a day. In his new position he will be in charge of the operation of all the company's trains.

Captain Arthur H. Rostron, who commanded the *Carpathia* at the time of the *Titanic* disaster, has been awarded the medal of honor by the American Cross of Honor, in recognition of his prompt response to the call for help. The cross will be presented to him in this country on March 1. Captain Rostron is now in command of the steamship *Caronia*.

Raj Rana Bahadur, who has been traveling in Europe for several months, is not only Rajah of Jhalawar, but is an author of ability, as his recent book, "Travel Pictures," attests. He is about to return home, where he rules over a kingdom of 2694 square miles, lying south of the Punjab. He speaks English perfectly, is a close student of science, and plays a good game of cricket.

Felix Weingartner, former conductor of the Royal Opera at Vienna, has arrived in this country to assume the leadership of the Boston Opera Company. Two days after his arrival at New York he was married to Lucile Marcel, the American prima donna, who has been studying abroad for ten years. Weingartner has an international reputation as a conductor, author, and pianist.

George F. Swain, the newly elected president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, which was founded in 1852, is professor of civil engineering at Harvard. For twenty-five years he has been consulting engineer for the Massachusetts railroad commission. During recent years he has done much work in the way of appraising the value of railroad properties. He is the author of many professional papers and reports in engineering periodicals and elsewhere.

Simon Harmon Vedder has returned to this country after fulfilling one of the most unique commissions ever given an American artist. He was sent by the British government in 1909 to paint the portraits of the rajahs of the Rajputana states, it being the desire of the government to present the paintings to the Mayo College at Ajmer. In all he painted fourteen potentates for this school, journeying about from one court to another. Although a native of New York, the artist has lived in London for seventeen years.

Herr von Jagow, successor to Herr von Kinderlen-Waechter, late imperial secretary of state for foreign affairs, entered the diplomatic service in 1895, after holding various civil posts. He was first appointed attaché to the embassy at Rome. Since 1909 he has been embassador to Italy. He has been described as the ablest among the younger German diplomatists. Herr Jagow is a man of high culture, reserved, and cautious, and his external polished bearing contrasts markedly with his predecessor's direct methods and strong South German humor.

Doctor Richard P. Strong, who will take charge of the department of tropical medicine which Harvard University is about to establish, won the admiration of the medical world when he went with Oscar Teague to the plague-infected district in Manchuria in 1911, and in the dead of winter, when water froze on the operating table, encased himself in something like a diver's uniform and worked until the end of the epidemic, performing operations and making autopsies. His work as director of the Government Biological Laboratory at Manila is a matter of history. He is now in the health department of the United States Insular Bureau.

Professor William R. Webb, who was elected United States senator by the Tennessee legislature a few days ago, succeeding the late Robert L. Taylor, is a unique figure in his state, having been a country school-teacher practically since the days of the Civil War. He was born in North Carolina, where he attended the old state university. During the war he served as captain of the Second North Carolina Cavalry, and was dangerously wounded at Malvern Hill. He is a church member, dislikes to be called "Professor," and though he will likely be in the senate only until March 4, his independent spirit may make him a striking personage in that assemblage.

ART'S REWARDS.

The True Story That Sounded Like Fiction.

"I wanted to see Mr. Turbett," she said in meek apology, one hand still gripping the knob of the studio door.

Two busy artists looked up from their drawing boards for a moment; then, with curiosity apparently satisfied at first glance, went on working. The older man—a touch of gray in his pompadour and about his temples—answered briefly:

"I'm Turbett. Come in."

The creaking of the girl's shoes as she came timidly forward caused the two artists to look up again. From offending shoes upward they took professional inventory—of the black skirt, whose fullness showed its date, of the jacket of a faded green, and the big portfolio and the plain and rather wistful face that was made to look plainer by a black sailor hat and a fashion of hairdressing set by the Puritans.

"You've a letter, no doubt?" Turbett guessed.

"Yes." The tone of sarcasm in Turbett's question seemed to rouse the girl to more self-possession. "But it isn't a recommendation from a brother artist. It's from your mother."

"I didn't mean to be rude," Turbett hastened to explain. "But we're bothered to death by art students who aren't worth the trouble and by curiosity seekers with a thirst for tea. Have a chair."

Turbett took the letter, and while he skimmed through it the girl gazed around with undisguised delight at the studio—the easels and drawing tables and skylight, the sputtering coal fire, the model's platform, the half a dozen sketches pinned on the walls, the tea set on a tabouret.

Turbett finished the note and stuck it in his pocket. Pushing back his chair, he rose and cordially shook hands.

"I'm really glad to know you, Miss McCabe. I sincerely hope you'll make good. I think you yourself wish it fervently enough, and that's one of the important points."

She flushed happily and returned: "You're very good."

"I must apologize again," Turbett went on. "I didn't know, of course, that you came from back home and were so much in earnest. Let me introduce my studiomate, Mr. Emery. Now we'll talk things over. What would you like to know about first?"

She pondered the question as if it were a last request to be granted before an execution. It would have seemed a sacrilege to smile at her, when, with deep emotion, she answered:

"I must make a living or give up and go back to Boonville. If I could only sell a drawing once in a while I could keep studying a long, long time. I still have over a hundred dollars that I made by doing sewing. And I know how to live very cheaply."

Turbett had no comment. Emery was bent over a drawing board; sketching, erasing, patiently sketching again.

The girl's voice grew almost tremulous in its earnestness: "What I wanted you to tell me is what the editors will buy. These" (with a sorrowful glance at the portfolio) "always come back when I send them around by mail. But I knew that if I came to you——"

Turbett repressed a smile.

"That's a tough problem," he interrupted. "What makes you think I'm the expert who can solve it?"

"Please! You're poking fun at me again!" she reproved. "Why, I've seen your work in ever so many magazines and books and your name in the newspapers, and back home people are as proud of you as of—as of the tomato crop. Who else could tell me better?"

Turbett gestured and smiled his resignation.

"Well, you won't remember half of what I say," he began, "and that will be just as well. And possibly you'll try to forget it all anyway, because you'll think I'm crass and material. You see, I've come to regard this work as a dull matter of formulæ, just like the way to succeed at raising the tomatoes you mentioned."

"Tomatoes are rather hard to raise," she suggested.

"Just about as much trouble as successful illustration," he told her. "I find out a lot of things that a lot of different editors say they are after; then from the total I strike a safe average. There's no more of what is called 'inspiration' about my work than there is in the operations of a drug clerk filling a prescription. I take down a formula and fill it to the customer's satisfaction. I simply give the editors what they think they want—universal appeal, bright color, human interest, modish figures, plenty of action. Then I put the commodity up in attractive packages—always mat it or frame it, I mean. That I keep close track of all the markets goes without saying; and I have learned everything I could pick up about the art of salesmanship. For the rest, I'm what is known as a 'good mixer.' I go to all the teas and dinners and receptions that possibly can help me in a business way, and I do as much entertaining on my own account as I can afford and charge the cost to advertising. That's about all I know about success in American illustration."

The girl's face might have done service as one of Turbett's own "human interest" pictures, it was such a study of dismay.

Emery, who had flashed a few resentful glances during the discourse, now was bent over his drawing board as before, but drumming impatiently with his fingers.

"I've seen geniuses by the hundreds come to New York and go back whipped," Turbett continued relentlessly. "I've seen a lot of others of no more than enough training to save their work from crudity drop into town and make fat livings purely because they were both determined and shrewd. Excuse my bluntness, but all that counts in the art game is energy, business sense, and gall."

"You mean——"

"I mean every word!" Turbett brought his fist down on the chair arm for emphasis. "The only way to make art pay you enough to buy your food and clothing and meet the rent regularly is to cater servilely to the trade. Whenever you see any fruit hanging low enough to pick, grab it and run."

The girl smiled.

"I understand," she answered. "You think this is the best way to advise me because you're afraid I'm a dreamer and timid. But really, I'm not. I've been through a good deal of trouble, and can face a lot more." She hesitated and looked at him earnestly. "That's why I would like to hear about some of the troubles *you've* been through. Can't you understand why? I think that if I recalled them on blue days it would sort of give me courage. Unless—unless you think I've already taken up too much of your time?"

If she had expected Turbett to laugh, she had mistaken his mood. He leaned forward as if he rather appreciated the prospect of having so interested a listener.

"Well, I can tell you where it got to with me one time. It got to where I had no bank account and my credit was no good. I had pawned my watch and a stick pin and couldn't pay my share of the studio rent. There wasn't a chance that any money would reach me for at least a week. I was too proud to tell anybody what a fix I was in, for I had already had a little success and had boasted. Finally, all my capital was sixty cents.

"I got one of those space-filling 'combination breakfasts' for twenty cents and left a nickel tip. I worked as hard as I could all morning and half of the afternoon to keep my mind off my troubles, but, as usually happens when your money runs low, all I could think of was how hungry I was. I took a bundle of pictures under one arm and went out to see if I could peddle one. Two of the art editors weren't in and three others had no use for what I showed them.

"Then somebody on the street slapped me on the shoulder. He was a man from back home. I couldn't get out of drinking with him, and it left me with fifteen cents. He asked me to come back to his hotel, but I recalled an imaginary appointment and reached for my watch—before I remembered it was pawned. A blush started to mount to my face and I couldn't suppress it. He looked at me searchingly, and then, a good deal puzzled, said good-by.

"I had a fifteen-cent dinner on Third Avenue that night and no breakfast at all next morning. I told my roommate I was feeling too sick to eat."

The girl nodded solemn approval.

Turbett stopped, as if that were the end of the story.

"Please—the climax?" the visitor insisted.

"There wasn't any. All I had to do, of course, was to get hungry enough to have courage to make a confession to my roommate."

"Well, that couldn't have been easy," the girl commented in grave sympathy. "I may be silly, but I thank you more for that story than for the advice. To think of your having to go through experiences like that will keep my courage up! Now I must be going."

She was gone before there was more than enough time to invite her to visit again.

Emery jumped to his feet and burst into an angry denunciation the minute the door slammed.

"What a mess of lies! What's the sense of knocking the heart out of that girl with your cynicism? Money's the least important reward in this trade, and you know it as well as I do. You know what I make—thirty or forty dollars a week at the most, but that's enough for anybody who has his heart in a big job and is doing it the best he knows. Why do you talk that way about money, Turbett? What's it ever *done* for you?"

Turbett sat glum, staring at space.

"What's it ever done for *you*?" Emery repeated. "You've catered servilely to a trade, you say. You've had the money, and I confess that sometimes, when I've seen you raking it in, I've felt mighty jealous. But what's it done to your work? You don't draw half as well as you used to ten years ago. You're not a third as happy. It will get your moral fibre next, old man, and then you're a dead one. I'm talking to you straight from the shoulder and forgetting a lot of things that maybe I ought to remember—that you're older than I am and better known and all that. But when I see you preach cynicism and follow it with a cheap sentimental lie, full of fake realism as if it all happened yesterday——"

"Emery," Turbett interrupted wearily, "can you keep a solemn confidence? It *did* happen yesterday! And all that you say about my work is true. I've got up the courage to tell you now—I'm hungry."

The younger man sat a little bewildered for a moment, but the discouraged droop of the other's head and the stare of the eyes told him the truth.

With bills from a wallet and pennies and nickels from an improvised savings bank in a tobacco tin, there was a fund of thirty dollars to divide.

"Something more will turn up before the end of the week," Emery added cheerfully. "After a little we'll both be glad this happened."

"I'm glad already," Turbett answered solemnly. He pried the thumb tacks up from the gaudy head he had been painting in water colors and tore the sheet into little bits. "I'm going in for decent work again. Will you stake me a while?"

"No need to ask! You know it!"

"With just one more little social affair?" Turbett added. "I want that McCabe girl to tea. I owe her some more explanations."

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1913.

The Benei Israel, a sect of dark-skinned Jews in India, differ physically as well as socially from the great bulk of their co-religionists throughout the world. There is a tradition among the Jews that the Benei Israelites are the descendants of the survivors of a band of Jews who fled from persecution and were wrecked near the Henery and Kenery islands in the Indian Ocean, fifteen miles from Cheul, formerly the chief emporium of trade between India and Arabia. Seven men and seven women are said to have been saved from the shipwreck, and from them, in the course of some sixteen or eighteen centuries, the Benei Israel claim descent. The men have inherited a certain fatalism from the Hindus which has made them invincible on the battlefield, and in recognition of this quality the British government has showered high positions upon the Benei Israel in its military service. And, unlike the Hindus, the Benei Israelites get the same salary, rations, and quarters as Englishmen, and are treated as such.

What Scot ever called the pipes a musical instrument? (asks *Harper's Weekly*). In the old wicked days bands of predatory English marched over the border. They were as bold and sturdy as the Scots and far greater in number. Cluny MacWhauppert, the Laird of Glengarramoyle, in desperate need of a sure defense, invented the pipes in secret and never let a skirl out of them till he faced the invading Sassenach on the bloody field. Then Cluny blew a melody so fierce, so eldritch, so grinding and blistering to the soul, that every clansman ripped and slashed his way through the English hordes, intent on only one thing—to escape the fiendish screeching of the pipes. And that is why every grateful Scot to this day cherishes the bagpipe, the preserver of Scottish independence. He has beaten his sword into a ploughshare, but he will always uphold the pipes to beat the band.

So disgraceful do the Dyaks of Borneo consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that the future generations may know of his wickedness, and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the tugong bula—the liar's mound—by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passerby contributes to it, and at the same time reviles the memory of the man who told the lie.

Robert Arthington, who died recently at Teignmouth, England, left an estate of over $6,000,000, and of this $4,500,000 is to go to the support of foreign missions. This is believed to be the largest single bequest ever made to this cause; at all events it must be one of the largest and ranks high among philanthropic gifts even in an unprecedented era like this. Of the money given to this purpose $2,500,000 is to go to the Baptist missionary society of London and $2,000,000 to the London missionary society.

Six Siberian dogs have arrived on the Jungfraujoch (11,140 feet), and will be employed in drawing sledges up the Jungfrau mountain and across the Aletsch glacier after they have been trained to the work by Mr. Zochokke, a Polish expert. The idea is to give visitors to Switzerland in summer a glimpse of life in the snow and ice-bound districts of Siberia and in Greenland. This is the first time that dogs have mounted to so great a height in Switzerland.

During the siege of Paris the practical utility of carrier pigeons was forcibly demonstrated, the result being that the scientific breeding of the birds has been carefully observed ever since. The ministry of war maintains control over all the carrier pigeons in the country. The price of a carrier at Havre varies from $3.80 for an ordinary subject to $250 or more for a prize-winner in a race.

New South Wales has adopted the California idea of plowing at night. For this purpose two powerful acetylene headlights are attached to the traction engine which draws the plows, and the ground is so well and brilliantly lighted that the operator can work over the field quite as well as by daylight.

Easter Sunday this year comes March 23, and will be the earliest Easter since 1856. Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, fell this year on February 5, and this is an earlier date for the day than has occurred since 1812. The earliest Ash Wednesday was on February 3, in the year 387 A. D.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

Mary Austin Describes the Transition of Her Heroine from a Country Village to the Metropolitan Stage.

Mary Austin's “A Woman of Genius” suggests a biography rather than a romance. But that in itself is hardly an anomaly at a time when the novel has to do duty as a medium for the exposition not only of biography, but of economics, politics, sociology, and a hundred other things.

In this case the woman of genius is an actress. Born and educated in the deadly conventionalities of Taylorville, stifled by the senseless monotonies, the almost inconceivable stupidities and prejudices of a country life, Olivia Lattimore breaks her fetters and incidentally comes into contact with a good many of the problems of life. For example, what may a woman do to save herself from starvation? What should a woman do who awakes to her own powers after she has buried herself by a marriage with a country lout? No one has yet given a tolerable answer to such questions; no one, that is to say, who knows by experience what they mean. Olivia Lattimore tells us what she did, with all the precision suited to matters of fact. It is a remarkable story, but we have certainly traveled a long way since the novelist was inexorably required to furnish an appropriate Nemesis for every departure from feminine virtue.

Perhaps a better sketch of the ugliness, the meanness of country life has never been given. It is only the young people that seem to be human, and we know that they, too, will soon be blighted by the paralysis of a world in which everything is so inconceivably small. On the death of Olivia's father her mother receives the customary visits of condolence and among them one from Cousin Judd:

> He came about dusk from the farm—he had been sent for—looking shocked, and yet with a kind of enjoyable solemnity, I thought; and the first thing he wished to do was to pray with my poor mother.
>
> “We must submit ourselves to the will of God, Sally,” he urged.
>
> ”O God! *God!*” said my mother, walking up and down. ”I'm not so sure God had anything to do with it.”
>
> “It's a wrong spirit, Sally, a wrong spirit—a spirit of rebellion.” My mother began to cry.
>
> “Why couldn't God have left him alone? What had he done that he should be taken away? What have *I* done——”
>
> “You mustn't take it like this, Sally. Think of your duty to your children. ‘The Lord giveth'——”
>
> ”Go tell Him to give me back my husband, then——”
>
> Effie and I cowered in our corner between the base burner and the sewing machine; it was terrible to hear them so, quarreling about God. My mother had her hands to her head as she walked; her figure touched by the firelight, not quite spoiled by child-bearing, looked young to me.

Of course there is the revivalist—that evil figure with his periodic and hysterical domination of country life—and Olivia and her young friends abase themselves in the coal-hole to await the change that is called conversion:

> It came, oh, it came! the sweep up and out, the dizzying lightness—not very different, in fact, from the breathless rush with which on a first night of “Magda” or ”Cleopatra” I have felt my part meet me as I cross between the wings—the lift, the tremor of passion.
>
> “Oh,” I said, “I'm saved! I'm saved! I know it.”
>
> “So am I,” said Flora Haines. “I was a long time ago, but I didn't like to say anything.” And if I hadn't just been converted I should have thought it rather mean of her. In the dusk of the coal-hole we heard Pauline sniffling.
>
> ”I suppose it's because I'm so much worse a sinner,” she admitted, “but I just can't feel it.”
>
> “You must give yourself into the Lord's hands, Pauline dear.” Flora Haines had heard the evangelist. I began to offer myself passionately in prayer as a vicarious atonement for Pauline's shortcomings.
>
> ”Don't you feel anything?” Flora urged, “not the least thing?”
>
> ”Well...sort of...something,” Pauline confessed.
>
> “Well, of course, that's it.”
>
> ”Yes, that's it,” I insisted.
>
> “Well, I suppose it is,” Pauline gave in, mopping her eyes with her handkerchief, “but it isn't the least like what I expected.”

Olivia has a brother, Forester, who, in the eyes of his mother, is a being set apart, and chiefly because of his sex. Forester is the typical “good son” and quite willing to make a business of it:

> It never occurred to my mother, until it came to the concrete question of spending-money, that there was anything more than a kind of natural perverseness in my attitude, which only served to throw into relief the satisfactoriness of her relations to her son. Forester, it appeared, was to have an allowance, and I wanted one, too.
>
> “But what,” said my mother, tolerantly, for she had not yet thought of granting it, ”would you do with an allowance?”
>
> “Whatever Forester does.”
>
> “But Forester,” my mother explained, waving the stocking she had stretched upon her hand, “is a boy.” I expostulated.
>
> ”What has that got to do with it?”
>
> “Olivia!” The ridiculousness of having such a question addressed to her brought a smile to my mother's lips, which hung fixed there as I saw her mind back away suddenly in fear that I was really going to insist on knowing what that had to do with it.
>
> ”I give you twenty-five cents a week for church money,” she parried weakly.
>
> “That's what you think I ought to give. I want an allowance, and then I can deny myself and give what I like.”
>
> “Forester earns his,” said my mother; she hadn't of course meant the discussion to get on to a basis of reasonableness.
>
> “Well,” I threatened, “I'll earn mine.”

It need not be said that sex governs the life of the small town, and all the more tyrannically because it is the one thing that must never be spoken of, even between mother and daughter. Even the doctor must be deceived rather than modesty be offended. A girl was expected to “pick up” whatever knowledge might be essential and we see some of the process of picking up in a conversation between Olivia and Pauline:

> “Do you know,” she said, “it is very queer the way I feel about Aunt Alice—the way she is, you know. Mamma hadn't told me, and when I came into the sitting room and saw her, I thought I was going to cry; and it wasn't that I was sorry either...I'm awfully fond of her. I just felt it.”
>
> ”Yes, I know,” I admitted.
>
> “Aunt Alice is so sensible,” Pauline explained a few weeks later, ”she talks to me a great deal; she's only a few years older than I am. She has shown me all her things for the baby. Mamma didn't think she ought...you know how mothers are. They're in the bureau drawer in the best room. I'll show them to you some time; Alice won't mind.”
>
> Alice didn't mind, it appeared, so it must have been shyness that led us to select the afternoon when the married women were away, and though I can not forgive the conditions which led us so surreptitiously to touch the fringe of the great experience, I own still to some tenderness for the two girls with their heads together that bright hot afternoon, over the bureau drawer in Mrs. Allingham's best room. Pauline showed me a little sacque which she had crocheted.
>
> ”Mother thought I was too young, but Alice said I might.”
>
> “You must have liked to, awfully,” I envied.
>
> “That's one of the nice things about having children, I should think”—Pauline fingered a hemstitched slip—“you can make things for them.”
>
> “Which would you rather have, girls or boys?” I hazarded.
>
> “Oh, girls; you can always dress them so prettily.”
>
> “But boys . . . they can do so many things when they grow up.” I felt rather strongly on that point.
>
> “Alice says”—Pauline folded the little frock—”that she's so glad to have it she doesn't care which it is.” Something, perhaps an echo of my mother's experience, pricked in me.
>
> ”They aren't always as glad as that.”
>
> “I suppose not. Alice is having this one because she wants it.”
>
> We looked at one another. We would have liked to have spoken further, to have defined ourselves, despoiled ourselves of tenderness, nobilities, but around the whole subject lay the blank expanse of our ignorance. We locked the drawer again and went out and played croquet. And that was how we stood toward our normal destiny that summer when Pauline was wondering if Henry Mills meant to propose to her, and I was wondering how much longer I could keep Tommy Bettersworth from proposing to me.

Tommy Bettersworth does propose and is accepted, and then arises that “desperate need to know, to interpose between marriage and maternity never so slight an interval in which to collect myself and leave off shrinking”:

> About a week before my wedding we were sitting together at the close of the afternoon; my mother had taken up her knitting, as her habit was when the light failed. Something in the work we had been doing, putting the last touches to my wedding dress, led her to speak of her own, and of my father as a young man. The mention pricked me to notice what I recall now as characteristic of Taylorville women, that, with all she had been through, the war, her eight children, so many graves, there was still in her attitude, toward all these, a kind of untutored virginity. It made, my noticing it then and being touched by it, a sort of bridge by which it seemed for the moment she might be drawn over to my side. On the impulse I spoke.
>
> ”Mother,” I said, “I want to know . . . ?”
>
> It seemed a natural sort of knowledge to which any woman had a right. Almost before the question was out I saw the expression of offended shock come over my mother's reminiscent softness, the nearly animal rage of terror with which the unknown, the unaccustomed, assailed her.
>
> “Olivia! Olivia!” She stood up, her knitting rigid in her hands, the ball of it speeding away in the dusk of the floor on some private terror of its own. ”Olivia, I'll not hear of such things! You are not to speak of them, do you understand! I'll have nothing to do with them!”
>
> ”I wanted to know,” I said. “I thought you could tell me . . .”
>
> I went over and stood by the window; a little dry snow was blowing—it was the first week in November—beginning to collect on the edges of the walks and along the fences; the landscape showed sketched in white on a background of neutral gray. I heard a movement in the room behind me; my mother came presently and stood looking out with me. She was very pale, scared but commiserating. Somehow my question had glanced in striking the dying nerve of long since encountered dreads and pains. We faced them together there in the cold twilight.
>
> “I'm sorry, daughter”—she hesitated—”I can't help you. I don't know . . . I never knew myself.”

Olivia's introduction to the stage comes accidentally. She fills the place of a disabled actress and of course finds that she is barred by the village respectabilities and actually excluded from participation in the Fourth of July preparations. So she goes to see the minister:

> I found him raking the garden in his third best suit and the impossible sort of hat affected by professional men in their more human occasions. The moment I flashed out at him with my question about the committee, he fell at once into a manner of ministerial equivocation—the air of being man enough to know he was doing a mean thing without being man enough to avoid doing it. Er . . . yes, he believed there had been a meeting . . . he hadn't realized that I was expecting to be notified. I wasn't a regular member, was I?
>
> ”No,” I admitted, “but last year——” The intention of the slight began to dawn on me.
>
> ”You see, the programme is usually made up from the children of the united Sunday schools. . . .”
>
> ”I know, of course, but what has that? . . .” He did know how mean it was; I could see by the dexterity with which he delivered the blow.
>
> ”A good many of the mothers thought they'd rather not have them exposed to . . . er . . . professional methods.” As an afterthought he tried to give it the cast of a priestly remonstrance which he must have seen didn't in the least impose on me.
>
> I suppose it was the fear of how I might put it to one of his best paying parishioners that led him to go around to the store the next morning and make matters worse by explaining to Tommy that though the children weren't to be contaminated by my professionalism, it could probably be arranged for me to “recite something.”

At last Olivia accepts a regular professional engagement, although without breaking with her village-minded husband. She never does break with him until his death. Then comes a first revelation of moral laxity that had never occurred to the country wife as even a possibility:

> “What has happened? Something, I know,” she insisted gently. I blurted it out.
>
> ”Mr. O'Farrell . . . I saw him come out of Miss Dean's room . . . at a quarter of one. He was . . . oh, Sarah . . . he was! . . .” I relapsed again into the horror of it.
>
> “Oh!” she said. She turned out the light and came and forced me gently under the covers and got into bed beside me.
>
> “Didn't you know?” she questioned.
>
> “Did you?”
>
> ”No one really knows these things. I didn't want to be the first to suggest it to you.”
>
> ”Do the others know?”
>
> ”As much as we do. It has been going on a long time.”
>
> ”And you put up with it—you go about with them?” I was astonished at the welling up of disgust in me. Sarah felt for my hand and held it.
>
> ”My dear, in our business you have to learn to take no notice. It is not that these things are so much worse with actors, but it is more difficult to keep them covered up. You must know that a great many people do such things.”
>
> ”I know—*wicked* people. I never thought of its being done by anybody you liked.”
>
> “Oh, yes;” she was perfectly simple. “You can like them, you can like them greatly.”

Here is a resumé of village life from the point of view of the woman and especially of the woman who is big enough to look at it in a detached way:

> I went on living in Higgleston where human intercourse was organized on the basis that whatever a woman has of intelligence and worth, over and above the sum of such capacity in man, is to be exercised as a superfluous growth, a monstrosity. Does anybody remember what the woman's world was like in small towns before the days of woman's clubs? There was a world of cooking and making over; there was a world of church-going and missionary societies and ministerial coöperation, half grudged and half assumed as a virtue which, since it was the only thing that lay outside themselves, was not without extenuation. And there was another world which underlay all this, colored and occasioned it, sicklied over with futility; it was a world all of the care and expectancy of children overshadowed by the recurrent monthly dread, crept about by whispers, heretical but persistent, of methods of circumventing it, of a secret practice of things openly condemned. It was a world that went half the time in faint-hearted or unwilling or rebellious anticipation, and half on the broken springs of what as the subject of the endless, objectionable discussions, went by the name of “female complaints.”

Olivia learns a good many things from her intermittent stage experiences, and among them the meaning of the splendid apparel sometimes worn by the fourth-rate actress:

> ”To think of you being out of an engagement and a girl like Cecelia Brown—yes, I know her name is Brown, Cissy Brown of Milwaukee——”
>
> ”I've always suspected it,” I admitted, “but it's her looks of course, and the clothes; Cecelia has lovely clothes.”
>
> ”Well, so could you if . . .” He checked himself. “I don't mean to say anything against a lady . . .”
>
> ”I've always suspected that, too,” I admitted, ”but one doesn't like to say it.”
>
> “Well, you know what she gets—thirty-five a week. A girl doesn't wear diamond sunbursts on that.”
>
> ”Mr. Griffin, I wish you'd tell me what sort of man it is that gives diamond sunbursts to variety girls: I've never seen any of them.”
>
> ”You have probably, but you don't know it. You meet their wives in society.”
>
> “Henry Mills.” I don't know what made me say it; the image of him came tripping along the surface of my mind and slid off my tongue without having more than momentarily perched there.
>
> “Is he in business downtown, and has he got a perfectly proper family and too many dinners under his vest?”
>
> “Mr. Mills's home life is ideal; but I didn't mean——”
>
> “Neither did I, but that's the type. They mostly have ideal families, but they couldn't live up to them if they didn't have Cecelia Browns on the side . . . I beg your pardon.”

Olivia passes through all the usual steps to fame. She learns what it means to pass through that dark stage when her art seems to have departed. She hesitates on the threshold of cheap vaudeville. She starves. And then she appeals to the great actor, Eversley, who had once been kind to her, and Eversley introduces her to Polatkin, the theatrical agent:

> At the time, however, I was concerned to keep the stodgy little Jew, who stood hat in hand taking stock of me, from discovering that I had come to this meeting with a degree of personal expectation which I should have resented in him. I hoped indeed that my blush might pass with him for a denial of the very thing it confessed, or at least for mere shyness and gaucherie. I was helped from my confusion by the realization that Mr. Polatkin was not so much looking at me or speaking to me, as projecting me into the future and gauging me against a background of his own creation.
>
> I was standing still, after we had got through some perfunctory civilities, for I thought he would want me to act for him—but I found afterward that he had trusted Mr. Eversley for my capacity—and I had a feeling of being able to meet the situation better on my feet. I caught him looking at me with an irritating impersonality.
>
> “Jalowaski shall make your corsets,” he affirmed; ”he makes 'em for Eames and Gadski—a little more off there, a little longer here . . . so . . .” He did not touch me, he was not even within touching distance, but he followed the outline of my figure with his thumb, flourishing out the alterations which made it more to his mind. “Jalowaski would fix you so you wouldn't believe it was you,” he concluded.
>
> He appeared so well satisfied with his inspection that he expanded graciously. “And there is one thing you have which there is lots of actresses would give half they got for it. You have got imagination in the way you dress your hair. It is a wonder how some of them can act and yet ain't got no imagination at all about the way they look, only so it is stylish. For an actress it is all right for her to look stylish on the street, but there are times when she has to look otherways on the stage; y'understand me.”
>
> I slid somehow into a chair; I don't know exactly what I expected, but it certainly hadn't been this appraisement, which I had the sense to see was favorable and yet resented.
>
> “The first thing we will see to yet, is some clothes; for you will excuse me, Miss Lattimore, but what you are wearing don't show you off at all. You don't need to wear black. Of course I know you are a widow, Mr. Eversley was telling me, but there are some actresses what make out like they was, because they think it becomes them, y'understand, but there is no need for you to wear it, for Mr. Eversley is telling me that your husband is dead more than two years already.” He had loosened his coat to display an appropriate amount of gold fob dependent over a small balloon in the process of being inflated.

The story as a whole is one of great power and it is a power largely due to its restraint and to a sort of reportorial style that conveys an impression of autobiographical accuracy. It uses no arguments. There are no pleas, self-justifications, nor extenuations. We are invited to behold the facts and to make what we can, or wish, of them.

A Woman of Genius. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.35 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Honourable Mrs. Garry.

This typically English story is the second of a trilogy, of which we must await the third part. In "Master Christopher" we have the earlier history of Erica, who now in this second volume becomes the Honorable Mrs. Garry. In point of fact she is jilted, and for good reasons, by the unspeakable Christopher Thorverton and is married at once by the Hon. Tom Garry, who may be said to be actuated by a magnificent and tender chivalry. And so for nearly four hundred pages we have an account of a mismating that does not become a tragedy simply because the Honorable Tom is so much of a gentleman.

Frankly, we may doubt if Erica is worth three volumes. We do not fall in love in spite of her beauty, and we wonder that any one else should do so. She is not even a siren. She is simply a middle class woman of inordinate ambition, vulgar, greedy, false, and scheming. It is true that she makes futile efforts to be honest and so to be worthy of a husband who "thinketh no evil," and therefore she is not wholly bad. She is simply insignificant and rather repulsive.

Those who are unfamiliar with the caste systems of Europe will find it rather hard to appreciate the gulf between the aristocracy and the middle class that is indicated in this story. It means different angles of view that never coincide, a difference that can never be out of sight or forgotten, the difference between those whose lives are governed by tradition and those who have no tradition at all. As a sociological study the author has done a notable piece of work. That it is marked by a certain fine literary art need hardly be said.

The Honourable Mrs. Garry. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

Church Architecture.

This substantial volume on the mediæval church architecture of England by Mr. Charles Henry Moore follows, and may almost be said to be a sequel to the author's previous works on "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture" and "Character of Renaissance Architecture." In his treatise on Gothic architecture he compared the mediæval architecture of the Ile de France with that of other countries, and his object is now to demonstrate the essential differences between the English mediæval architecture and the French Gothic and to give to the former the admiration that it deserves.

Into Mr. Moore's general argument there is no need here to enter. It is based upon exhaustive examination, set forth with a wealth of detail and aided by profuse illustrations of which it would be hard to exaggerate the value. His general conclusion is that the mediæval church architecture of England was founded upon the principles of Norman art and that it favored the local building habits so completely that all later influences from other sources were powerless to modify them essentially.

The Mediæval Church Architecture of England. By Charles Herbert Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50 net.

The Shadow.

Mr. Arthur Stringer adds another to his already considerable list of stories of action and it is as good as any that have gone before it. It relates the adventures of Blake, second police deputy of New York, who is sent out to capture that famous criminal Binhart, not with any expectation that he will succeed, but in order that his absence and his failure may facilitate certain rearrangement in the headquarters staff. Blake chases the fugitive from place to place in America. He follows him to China. He captures him only to be compelled by sickness to lose him again. It is a long, stern chase and it ends, as all such stories should end, unexpectedly. It need not be said that Mr. Stringer shows his usual astonishing acquaintance with the jargon of the policeman and the criminal. But in one respect he surprises us. Is it true that the police actually try to arrest criminals, and especially criminals who can afford to pay for their liberty?

The Shadow. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

Coverlets.

A glance through this beautiful book arouses a feeling of resentment against an age of machinery that has banished the handicrafts once so saturated with human personalities. The author, Eliza Calvert Hall, tells us that she is enough of a mystic to feel the spell that goes out from inanimate objects, the finer forces left within them by human touch and use. She would not like to wear a jewel once worn by Lucrezia Borgia, and rooms furnished in old mahogany seem to her to be haunted. Small wonder that she should be drawn toward the collection of old hand-woven coverlets so redolent of domesticities and withal so beautiful in themselves.

She tells us all about these old coverlets, who made them, how they were made and dyed, where they came from, their classifications, and such meanings as they can be found to possess. And that we may better understand the charms that belong to them, we have sixteen colored plates and forty-eight illustrations in half tone.

A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3 net.

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone.

The poetry of Robert W. Service owes its success not alone—perhaps not even chiefly—to its literary merits, but to an elemental virility that seems to know all human sins except the sin of meanness. Nearly all the fiction of today and much of the verse deals with the things that are morally small, that have been twisted and tortured by civilization from their natural course. The facts that Mr. Service uses in his verse are the facts of elemental nature, the facts of stern physical conflict, of the struggle between man and his environment. To read Mr. Service's verse is to invoke from within ourselves some stirrings of the heroic that is lacking only to moral destitution. In this volume we have about fifty poems, most of them concerned with life in the great northland, all of them rugged in form and sometimes technically incorrect, but none the less complying with the supreme law of poetry, which is to make us feel something that is above the normal.

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1 net.

Literary Hearthstones.

La Salle Corbell Pickett's attractive volume entitled "Literary Hearthstones of Dixie" is hardly biographical, since the sketches are too short. Nor can it be described as critical, since in its appreciation of Southern writers it almost becomes rhapsody. And not unworthily, since the selection is of the best.

Eleven southern writers are included in this volume of some three hundred pages of large type, and although there may be no intended significance in the order of their presentation, it may be said that Poe comes first, and he is followed by Lanier. Francis Scott Key naturally finds a place, as also do Joel Chandler Harris and Father Ryan.

Some of these sketches are based upon personal recollections. All are written with admirable spirit and with a sufficiency of well chosen anecdote.

Literary Hearthstones of Dixie. By La Salle Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

The Preliminaries.

Cornelia A. P. Comer's stories are exceptional in a certain philosophical import rare enough in the fiction of today. In this volume there are three of such stories, the first of them entitled "The Preliminaries," being the most notable. Oliver Pickersgill is in love with Peter Lannithorne's daughter, and Lannithorne is in jail for embezzlement. Can he afford to marry a girl from such a family? And so Oliver is led to inquire into the requisites for a mastery over life, the kind of mastery that brings happiness and fortune, and he finds that "it comes with the knowledge of our power to endure. That's it. You are safe only when you can stand everything that can happen to you. Then, and then only! Endurance is the measure of a man."

The Preliminaries. By Cornelia A. P. Comer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net.

Education and Citizenship.

This work by Governor Simeon E. Baldwin comes opportunely at a time when education as an aid to citizenship is running the gauntlet of public criticism. Governor Baldwin writes not only as one who knows the conditions of education, but also of public affairs and their needs, and while he is a little apt to speak in conventional terms of education, he knows just how far it could help us under the best conditions and just how far it falls short of those best conditions. His book should find its place in current discussion and in the study of the educational problems.

The Relations of Education to Citizenship. By Simeon E. Baldwin. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; $1.15 net.

The Lyric Year.

This volume is the result of Mr. Ferdinand Earle's prize of $1000 for the three best poems to be selected from the work of one hundred American poets. Mr. Earle himself selected the one hundred poems after valiantly reading the ten thousand effusions offered. The three prize winners were then chosen by a committee of three judges, consisting of Mr. Earle himself, Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, and Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite. Preference, we are told, has been given to poems "fired with the time spirit," and so far as we can guess at the meaning of this discrimination it seems a pity that it should have been used. The absence of the time spirit, and of all other limitations, is one of the essentials of great poetry, and so it would almost seem that a fault has been imposed as a requisite. How far this preference may have excluded worthy poems it is impossible to say without a perusal of the 9900 rejected ones, which heaven forbid.

But most of these poems are undeniably good, and some few are astonishing. The winner of the first prize, Mr. Orrick Johns, is given the premier place by Mr. Wheeler, and the second place by the editor, and it is hard to see how any other choice could be made. Mr. Johns reaches high levels and stays there. The second prizes are awarded to Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly for his "To a Thrush," and to Mr. George Sterling for his "An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning." Both these awards are well deserved, although it is hard to detect the "time spirit" in Mr. Daly's beautiful poem or in Mr. Sterling's equally noteworthy production. Some of the other poems create a little surprise by their inclusion, for there is a wide gulf between the best and the least. And yet the average is a high one, high enough to cause some reconsideration of the verdict that poetry has no place in the world of today. And if the volume had been confined to fifty instead of to one hundred poems, the average of excellence would be much higher.

The Lyric Year. Edited by Ferdinand Earle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Next Night Stories," by Clarence Johnson Messer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net), is a collection of twelve animal stories intended for children.

James Hopper's latest book, "The Freshman" (Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1 net), is a first-class story of school life in which football plays its accustomed part. The hero is a fine type of boy, of the kind that it is good to imitate.

The latest additions to the Tudor Shakespeare, edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike (The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net per volume), are "All's Well That Ends Well," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Timon of Athens," "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucreece."

The New Medieval Library, finely bound in antique leather with metal clasps, and now containing twelve volumes, has been enriched by the addition of "Cligés," a romance translated by L. J. Gardiner, M. A., from the old French of Chrétien de Troyes. The series is published by Duffield & Co. Price $2 net per volume.

The Short Course series now in course of issue by the Charles Scribner's Sons, deserves the applause of biblical students, lay as well as clerical, not only for its scholarship, but for a breadth of view that is consonant with the best theological thought of the day. The latest addition to the series is "The Lenten Psalms," by the Rev. John Adams, B. D. Price 60 cents net.

Masterpieces of the English Drama, under the general editorship of Felix E. Schelling, Ph. D., LL. D., now contains nine volumes, the latest addition being "William Congreve," with an introduction by William Archer (American Book Company). The volume includes "The Double Dealer," "Love for Love," "The Way of the World," and "The Mourning Bride," as well as notes and glossary.

"The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50), is the fourth volume of the U. S. Service series, a series well qualified in its whole and in its parts to stimulate an interest in governmental activities. With a bright, active boy as its hero, we have here the whole story of the fisheries, a story replete with interest and dramatic incidents.

Mrs. William Sharp, in the first volume of her memoir of William Sharp (Fiona Macleod)" (Duffield & Co.; $1.50 net), shows a literary ability almost equal to that of her husband. Her task was one of difficulty and calling for full measure of delicacy and discrimination, but she has performed it not only in a way to satisfy the most fastidious, but to make an important contribution to the library of biography.

"The Making of the Earth," by J. W. Gregory, F. R. S., D. Sc., is among later additions to the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents per volume). The book is admirably adapted to the lay reader, although it has the usual scientific vagueness as to the boundary line between the organic and the inorganic worlds. Why must a boundary line be assumed, and how can we say where life does or does not begin in the absence of any sort of scientific agreement as to the nature of life itself?

The International Critical Commentary now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons and already constituting a substantial library, has been further enlarged by the addition of "A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Johannine Epistles" by the Rev. A. E. Brooke, B. D. The series as a whole is under the general editorship of the Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D. The Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D. D., and the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D. D. It would probably be safe to say that no more important theological work of its kind has appeared in recent years than the International Critical Commentary. The price of this latest volume is $2.50 net.

Three novels by Richard Pryce, author of "Christopher," head the list from the Houghton Mifflin Company for this month.

CURRENT VERSE.

Ruth.

Trembling in the summer heat,
Above the nodding heads of wheat,

Too hot for tears, too hot for mirth,
The air lies hot on the hot earth.

August, a drowsy dreamer, lies
With yesterdays deep in her eyes:

She sees, as through a quivering haze,
A field where ripened harvest sways—

Where drowsy grain droops at the hand
Of reapers in an ancient land;

And bending lowly after them
There goes a girl of Bethlehem,

The unloosed burden of her hair
Touching the scarlet poppies there;

Too faint for song, too faint for mirth,
She deems herself of little worth;

Clothed in her meek beatitude,
Her gentle thoughts, like a soft brood

Of shining doves, play round her head,
And by them is she hallowed.
—*Samuel McCoy, in Harper's Monthly.*

To a Terrier.

Crib, on your grave beneath the chestnut boughs
Today no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there
Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you drowse
In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,
Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,
Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,
Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.

And yet, mayhap, some night when shadows pass,
And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,
Then should one whistle 'neath a favoring star
Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass,
Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,
Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar!
—*Patrick R. Chalmers, in the Living Age.*

Martin O'Shea.

Martin O'Shea with his heart on his sleeve
Watches the swallows fly under the eave;
Whistles while counting them, smiles at his whim.
But what are the swallows at twilight to him?

Martin O'Shea with a straw in his mouth
Watches the gathering clouds in the south;
Smiles at the sky and the darkening day,
But what is the weather to Martin O'Shea?

What's nature to him, whether happy or vext,
But a recess between the last girl and the next?
They welcome him gladly; he leaves them with glee—
But what under heaven is Martin to me?
—*From "The Youth Replies, and Other Verses," by Louis How.*

All in a Coach and Four.

The quality folk went riding by,
All in a coach and four,
And pretty Annette, in a calico gown,
(Bringing her marketing things from town,)
Stopped short with her Sunday store,
And wondered if ever it should betide
That she in a long-plumed hat would ride
Away in a coach and four.

A Lord there was, oh, a lonely soul,
There in a coach and four;
His years were young but his heart was old,
And he hated his coaches and hated his gold
(Those things which we all adore).
And he thought how sweet it would be to trudge
Along with that fair little country drudge,
And away from his coach and four.

And so next day he went riding back,
All with his coach and four,
And he went each day, whether dry or wet,
Till he married the sweet little maid Annette
(In spite of her lack of lore).
But they didn't trudge off on foot together,
For he bought her a hat with a long, long feather,
And they rode in the coach and four.

Now, a thing like this could happen, we know,
All in a coach and four;
But the fact of it is, 'twixt me and you,
There isn't a word of the story true
(Pardon I do implore).
It is only a foolish and fanciful song
That came to me as I rode along,
All in a coach and four.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

An anecdote of Thomas Hardy's grandfather was told at a recent meeting of the Dorset Field Club. About a century ago, in those stirring Napoleonic days of which Mr. Hardy has written in "The Trumpet Major," the old man was crossing a lonely heath one midnight, when he discovered that two footpads were behind him. He rolled a furze faggot on to the path, sat upon it, took off his hat, stuck two fern fronds behind his ears to represent horns, and, taking a letter from his pocket, pretended to read it by the light of glow-worms he had picked up and placed around the brim of his hat. The footpads, on seeing this extraordinary apparition, fled in terror, and presently a rumor spread in the neighborhood that the devil incarnate had been seen by witnesses ready to vouch as to place, time, and details.

"The Fear of Living," by Henry Bardeaux, which was "crowned" by the French Academy and has run through edition after edition in France, is announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. for early publication in a translation by Ruth Helen Davis.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

An Individualist's Diary.

The individualist is Mr. James O. Fagan, who has been a railroad signalman for thirty years and who gives us a volume of essays on some of the problems of the day that is not only marked by insight and wisdom, but that is written with an enviable literary excellence. Mr. Fagan believes that a man gravitates upward or downward in the social scale according to the kind of character that he has and that we are giving far too much emphasis to a supposed social stream upon which human bubbles float helplessly. The progress of society depends upon the character of the individuals comprising it, and the character of the individuals depends upon themselves.

The most important of Mr. Fagan's essays relate to the railroads and their government. He gives us some vivid pictures of his own experience and of notable men whom he has known. But he is most illuminating on the subject of accidents and the responsibility of labor unions for the low efficiency and lack of discipline that lead to accidents. Organized labor, he says, appears to resent every effort to apply responsibility, while denying its own responsibility for action that stops a public highway and may deprive forty to fifty million citizens of the necessities of life. If common carriers are responsible to the public, why not the labor unions that practically control the common carriers? Within the next few years, says Mr. Fagan, the soul of democracy will "place a restraining hand quietly but firmly on the shoulder of organized labor, and in doing so it will give millions of other toilers a greater measure of social and industrial justice."

The Autobiography of An Individualist. By James O. Fagan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned has rewritten her book, "The Hostess of Today," and will bring out the new edition next month, through Scribners, with the title, "The New Hostess of Today."

Mr. Ordish's "Shakespeare's England," recently issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., is not merely a fresh reprint of a standard work, but an edition enlarged by the addition of fully one-fourth of the original contents. The new matter is a valuable itinerary which simplifies for the visitor to London the study of the sites and memorials connected with Shakespeare. There is also new matter in the chapter on Westminster.

Payne Erskine, the author of "Joyful Heatherby," one of the first of the 1913 crop of novels, is in reality Mrs. Emma Payne Erskine, formerly a resident of Racine, Wisconsin, but who has in recent years made her home in North Carolina. Mrs. Erskine is the daughter of an English artist who came to America from the Shakespeare country.

"The Penalty," the first novel by the short-story writer, Gouverneur Morris, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in March. It is illustrated by Howard Cbandler Christie.

Frank Barkley Copley's "The Impeachment of President Israels," appears next week from the Macmillan Company. The book is pure fiction though written in a style which admirably holds the illusion of chronicling actual facts. As much of the plot is centered around the movement for international peace it is timely.

Recent discussion as to whether the best known stories of the last generation would be accepted by magazines of the present day has suggested to the *Century* the reprinting of a few of the noteworthy stories by well-known authors appearing in that magazine about twenty-five years ago. The February *Century* contains, in this series, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" Frank R. Stockton's famous story, with new drawings by Oliver Herford.

Henry Holt & Co. will follow up George Herbert Perris's "Germany and the German Emperor," which they issued last November, with Henri Lichtenberger's "The Evolution of Modern Germany," announced for next week.

The Literary Digest has been utilized by teachers in the public schools in New York City, as well as elsewhere, for teaching modern history in the classes. Superintendent Maxwell recommends the use of the better magazines, which the pupils will read with interest as well as profit.

English counties are gradually being preempted by novelists. Thomas Hardy has made Wessex his own territory; Eden Phillpotts has staked off the Dartmoor district of Devonshire for himself, and now Jeffery Farnol has proved his right to the fair county of Kent, "the garden of England." As if to accentuate his claim, the author of "The Broad Highway" has laid in the same county the earlier scenes of his forthcoming novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," published by Little, Brown & Co.

"The trouble about dramatizing novels," says William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, who has a veritable gold mine in Miss Alcott's "Little Women," has always been that "the people who wrote the play and the managers who put them on have been bothered about trying to reproduce the book exactly. I don't read the book at all. Then I don't have any trouble in telling whether I have a play."

Enlarged, rearranged, and revised, the "Garden and Farm Almanac for 1913" appears this year from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co., with a number of special features.

"The Shadow," Arthur Stringer's new novel, in so far as it deals with a detective's pursuit of a fugitive—in this case on a zigzag chase around the world—finds Mr. Stringer on familiar ground. "The Shadow," however, is very different from Mr. Stringer's other "underworld" stories. It was published last week by the Century Co. Two of Mr. Stringer's novels, "The Wiretappers" and "The Undergroove," have been considered such faithful presentations of detective methods and ways of the "underworld" that they have been used at New York police headquarters as text books for young detectives.

New Books Received.

General Mallock's Shadow. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Everbreeze. By Sarah P. McLean Greene. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Wortbington Chauncey Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50 net.

Volume I. From the year 1779 to the year 1796.

Human Quintessence. By Sigurd Ibsen. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.50 net.

The first book published in English by the son of Henrik Ibsen.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, 1911. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Showing operations, expenditures, and conditions of the institution.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisobn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.50 net.

Authorized edition. Volume one: "Social Dramas."

Miss Jimmy. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1 net.

A novel.

Adnam's Orchard. By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.40 net.

A novel by the author of "The Heavenly Twins."

The Ghost Girl. By Henry Ketchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Quest of Glory. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A historical novel of the days of Louis XV of France.

Field Days in California. By Bradford Torrey. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50 net.

A collection of California essays.

The Burden of a Woman. By Richard Pryce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Jezebel. By Richard Pryce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph. D., Litt. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2 net.

A biography.

The Human Touch. By Edith Nicholl Ellison. New York: The Bookery Publishing Company: $1.25.

A tale of the great Southwest.

Appian's Roman History. With an English translation by Horace White, M. A., LL. D. In four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library, edited by T. E. Page, M. A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D.

Euripides. With an English translation by Arthur S. Way, D. Litt. In four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net per volume.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library, edited by T. E. Page, M. A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D.

Trees in Winter. By Albert Francis Blakeslee, Ph. D., and Chester Deacon Jarvis, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

Their study, planting, care, and identification.

The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754. By George Louis B[illegible]. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $4 net per volume.

Part I. The establishment of the system, 1660-1688.

[illegible] Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

A novel.

Who [illegible] Last. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

A novel

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Three short stories.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Volume IX. From Steel and Addison to Pope and Swift.

The Poems of Gaius Valerius Catullus. With an English translation by F. W. Cornish, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library, edited by T. E. Page, M. A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D.

Penny Monypenny. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Crossriggs. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Seven Scots Stories. By Jane H. Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

Short stories of Scotch life.

Topham's Folly. By George Stevenson. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Lanchester of Brazenose. By Ronald McDonald. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Bunch Grass. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A chronicle of life on a cattle ranch.

The Lee Shore. By Rose Macaulay. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

The novel which won the first prize in the $5000 prize novel award made by Hodder & Stoughton.

The Private Life of Henry Maitland. Revised and edited by Mosley Roberts. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

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45th Annual Statement

—OF—

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California

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ASSETS:

Loans on Real Estate	$14,065,902.34
Loans on Approved Collateral	998,776.50
Loans to Policyholders	4,353,237.59
Bonds and Stocks Owned	3,897,298.29
Real Estate Owned	1,122,000.10
Interest Accrued	309,502.23
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums—	
Life Department	533,135.52
Accident Department	349,861.55
Cash on Hand	607,627.46
Other Assets	5,664.34
Total Admitted Assets,	$26,243,005.92

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on Policies	$22,606,965.68
Claims in Process of Adjustment	223,269.20
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	150,219.55
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1913	114,000.00
All Other Liabilities	233,435.51
Total Liabilities	$23,327,889.94
Capital Stock	$1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	1,049,632.95
Surplus Unassigned	865,483.03
Total	$26,243,005.92

New Life Business Written, 1912 (Paid-for Basis)	$ 22,378,787.00
Total Life Business in Force, 1912 (Paid-for Basis)	133,309,014.00
Total Cash Income, 1912	8,199,096.56
Premium Income Accident Department, 1912	1,739,392.37
Total Paid Policyholders in 1912	2,965,293,01

Increase in Life Business in Force (Paid-for Basis)	$ 10,794,567.00
Increase in Assets	2,879,719.01
Increase in Cash Income	753,602.11
Increase in Reserve	2,306,573.14
Increase in Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned	453,790.46

Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned Exclusive of Capital) ***$1,915,115.98***

Kilgarif & Beaver, Managers

F. A. STEARNS, Manager Accident Department

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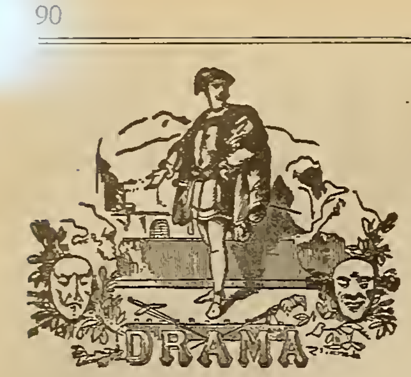

"THAIS" AND THE LAMBARDIS.

From the purely musical standpoint, the Lambardi Opera Company gave an excellent performance of "Thaïs" on Tuesday night, which is to be repeated at the Saturday matinee. Scenically, and in the matter of costliness of appointment, the production is merely adequate. But the two leading rôles were so beautifully sung by Vicarino and Nicoletti, and the score is diversified by so many melodic gems that musically the performance was a treat.

Vicarino is young enough to be still somewhat immature in her acting and in the suggestion of emotion, but her resilient soprano possesses the elasticity of unsullied youth, and the vocal richness and reserves of a singer of more mature years. Although her specialty lies in *coloratura,* the more modern style adopted by Massenet in "Thaïs" found her fully competent to meet its demands. The long, sustained notes were met with those same vocal reserves, and the white upper notes seemed fairly brilliant with youthful freshness and power. Although complying conventionally with the demands of the rôle, Vicarino laid little emphasis on the more sensual phases of the character. She was more at home as Thais the penitent than as Thaïs. the courtesan and Circe, and as such, was a gentle and appealing, although not a histrionically impressive figure. However, experience will broaden and deepen her powers in this respect, and the unquestionable brilliancy and charm of her vocal gifts are bound to assure for her a broadening future.

Nicoletti, as Athenael, looked much more like Jokanaan than Jokanaan himself. Nicoletti possesses a vast and impenetrable dignity which nothing can shake. It was even proof against the giddy and ill-fitting fillet which he assumed with Athenael's festal robes. It remained unshaken in the teeth of Crobyle's and Myrtale's blandishments. Nicoletti, like most Italian tenors, majestically disclaims to keep himself in condition. He hasn't the physical poise, the sureness of muscular action, of the ordinary trained actor. But does that feaze Nicoletti? Not a whit. As the prayerful Athenael he had to perform a good many down-kneelings and up-risings, but when he came down like a falling house, and gathered himself together for a rising position like a muscle-bound horse, his dignity still remained indestructible. Physiognomically and musically, he was a most admirable Athenael. Although his voice partakes of the qualities of a baritone it is a beautiful organ, smooth, sonorous, and as in the character of Jokanaan, impressive in its coloring of the note of religious exaltation.

The score of the opera is rich with individual beauties. The Cenobites in the first act, in their dull, penitential robes, and their huddled groupings, were rather funny, and reminiscent of the old-time choral freak, and one needed to listen to them with closed eyes. But how thoroughly they made us forget them in the music they made, during the beautiful close of the first scene, when Athenael prays, with responses from the Cenobites, for an archangel's strength against the powers of demons, as he plunges into the desert.

Palemon's is the part for a basso, the rôle being suitably rendered by G. Martino.

An intermezzo of heavenly sweetness, which follows the scene of Thaïs's repentance, made a deep impression by its unusual beauty, and received an enthusiastic encore. It is called a religious meditation, but its beauty is more truly earthly than heavenly. for sensuousness is the principal characteristic of Massenet's music. However, the imagination is a flexible and adaptable power, and our pleasure was just as keen as if it spoke to us with the voice of spiritual challenge. It is supposed to express the religions aspiration which begins to stir the soul of the courtesan who has not only violated the moralities, but who has profaned the ethics of love.

This intermezzo was deliciously played, by a reliable orchestra under the efficient leadership of Arturo Bovi. The orchestra is of the kind that inspires with confidence. The scenery might wobble and make false starts, the white crockery pitcher from which the Cenobites poured their simple draught was openly and artlessly suggestive of a Fillmore Street grocery store, the chorus huddled, and looked funny, but the orchestra was at all times calmly efficient, and steadily poured forth profuse strains of—to take a liberty with Shelley—premeditated art.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

William H. Crane's Half Century on the Stage.

Fifty years ago a company of actors arrived in Utica, New York, February 14, 1863, and in a primitive hall in Hotel Street, gave an entertainment in which a bright-faced, deep-voiced lad sang a minor rôle. The youngster's name was Crane, Billy Crane. He was learning to be an actor. In due time he learned his lesson and rose into better surroundings and the dignity of an unabridged name. He has gained the top round of the ladder of his art, and now, after half a century, comes as William H. Crane, the actor admired by the public and beloved by those who know him. He is sixty-eight years old.

Crane as a mere boy had attracted attention as juvenile basso in a Boston church choir. His first part was that of a notary in "The Child of the Regiment," as sung by the Holman English Opera Company. This unique organization was directed by a clever woman known simply as Mrs. Holman. Her players were mere children not out of their teens, who had been recruited to fit into the family group. The leading parts were taken by the daughters of this shrewd little woman, and her boys were such embryo favorites as William H. Crane, John Chatterton, since known in opera as Signor Perugini, Charley Drew, and Ben Holman.

A sudden illness that befell Ben Holman gave Crane his first real chance. Prior to this Mrs. Holman had heard his remarkably deep voice for one of his years, and prevailed upon his mother to let him be apprenticed to her little company. The mother helped the boy to persuade his father, and gaining his consent he set sail upon the stage. His earnings for two years amounted to nothing, as he did not receive a salary, and only earned his board during his apprenticeship. By this time he had his chance and proved his worth.

After he had been through the paces of the Holman school he joined Alice Oates and remained a member of her opera company. It was in this connection that Crane developed his natural bent for comedy work, and his ability successfully to characterize and be humorous.

Mr. Crane ran the gamut of the early school. He could sing, dance, gag, and do all things that are asked of a funmaker in light opera. He had no technical vocal training, and did not even sing by note, but learned his songs by "ear" as the saying goes. But behind it all there was an understanding, and Crane was quick to realize the ephemeral nature of such a career. He bravely turned his back upon musical work where he was earning a very big salary for those days, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, and went to Chicago, to take a small part in Richard Hooley's permanent company, then the main source of entertainment in the windy city. His salary was sixty-five dollars a week, and he played all sorts of character parts and juvenile comedy rôles. Crane worked his way up in that organization by the force of his splendid application. As James O'Neill and actors of his kind were the leading figures in that company, his progress was not an easy thing. Crane was always thrifty, and when he found the speculative and imaginative Mr. Hooley in financial straits he came to his rescue with the necessary aid and secured an interest in the theatre projects under Hooley's direction.

The late 'seventies found Crane so well established and in such demand that he was called to San Francisco and served a number of years in this city at a good salary, and became a great favorite on the Pacific Coast. Crane's departure for the coast was made an event in Chicago. He was given a farewell benefit, which was a big affair and very profitable. It was the foundation of Crane's fortune. He has had reverses since then, but he has never exhausted the fund then started, and he is today probably the wealthiest actor on our stage. It is estimated that the only player richer than Crane at present is Lotta, and she has been in retirement so many years she is unknown to the present generation of playgoers.

Crane's return from California was the forerunner of a wonderful epoch in his career. It was at this period that he met Stuart Robson. By one of those managerial mix-ups which were a common occurrence at the time, Crane and Robson found that they had been engaged for the same part, that of M. T. Elevator in Leonard Glover's adaptation of a French play which became well known in America under the title of "Our Boarding House." Robson and Crane compared facts in this odd circumstance and Robson manfully recognized that Crane had the prior claim to the part. He accepted another one in the same cast, and by his wonderful personality made it second only to the character played by Crane. This was the trifle which drew the two together. They became great chums that season, and out of it grew the artistic team of Robson and Crane, which endured for years. It also sealed the friendship which ended only in the death of Stuart Robson, some years after the old partners had severed their joint interests and toured as separate stars. The two memorable achievements of this artistic partnership were their great revival of "The Comedy of Errors," and their triumphs in Bronson Howard's wonderful play, "The Henrietta," in which Crane was seen for the first time as a stern business man and Robson as the inimitable Bertie, the Lamb. That character established the Crane parts which he has given with such distinction ever since.

When Robson and Crane separated the latter wisely stuck to the characters he had made his very own. His great success was "The Senator," produced by himself and Joseph Brooks, which proved an even greater success than anything Mr. Crane had ever been associated with. It was the fixed realization of a study he had long thought would always be vital upon our stage. His successive rôles have revealed an unbroken type of rugged Americanism, and he has made them real as well as romantic. The Crane type is energetic, lovable, and humanly American. An illustration of this is found in one of his recent big successes, "Father and the Boys," which George Ade wrote for him. After the first reading of the piece Crane called upon Mr. Ade to make some slight alterations. "I want you to show from the very start," he said, "that I love my boys even though they do arouse my anger." Ade was quick to appreciate the point, and made the old man one of the delightful portraits in our theatrical gallery of recent times.

Of the individual hits Crane never had one to excel "The Senator." He is often referred to as "the senator." He will soon come to this city as a member of the United States Senate in Martha Morton's comedy, "The Senator Keeps House." It is a homely and delightful story, which reveals the Crane type at its best. The public like him so well in it that Mr. Crane has been forced to abandon some plans he had for a series of pretentious revivals, and it is likely that he will be forced to continue in it for a long while to come.

◆

Resources of Voice and Gesture.

William Poel, noting the dependence of the old actors upon their ability to produce varied effects of voice, says:

"This was carried into all branches of acting. Take, for instance, my old master, Charles Mathews. He was supposed to be a perfectly natural 'agreeable rattle,' and everybody used to wonder at the supposed rapidity of his diction, considering that every word was clear and vital. As a matter of fact, I have often timed him at the wings, and Charles Mathews did not really speak his words quickly. If anything, he spoke slowly. But the modulations of his voice were quick as lightning, and varying every moment, so that the audience were perpetually interested and enlivened.

"Then, again, both Boucicault and Jefferson, in their different ways, were apparently the most spontaneous of actors. But it was all conscious art, using every resource of voice and gesture. The audience was always taken into consideration. Its applause, its laughter was part of the play—as, to my mind, it should be, for the audience are in the theatre, and it is useless to pretend to forget the fact.

"I know some modern producers may laugh at the conscious art of the old actors, at their careful mastery of vocal, facial, and bodily expression; but I believe a great deal could now be learned from them. If you wish me to say anything about acting, I should like it to be a call to young actors to study their art—especially voice-production—just as carefully and self-sacrificially as any prima donna."

◆

Gerald Cumberland, making a plea for greater reserve in music, asserts in *Musical Opinion* that "the greater an artist is, the less personal and the more objective is his work. The great men never speak of themselves; they have more important matters to communicate. It is the man of limited genius who will turn his soul inside out for your inspection and who will feel no shame. Chopin gives us himself; but Beethoven seems to give us mankind. Chopin is personal and intimate and confiding; Beethoven's emotion and thought are universal. And this truth holds good in every branch of art. What can we know of Da Vinci from his pictures? Nothing. His personality evades our curiosity and our searching. Has the world, I wonder, ever possessed a school of interpreters who in their reserve and dignity have corresponded to the type of mind we see in Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms? It is exceedingly doubtful. One pianist of this kind the past generation may have had—Clara Schumann; and one violinist—Joachim. But I do not know of more. Liszt was an eager, volcanic man with surging emotions only half controlled. Rubinstein was frequently petulant in his playing. But both he and Liszt must, I suppose, have been finer players than any pianist we have today. They, at all events, were never small or niggardly; they had the grand style."

◆

Harry Lauder's Christmas present to Mrs. Lauder, given at a dinner in the home of William Morris, in Boston, was the absolute promise of the Scottish comedian that he would retire from the stage to private life on Christmas Day, 1914, after a farewell tour of the world. The actor declared that by that time his earnings will have netted him $600,000. A portion of this will be devoted to the purchase of a Highland estate.

Joint Appearance of Charles Cherry and Marie Doro.

The first joint appearance as stars in New York of Charles Cherry and Marie Doro, originally arranged for next fall, took place a few days ago at the Lyceum Theatre. "The New Secretary" is a new comedy by Francis de Croisset, the author of "Arsene Lupin." The play, which is from a French original, entitled "Le Cœur Dispose," has been adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. It had its American premiere in Atlantic City. The cast includes, in addition to the stars, Frank Kemble Cooper, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Claude Gillingwater, Wilson Hummel, A. G. Andrews, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

◆

From present indications the David Warfield engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be about two weeks too short to accommodate the thousands who are desirous of seeing the great performances of "The Return of Peter Grimm."

◆

Lew Fields is making arrangements for the appearance in London next May of William Collier in "Never Say Die."

Protecting the Employee

The Draeger pulmotor is one of the remarkable inventions of the age. This appliance has proved wonderfully successful in restoring suspended respiration due to electric shock, gas asphyxiation, drowning, and other causes. In many cases persons given up for dead have been restored to consciousness as late as an hour after their injury, and there are cases on record where three or four hours have elapsed before treatment.

In its efforts to follow the most advanced methods for the care of its injured employees the Pacific Gas & Electric Company has purchased a number of Draeger pulmotors for use in its principal districts.

This wonderful contrivance was invented by a famous German physician. It has been tested most successfully all over the world. It consists of a narrow wooden box containing an oxygen inhalation apparatus, consisting of a steel oxygen cylinder containing 11½ cubic feet of oxygen and connected with a pressure reducing valve which, in turn, is connected with an injector. The latter has the property of drawing in a large volume of air with a certain force of suction and propelling that air forward with equal force through a flexible tube in front of the ejector. This suction and delivery injector, therefore, serves as a motor, alternately filling the lungs and emptying them by suction, and no injury to the lungs can be produced by either function of the apparatus working in this manner.

On the basis of existing practical experiments the pulmotor is arranged to set up a pressure equivalent to 8 inches water gauge and a suction equivalent to 10 inches. There is a small leather accordion bellows which effects the automatic reversal of the apparatus from suction to delivery and vice versa, without ceasing. The operation is extremely simple. The bellows is connected with the air tubes. During inflation the same pressure obtains in the bellows as in the lungs, and as soon as the latter are filled the bellows becomes inflated and, in moving forward, causes the valve to be automatically reversed into position for suction. The operation is now reversed, and as soon as the lungs have been emptied the bellows contract and automatically reverses the valve again into position for inflating, and so on.

Successful demonstrations of this apparatus have been given to employees of "Pacific Service" at San Jose, Oakland, Sacramento, and San Francisco. Three of the appliances have been placed in San Francisco, one at the Fifth Street shops, one at the Potrero plant, and one at the garage; two in Oakland, one at the gas works, the other at the Load Dispatcher's office; two in Sacramento, one at the gas works, the other at the electric sub-station. San Jose, Marin, and Redwood Districts have also been supplied.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Grand Opera Season at the Valencia.

The Lambardi Opera Company is continuing to give performances of grand opera at the Valencia Theatre such as has never before heen heard in this city, or in fact in any other city in America, at ordinary theatre prices, and many of the performances are superior to some given hy companies charging three times as much. There are no "off nights," the company heing so large that each and every cast is a fine one and the chorus and orchestra are really superb.

This Saturday night, February 8, "Il Trovatore" will he given with Adaberto, Fox, Folco, and Giovacchini, and Sunday night's offering will he "La Tosca," which made such a great success last week. On Monday night "The Barher of Seville" will give ample opportunity for Vicarino to display her really marvelous coloratura qualities. Giordano's "Fedora" will be given on Tuesday night, with Adaberto, Agostini, and Giovacchini. The story of "Fedora" is identical with that of the well-known play hy Victorien Sardou. Wednesday night "La Traviata," with Vicarino, Folco, and Nicoletti; Thursday night, Verdi's "Otello," with Adaherto, Folco, and Giovacchini; Friday night, "Thais"; Saturday matinée, "Andrea Chenier," and Saturday night the double hill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will complete the week's repertory. Mme. Flora Arroya, a very beautiful and famous prima donna, has heen specially secured to sing the rôle of Nedda in the "I Pagliacci" performance. Manager Greenhaum thinks he has made a "discovery" in this artist.

For the final week of the season the first production in America outside of at the Metropolitan of Cilea's exquisite operatic setting of the famous play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," will be given. This work is said to he one of the modern masterpieces. Other works to be given the farewell week will be "Mignon," "Otello," and repetitions of other favorites.

Box-offices are maintained at hoth Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Valencia Theatre.

The Elman Violin Concerts.

Mischa Elman, the sensational young Russian violin virtuoso who can make his instrument veritahly sing into the very hearts of all who hear him, will give a series of three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium during the coming week under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. As a technician, interpreter, and musician, Mischa Elman is the peer of any violinist living, hut in the quality of his tone coloring he stands alone. There is a charm in the sound of his violin that is only comparahle with a similar quality in the voice of Caruso. Mr. Percy Kahn, the famous master-accompanist, will assist at the Elman concert.

Here is the splendid opening programme to he given this Sunday afternoon, February 9: Sonata, F major, Beethoven; Concerto, F sharp minor, Ernst; Sonata, D major, Handel; Nocturne, Chopin-Wilhelmj; Waltz, Hummel-Burmester; Love Song, Sammartini-Elman; Hungarian Dance, No. 7, Brahms-Joachim; "I Palpiti," Paganini.

The only evening concert will he given next Friday night, February 14, when the programme will consist of Sonata, D major Op. 12, Beethoven; Concerto, C minor, Bruch; Sonata ("The Devil's Trill"), Tartini; "Alhumhlatt," Wagner; Menuet, Haydn-Burmester; "Voice of the Woods," Paganini-Vogrich; Sicilienne et Rigaudon, Francœur-Kreisler, and "Zigeunerweisen," Sarasate.

The farewell Elman recital will he given Sunday afternoon, February 16, when the rarely heard Concerto by Goldmark, a Mozart Sonata, a Handel Sonata, and a numher of charming smaller works will he given.

The seats are now on sale at the music store hox-offices, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall.

Elman will not appear in Oakland this season.

San Francisco Orchestra Concert.

The second concert of the supplementary season of the San Francisco Orchestra will he heard at the Cort Theatre on the afternoon of Friday, February 14, at 3:15 o'clock. An interesting programme which will appeal to all music lovers has been arranged by Conductor Hadley, and it will introduce to San Francisco an entirely new number, Sibelius's "Finlandia." Jean Sihelius, the composer, is generally recognized as the head of the younger Finnish school, who has added new lustre to the musical fame of his country. He has proved himself a composer of real greatness, and many of his works have become known in this country.

The other numbers on the programme, with which music lovers will find themselves more familiar, are as follows:

Dvorak ....Overture "Carnival," Op. 92
Brahms.....Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73
  Allegro non troppo.
  Adagio non troppo—Listesso tempo ma grazioso.
  Allegretto gravioso quasi Andantino—Presto ma non assai.
  Finale. Allegro con spirito.
Saint-Saëns ....Suite Algerienne, Op. 60
  Prelude.
  Rhapsodie Maureque.
  Reverie Du Soir.
  Marche Militaire Francaise.

Tickets for all concerts are on sale at the music store hox-offices and at the Cort Theatre.

Nordica's One Concert.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the famous dramatic soprano and idea interpreter of song, will give just one single concert in this city, the date being Sunday afternoon, February 23. This anouncement was rather unexpected, for the queen of American singers was not scheduled to appear here, according to Manager Greenbaum's bookings, but it happens that she will be passing through California en route from Canada to Texas and has promised to remain over a few days and give us another opportunity to hear her heautiful voice and exquisite art.

A specially attractive programme is now being arranged, and the diva will have the assistance of William Morse Rummel, the violinist, and Romayne Simmons, pianist.

Grand Opera at the New Tivoli Opera House.

W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, has issued the following preliminary announcement regarding the dedication season of the Tivoli Opera House hy the Chicago Grand Opera Company. This engagement will be a most important one; each and every person employed in the Chicago Grand Opera Company's production at the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, as well as all of the scenic, mechanical, and electrical effects will be hrought to San Francisco, to he used during this season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House.

The opening performance, with Tetrazzini in "Rigoletto," will he given on Wednesday evening, March 12, 1913.

The company: Soprani—Mary Garden, Jane Osborn Hannah, Minnie Saltzman Stevens, Luisa Tetrazzini, Carolina White, Jenny Defau, Helen Stanley, Mabel Riegelman, Edna Darch, Marie Cavan, Helen Warrum, Minnie Egener; Contralti — Eleanor de Cisneros, Louise Berat, Margaret Keyes, Ruhy Heyl, Adele Legard; Tenori—Charles Dalmores, Aristodemo Giorgini, George Hamlin, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Edmond Warnery, Emilio Venturini, Kent Schoenert, Francisco Daddi; Baritoni—Hector Dufranne, Mario Sammarco, Clarence Whitehill, Giovanni Polese, Armand Crahhe, Georges Mascal, Nicolo Fossetta, Aurele Borriss, Frank Presich; Bassi—Gustave Huherdeau, Constantin Nicolay, Henri Scott, Vittorio Trevisan. Ballet—Rosini Galli, Mlle. Hudak, Sig. Alhettieri, and corps de ballet of thirty-six. Chorus of seventy-five. Orchestra of sixty. Musical Directors—Cleofonte Campanini, Marcel Charlier, Ettore Perosio.

Repertory: "Thaīs," "Louise," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "Crispino e la Comare," "Natoma," "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre," "La Traviata," "The Secret of Suzanne," "The Tales of Hoffman," "Hansel and Gretel," "Noel," "Pagliacci," "I Dispettosi Amati." International Ballet.

Puhlic suhscription sale of season tickets will open at the hox-office of Sherman, Clay & Co., Monday, February 10, 1913, at 9 o'clock. Mail applications from all points for season tickets will now be received, covering series A of sixteen performances, and series B and C of eight performances each, accompanied by check or money order, and designating the location preferred. Seats will be allotted as near the desired location as possihle.

The season suhscriptions will be divided into three series, as follows: Series A, subscription for sixteen performances; series B, subscription for eight performances; series C, subscription for eight performances.

Information regarding scale of prices, season subscriptions, etc., can he had at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co., on the mezzanine floor. All communications and inquiries should be addressed to W. H. Leahy, in care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Adeline Genee Season.

San Francisco is to enjoy its second season of ballet as seen in the great theatres of Europe, through the enterprise of Manager Greenbaum. Two years ago this impresario hrought us the great Pavlowa-Mordkin Company, and this time it is to be the daintiest, most fascinating, and skillful dancer and pantomimist living—the wonderful Adeline Genee.

Genee and her company from London, with all the original scenery, costumes, etc., from the Coliseum, arrived in New York some weeks ago and since that time have been appearing at the hig opera houses, such as the Metropolitan, Boston, and Chicago ones, and in each case her performances have evoked more enthusiasm than even the finest opera casts. At the Metropolitan Opera House, where she was engaged for one performance only, it was necessary to give five to satisfy the demands of the puhlic.

Assisting Mlle. Genee in her beautiful productions of "Le Danse" and "La Camargo" are M. Alexandre Volinin of the Royal Ballet of St. Petershurg; Mlle. Schmolz, a corps de ballet from London, and a magnificent symphony orchestra under the baton of C. I. M. Glaser.

Two complete programmes will he given on alternate nights at the Valencia Theatre, commencing Monday, February 24. The company will arrive here in its special train on Washington's birthday, direct from the Chicago Opera House.

The sale of seats for this auspicious season will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday, February 17. Mail orders may now he addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, and must he accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be paid to out-of-town orders.

Julia Culp Coming in April.

One of the sensational successes of the musical season in New York is the lieder singing of Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano, who is admitted by the critics to be the finest lieder singer now living. Her voice is exceptionally beautiful, and her interpretive powers are as great as Dr. Wullner's and fully as authoritative. Von Bos, the accompanist who was with Wullner, is with Mme. Culp on her present tour.

Notwithstanding the fact that Julia Culp's tour is a very short one, and her fee a very hig one, Manager Greenbaum has secured her services for three or four concerts which will be given here in the latter part of April.

◆

Mabel Riegelman, in whom San Francisco music lovers are more than ordinarily interested, has had notable success since joining the forces of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. She sang the rôle of Musette in "La Bohème," January 20, and is said to have "voiced it superbly." On January 23 she sang the title rôle in "Mignon," and, as the *Musical Courier* reports, "won another decisive success. The management is to be congratulated for entrusting to this talented American soprano parts in which she can show her worth. She sang even hetter than at her first appearance, and infused magnetism into the rôle and made the part appear more realistic than her predecessor."

◆

Playgoers of London, and eventually of New York, are to have an opportunity to see "The Empress of the Balkans," the three-act poetic drama hy Czar Nicholas of Montenegro, which is said to he an excellent example of modern dramatic Slavonic literature. It was written ahout forty years ago, as a matter of fact in Nicholas's youth, and is stamped with the polish and acumen which have distinguished all his literary work. This work, it may he well to add, is very well known in Continental Europe, although the lack of an English translator has harred it from Britain and America. "The Empress of the Balkans" is a patriotic play, dedicated to the people of Montenegro, and written with the purpose of arousing the nationalistic spirit of the southern Slavs. It also foreshadows in some measure the amazing political happenings of the past three months.

◆

Probably the politest musical critic in the world lives in London. Instead of rudely writing of a certain vocalist that she sang out of tune, he said that her ideas of correct intonation were scarcely consonant with the prevalent impression." Sarcastically polite under like provocation was Hans von Bülow, when, at a rehearsal of a soprano with orchestra, he suddenly stopped the music and said: "Please, miss, will you give us your A?"

◆

A Hint to the Hostess.

No luncheon is complete without the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white).. It is light, delicate, delicious.

SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
SUPPLEMENTARY SEASON
Second Symphony Concert
Friday afternoon, Feb. 14, 1913
at 3:15
— AT THE —
CORT THEATRE

PROGRAMME
Dvorak..............Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92
Brahms.........Symphony No. 2, D Major, Op. 73
Saint-Saens...............Suite Algerienne, Op. 60
Sibelius..............................."Finlandia"
(New—First time in San Francisco)

Prices 35c to $1.00. Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Cort Theatre.

DEDICATION SEASON
TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Chicago Grand Opera Company Andreas Dippel, Manager
Beginning Wednesday eve, March 12, 1913
SCALE OF PRICES

	Season of 16 performances	Season of 8 performances
Entire Orchestra Floor........	$112	$56
Dress Circle, first three rows..	112	56
Dress Circle, next five rows...	96	48
Dress Circle, next five rows...	80	40
Dress Circle, next two rows...	64	32
Family Circle, first three rows	48	21
Balance	32	16

All information regarding season subscriptions, etc., at Sutter Street box-office Sherman, Clay & Co.

Direct all communications, inquiries, etc., to W. H. Leahy, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
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Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT
Supported by Her Company of 25 Players
Sun. and Mon. mats. and nights, "Lucrece Borgia"; Tues. and Wed. mats. and nights, "One Christmas Night"; Thurs. mat. and night, "Theodora"; Fri. and Sat. mats. and night, "Camille."
Together with
A GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL
Evening prices: Orchestra, $1; hox and loge seats, $1.50; dress circle, 50c and 75c; balcony, 25c and 50c; gallery, 10.
Matinee prices: Orchestra, 75c and $1; hox and loge seats, $1.50; dress circle, 50c and 75c; halcony, 25c and 50c; gallery, 10c.
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COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse
Geary and Mason Streets
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Two Weeks beginning MONDAY, Feh. 10
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
A. H. Woods presents the
Franz Lehar Operatic Triumph
GYPSY LOVE
With PHYLLIS PARTINGTON, ARTHUR ALBRO and Ensemhle of 100. Enlarged Orchestra.
Prices: Evenings and Sat. mat., $2 to 50c.
Wednesday mat., $1.50 to 50c.

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460
2nd and Last Week Starts Sunday Night and Sat. Mat. Prices—50c to $2.
Entire Lower Floor $1 at Wed. Mat.
Oscar Hammerstein presents
FLORENCE WEBBER
in Victor Herbert's Comic Opera Masterpiece
NAUGHTY MARIETTA
Commencing Mon., Feh. 17—"Bunty Pulls the Strings."

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason
Week of Feb. 9
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT
Mrs. VALRIE ALLISON
The Heroine of the Two Silk Nighties
8 Other Big Features—8
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

MISCHA
ELMAN
(Russian Violinist)
Scottish Rite Auditorium
This Sunday aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30
Friday night, Feb. 14, at 8:15
Sunday aft, Feb. 16, at 2:30
Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
Steinway Piano.
NORDICA at Columbia, Sunday aft, Feh. 23.

EXTRA! EXTRA!
Mlle. Adeline
GENEE
(The world's greatest dancer)
Assisted hy M. Volinin, Mlle. Schmoltz, Corps de Ballet and Grand Symphony Orchestra, direct from Metropolitan Opera House. Original scenery, costumes, etc., from London.
VALENCIA THEATRE
Commencing Monday eve, Feb. 24
Monday, Wednesday, Friday nights and Saturday mat... "La Danse"
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights .... "La Camargo"
Box seats, $2.00; orchestra, $2.50 and $2.00; dress circle, $2.00; halcony, $1.50 and $1.00.
MAIL ORDERS NOW RECEIVED
Address Will L. Greenhaum, care Sherman, Clay & Co., Inclosing check or money order.
Box-office opens Monday, Feh. 17.

Valencia
Valencia at 14th
LAMBARDI
GRAND OPERA CO.
This Saturday aft, "Thais"; eve, "Il Trovatore."
THIRD SUCCESSFUL WEEK
Sun. eve, Feb. 9, "La Tosca"; Mon. eve, "Barber of Seville"; Tues. eve, "Fedora"; Wed. eve, "La Traviata"; Thurs. eve, "Otello"; Fri. eve, "Thais"; Sat. mat, "Andre Chenler"; Sat. eve, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci."
In preparation, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," first time in America outside of New York, and "Mignon."
Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts, 50 cts, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Valencia.
Steinway Piano.

VANITY FAIR.

Consciously scanning the sartorial horizon for indications of the new feminine fashions, for some hint of the commands about to be imposed by unnamed male persons upon an emancipated and enfranchised sex, there are one or two suggestive items that meet the eye. For some time past we have had a foreboding that the present tendency of women to discard their clothing and to return to the pastoral simplicities of nudity must eventually hurt business. Personally we have no objections to the prevailing styles. We knew that they were inevitable. As soon as women announced that they intended to enter the arena it was obvious that they would have to strip for the race. To a large extent they have done so. They intend to do it some more. Clothed with purity—and not much else—they will fight for their rights. Clad in the ethereal raiment of courage and confidence—and nothing more—they will press forward with free and unfettered limbs to the polling booth.

But how about the textile trade? What is to become of the clothing factories? What must be the fate of the vast capital invested in the gown business if women should persist in their present tendency toward the altogether? These are matters worthy of consideration and now forced upon our attention by a financial discussion at a recent joint meeting of textile companies. Their lot is surely a hard one. At least they seem to think so. It used to be said that money invested in these industries was absolutely safe, since "women must always dress." And now women have decided that they will not dress any more, in fact that they will dress less. The upper sartorial frontiers have been driven steadily downward, while the lower frontiers have been driven upward, and he would indeed be rash who would predict that "never the twain shall meet." And so the textile industry is in despair. It is prepared as of yore to clothe women from head to foot and women have resolved that they will not be clothed from head to foot. A narrow zone, a sort of equatorial belt of clothing suffices them and there are many evidences that further inroads are to be made even upon this.

There was a time, complain the textile people, when petticoats, blouses, belts, veilings, and dress linings were essential parts of the wardrobe. All are gone, or nearly all. The woman of fashion is said to wear absolutely nothing under the southern or antipodal portion of her gown. As heaven is our witness, we have no means of proving this to be true, but we believe it from certain external evidences that we refuse to divulge. And so the petticoat trade is ruined. The hobble skirt diminished the need for dress material by 50 per cent, and to complete the disaster it was decreed that there should be no linings to the dresses. Why the linings were barred it is hard to understand, but they were. Possibly they were not transparent enough. It is true that blouses are still worn, but even here we see the handwriting upon the wall. We all know what a "V"-shaped neck means. It abolished the high collar, but it seemed simple enough to begin with. It was quite a small "v." It was what the printer calls a "lower case v." But it was our old familiar friend, the entering wedge. It marched steadily south, and it spread to the east and the west. It marches still. It is now a cap. V, and we predict further victories ahead of it, further economies in the material, further losses to the textile men, further revelations for the uninitiated. Of course, this thing must stop somewhere. Oh, yes, it must stop somewhere. Alexander the Great had to stop somewhere, but it was because there were no more worlds to conquer, and it seems to us, judging from external measurements, that the "V"-shaped blouse and the open-work stocking must already be on terms of a not very distant acquaintance.

The police of Adelaide in Australia have arrested several women for wearing dangerous hatpins and the magistrates have duly fined the offenders who were understood to express the opinion that the proceedings were a foul blot upon civilization and an affront to liberty. If these women were Americans we should probably get an expression of sentiment from Dr. Anna Shaw, whose blood boiled, it will be remembered, when an express company in New York ventured to suggest that the young women who decorate its offices should put a little clothing on before coming to business.

The Adelaide incident was the cause of a visit by a London *Standard* reporter to various fashionable milliners of that ilk. The information given to him was exactly what might have been expected. Yes, the long hatpin was as popular as ever. No, they were rarely asked for point protectors. There were many of these life-saving appliances on the market, very pretty ones, but women seemed to prefer the unprotected point.

Now, what is one to do about that? It is easy to pass coercive laws against the hatpin in new and democratic countries like Australia, but it would be almost impossible to do so in Europe, where restrictive legislation is watched with extraordinary jealousy. And it is obvious that appeals have no value, since women "seem to prefer" to be dangerous nuisances and without any shadow of gain to themselves. A London surgeon, also interviewed by the *Standard* reporter, says: "I have treated cases of injuries from this cause and they were all serious. . . . There have been several cases of irreparable injury. One man I attended had the sight of an eye entirely destroyed through a hatpin when he was entering a motor omnibus, while not very long since a man died at Heybridge, in Essex, from blood-poisoning, also due to a woman's hatpin. Such instances as these certainly show the need for definite action."

If it is an easy matter to impose upon the American millionaire who has been beguiled into the devious paths of the art collector, it must be admitted that he takes in good part the joke against himself. He is willing to laugh heartily at the clever rogues who swindle him and to appreciate the new experience that he has bought so dearly.

This is proved by the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is about to open an exhibition of spurious pictures that various American millionaires have been persuaded to buy. Now, one would suppose that the victim of this sort of trickery would be a little ashamed of himself, that he would either insist manfully upon the genuineness of his purchase or else quietly stow it away in the attic or perhaps give it to the church bazaar to be raffled for. But not a bit of it. He is quite willing to confess himself on the wrong side of the hedge and to lend the picture for public exhibition as a warning to others. In this case the owners of the pictures will not be revealed, but the director of the museum says that in the majority of cases there is no secret about the matter. The victimized purchasers have no objection to publicity. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in his earlier days, bought a number of spurious works of art. Mrs. Charles Harrison Paine paid $200,000 for a collection of supposed Titians, Murillos, and Correggios, and not a single genuine painting among them. Mrs. Jack Gardner and Mr. P. A. B. Widener own the same Botticelli and neither is genuine. Mrs. Gardner paid $50,000 for hers and Mr. Widener a much higher price for his. America is extraordinarily rich in Rembrandts and if the great artist actually painted one-half of them he must certainly have infringed the eight-hour rule. As a matter of fact, about 80 per cent of them are forgeries, while as for the spurious Corots there are thousands of them in the country. If Corot had painted simultaneously with both hands and both feet he could not have produced a tithe of them.

American society seems so far to have overlooked the distinctiveness that can be given to playing cards. This is rather remarkable, since the number of cards in a pack facilitates a great variety of designs that can include portraits as well as a pleasing range of symbology. An almost unlimited amount of money could be spent in the original drawings and in the preparation of the plates, and our laudable taste for prodigality could thus be gratified to the full. Just think how delightful it would be to have the family portrait gallery immortalized in a pack of playing cards, surrounded either with coats of arms or with dainty bird's-eye views of the Chicago abattoirs.

The German Emperor has just indulged himself in this way. It need not be said that he himself designed the cards, doubtless with aid from on high, and it would not at all surprise us to hear that he sketched the plates and printed them with his own hands. The queens of the four suites represent Queen Victoria, the Dowager Queen of Italy, the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and the Czarina. The average citizen could use the portraits of his mother-in-law and his maiden aunts, or. if circumstances permitted, he could make of the queens of the four suites a tender memorial to his divorced wives. In fact there is room for an almost unlimited display of taste. In the German Emperor's pack he himself appears as the king of hearts, which is not exactly the rôle we should have chosen for him had we been consulted, which we were not. The king of diamonds is Leopold of Belgium, which is quite appropriate. King Humbert is the king of clubs, and Pope Leo XIII is the king of spades. The aces are represented by the four prettiest actresses in Europe (names not given for fear of international war), while the four knaves are Gladstone, Crispi, Bismarck, and Waldeck-Rousseau.

The idea as a novelty is well worth considering. It would give a fresh and delightful charm to the card party. It would afford opportunity for fresh rivalries of wealth, and that alone is an inducement by no means to be slighted.

Once while canvassing his state during a political season, John Quincy Adams was approached by a well-to-do farmer, who introduced himself and said: "Mr. Adams, I'm glad to meet you; my wife remembers you well; she was in your family when you were a boy, and often combed your hair." "Well," said Mr. Adams, sharply, "I suppose she combs yours now."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Very few tales of mal-de-mer are in good taste, but no objection can be raised to the following: A Parisian had not found "life on the ocean wave" all he could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his deck chair, when his neighbor cheerily asked: "Have you breakfasted, monsieur?" "No, m'sieu," answered the Frenchman wanly, "on the contrary!"

◆

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain, and men are not. Why," she added, with a glance around, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." And then she smiled—for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!

◆

By some strange freak of fate, a parson got elected into a London free-and-easy club. One morning he came up early from the country, and eager for his breakfast, entered the coffee-room. "What can I have to eat?" asked the parson. "Very sorry, sir," replied the head-waiter, glancing at the clock; "but the committee have given strict orders that supper mustn't he served after eight in the morning. But I think I can get you some oysters."

◆

One of Gould's campaigns as a dealer in railways was with the Wabash system of railroads. He got control, and after effecting a reorganization, which increased the capital stock and also the bonded debt, sold them out. It is related of him at this time that an associate said to him: "Mr. Gould, don't you think you are honding this much higher than the property will stand?" "That may be," he answered; "but the American people are mighty partial to bonds."

◆

Two well-known men ahout town, sitting in the club smoking-room window, heard a noise in the street below. Said one, "Can you tell me if the tune that man is singing is 'Home, Sweet Home' or 'Rule Britannia'?" The other could not say for certain, so an appeal was made to a waiter to make inquiries, after a bet had been suggested between the two friends. In due course the waiter returned with the remark that "no one was singing; the man was 'awkin' 'errin's!"

◆

It was Count Montrond who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation, and whom Girardin did not appreciate: "Hasten to recognize him, or he will not recognize you." His valet waited on him one morning most unsuccessfully. He could find none of the toilet articles. Montrond handed them to him, remarking: "You must admit that you are lucky to have me here. Without me, you certainly could not wait upon me."

◆

An old gentleman, after the funeral of a relative, in the west of England, was listening, with rapt attention, to the reading of the will, in which he unexpectedly proved to be interested. First, it recounted how that a certain field was willed to him; then it went on to give the old gray mare in said field to some one else, with whom he was on anything hut friendly terms, at which point he suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming indignantly: "Then she's eatin' ma grass!"

◆

An English clergyman was visiting his parishoners, when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a sight o' trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that—the pig died all of a sudden; but it pleased the Lord to tak' him, and they mun bow, they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up, and said: "But there's one thing, Mester Allen, as I can say, and ought to say, the Lord's been pretty well on my side this winter for greens."

◆

A collector in a church in San Francisco, on receiving a shake of the head instead of a dollar from the hand of one whom he knew intimately, stopped to remonstrate, and said: "William, you must give something. You've heard what the rector has said—it's your duty." "My money belongs to my creditors," said William. "And who is your greatest creditor? To whom do you owe the most?" asked the collector. "Well, that's very true," replied William; "but just now he's not crowding me quite so much as the others."

◆

Among other anecdotes of university life, Dean Hole tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text, and the lecturer addressed a youth who had just come up from the famous Shrewsbury school: "Now, Mr. Bentley, you are a pupil of our great geographer, Dr. Butler, the Atlas of our age, who carries the world not on his shoulders, but in his head, and you can probably enlighten us as to the position of this ancient town." "I believe, sir," was the prompt reply, "that modern travelers are of the opinion that the city ought to be placed about ten miles to the south-east of the spot which it now occupies on our map." After receiving respectful thanks for the information, the informer told Dean Hole as they left the lecture-room that he had never heard of the venerable city hefore, but that for the honor of Shrewsbury and the reputation of Dr. Butler, he felt himself bound to say something.

◆

An American judge, who had the reputation of never saying an ill word of any one, was once tackled by a lawyer friend who hoped to get him to admit wrong in somebody. He tried every conceivahle suhject in vain, and then, coming to a notoriously troublesome character, he inquired: "By the way, judge, what do you think of this man Blank, anyhow?" The judge considered a moment. "I think he has the finest whiskers I ever saw grown in Missouri," he finally declared, with so much animation that his interrogator was utterly baffled.

◆

It was in a west end restaurant, where Sandy went for a drink, and he ordered a whiskey and soda, for which they charged him a whole shilling. He complained of the price and said that he was only accustomed to pay three pence for a nip of whisky. "Yes, that's all well enough," said the barman, "but you've got to pay something here for the surroundings—the velvet seats and the mirrors and the beautiful pictures on the wall, and all that." Next day Sandy went into the same place again, ordered a drink and put down three pence. It was a different barman, but he protested. "No, no," said Sandy. "No, no, mon; that's all right. I saw yer pictures yesterday."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Seal and Plush.

Man can not her discomfort feel,
  Nor duplicate her envious flush,
Who meets a lady cloaked in seal,
  When she is only cloaked in plush.
    —*Brooklyn Life.*

◆

Wash Day.

When Eve held forth in Paradise
  She found much pleasure in it,
For when she did her Monday wash
  It only took a minute.
    —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

◆

A Pedestrian Now.

"Cheer up! I'll have you on your feet
  Within a month," said Dr. Jill.
He did—my car was sold to meet
  His monumental hill.
    —*Boston Transcript.*

◆

An Invisible Belle.

"Who is the helle tonight?" asked she,
  As they stood on the ball-room floor.
He looked around the room to see,
  And she speaks to him no more.
    —*Cape Cod Item.*

◆

The Spendthrift Lover.

To buy her presents his cash he spent
  And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey,
But when he had squandered his last red cent
  She married a youth who saved his money.
    —*New York Press.*

◆

Farmer Tompkins and the Cyclopedia.

A feller came out here to-day 'n' showed a book to me;
One 'at I surely oughter have—twelve parts, 'nd one was free.
He said ez how 'twas sure to tell me all I'd wanter know,
'N' called the thing a Cyclopee—or suthin' kinder so.
It seemed a purty fine old book—a reg'lar sort o' prize—
Ontil I ast him questions, when I seen he'd told me lies.

"Tells ev'ything!" says I. "That's good—in fac', sir, that's the best
Kind of book I ever seed, but think I'd like a test
Before I buy her. Lemme see! What does the volume say
About the prospects of the comin' year for oats 'n' hay?"
I though he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the feller that.
'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?" he looked almighty flat.

"It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the pint!" says I.
"What I'm a-astin' you is will the blame thing prophesy?"
'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me lots o' stuff
About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff.
But when I ast him if it told a cure for tater-bugs,
He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs!

'N' I'll be durned if that there book he said would tell so much
Had anything on any page I'd ever care to touch;
'N' then—haw! haw!—I chucked that pert young swindler from the place
So quick he hadn't time to take his smile down off his face;
'N' after him I threw his bag 'n' twelve-part Cyclopee—
My great-grandfather's almanac's still good enough for me!
  —*John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Monthly.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster have announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Miss Martha Foster, to Mr. Samuel Leonard Abbott, Jr. Miss Foster is a sister of Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Miss Louisiana Foster, and the Messrs. William, Robert, Arthur, Paul, and Benjamin Foster. Mr. Abbott is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Abbott, Jr., and a nephew of Mrs. Richard Pease.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, to Mr. Hamilton Murray. Miss Sonntag is a granddaughter of Mrs. Julius Reis.

Mr. H. A. Small has issued invitations to the wedding of his daughter, Miss Barbara Small, and Lieutenant Junius Pierce, U. S. A., at the Presidio Chapel, Wednesday, February 18. Miss Small's only attendant will be her sister, Mrs. Arthur Fisher, wife of Lieutenant Fisher, U. S. A., who is stationed in Montana.

The wedding of Miss Frances Phelps and Mr. Charles Belden took place Saturday in Pasadena. A reception was given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Phelps. Mr. Belden is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden of Ross, the brother of Miss Margaret Belden, and a grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, who formerly lived in San Jose.

The wedding of Miss Rose Kales and Mr. James Brendon Brady took place Tuesday evening at the home in Oakland of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kales. Mrs. Thomas Knowles was her sister's matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Elsa Schilling and Johanna Volkmann, and Miss Grace Hoadley, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Brady will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Mrs. Marie Walton and Mr. Marshall Darrach will take place March 25 in this city.

Mrs. George A. Pope was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Fannie Stern and Mr. Charles Haas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas entertained Miss Stern and Mr. Haas at a dinner at their home on Franklin Street.

Mr. Henry Hadley was host at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud entertained a large number of guests at a dinner dance last evening at the Hotel Stewart. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Maud's son, Mr. Clinton La Montagne.

Miss Maye Colburn was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francesca Club.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols gave a reception last week and entertained the clergy and laity who attended the Diocesan convention.

Miss Edith Rucker entertained a number of friends at a dinner preceding the cotillion given by Mr. and Mrs. de Yonng.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rounsfell recently entertained their friends at a dinner and bridge party.

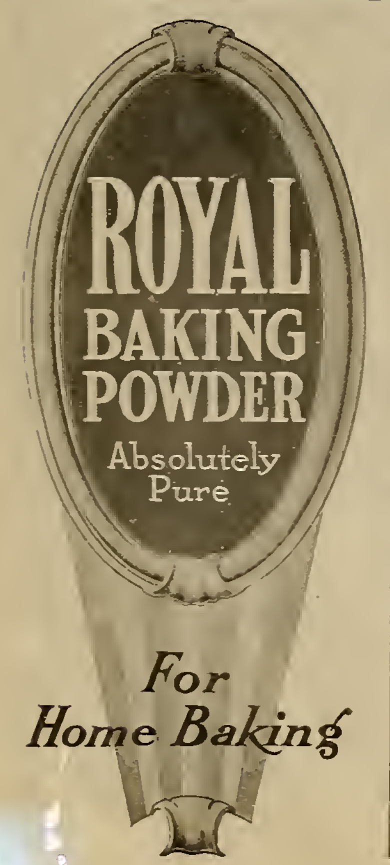
Miss Cora Smith was hostess at a luncheon and matinée party Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Dunphy entertained her friends at a tea Saturday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Lilienthal and Mrs. J. Brandenstein entertained a number of young people at a dance at the Lilienthal home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Henry Dieckman was hostess at a bridge tea at her home in Oakland, complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Robert S. Knight of Los Gatos.

Miss Katherine Donohoe gave a dinner preceding the dance given by Miss Kate Brigham, at her home on Vallejo Street.



Mrs. Cyrus Walker recently entertained a number of friends at a theatre party.

Mrs. P. L. Wheeler was hostess at a tea Saturday, at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess Friday evening at a dinner in honor of Captain John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., Mrs. Ellicott, and Miss Priscilla Ellicott.

Among others who entertained at dinners preceding the ball were, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. John Coffee Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Miss Harriet Pomeroy, and Miss Dora Winn.

Mrs. M. C. Porter gave a bridge tea at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of her sister, Mrs. John Bascom Wright, who leaves shortly for Europe.

Miss Louise Janin was hostess at a tea Saturday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Brice gave a tea Sunday at her home on Hyde Street.

The pupils of Miss Blanchard's school gave a dance last Thursday evening at Scottish Rite Hall.

The final dance of the Neighbors' Club was given Friday evening at Century Hall.

The patronesses of the Impromptu Cotillions gave their last dance Thursday evening in Assembly Hall. The cotillion was led by Mr. Robert Eyre and Mr. Percy King. Preceding the dance dinners were given by Mr. and Mrs. Haskett Derby, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, Miss Cora Smith, and Miss Olga Schulze.

Mr. Lewis Coleman Hall was host at a studio tea in honor of Miss Kitty Cheatham.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy was hostess Tuesday at a bridge tea in honor of Mrs. Miller Griffith, who was formerly Miss Constance McLaren.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper gave a "housewarming" Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Lurline Matson was hostess at a theatre party complimentary to Miss Phyllis de Young.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner recently in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

Miss Bessie Zane was hostess this week at a tea complimentary to Countess Lewenhaupt Faulkenstein, who was formerly Miss Azalea Keyes.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker entertained a group of debutantes at a luncheon Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Christine Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, preceding the play, "Lady Patricia," at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Miss Grace Laymance will give a Valentine luncheon Wednesday, February 12, in honor of Miss Marjorie Stanton and Miss Vera Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie Ross will be the complimented guests at a reception which will be given tomorrow by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Warren Alexander, at their home in Sausalito.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick was hostess Saturday evening at the Junior Assembly, which was the last of a series of dances for the young people.

Mrs. James Rucker entertained a few friends at a tea Saturday at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Madeline Clay has issued cards to a bridge tea Wednesday, February 12, at her home, Level Lea, in Fruitvale, in honor of Miss Grace Downey.

Miss Ethel Palmanteer will be hostess at a bridge tea Tuesday, February 18, at her home in Oakland. The affair will be complimentary to Miss Dorothy Capwell and Miss Pearl Causton.

Mrs. Douglas McCaskey was hostess at a bridge tea at her home in the Presidio.

Mrs. Wheeler gave a tea Saturday in the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Van Dusen and the Misses Van Dusen.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, who are spending the winter at Hotel del Coronado, recently dave a dinner in the hotel grill-room. Among their guests were Miss Gertrude Nelson, of New York; Mr. Carle, Mr. K. G. Snowden, Mr. Harry Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Critchley, of Calgary, Canada; Miss O'Connor, of San Francisco; Miss Harriett Southerland, of Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander.

Colonel Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardener entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home, Infantry Terrace, in the Presidio.

A reception was given Wednesday on board the S. S. *Cleveland*.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. A. McGregor have gone to New York for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne are established in Burlingame, where they have leased the cottage formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Miss Ysabel Chase has been spending the past week with Miss Polly Mills in Burlingame.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, left Tuesday for New Orleans en route to Panama.

Miss Edith von Schroder has returned to her home in San Luis Obispo County, after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. S. Dinkelspiel and her daughter, Miss Amy Dinkelspiel, have been spending the past ten days in Southern California.

Mrs. John Bascom Wright will spend the next six months in Europe. She will be accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin, and Miss Gladys Buchanan.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are contemplating a trip to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their two children will leave in May for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin returned yesterday from a month's visit with relatives in the East, and are again at the Fairmont Hotel. They will later occupy a cottage in San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will leave today for Coronado for an extended visit. They will be accompanied by Miss Margaret Casey and Miss Jane Hotaling, who will join Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship in Coronado.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. Osgood Hooker left last Friday for the East to spend two weeks with their sons, Master Russell Wilson and Master Osgood Hooker, Jr., who attend the Pomfret preparatory school near Worcester, Massachusetts. Owing to an epidemic of scarlet fever, the school has been closed until February 15. The young sons of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, and Mrs. George Mitchell, Jr., are among the number of pupils from this city.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., has returned to college after an extended visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin left Sunday for a visit in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden and their daughter, Miss Margaret Belden, have returned to their home in Ross after a week's visit in Pasadena.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has arrived in New York from Europe, where he spent the holidays with Mrs. Redding and their daughter, Miss Josephine Redding.

Mrs. Robert Davis and her daughter, Miss Constance Davis, have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry May have arrived from Atlanta, Georgia, and are established in a home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have arrived from the East and are staying at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Doris Wilshire has returned from Fort Bragg, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton is slowly recovering from her recent serious illness.

Miss Eleanor Davenport has returned from the East, where she has been visiting relatives.

Miss Helen Bertheau has returned from San Luis Obispo County, where she was the guest of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder.

Miss Genevieve King and her brother, Mr. Frank King, have gone East to remain several weeks.

Mrs. William Stickman, Miss Janet Painter, and Miss Mildred Bruner sailed this week for Honolulu.

Judge Frank H. Kerrigan and Mrs. Kerrigan sailed Saturday for the Orient, where they will spend two months.

Mrs. James W. Sperry is contemplating spending the summer in Lyons, France, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Paul Johnson (formerly Miss Aileen Doe) have returned from Klamath Falls and are residing in Berkeley.

Miss Grace Bromfield has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been making an extended visit.

Mrs. Kirkwood Donovin is the guest of her brother-in-law, Ensign James L. Kaufman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kaufman, at their home in Vallejo. She will leave shortly for Bremerton, where she will join her husband, Ensign Donovin, U. S. N.

Mrs. Merritte W. Ireland sailed Wednesday for the Philippines to join her husband, Colonel Ireland, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort William McKinley, Manila. During her brief stay in this city Mrs. Ireland was the guest of Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick, in the Presidio.

Mrs. Kate S. Shirley has returned to her home in San Diego after a visit with her brother-in-law and sister, Paymaster Z. P. Reynolds, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reynolds, at their home in San Mateo.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick left Tuesday for New Orleans, en route to Panama.

Mrs. Jessie Grant and Miss Nellie Grant have gone to Coronado to spend a few weeks.

Mr. John E. Cazes left on a six months' tour on the steamer *Cleveland*.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco were Miss M. Richart, Mr. D. L. Rachman, Mr. S. Browning, Mr. B. Russell Wood, Mr. George Leland, Mr. B. H. Harris, Miss Genevieve Z. Vreller, Miss A. Stern, Miss M. Sahlier, Mr. George Lewis, Miss Thockmorton, Mr. Howard Paget, Mr. E. D. Coblintz, Mr. N. K. Fairbank, Mr. I. S. Fetleur, Mr. R. A. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Owesney, Miss Mamie Norton, Miss Margaret Boyle, Major Gwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and children, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. H. C. Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wright, Mr. C. E. Sills, Mrs. T. H. Wooster, Miss Wooster, Mr. Willie Ritchie, Mr. W. S. Nolan, Mr. W. J. McDonagh, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McGee, Miss M. McGee, Miss H. McGee, Mrs. W. E. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller, Jr., Miss C. K. Nicholson.

◆

The ancient château of Cleres, near Rouen, on the Seine, where the ill-fated Henry of Navarre spent some of his happiest days, is to be restored to its former grandeur and picturesque beauty through the interest of the Duchess Choiseul-Praslin, formerly Mrs. Charles H. Paine, of Boston. With her husband, the Duke Choiseul-Praslin, and her three daughters, the duchess has opened the château for the winter. There, in the halls that hold memories of France's great ruler, splendid entertainments are being planned for the present season.

◆

Rose Stahl in Charles Klein's comedy of department-store life, "Maggie Pepper," is to play a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre in the spring. Not since her performance of "The Chorus Lady" has Miss Stahl visited San Francisco, and in the new comedy comes with a success of the most pronounced type.

◆

With forty-four miles of shelves and over 3,000,000 volumes, the great Bibliotheque Nationale, with its splendid site in Paris, has no artificial light, and during the winter months its store of knowledge is practically useless, as no books are issued except during the middle of the day.

◆

The home in Washington, D. C., of Ensign Henry Hugo Fox, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fox has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Dr. Wiley to Lecture Here.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, the famous medical authority and father of our pure food laws, will make a short lecture tour in March and will speak in this city on "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset." The dates of Dr. Wiley's talks are Wednesday and Friday nights, March 19 and 21, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

◆

"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a play that has been magazined and discussed quite as much as any of recent years, is announced as the attraction to follow Florence Webber in "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort Theatre. This unique contribution to the drama was first produced in London, where it sprang into instant favor. This success was repeated in New York where it had a run of two years. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a play that shows life in terms of comedy and will live on that account. It is not a picture out of a dreamer's mind, but a keen series of observations showing what life meant to those in Lintiehaugh, Scotland, in 1860. It is a play of atmosphere and wholesome humor. Graham Moffat, the author, personally directed and rehearsed the all-Scotch company that will interpret the play at the Cort Theatre.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Harris, who was formerly Miss Lucie King, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King.

◆

The home in Tucson, Arizona, of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Kruttschnitt was formerly Miss Marie Pickering of this city.

◆

The fifth annual show of the Pacific Cat Club was held this week at the St. Francis, with a remarkable array of interesting specimens.

◆

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The exposition Wednesday took possession of the first building completed for the 1915 fair. This was the Service Building. The laud and electrical departments moved in and are now occupying rooms on the second floor of the structure. The architectural and engineering departments will use the lower floor.

The building permits for San Francisco for the month of January, just ended, including the machinery building at the Exposition, amounted to $3,150,000, as against for the same month last year, $1,692,810. Of the total for buildings, $1,038,834 was spent in brick and cement. The large number of modern apartment houses and business blocks are features of the work.

Directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition on Tuesday were the hosts at a luncheon given at the Palace Hotel to the Exposition Commission representing Massachusetts, Colonel Peter M. Corr, Allen H. Sedgwick, and George T. Mead. After the luncheon the commissioners were taken through the Presidio reservation, where they were met by a troop of cavalry. The Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry regiments and troops of cavalry and other military organizations stationed at the Presidio marched in review in honor of the commissioners. At the conclusion of the review, the commissioners and directors were escorted to the Massachusetts site. This is situated close to the site selected by Hawaii. The Massachusetts flag, which was brought out here from the Bay State's capitol, was raised by Miss Caroline Hughes, the eleven-year-old daughter of Bishop Edwin H. Hughes. The reception to the commissioners at the Fairmont Hotel at night was an impressive function.

The social season of 1912-1913 expired Tuesday night in a gay revel in the Palace Hotel court, where, for a time, the spell of Rome in the reign of Augustus Cæsar was revived with much realism. Four thousand persons attended. Cæsar and his beauteous empress, Livia, were impersonated by Mrs. Clement Tobin, and her cousin, Ferdinand Theriot. It was a magnificent court, with every detail sustained with correctness as the moderns conceive of that barbaric time. George Howard had charge of the appointments. At the west end of the Palm Court a dais was built for the empress and her court. The empress took her seat on the throne at 11 o'clock. The pageant entered from the main dining-room to "The Montezuma March," written by Humphrey J. Stewart for the Bohemian Club jinks. The line filed around the hall twice, the grand march falling in behind and the revelers bowing as they passed the throne. The Palm Court was fitted up much as the Coliseum might have been on a gala day. A double tier of boxes were arranged around the room, and in these, which sold at $100 each, the flower of San Francisco society sat as long as it could keep still. Many did not dance until after supper, preferring to sit in state until the real spirit of Mardi Gras had leveled all lines of clique or caste. Then the fun was fast and furious, the music never stopping longer than a few minutes. Dancing continued until 5 o'clock in the morning.

Employees of the Crocker National Bank held their annual banquet and vaudeville show Tuesday evening. A large gathering was present. Charles F. Baker was toastmaster. The affair was in charge of John R. Wood and J. F. Cunningham.

All-Hawaii's crack polo team that is to meet the pick of the quartettes of the Pacific Coast in a series of tournaments for the coast championship arrived from Honolulu on the steamer *Mongolia* Tuesday morning. The players who made the trip are: Sam Baldwin, Harold Castle, F. F. Baldwin, and Arthur Rice. Captain Walter F. Dillingham, who will be in command on the field, has been here for some time.

Four hundred tourists from all parts of the world arrived last Friday afternoon on the (around the world) steamer *Cleveland*, and saw San Francisco according to programme arranged by the Panama-Pacific Exposition reception committee. The steamer left on Thursday on its return globe-encircling trip.

The board of supervisors has disavowed the Municipal Clinic, a private institution which Supervisor Murdock, author of the resolution, stated is securing patronage through the erroneous helief on the part of the public that it is a city institution.

Dr. Samuel Weiss, convicted of sending a vulgarly offensive note to a vaudeville actress, a stranger to him, was this week sentenced to pay $100 fine and serve four months in the Alameda County jail.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy has made an inspection of the work of constructing the high-pressure pumping station at Fort Mason, and reports that it will soon be placed in commission, when insurance rates will be reduced. The building is about ready for the installation of machinery. The outlet suction pipes to take in the sea water will be completed within a few days, and the engineers are now locating the route to connect with the salt water mains at Van Ness Avenue.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Gypsy Love" at the Columbia Theatre.

At the Columbia Theatre next Monday night the first San Francisco presentation of the celebrated Franz Lehar operatic work, "Gypsy Love," will be given. It is booked for an engagement of two weeks, with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. With a record of highly profitable runs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago and a sensational hit in London to its credit, it is not surprising that interest is stirred by the forthcoming appearance of the piece.

"Gypsy Love" is in three acts, the second being a dream of the future as Zorika sees it in her wanderings through the world with her gypsy lover. The scenes are three in number, and laid in Hungary; the atmosphere of the opera is distinctly that of the wild Magyar country.

There are nineteen melodious numbers in "Gypsy Love," and notwithstanding the fact that Lehar is also the composer of "The Count of Luxembourg," "The Merry Widow," and many other unusually successful operatic works, his score in "Gypsy Love" is declared by music critics to be his best work.

In the part of Zorika will be found a young San Franciscan, Phyllis Partington, who became famous in a single night for her rendition of the difficult prima-donna rôle. During the New York engagement Miss Partington received the praise of the entire metropolitan press. She has both the personality and vocal qualities for her rôle. Arthur Albro will sing opposite to Miss Partington, in the rôle of the gypsy violinist. Albro is said to have a sensational tenor voice, and was engaged by Manager A. H. Woods to create the part he is to sing during the San Francisco engagement. A company of one hundred and a largely augmented orchestra will aid in the rendition of "Gypsy Love."

Second Week of "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort.

Florence Webber and the Hammerstein Comic Opera Company will commence their final week in "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort Theatre, commencing next Sunday night. Both star and opera have been warmly welcomed in San Francisco. Miss Webber has been declared to be one of the most captivating song birds ever heard here in light opera, and the music of Victor Herbert is acknowledged to be the most satisfying score he has ever supplied for a light opera. Certain it is that Miss Webber is admirably suited to Mr. Herbert's music, and as she is practically the whole of "Naughty Marietta," it can be realized that a most pleasing combination is resultant.

Her support includes several promising singers and a chorus with really exceptional vocal accomplishments. They can sing—and they do sing, with fresh young voices and evident enthusiasm. Such singing organizations are not often heard out this way in comic opera, and it is to be hoped that we will again have Florence Webber and an equally capable company.

The big song hits are the two solos by Miss Webber, called the Italian Street Song and the Marionette song; the contralto selection, "'Neath the Southern Moon," most capably offered by Laure Baer, the possessor of a fine voice; "I'm Falling in Love With Some One," and the choicest number of all, the Dream Melody. There are fourteen other musical numbers, all possessing true Herbertesque traits and flavor, so even the most critical opera lover can find much to commend.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings," a whimsical comedy by Graham Moffat, follows "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort, the engagement commencing on Monday, February 17. An all-Scotch company will interpret this unique play. Mail orders are now being received.

Sarah Bernhardt at the Orpheum.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinée. Her repertory for this week will be as follows: Sunday and Monday matinées and nights, third act of "Lucrece Borgia"; Tuesday and Wednesday matinées and nights, the one-act play "One Christmas Night"; Thursday matinée and night, third act of "Theodora"; Friday and Saturday matinées and nights, fifth act of "Camille." The divine Sarah today is something more than the greatest of tragediennes. She is a human monument to the art of acting, a connecting link with the heroic days of dramatic poetry. Her acting remains the standard of merit in fifty classic parts; she has illuminated the great work of the greatest Frenchmen—from Racine to Rostand, from Sardou to Bisson. Not to have seen Sarah Bernhardt is to have missed the most important chapter in the histrionic history of our age.

Mme. Bernhardt will be supported by her company of twenty-five players from the Theâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, including M. Lou Tellegen, Deneubourg, Favieres, Terestri, and Mlle. Seylor, Duc, and Mme. Boulanger. The appearance of the greatest of living actresses in a vaudeville programme is a striking tribute to the rehabilitation of the vaudeville stage within the last decade or so, as well as an unexampled gratification to that portion of the public who might find her inaccessible on any other terms—to say nothing of the blessing disguised which it affords to those who have already seen her and who may now refresh their recollections of her greatest single scenes.

The complete one-act play, "One Christmas Night," which is included in her repertory, was written by her son, Maurice Bernhardt, in collaboration with Henri Cain. Mme. Bernhardt's belief in her son as a playwright has in this little drama a complete if somewhat belated vindication. It is the heroic, joyous bit of French history in which Madame plays the rôle of a brave and true hearted vivandiere.

Martin Beck has selected for association with Mme. Bernhardt during her vaudeville tour the following well known artists: Josie Heather, the winsome English comedienne; one of the best laughing novelties of the season, Phillip Bartholomae's adaptation of a popular German success which has been named in this country "And They Lived Happy Ever After"; Saranoff, the gypsy violinist; Dorotby Brenner and Joseph Ratcliffe, two of musical comedy's most popular players, and McMahon, Diamond, and Clemence in their singing and dancing skit, "The Scare Crow." The other acts will be the Hess Sisters and Ralph Herz. Mr. Herz by special request has been included in the coming bill.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

With the regular standard of Pantages vaudeville, the management of the local Pantages Theatre has booked for an exclusive engagement for one week only, Mrs. Valerie Allison, the society actress, who has been in the limelight of pressdom the past two weeks. During her engagement at the Pantages she will present one of her own playlets, which has caused widespread comment. It is daring in construction and flays the shame of society with biting sarcasm.

The headliner with the regular show is the great company of Russian dancers and musicians, the famous Golden Troupe. For several seasons the fourteen members of this organization were commanded to appear before the Czar. They carry a magnificent stage mounting, and incidentally a director who leads all of the big dancing numbers. An act that will create a positive "riot" is "Hired and Fired," with Cameron and O'Connor in the leading rôles. Both men are funny, and Cameron springs a budget of surprises. Little Elina Gardner bills herself as the "Society Story Teller," but Elina's long suit is mimicking babies and little grown-up girlies. Cliff Deane & Co. will present a comedy drama entitled "The Nerve of a Burglar." The sketch has a climax which is a revelation in originality. The Mardo Trio have a funny acrobatic novelty under the title of "Tommy Atkins on Parade." The management has secured the exclusive rights for the "Battle of Who-Runs," one of the greatest comedy pictures ever presented, it costing over $50,000 to produce this subject. More than a thousand men are used in the cast.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What sort of a man is Pickledorf?" "Absolutely helpless without a corkscrew."—*Birminghom Age-Herald.*

"And so you are married?" "I told you I was going to be." "But I thought it was a joke." "It isn't."—*Houston Post.*

"I'll tell me big hrudder on you." "Aw, me big sister kin make him jump through hoops. See?"—*Washington Herald.*

"I guess their moneymoon is ahout over." "Why?" "She's quit telephoning to him during office hours."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wimble—Isn't Grumble's light-haired wife pretty extravagant? *Gimble*—You het. He calls her his hlonded indebtedness.—*Life.*

"Whew!" sniffed the dray horse, as a smoking motor car rushed by. "I have some faults, I know; but, thank goodness, I never learned to smoke!"—*Judge.*

"You asked what the trump was at least a dozen times last night!" "Yes, Charley, dear. But I didn't really have to. I did that to show I was taking an interest in the game."—*Washington Star.*

"How does Dorfling stand in this community?" "Old Bill Dorfling?" "Yes." "Why, he makes about as much noise in this community as the letter 'h' does in 'debt'."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Crawford—That old doctor of mine advised me to take up golf. *Crabshow*—I always told you he didn't know what he was talking ahout. You wouldn't make a player in a hundred years.—*Puck.*

Mrs. Noowedde (weeping)—You don't love me any more. You gave all those heautiful cigars I gave you Christmas to the janitor and the hallhoy. *Noowedde*—Don't cry, darling, they'll bring them hack soon.—*Life.*

"I suppose your children all take lessons in dancing?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher; "hut they don't need them. What people want nowadays is lessons in keeping quiet for reasonahle periods of time."—*Washington Star.*

Smith—Have you taken in the auto show? *Jones*—Sure! I never miss 'em. *Smith*—You don't own a car. Why are you so interested? *Jones*—Well, once a year I like to look at a hunch of 'em I don't have to dodge.—*Judge.*

"What shall I say if Mr. Binkton asks me to marry him?" asked the young woman. "Don't hother ahout studying what you will say," replied Miss Cayenne. "Rehearse an effort to look surprised."—*Washington Star.*

"Why, old man, your face is hadly scratched!" "Yep. Horizontal hatpin." "But I thought you kept such a sharp lookout for them?" "I do. But this was hidden by a horizontal feather."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Perhaps you drink too much coffee," suggested the doctor. "I should advise you to try a suhstitute." "Sir, your advice is superfluous," replied the patient. "I have lived in hoarding houses for twenty-five years."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said she quietly. "Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he stormed. "Not at all. But that isn't a cup of lather you hrought in from the kitchen just now. That's a charlotte russe."—*Washington Herald.*

"Do you think criminal tendencies can he overcome hy a surgical operation?" "I am certain of it." "You think that, say, a pickpocket, for instance, can he cured of the desire to pick pockets hy an operation on his hrain?" "No, not on his brain. Amputate his hands."—*Houston Post.*

"I think the schoolteachers in this town ought to get more money than they do." "What put that kind of an idea in your head?" "Why should we expect the people who are educating our children to work for $70 or $80 a month, when we pay our chauffeurs at least $100 and furnish them with hoard and lodging hesides?" "But what does school teachin' amount to, anyhow? Look at most of the teachers. They ain't got nothin' but education."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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In a parlor-car on an Eastern train sat a richly dressed young woman, tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madam," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, hut you can't have your dog in this car. It's against the rules." "I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one." "That makes no difference," said the conductor; "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage-car. I'll fasten him all right for you——" "Don't you touch my dog, sir," said the young woman, excitedly; "I will trust him to no one!" and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog, and returned. About fifty miles further on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?" "I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely, "hut you tied him to a trunk, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Concerning Merrymaking.

In the Panama-Pacific Exposition San Francisco has on her hands a job of tremendous magnitude. It calls for all the enthusiasm, all the energy, all the money that we can muster. Our resources are great, it is true, but with them all we have nothing to spare—nothing to waste. Nothing short of absolute concentration of them all upon the one colossal object in view can achieve the results to which our faith is pledged and meet the expectation of the world.

Now all this being true, we can not but feel that it is a mistake to step aside from the main object before us to bestow time and means upon trivialities. Relatively petty festivals between now and 1915 can not fail in one way or another to detract either from the interest or from the splendor of the main event. Either way must be hurtful. Their failure will damage our repute; their success will consume our resources. Their inevitable effect must be to divert enthusiasm and hope which ought to be concentrated upon the year 1915.

Proposals now made, looking to a second Portola festival this coming October, are we think untimely and unwise. Such a celebration, even if it should be successful in the narrow and local sense, will tend to distract attention from the larger and higher purpose and to consume energy which should be reserved for it. In other words, the projected Portola festival is a mistake—a very positive mistake.

There is another consideration. A city, like an individual, stands related to the world by that intangible thing we call character, and character is a compound of temperament, propensity, and habit. It is bad for a city, precisely as it is for a man, to become known first and foremost for gayeties and frivolities. Lightness of spirit duly ballasted by substantial qualities is a thing of high and abiding charm. But it is quite possible to carry the frolicking habit to a point where it breaks down respect for common sense and seriousness of mind. We very much fear that with our many festivals, our New Year extravagances, our disposition to allow the spirit of hilarity to appear—we write the word appear upon due reflection—to be the uppermost fact in the life of our city, we are permitting San Francisco to gain less in real fame than in mere notoriety. We believe a time has come when judgment should put its veto upon projects tending less to legitimate enterprise and legitimate pleasure than to a habit of devil-may-care indifference to serious things, under the inspiration of that foolest of all fool notions which confounds merrymaking with prosperity and noise with happiness.

The "Unscrambling."

After three months of laborious study there has been evolved, with the approval of the United States Attorney-General—but not yet of the Supreme Court and the State Railroad Commission—a plan to "unscramble" the association of interests hitherto bound up with the Union Pacific Railway. The U. P.'s large holding of Southern Pacific stock is to be sold in fixed amounts to present holders of U. P. and S. P. stocks. The Union Pacific is to take over the Central Pacific property as a whole, under a plan calling for its organization as a distinct company with headquarters at San Francisco. The C. P. and S. P. properties in California, long operated as a single system, are to be divided under an arrangement conceding privileges of joint-user. Many details of this phase of the new deal remain to be worked out, and as above stated there is still to be secured the assent of the State Railroad Commission.

It is not easy to see how all this disarrangement and rearrangement of things is to work any advantage to the public. It might have been so under the old order of things, when the ownership of the Central Pacific properties by the Southern Pacific Company implied elimination of competition in transportation. But in these days both the general government and the state have a hand in these matters. They supervise—indeed they fix—not only the rates, but the general conditions of service over all railroads. And since this is so, and very strictly and rigidly so, practically it matters not at all who owns any particular line. If under a scheme of merged holdings one company should own every transcontinental railway and every state railway, it would matter not at all so far as the public is concerned, since the public interest is dependent not upon the authority implied by ownership, but upon officials, national and state, for adjustments of freights, fares, and conditions of service—even to the location of railway stations and their cost and such trivial matters as the color of their roofs.

But it is easy to see how at many points the plan as approved by the Attorney-General may work out forms of public inconvenience, especially in California, where the merged properities of the S. P. and C. P. companies have been held and operated as a unified system. First of all it is likely to impair the local transportation service, since the public will have to deal with two agencies instead of one. When it comes to joint-user of separately owned and administered lines we fear that there will be troubles akin to those involved in the joint use of one kitchenette by the housewives of adjoining flats. There will surely be lack of coöperation and coördination in the service, since each company will wish to have the best of it. The public can hardly fail to be the sufferer in one way or another; and if the railroad commission shall undertake to determine times and conditions of service, as it surely will, there will follow other complications and more troubles. There will inevitably be a heavier overhead charge upon the transportation service of the state, since it can not fail to cost more to sustain two general administrative organizations than one as hitherto. And although a local organization of the Central Pacific is prescribed, it must in the nature of things be subordinate to the interest of the holding company (the U. P.), whose mind and motive are centred elsewhere. It is easy to conceive that the U. P. company, having interests both in Oregon and California, may find its advantage in augmenting the former as against the latter.

In another and very important way the projected arrangement may turn to our disadvantage. California is still in a stage of development calling for extensions and betterments of its transportation system. Now extensions and betterments are costly, and the only way they can be created is by engaging capital. Can capital be secured under the new deal as readily as under the old? Any banker or any man having knowledge of the ways of the money market will promptly say no. It will be more difficult to get what is needed under the new scheme of things and higher rates of interest will have to be paid. And the consumer—the California public—will have to pay the bill.

Perhaps in these reforming days it may not be regarded as a proper criticism of the new deal that it has been arranged with absolute disregard of the interests and of what, with some hesitation, we may call the vested rights of the present owners of the property involved. Under a judicial procedure which has so worked as to give paramount importance to the personal opinions of the Attorney-General of the United States they have been forced to accept a damaging readjustment of part of their holdings and to take less than a long-maintained market price for other parts of their holdings. Legitimate property interests have been clipped and undermined to meet the private views of a man whose authority is incidental, accidental, and temporary.

This whole procedure, regarded from the standpoint of business principles and common sense, appears whimsical, unnecessary, stupid, wanton. It puts burdens and losses upon the owners of legitimate property. It complicates and increases the cost of transportation service, especially in California. It augments the difficulties and adds to the cost of extensions and betterments. It in nowise promotes competition. It contributes nothing at all to any legitimate public or private purpose.

Mexico.

The immediate situation in Mexico as we write Wednesday morning is without any single point of certainty, though for the moment Felix Diaz appears the strongest figure in sight. On Monday he had possession of the capital and held Madero at bay in the castle of Chapultepec. On Tuesday, Madero having found his way back to the capital, there was an all-day battle in the streets with very considerable slaughter on both sides, but without decisive result. Yet in summing up the incidents of the day, Diaz appears to have had the better of it. In the distant provinces there appears a distinct movement away from Madero and towards Diaz, signally illustrated by the disaffection of considerable bodies of federalist troops.

Solution of the immediate situation plainly calls for a strong man, but there is no assurance of r [illegible] anywhere. Madero is obviously weak; and so probably is Diaz. If he (Diaz) had had high initiative and definite powers he would have assaulted Chapultepec on Monday. Failure thus to make the most of a favoring situation is not suggestive either of initiative or prowess.

At this juncture of affairs there is needed to confirm and solidify the advantage already gained by Diaz some striking act of hardihood and prowess. By such an act, and by it alone, will it be possible for him to inspire confidence on the one hand and create terror on the other and so command a situation impossible to be mastered without the aid of these forces. The question of the hour is, Has Felix Diaz the qualities which the posture of affairs calls for? Is he in himself up to his job? If it were his uncle in the day of his vigor and hardihood, the question would answer itself.

In the meantime there are pledges both from Madero and Diaz that the lives, property, and privileges of foreign residents will be respected and safe-guarded. As to the value of these assurances one guess is as good as another. In view of the convulsions which rule the hour it is not easy to be positive about anything. A president who seems unable to help himself and a revolutionist either without the initiative or the power to pursue his own advantage would seem an unstable reliance for anything worth the name of security. But no doubt both leaders are anxious that foreign residents shall not be harmed; and even the most excited combatant knows that any general outrage upon the non-Mexican element would prove the undoing of those responsible for it and surely bring the foreign intervention of which all factions alike stand in dread. Individual annoyances will almost certainly be suffered by foreign residents, but foreigners and foreign interests are not likely to be made the subject of calculated and general assault.

Obviously the immediate situation embarrasses the government at Washington. An administration whose life must terminate in three weeks has multiplied motives for avoiding entrance upon a difficult and dangerous game. For President Taft to intervene at this time would be to assume responsibility for troubles which he can not possibly see to their end. It would, too, involve and embroil the Republican party just at a time when its administrative authority and responsibility are terminating. Dispatches from Washington to the American minister resident at the City of Mexico are suggestive of a purpose to keep out of this particular mess if it shall be possible to do so. But that the administration is alive to the possible demands of the situation is evident in recent movements of both military and naval forces. A considerable body of American troops is quartered in posts near the boundary and half a dozen warships are conveniently cruising in waters not very remote from the leading Mexican ports. Forces are in readiness to strike if the necessity shall become imperative either during the remaining days of the present administration or upon the coming in of the new administration.

An Industrial Accident Bill.

It is among the beauties of modern democratic government—curiously so called—that the people, with or without the capital P, are practically debarred from all participation in law-making. At the present moment there are nearly four thousand bills for the advancement of human happiness before the Sacramento legislature, and not one citizen in a hundred could enumerate five of them, nor even ascertain their purport except by means virtually out of reach of a busy man. And any of these bills may become law not only without public discussion, but without even public knowledge. The government of Germany seems to have somewhat more of real democracy about it than this, since even in Germany no bill could become a law until it had been threshed out in every village in the country.

But sometimes our masters allow us a glimpse at what they propose to do for our political salvation and incidentally for their own pockets. For example, the absurd Pillsbury in a speech before the Commonwealth Club tells us of the industrial accident bill that he has every hopes of persuading the legislature to pass. Mr. Pillsbury wrote it himself. He tells us so. Passing laws is Mr. Pillsbury's long suit, and like the actor-dramatist we know in advance who will take the star part. Mr. Pillsbury proposes that every person who hires any one else to work for him, even for a day, shall be financially responsible for any injury that may befall the wage-earner unless it can be proved that the injury was caused by his own willful misconduct. The existing limit of $100 for medical attendance is to be removed and the employer is to be made responsible "for full medical treatment for a period of six months." Incidentally and as a kind of afterthought the state is to start an insurance business which will cost about half a million dollars, as well as establish a chain of hospitals, and if there are no fat pickings in all this for Mr. Pillsbury then we have misinterpreted Mr. Pillsbury's record. It would be cheaper in the long run to give Mr. Pillsbury a pension on the condition that he cease forever to write bills. A small pension paid regularly would be sufficient.

Now if argument were of any avail against the legislative mind it might be asked what is the difference between the farm-hand, for example, and the working farmer who employs him and who probably works the harder of the two? Why should one be petted and coddled at the expense of the other? Why should any employer be made responsible for the ordinary accidents of life that threaten every human being? And if the employer is to be made answerable for the accidents that befall his servants why not make him answerable also for their diseases, since they are equally beyond human control?

But of what value is discussion, even if discussion were allowed, which it is not? Laws are passed not in response to reason, but only with a view to their effect upon individual, political, or other fortunes. And the brood of tax-eating Pillsburys, the leeches and barnacles of the political machine, know exactly upon which side their bread is buttered and how they may best profit from the cargo of nonsense labeled progressivism.

Bonaparte and Madero.

In the year 1804, when the power of Napoleon Bonaparte was absolute in France and a thing of consequence elsewhere in Europe, there lived in exile in the principality of Baden an engaging young scion of the Orleans stock, namely Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, otherwise the Duc d'Enghein. For reasons not essential to this narrative the hopes of the Orleanists were fixed upon this young man; and it was more or less in the air that some day, in one way or another, he would head a movement that would drive the Corsican ogre from his usurped throne. If the Duc d'Enghein had any personal part in promoting this idea it is not possible to know; but history acquits him of any fault in the matter. But he was young, imposing in appearance, personally engaging, and had in his name and heredity claims not pleasant for Bonaparte to contemplate. There was, indeed, a theory that the duke had some part in a conspiracy to the recall of the Bourbon dynasty. The Duc d'Enghein, from Napoleon's standpoint, was an unpleasant figure in the situation; and so he (Bonaparte), by an act in violation of the neutrality of Baden, caused the duke to be seized and brought to Vincennes. There he was tried on a trumped-up charge before what this age would call a drum-head court-martial, taken to the moat adjoining the castle and shot. The whole European world cried out against this wanton act. There were in it multiplied elements of infamy. It was murder in the cruelest form. There was absolute ruthlessness; there was perfidy; there was disregard of a solemn treaty; there was contempt of every sentiment associated with what we call manly character. Among Bonaparte's followers and supporters, even in his own household, there were mutterings and reproaches.

But the Duc d'Enghein gave Bonaparte no further trouble. And other princelings, if they did not cease plotting, took care to be very quiet about it and discreetly got themselves beyond the reach of Bonaparte's agents. In France and throughout Europe a new sense of terror with respect to the Corsican entered into the minds and hearts of men. His power, resting as it did upon force and force alone, was augmented by an act which, regarded from any other standpoint than that of policy, was horrible.

In Bonaparte's treatment of the Duc d'Enghein we have reduced to the concrete Shakespeare's dictum:

> A sceptre grasped by an unruly hand
> Must be as boisterously maintained as gained.

It is a hard philosophy, but the grasping and holding of sceptres is a hard business. It is no business for your fair-minded, benevolent, judicial, kindly man. Whoever has it in his mind and heart to deal fairly and graciously with his fellow-man would do well to avoid sceptre grasping, for in it he will surely fail—just as Madero has failed in Mexico.

When Felix Diaz was captured some three or four months ago at the head of forces rebellious against the authority of President Madero he was liable under the rules of war to be executed as a traitor. If Madero had been a Bonaparte, Diaz would have been led out in the cold gray dawn of the next morning, backed up against a dead wall, and shot. The world would have pronounced it a cold-blooded deed, and in Mexico there would have been some decorously repressed grief. But all the same the world would have seen in Madero a strong man and in Mexico the spirit of revolt would have gotten a chill in the region of its pedal extremities. It wouldn't have been nice, but it would have been effective; for besides removing an immediate menace it would have struck terror to the heart of revolutionism. And nine-tenths of the power capable of dominating a country like Mexico must rest upon terror. No man who can not make Mexico fear him, as did Porfirio Diaz, can hope to rule that country. There is not in Mexico that elevation of political and social sentiment, that consideration for the authority of law, that acceptance of the good, the true, and the beautiful, which makes government possible at the hands of justice and beneficence. The hand that rules Mexico must be of iron and it does not need a glove of velvet. It need not so much aim to get itself loved as to make itself feared; and no hand which lacks the hardihood to strike hard, promptly, and mercilessly—as the polite world reckons things—has any business in the game.

The *Argonaut* has been asked what are the rights of the Mexican situation. There are no rights, for it is not a game of rights, but a game of strength. To submit Mexico to any scheme of rights would be to promote anarchy and chaos. What Mexico must have, if there is to be order and through order security and progress, is a man like Porfirio Diaz, strong enough to grasp the reins of power by any method that will turn the trick and then drive forward. If no such man appears then there must come a period of ruinous anarchy which will last until some force shall come from within or without capable of stilling the tempest.

The Mayor and the Judge.

When Mayor Rolph made his descent upon Judge Deasy's police court a few days back he attempted to do a good thing in a bad way. No doubt he will be applauded by shallow-minded people who associate effectiveness with shouting and desk-thumping, but the judicious will grieve for a spectacular act that is likely to leave things pretty much as they were before.

That the mayor's blood should boil at the condition of our police courts is natural enough, but it is a pity that it should have taken so long to reach that desirable temperature. But for the fact that he was brought personally into contact with the savagery prevailing among the thugs of his beloved Mission we may assume that the mayor's blood would have preserved its normal heat and that rumors of official misconduct would have been relegated to the limbo of gossip. For why should the mayor be surprised by the fact that a number of young ruffians charged with murderous assault were promptly discharged for the lack of witnesses that the police took care not to produce? Why should he be surprised by the complacency of a judge who accepted such a slight to the bench without demur? Why should he be surprised by a suspicion that these cases, and a hundred others like them, are "fixed" by a sort of collusion between judges, police, and criminals, a trinity of Satan created by popular votes and sustained by popular apathy? Are we to believe that the mayor was unaware that judges, police, and criminals were but following a course sanctioned by years of precedent? If so then the mayor is the only man in San Francisco of whom this can be said.

That the mayor's indignation was genuine, although belated, is no recommendation of the form that it took. It belongs to the new and hateful methods of government that proceed by declamation, denunciation, and retribution. All these things might have their place under a monarchical system or where judges are imposed upon a people against their will or by individual mandate. But they have no place under democratic government, where officialism lives, moves, and has its being by popular vote. The mayor speaks as though the people were in some way outraged by the offensive misconduct of police judges. Why? Did not the people elect those judges? Did they not elect their predecessors, men of the same stripe? Will they not elect similar men as their successors, and especially if they can be persuaded that the more shameless, the more impudent abuses can always be corrected or at least huddled out of sight by a volcanic mayor or by a spasmodic recall? The effect of explosions of this kind is to persuade the electorate that something has been done and that at last "all's right with the world." But nothing has been done, nor ever will be done by such means as this. If there is any movement at all it is a movement backward.

That judges, police, and criminals should go hand in hand to deride the law is the result first of all of the political incapacity of the electorate and secondly of a system that is now bearing the only fruit that such a system could bear. What else can be expected of a police force that has been debased and corrupted by such administrations as those of Schmitz and McCarthy, that has been educated to consider itself as a sort of "rough-neck" tool for nefarious policies? The police force of the city has been a highly efficient branch of one criminal administration after another. each one of those criminal organizations created by a popular vote and applauded to the echo and until its iniquities positively stank. So far from being surprised at official rascality it would be a miracle if we had anything else. It will be a miracle if we ever get anything else so long as our ideas of reform are studiously left outside the polling booth, so long as we vote for bad men simply because no worse men are in sight.

If the mayor wishes to benefit San Francisco—and of course he does—he has the means to do so, but it must be by ways that are moral rather than pathological. Let him be assured that the power that is corruptly given is always corruptly used and that the source of all misgovernment is at the ballot-box. Bad men do not become good men because they are harangued, nor is the dignity of the law upheld by personal denunciation. If the mayor can do something to arouse a public opinion that will search for good men and elect them he will deserve well of his day and generation. The task may not be a spectacular one. It may even go without the applause of the women's clubs. But it is the only task worth doing.

Women and Their Masters.

The attention of emancipated women is respectfully drawn to the proceedings of the National Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers Association now in session at New York. It need not be said that the association is composed of men, and that it represents nearly every state in the Union. Nor need it be said that the association possesses no legal power whatever and that therefore it has nothing in common with the congresses and legislatures that pass those man-made laws that women find it such an ignominy to obey and against which they rebel so strenuously.

And yet no power could be more absolute and despotic than that of these men tailors. Never yet did a self-appointed tyranny receive more abject or slavish obedience. Not under the most autocratic male government in the world can we find a more insolent assumption of authority on the part of the rulers nor a more groveling acquiescence on the part of the ruled. This assembly of men argued hotly all night, so we are told, as to the shape of women's garments, as to their drapings, as to the kind of sleeves, the width of the skirts, and the "bias lines" to be observed in their architecture. Ultimately they "announced" their decisions, and so adjourned with a far more tranquil certainty of authority and power than was ever yet enjoyed by a legal legislature with a great popular vote behind it.

Now is it not time that women should consider their ways in this matter and should recognize the reasons for the good-humored contempt with which their clamor for "liberty" is received and heard? For evidently they do not know the meaning of the word. It is a humiliation, we are told, that men should make laws for the common good, even though those men are elected by a popular will in which the influence of women is far greater than it can ever be under a feminine franchise. But it is not a humiliation to obey an association of men elected by no one, representing no one and nothing but their own purses, and who legislate, not for the common good, not on matters of public policy, but as to whether women, and women alone, shall or shall not wear garments that they are nearly helpless to put on or to take off, that hobble and tether them like beasts in leash, and that deface them almost past human semblance. The spectacle would be ignominious enough, even shameful enough, in a Turkish harem. It could not exist in a Turkish harem, where feminine dress is governed by feminine taste. It exists only in civilization, and in association with a demand for "liberty" by women who thus evidently have neither the intelligence to understand it nor the free will to use it.

The Beauty Contest.

That Lillian Lorraine Hollis was once proclaimed by California newspapers as "the most beautiful woman on the Pacific Coast" did not prevent her from starving to death in a New York lodging-house. Indeed it would be no great demand upon credulity to suggest that it contributed to that end. There is no such poison in the life of a young woman as notoriety, and especially a notoriety for beauty. If we could only follow the careers of other young women, similarly cursed by newspaper publicity, whether in the form of beauty contests, popularity votes, or whatever it may be, we should probably find that the case of Lillian Hollis is by no means exceptional. It may usually be assumed with some safety that the newspaper adopting the tactics of the beauty contest is in extremities. It is among the last resorts of the desperate business office, but it is time that public opinion should have something to say to sordid schemes that are pursued through the corruption of girls who happen to be beautiful but who have none the less a right to preserve their modesty.

The beauty contest finds its appropriate place among the false standards of value that the spirit of the age has encouraged. Everywhere we find appeals for public support and applause, not on the ground of legitimate work well done, but of something abnormal and extravagant that is done spectacularly. We are asked to applaud our school children, not because they have been well taught the things that they ought to know and rarely do know, but because they can parade through the streets, furnish a public spectacle, or make a display of their singing. And if nothing abnormal presents itself for our artificial ecstasies we seize upon the commonplace and invest it with a sham halo. The simple performance of a duty becomes a surprising heroism and we are invited to strike attitudes in front of the policeman who has caught a burglar or a fireman mounting a ladder. It is all very disgusting, and peculiarly so from the fact that this debased and spurious hero-worship is carefully exploited not so much by the sentimental as by the sordid. It is a recognized means to get money by the corruption of ideals and the imposition of false coin for real values. But at least an adverse public opinion should make itself felt by the beauty contest and the popularity vote.

Editorial Notes.

It is interesting to read in the highly moral *Examiner* that the high-minded thief who stole the Archbold letters in offering them to the benevolent Mr. Hearst sought first and foremost .to place them "where they would do the most good." Thus we find even the hardihood and resource of knavery turned to beneficent account. And yet there are pessimists unable to recognize that the world grows steadily better.

The problem of transportation in connection with the exposition is indeed a serious one, in view of the limitations of our fool charter and the prohibition of our fool Public Utilities Commission. The one proper solution of this problem lies, first, through amendment of the charter, and, second, a retraction of its action on the part of the commission. Then it will be practicable to so extend existing street-car lines as to serve the purposes in view. Other proposed solutions of the problem have the prime fault of not solving it at all. Extension of the municipal system by a line through Van Ness Avenue, as proposed by the disinterested *Examiner* and approved by our shallow-pated mayor, promises little of real value. What is needed, and what we must have if the exposition is to be successful, is an extension of the general transportation system that will enable residents of all parts of the city to reach the Exposition ground by relatively direct routes and for a single fare. Nothing else will serve the public convenience and the interests of the exposition.

The attempt on the part of the Navy Department to aid and abet the movement to substitute "Goat Island" for the official name, Yerba Buena Island, is altogether flippant and just a bit contemptible. It is not for a smart-Alec hydrographer or for a similarly smart-Alec "Acting Secretary of War" to say what the name of one of the most conspicuous landmarks of our bay shall be. Much less is it for either or both of these subordinate functionaries, through the exercise of a little brief authority, to attempt to overwhelm by a practical joke the purpose of the people who live about San Francisco Bay to retain a beautiful and historical name. Very properly local societies for the preservation of historical landmarks and patriotic sentiments have taken prompt action in the matter, and their success is practically an assurance. It is easy to be confident that a President of Mr. Wilson's nicety of taste and fine sense of historic values will put a stop to the "monkeying" which certain young men of Washington are attempting with respect to Yerba Buena Island.

The New York strike leader who suggested that discontented cooks should poison the food of hotel guests was quick in his effort to explain away his horrid incitement as soon as he found that the placidity of the public had been ruffled. But it seems that this crime was actually committed, if we may accept the evidence of Andre Tridon of the Industrial Workers of the World, who writes as follows in the *Independent:*

> When the hotel workers asked me the other day to give them a definition of sabotage according to the leaders of the general confederation of labor (in France), I took special care to caution them against following the example of some Washington chefs, who had mixed caustic potash with the food, thereby injuring perfectly innocent parties.

It was conceivable that the original threat was intended to do no more than injure the hotels by frightening their guests, but now it seems that this atrocity was really committed. What have the Washington police to say about this? Or do they act upon our own principle that a labor unionist, like the kings of old, can do no wrong?

The Vice-President-elect, Thomas R. Marshall, will not take a house at Washington, but will make his home at a hotel. He makes no secret of the reason, which is that he is relatively a poor man and prefers to live moderately and within his means, than elaborately and beyond them, all of which may not be approved by Washington society, but will, we suspect, be entirely satisfactory to the country.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Ulster and Home Rule.

Pasadena, Cal., February 10, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: The letter of Mr. Dermot in your issue of February 1 is chiefly interesting as showing the survival of mediæval suspicions and prejudices.

It is hardly correct to speak of the north of Ireland as being Protestant, as its population is nearly equally divided between Catholics and non-Catholics. There is also an even number of Home Rule members of Parliament from that section; only last week they elected a Home Ruler.

A personal experience of my own while in Ireland during the summer of 1912 may be interesting. I was talking with a very intelligent gentleman who is a native of Belfast and who is now living near that city. As he is a Presbyterian I had supposed he was opposed to Home Rule, but to my surprise he said he was in favor of it. When I remarked that there was probably very little of that kind of sentiment in North Ireland he said that if they could have an honest vote on the question a majority of the people would be shown to be in favor of Home Rule. On my asking why they did not let their sentiments be known he replied that the anti-Home Rulers were so reckless and so violent that those who favored Home Rule thought it safer to keep quiet. He also stated that he thought Sir Edward Carson's threats of resistance were mere bluff.

It is true that for a long time Catholics and Protestants in Ireland have been at enmity. The old prejudices have of late years been disappearing, but the fires of hate and suspicion have in a measure been recently rekindled by such bigots as Sir Edward Carson.

The prolonged injustice of British rule in Ireland, especially as it affected Catholics, inevitably bred hatred, but under the more just and liberal legislation of the past two decades a better feeling has been growing. English historians and statesmen have many times denounced her treatment of Ireland. When one reads the story, and that, too, by English authors, of British rule in Ireland, he must marvel at the splendid spirit of the race that could survive and have hope and courage left under a tyranny that was systematic, cruel, and prolonged.

I, a Protestant and a descendant of Ulstermen, am glad to express my admiration for Great Britain's contribution to the cause of liberty and democracy. Outside of Ireland her achievements have been notable and the world remains her debtor. In all history I know of nothing quite so fine as the spreading of human liberty through England's colonizations. while, however, she was supplanting barbarism by stable government and establishing colonies that under her guidance have belted the world with democracies, she was in Ireland violating all her principles and writing the one shameful page in her history.

The Home Rule bill carefully and minutely limits the powers of the proposed Irish Parliament and insures under British guaranties the safety and liberty of all. Under it Ireland receives a beggarly share of local self-government, hedged about with checks and restraints that only allow her to creep toward freedom but do not permit her to stand erect. It comes far short of conferring the local privileges that we in the United States claim as a right and take as a matter of course. It is, however, a beginning, and is significant as showing that England recognizes the justice of Ireland's claims.

Of all the admirable qualities of the English, the finest is that in their national movements they never turn backward. As a people they have the steady, forward moving spirit that carries races over seas and continents and makes nations great. England will ultimately give to Ireland the larger liberty that she herself enjoys and Ireland will become a contented and devoted part of the empire.

Yours very truly, J. H. [illegible].

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The extent to which celebrities must suffer from the importunities of the ill-bred tourist has often been noted, but it is seldom that the tourist himself, or herself, confesses to being a nuisance or proclaims the merited repulse that sometimes happens. But Miss Wilson of Philadelphia, who recently interviewed the Pope and believes that she was consequently cured of a chronic malady, relates a story of the kind that most people would hide. She says that she "almost begged" Cardinal Falconio to present her to the Pope's sisters, but his eminence begged her as a favor to withdraw her request. "Their life," he said, "is so tortured by American tourists who call just for the sake of seeing them, as if they were one of the sights of Rome, that I can not possibly send you to them. I beg you out of charity to spare them a visit, as life is getting unbearable to these three old women." Miss Wilson seems to have heeded the appeal, but it is hard to understand why tourists should feel impelled to inflict their vulgar curiosity upon persons who would never have been heard of but for the distinction that has been conferred upon their brother. One would suppose that Rome contained sufficient objects of real interest to satisfy even a lady from Philadelphia.

Now that Londonderry has returned a Home Ruler to Parliament the Orangemen of Ulster must feel that the stars in their courses are fighting against them. The loss of Londonderry is even more than the capture of an Orange fortress, for it actually means that the majority of the members of Parliament from Ulster are now Home Rulers. Evidently we must revise our ideas of Ulster as representing the solid opposition to Nationalist aspirations. The imagined picture of an unanimous Ulster ready to die in the last ditch in defense of existing institutions is a common one in America, but it has no reality in fact. She has a better use for her ditches than to die in them. Ulster has always been divided closely between Home Rulers and Orangemen and now the actual parliamentary majority is on the side of the Home Rulers. The situation is not without its humor at a time when Conservative statesmen are calling upon high heaven to save Ulster from the horrors of Home Rule. But the statesman's business is always a humorous one if only we had the humor to see it.

Let us say another word of brotherly admonition to the eugenists before their silly science impresses itself too deeply upon the otherwise vacuous mind of the legislator. The eugenists have just issued a pamphlet enumerating the kind of people whom they wish to prevent from being born. These are classified as consumptives, the feeble-minded, degenerates, and so on. And they are described as "socially inadequate." Now who gave the eugenist the right to decide as to the socially inadequate, since opinions may differ widely on that point? If we were to draw up a list of our own it would be something very different from this. The people who interfere with the true happiness of the world are not its idiots nor its diseased. The people who hinder the progress of the race are not the tuberculous nor even the criminals. Therefore our list would exclude these as relatively harmless, but it would find a place for bores, for people who explain the play to you, who tap on the floor while the orchestra is playing, or hum the air, for persons who think that the chief occupation of life is to rush about in automobiles, or the more portentous busybodies who start investigations. We would gladly prevent all these people from being born, even though it took a congressional vote to do it. And if the list seemed to be still insufficient and if the population of the world would stand any further drain we would add Bull-Moosers, all persons with petitions to be signed, all eugenists, and all persons likely to possess an inherited legislative taint or with a predisposition to advocate the passing of laws. It seems strange that the eugenists should be so indifferent to the real evils that plague the world and should thus concentrate their premature minds upon the insignificances.

Mme. Judith has some good stories to relate of Victor Hugo, although there are few among them that increase our respect for the great novelist. She was especially struck by his gastronomic feats, as she may well have been. Upon one occasion, she says, he "put a whole orange, rind and all, into his mouth and then managed to thrust as many pieces of sugar as possible into his cheeks. This achieved, he began to scrunch it all up with his lips tightly closed. In the midst of this operation he swallowed down two liqueur glasses of Kirsch and a few minutes later opened his mouth wide. It was empty! No one made any attempt to imitate him." Hugo's complacency was as great as his other powers. When somebody at table quoted De Musset he replied, "Yes, he has immense talent. He boasts that there are some who consider him as good a poet as I am."

The New York *Evening Post* asks why suffragettes break windows—that is to say, why they break windows in preference to other things, such as heads? There are many possible solutions to the problem. For one thing it is easy to break a window. Even a five-cent hammer can do wonders of window-breaking in competent hands. The damage is relatively insignificant, for glass is cheap, but think of the noise. Then again the glass window is symbolic of civilization, but we may doubt if this has occurred to the suffragette. The glass window represents law and civilization. The stock in trade of the jeweler is sufficiently protected by a sheet of glass against the cupidity and greed of the world, and there was a time when a regiment of soldiers would have been less effective for the work. The suffragette reminds us with her agile little hammer that the conventions of public order are just about as fragile as that sheet of glass and just as easily broken. We may doubt if the suffragette has been actuated by philosophical reasoning or that her choice of weapons has been determined by symbology, but she might argue a certain method in her madness if she were inclined to argue at all.

Why is it that uneducated people enjoy taking medicine as others enjoy eating candy? Probably it is a survival of the tendency to appeal to magic, to the unknown and the supernatural, a gratification of the almost universal love for the mysterious. The new insurance act in England by which medical attendance is supplied gratuitously is said to have given rise to a perfect saturnalia of drug-taking. Unlimited medicine without cost is the paradise of the ignorant. A doctor whose practice is in one of the poorer parts of London says to a *Standard* representative: "People give in their medical benefit cards and say that they 'would like a bottle of something.' A good 30 per cent have nothing the matter with them, beyond, perhaps, a trifling cold. Some are 'feeling the weather terrible,' and one or two have headaches. But they all want medicine—and, of course, they get it. Over two hundred have been dealt with in one evening. The crowds at the surgery really do not matter so much. The more suffering that can be alleviated the better. No doctor minds doctoring, but he objects to an endless round of mere clerk's drudgery. It is impossible to cope with the clerical work inflicted on the doctor. Since we may not dispense our own drugs, as has been the practice of a great many doctors in poor practices, all prescriptions have to be written out in full in triplicate. Then the name of the patient, his age, address, occupation, and title of approved society (usually a most complicated one) have to be entered in the day-book. The same particulars have to be filled in on another form also. All this can not possibly be done satisfactorily in less than a quarter of an hour, or ten minutes at the inside, and, when between one and two hundred patients are waiting to be seen during an evening, it is plain that either the diagnosis or the clerical work will suffer." The last and ultimate curse of civilization has been described as officials, medical and otherwise, with note-books, who descend like a cloud upon the land, taking cognizance and regulating all those things that free people regulate for themselves. England seems to have entered upon that stage, as indeed have we ourselves.

Mr. E. J. Dillon, writing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, expresses the belief that the international peace movement would now be able to accomplish something if it had a leader, some man of genius who would be able to give it cohesion and direction. Doubtless Mr. Dillon is right. We should be able to accomplish a good many things if we had men of genius to lead us. Unfortunately we have not. The stage is empty. With one or two doubtful exceptions in the domain of art and literature, we have not a single genius anywhere in sight, not a single human being who is likely to be remembered in five hundred years' time as Pericles is remembered, or Cæsar, or Shakespeare. Perhaps we shall one day discover why great men are born in groups, and whether it is events that call forth a greatness that would otherwise remain latent. One would suppose that the events of today would call the genius of leadership from its hiding place, but so far there is no sign of it.

The tendency of the modern psychologist to describe as insane all who have displayed the eccentricities of genius is well illustrated by Professor J. Grasset, whose book "Demi-fous et Demi-responsables" has already—so we are told—had a marked influence upon European courts of law. In his list of the "half-insane," Professor Grasset includes Pascal, Comte, Balzac, Hugo, Molière, Wagner, Schiller, Descartes, Cromwell, Goethe, Mozart, Byron, Tolstoy, Ampere, Dante, Columbus, and Shakespeare. The learned author may at least congratulate himself that his name will never be found in that list. Insanity has no terrors for us if these are its products.

The London *Times* correspondent says that 35,000 persons have been massacred during the Balkan war. Of course this includes none of those killed in battle. It refers to the wanton killing of more or less defenseless people, and to needless butchery by soldiers. Evidently the blood lust is a long way from extirpation, and, equally evidently, our peace exponents have something more to do than to appeal to rulers and statesmen, who have no greater wish than to keep the peace and to resist the war instincts of their people. In the recesses of human nature—perhaps of all human nature—there still lurks some monstrous force that urges to kill. In peaceful civilization we see its handiwork in the criminal record. In war it comes boldly upon deck and defies discipline and order. But it is always there awaiting the removal of the restraints imposed by law, habit, and convention.

Every one is aware that prehistoric gold mines have been found in South Africa and speculation is still rife as to the identity of the people who worked them. A news item from Salisbury informs us that a Roman coin has lately been found among the débris of one of these mines. The coin was sent to the curator of coins in the British Museum, who replied that it was struck during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, A. D. 309-10. But the letter adds that these particular coins are not rare and that it would be unsafe to draw deductions from it as to the age of the mine or the nationality of the miner.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

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Practically no dressed beef was exported from the United States during the last six months in 1912. Up to a few years ago American beef was sold in great quantity in the markets of practically every nation of the world, and the international supply of beef depended on the American market. Now the United States has passed from this position to that of a nation able to supply beef only for the consumption of its own people.

OLD FAVORITES.

"The Gift to Die."

TO MY LADY FORTUNE.

Out on you, harlot! Gorged with gold,
Giving your all to churl and clown;
Drab of a play day, bought and sold,
Body and soul and scarlet gown.

Flung as a plaything to the base,
Tossed as a toy from man to man,
Where each may win you and wear a space,
And he may have you and hold—who can.

And so you have come for a moment's stay.
I may clip and kiss you and claim my right.
And who was it won you yesterday?
And who shall win you tomorrow night?

Yet yesterday to have your kiss,
The Judas kiss from your lips that fell,
Why, I would have given my all for this,
Body and soul to burn in hell.

Now, Patience, a beggar, sits outworn;
The gates of Reserve are flung apart;
And I write my name in the Book of Scorn
With the last black drops of a breaking heart.

I had not cared that my life should hold
In a red and rabble rout of noise,
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor gold,
The overgrown children's outworn toys.

They were naught to a soul like mine; for so
I had been content had the path I trod
Borne the Red Flower of the Poet's woe,
And the Bitter Fruit of the Tree of God.

Oh, he who is born to the Purple, *Knows*.
And God be my judge! I knew it well,
While thrice a decade of wants and woes
I served my time at the gates of hell.

But who that passed me by should see
Beneath the cloak of hodden gray,
The purple and gold of Royalty
Sparkle and flash and burn away?

And up from the desperate depths of me
And down from the despairing heights, my eye
Flung them with mocking courtesy
The Poet's arrogant I Am I.

I had but a soul, and I threw my all,
A pearl of price, in an Esau's pot.
I clinched the chain on, sorrow's thrall,
And little reward I won, God wot.

I bent my soul to the body's need,
And wrought at a starved and stubborn soil.
Apples of Sodom were my meed,
And the jester's cap to crown my toil.

I chose perforce the worser part.
And the pangs of an impotent desire
Stabbed in and seared against my heart
Cut like a sword and burn like fire.

Roses grow by the garden walk;
Roses grow on the garden wall;
They are dear to me, flower and stalk,
Heart's blood, soul's sweat drenched them all.

A star in a midnight tempest tossed;
A gleam of light upon wintry seas;
And so—the battle was fought and lost,
And my soul was priced at toys like these.

And my soul against its prison bars
Beat in its impotent despair,
For the clean white spaces of the stars
And the blue serene of the upper air;

For the cool green silence of the wood;
For the white-lipped voices of the sea;
For the purple hills of solitude,
And the golden paths of liberty.

But if for a moment, in idle whim,
Or patient passion, I tried to slip
The gyves from bruised and bleeding limb,
Duty, the master, cracked his whip.

Out on you, now, you two-faced jade!
Your fickle favors are dearly bought.
Come if you will and ply your trade.
But come as you will, you will come unsought.

Though you gave as a God might give, and not
From a miser's fingers, scrimped and doled,
As a God might give to a God, God wot,
Of his myrrh and frankincense and gold,

I would pass them by with heedless eyes;
I would not see, or I would not care;
I would give them all for the pearl of price
That you can not give and I can not wear;

For the soul that answered the wood bird's note,
Or spread its wings and adventured far,
For the heart that under the ragged coat
Throbbed to the pulse of sun and star.

Though you flung your glittering jewels high
Till they spilled from the golden cup again,
I would choose from all but "The Gift to Die,"
And to cleanse my soul from the souls of men.

—*Samuel John Alexander.*

* * *

Constantinople has been threatened before by the Bulgarians, the most memorable of the early attacks having been made in 813, when the barbarian Krum arrived before the city's walls. The siege, it is related, was begun with high ritual, but before more than a demonstration had been made, the Byzantine emperor came to terms. While the negotiations were going on Krum was nearly killed, a peril which so enraged the founder of the Bulgarian Empire that he laid waste the suburbs and retired with a host of captives. Fortunately for Constantinople, when the Bulgarian prince returned to take a fuller revenge he was seized with apoplexy and died.

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The longest straight piece of railway line in the world is from Nyngan to Bourke in New South Wales. This railway runs 136 miles on a level in a perfectly straight line.

THE LAST SOCIAL WHIRLS OF WINTER.

New York Festivities That Marked the Close of the Season Preceding Lent.

Those who know New York society or who read the *Herald* are well aware that Lenten solemnity and the avoidance of worldly pleasures are ideal conceptions seldom fully realized in Gotham. Many devotees of fashion would be overjoyed to find the conventional restrictions made actual and rigidly enforced, but to most there is little hope of more than brief pauses for taking breath. In seeming compliance with pious requirements there has been for a week or more a noticeable scattering of the social contingent toward the south and east, a movement that is swelled and accelerated with the arrival of this, the first day of the period of penitence and fasting that ends with the glory of Easter. But there were enough remaining and so minded to make the festivities of Shrove Tuesday memorable in a season that has been more than ordinarily gay. Bermuda, the beaches of Florida, and the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans had taken away some prominent figures, but the ranks were not materially broken. The big events of last night were not only notably spectacular, they were enjoyed by throngs that seemingly could have been but little more crowded or little less absorbed in the pleasures of the season.

Easily first among the studied entertainments of the night was Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's Egpytian fête, given at his studio at Madison Avenue and Forty-Fifth Street. For this preparations had been going on for some time, and they were of the most elaborate description. John W. Alexander, the painter; François Tonetti, the sculptor; Mrs. Edward Peck Sperry, and Joseph Lindon Smith, the Boston artist, joined in planning and executing the decorations, and even the costumes of many of the guests. In the studio a wide terrace had been built, thirty feet deep, which looked down upon the sea at Alexandria. The tops of palm trees and the masts of ships showed above the low wall. Oriental draperies covered the studio walls and ceiling, and rugs were spread upon the floors. On this terrace Cleopatra met Antony, and around them were grouped Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Syrians, Persians, Ethiopians, and Arabs. The costumes were historically correct, and the scene was beautiful and impressive in a way that made it something more than theatrical. It was not merely a display of costly magnificence, but a faithful reproduction, made possible only by careful research and painstaking effort. There were at least three hundred participants in the fête.

For the younger members of society, the débutantes and their friends, there was an attraction equally interesting if less pageant-like in the musical play presented by the Junior League at the Plaza Hotel. This was the third performance of the play, as two successful presentations were offered on the day preceding, but it was perhaps the cleverest and most perfect, for practice gives ease even in these latter days of self-possession and assurance. The young players did very well, indeed, and the original satire, "The Rehearsal, or Perplexing the Professor," deserved the praise it won and the big fund it accumulated for the various charities in which the league is interested. Nearly $8000 was cleared by the three performances and the attendant enterprises, such as the sale of programmes and flowers. From the play many of the débutantes went to the third and last of the Junior Cotillons at Sherry's. Dancing did not begin till late on this account, and few dinners were given before the ball.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish gave a dinner and entertainment, the fourth and last in her series this winter. There were sixty at dinner, and two hundred additional guests at the festivities that followed. One orchestra played softly while the diners were seated at the five tables, and later another assisted during the dancing. From the dining-room four pages with torches lighted the way to the drawing-room, where the guests viewed the entertainers in the ballroom. Señor and Señora Consino gave Spanish dances, then Harlequin and Columbine appeared and tripped appropriate measures, and these were followed by classic dances by Mme. Mantilla, dressed in Grecian costume. Marie Dressler, the jolly comedienne, was more modern and amusing if less studiously artistic in her monologue, and without apparent effort provoked the laughs which are her usual tribute. There were quaint music and dances of old France by a quartet in carnival costumes who played old-time instruments, and later, during supper, there were plantation songs bv negro singers in plantation garb. It was a Mardi Gras festival, and as happy in realization as in conception.

I do not attempt to give even a partial list of those prominent in these three affairs which most signally marked the close of the season, for there is not enough space in my allotment. Today, many of them are on steamer or train speeding away to balmier regions, but all will carry cheerful memories of the events.

At the Metropolitan last night Mary Garden sang the name-part in Charpentier's "Louise," and gave her usual forceful performance, more to be noted for dramatic intensity than for beauty of voice. But society, which was brilliantly represented in the large audience, applauded her generously. Many left the opera early, to go to Mrs. Fish's Mardi Gras festival and other entertainments, and there was a noticeable thinning out of the house before the last act. Next week the Philadelphia-Chicago company will appear on Tuesday evening, in the Zandonai opera, "Conchita." It will be the first presentation in New York, and Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini, who sang the title-rôle at Covent Garden and in San Francisco, will also be heard here for the first time.

Flaneur.

New York, February 5, 1913.

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The Hibiya Daijingu, or Great God Shrine, near Hibiva Park, Tokyo, is the most famous place in the empire for the celebration of marriages. Twelve years ago such a custom, that of performing wedding services at shrines, was unheard of, and it was Dr. Baron Takagi who established the practice, following that of the Western marriage rites in most respects. Since this innovation the Daijingu wedding has become most popular, and it is seldom nowadays (says the *Far East)* that any bride or groom from a family of good standing is married in the old-fashioned manner with the ceremony of three-times-three cups of sake. When the bride and groom and the relatives have assembled at the shrine the head priest advances to the altar of the gods and says a prayer to the ancestors of the country and then makes the couple promise that they will never separate. The priest then serves the gods with sake, after which it is given to the bride and groom, who make a vow before the gods that they will be constant to each other, and to make such a promise before the gods is one that does not admit of any lapse on the part of either party concerned. Then the sake is given to the relatives, and the signal is made to repair to a Western hotel for a foreign banquet or perhaps to a restaurant where a purely Japanese menu will be served.

◆

The ambassadors of the Great Powers have decided that Mount Athos is to be regarded as an independent ecclesiastical republic. It is stated that the new republic will be under the jurisdiction of the Œcumenical Patriarch and under the protection of the orthodox governments. It will be occupied by international troops or police. Mount Athos is the most eastern of the three peninsulas which extend like the prongs of a trident from the Macedonian coast of the Ægean Sea. The legends of the monks attribute the first religious settlements to the period of Constantine (274-337). There are at present twenty monasteries on the peninsula, and since 1783 the affairs of the community have been managed by an assembly of twenty members—one from each monastery—a tribute being paid yearly to Turkey. No women are allowed on the peninsula. Up to recent times the libraries possessed many priceless classical manuscripts, but a considerable number have been destroyed or removed.

◆

Long ago the phenomenal power of the stomach of the ostrich was immortalized in the idiom of all the world's great languages. To have the "stomach of an ostrich" is the synonym for incomparable digestive power, the supreme flight of gastric laudation. Those omnivorous beings of the dime museum who devour hardware in public for so much per week are always down on the bills as "human ostriches." Well, to make a long story short, the whole thing from beginning to end is nature-faking, pure and simple. As a matter of fact, the ostrich, if not a confirmed dyspeptic, has a most delicate digestion. The largest single entry in ostrich mortality records is acute indigestion. The successful feeding of ostriches in captivity requires constant care.

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Argentina's greatest natural wonder, which attracted visitors from great distances, is now gone. This was the famous rocking stone at Tandil, in the province of Buenos Ayres. The huge rock was poised on the edge of a cliff so delicately that a person could easily cause it to oscillate by pushing against it. Even the strong winds that blew from the pampas would cause it to move perceptibly. Nevertheless, according to a tradition, at one time Señor Ross, a much-hated Spanish governor, tried with a team of sixty oxen to pull it over without succeeding. It had been predicted that when the rock of Tandil fell it would mean new glory for the Spanish, and he wanted to help history on a little. Now it has really fallen, and the cause of its fall is a matter of much argument.

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Greenheart, in many respects the most wonderful wood in the world, credited with outliving iron and steel when placed in water, once sold for a dollar a cubic foot. Greenheart placed in the gates of the Canada dock in 1856 was used again in its reconstruction in 1894. The use of greenheart has been specified for sills and fenders in the lock gates of the Panama Canal. Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, and the Antarctic ship *Discovery*, were built of greenheart. It is being cut only in British Guiana, where it is found along the sea coast and water courses, seldom extending more than fifty miles inland. Tracts are now being cut over in some places for the third time.

◆

Because of the terrible effects of modern artillery fire most European soldiers carry several means of identification if killed. Each Bulgarian soldier, for instance, carries no fewer than six identification plates, each of which has on it his name, number, and corps. These plates each man is directed to fix away in various parts of his clothing, so that, however badly he may be wounded, there will be at least one plate by which he can be identified. Turkey, however, has taken little trouble to provide her soldiers with any means whereby identification may be established.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Monsieur Cedard, the chef of Buckingham Palace, with a world-wide reputation, receives a salary of $12,500 a year.

Baron Takaaki Kato, hitherto Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, was recently nominated Japanese foreign minister in the cabinet under the premiership of Prince Taro Katsura.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has given the American Museum of Safety a fund which is to meet the expense of striking a medal annually to be awarded to the American steam railroad making the best record in accident prevention and industrial hygiene.

Lord Willingdon, who before being raised to the peerage in 1910, was Freeman Freeman-Thomas, has been appointed governor of Bombay, succeeding Sir George Clarke, who retires in April. Lord Willingdon has been in Parliament, was junior lord of the treasury, and in 1911 he was appointed a lord-in-waiting to the king.

King Alfred of Arabia, who has reigned since 1878, is really a Frenchman, Alfred German de Breuel, a vicomte by birth, and a traveler by inclination. Struck with the possibilities of the country, he settled in Arabia. At a great meeting held in 1878 the sheiks asked him to accept the royal crown, being unable to agree upon any one of themselves for the dignity.

J. E. Taylor of Washington holds the silent but invincible identification of every man who has enlisted in the United States Navy since 1907. He is chief of the finger-print bureau of the navy, and is fast becoming the terror of unscrupulous men who have proved unfaithful in their country's service. His files contain over 130,000 cards, each carrying the unfailing mark of identification of an enlisted man.

Count Maurice de Perigny, the noted French explorer, who has done so much for science in his efforts to clear up the mystery of ancient America, recently left Paris for Costa Rica, at the invitation of the government, to study the prehistoric ruins of that country. While traveling in 1905-6 Count de Perigny discovered the ruins of Nacum, the capital of Maya, an empire which flourished before the day of the Aztecs.

Mrs. Ella Newsome Trader, the "Florence Nightingale of the South," is living in Washington in almost destitute circumstances. Southern friends expect soon to begin a movement to ask patriotic Southern people to contribute an amount sufficient to enable her to live her last days comfortably. She inherited a fortune of practically half a million dollars. At the outbreak of the Civil War she went to the front as a nurse in the Confederate army, organized hospitals, and gave large sums from her fortune toward their equipment. From her plantation in Mississippi she donated great quantities of foodstuffs to the soldiers.

The Duke de Loubat, the only American duke in the world—he was born in New York eighty-two years ago—has for the sixth time contributed in Paris an annuity enabling savants in straitened circumstances to continue their studies. He gives this annuity through the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor and also an associate member of the Institute of France, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The duke has offered a prize for the best book of the History and Ethnography of America. He is the author of many works, including "The Medallic History of the United States."

Francis O. Lindquist, congressman-elect from Greenville, Michigan, is probably the only man who has ever conducted a mail-order political campaign. He wanted a Pure Fabric and Leather Law, and as a last resort announced himself for Congress on the regular Republican ticket, though he had not been in politics before. He flooded his district with printed matter, sending out over 900,000 pieces of literature. Only one newspaper out of sixty-five in his district advocated his candidacy, and some, he states, refused to accept his paid advertisements. He made no contributions, nor did he receive any. The primary was carried, and at the general election he won out by 10,000 plurality. Lindquist is of Swedish parentage. He received a limited education, stopping at the third grade to go to work. His early days were spent working around lumber yards, docks, and hotels. Now he is president of the Canada Mills Company.

Augustine Birrell recently celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of his birth. This distinguished son of Liverpool is by profession a barrister. He is a bencher of the Inner Temple, and for a time was the Quain Professor of Law at London University. Mr. Birrell has written many books, of which his "Obiter Dicta" (which may be translated as "Sayings by the Way") are the most famous. A parallel between Mr. Birrell and Charles Lamb is sufficiently obvious to be frequently drawn by passing scribes, and has been emphasized by Mr. Birrell's own avowed appreciation for the author of the "Essays of Elia." It is not often given to a man to add a new word to his country's vocabulary, but "to Birrell" and a "Birrellism" have become necessary to be included in every standard English dictionary. Mr. Birrell's association with the long robe has not prevented his giving even some Birrellisms on the law. Not so very long ago he said that "the law may be an ass, but it is also a gentleman!"

THE SATANOPHANY OF SMITH.

A Bachelor Born.

Smith was possessed of a devil. There was no other way of accounting for the fiendish behavior of a man usually so self-possessed as he. He had just called upon his friend, Jack Beauchamp, not for a loan, but to give him a piece of his mind. It was a call of the wild. Smith was tearing mad. In fact he had torn a letter and a passion to tatters and stamped both of them into the ground as one who shakes the dust of life-long friendship from his feet. Beauchamp had owned up to writing the letter, which was signed with his name and addressed to Marcus Smith, Esq., 13 West Clay Park, San Francisco. The gist of the note was manlike in the forethought, not womanlike in the afterthought; simply this:

"Dear Old Boy: Wish me joy. Going to be married next month. Want you to be best man."

As a special favor, seeing that it offended Smith's taste in literature, the fact of there being a Lord Alfred Tennyson and merely a Sir Conan Doyle, he was left to seek the woman in the case, to divine the name of the divinity, a woman not far to seek, a name not unknown to Marcus, namely, that of the most beautiful woman in the world, the truest and the best. Now, why should the being chosen best man of your best friend, the having your little foibles catered to, make an even-tempered man tearing mad?

Bachelors are born not made. Benedicks are made. You can not make a man a bachelor by jilting him or dying. Let him be never so worm-eaten with chagrin or grief and one fine day, or wet, his weather eye half-closed, you will see the rare old bit of furniture dusted, refurbished, polished up, and carted off to decorate my lady's boudoir withal. Perfection in the fine art of bachelorhood, as in poetry, painting, music, is for those who have it of the grace of God or of the grace of Grind. Between these two perfections there is all the nice difference that divides forever the world of genius from that of great talent. With the work of the latter you can find no fault, only it leaves you with a feeling of a woful want of you know not what. In the work of the former you find faults, but you don't feel them, so full do they leave you of delight.

Jack Beauchamp had a great talent for bachelorhood. His severest critics could not deny him that. He fell just short of genius, and fell. Marcus Smith, himself guilty of flirtations outrageous as the puns of Shakespeare, had credited his friend Jack with being the real thing, with having the blessed gift of singleness by the grace of God. And now!

Great is the law of compensation, great enough to be misunderstood even of Emerson. The blind have eyes in the tips of their fingers and the daughters of the deaf may take music lessons and their parents be no whit the wiser but merely a penny the worse. In heart diseases of more than one kind there is vicarious functioning that stills every murmur and makes life worth the living even unto ripe old age. Your doctor prescribes that persons in general be good to you, and your wife in particular; that she in no thing thwart you lest at the Last Day she have to account to heaven for your sudden death, your entering there before it was really necessary. The tale of adequate compensations remains to be told. Some day——

To make up for the name of Smith, his old mother had baptized our hero with beauty and his young mother with the name of the emperor-philosopher, whose business was the True and the Good, that is, Truth pure and applied. To be sure, Smith could have applied to the courts for relief from his patronym, but he would not. There are Smiths and the Smiths. Marcus had back of him that he knew of enough squires and knights to make many a duke a mere nonentity of the immediate now, a thing at the most of but yesterday.

More than once it had been remarked of them as they walked arm in arm, Saul and Jonathan-wise, that Smith looked his front name, an emperor; Beauchamp, his, a none-too-distinguished bit of dust.

In addition to being possessed (temporarily, let us hope) of a devil, Smith was permanently (let us hope) possessed of a superabundance of that devil-stuff known to the vulgar as filthy lucre. Beauchamp might have been better off and no fear of getting his name into yellow print. Money looks good to a great number of otherwise very worthy persons. Yet Marcus, had he not had a penny to bless his singleness with, would have been considered good-looking even by mothers of marriageable daughters—dangerously so; whereas Jack, had he been twice as rich as his friend, would have been conceded good looks only by sycophants.

Smith was possessed of a devil, nor were the Gadarene swine in any immediate danger of being choked in the deep. The day of miracles was always yesterday, ever will be tomorrow. Let the history of these friends repeat itself. Far be it from me to do so, there being ladies present. Marcus took away Jack's peace of mind in exchange for a piece of his (Marcus's), told him he'd see him blank before he'd see him married, much less stand up with him. Not if he knew himself would he stand up with him, by him, nor for him. He, Marcus Smith, stand for any such tomfoolery? Not if he knew himself.

If you be a born bachelor, foreordained of the All-Merciful for single blessedness, you feel it in your bones: no need for man, woman, or child to inform you of the ineffable fact. Self-knowledge is inseparable from genius. Without self-knowledge no genius is. From his youth up, Marcus felt himself to be a bachelor, blessed of the powers that be above the common run of the unmarried. He was in fact of the few really unmarriable, heaven-elected, self-selected, for magnificent extinction, the distinction of not being duplicated in parvo.

The falling out between Smith and Beauchamp had not come to blows because it takes two to quarrel and because, in any case, the bigger of these two scorned to hit a man half his size. It takes two to tell the truth, the writer and the reader; it takes two to kiss, the man and the woman; it takes two to quarrel, the legs of the eternal triangle. Jack had no idea that Marcus would take this coming a cropper off his single-footed hobby so violently to heart. "The devil take him," he muttered with quite a superfluity of naughtiness, seeing as how the devil already had him good and hard or bad and easy, as you will. Then, "That's the sort of bachelor you read about!" cried the benedick-to-be, not without admiration and a sense of his own inferiority. "I thought they were a fiction."

Not for a minute did he hold it in his nose against his old friend, this almost melodramatic sticking to principles, this indignant refusal to have anything to do with apostasy. Yes, apostasy was the word. Bachelorhood, raised to the *n*th power, the zenith, by irrefragible friendship had from boyhood been their one religion. Would the residence park, where Marcus bungalowed, never again see them pause in their walk at evening to gaze west of the setting sun, to enjoy in their deepest heart's core that companionable silence which is the sign-manual of true spirit brotherhood? Mere brotherhood of the flesh, how often meaningless! How meaningful the bond between kindred minds and hearts!

Alone, Jack Beauchamp watched the sun go down in a weird fog that distorted it into a copper urn. The symbol was too much for poor Jack. Even the bachelor made is a mystic, a dreamer, an idealist, who believes with Andrew Lang that "Who wins his love shall lose her"; believes and trembles like the—very mischief. His eyes hurt more by the fog-veiled evening sun than ever by fierce noonday. Beauchamp turned to look at Smith's bungalow, and saw their friendship a great golden bowl brimming with happiness, upheld by four hands, and simply refused to see it fall to the ground, the two stronger hands withdrawn.

Softly as a woman weeps, Jack swore he wasn't going to stand for any such nonsense as this of Marcus's. All the same, he pushed the electric button apologetically, like a beggar, instead of using his latchkey and walking right into the bungalow as if he owned the place.

"No, sir," Smith's man said, his master was "not at home," and for a moment the perturbed and the imperturbable stood regarding each other. Like perfect strangers they stood. Neither gave the other the least sign of recognition. For all that, this man Doonan had for years taken orders from Beauchamp, served two masters as they were one.

This reception by a servant whom he had always treated as a friend, as one of the family, staggered Jack so that he felt the contents of the golden bowl to be spilling. Like master, like man. Doonan also was a monomaniac, had single-blessedness on the brain. Not alone in his official capacity, as one who obeys orders, but privately, officiously, as one who obeys feelings, the lackey had looked down on him, denied him admittance. The master's man was now more of the family than he. He was an outsider. Friendship had shut the door in his face because love had opened to him.

Empty of heart's blood, the golden bowl is but a mockery. Better broken. Thus robbed by his best friend's hand of much of the sweet of his approaching marriage, Jack Beauchamp felt more like going to his long home than to the house of his lady love. A begging letter written by Jack to Marcus to ask him whatever had got into him, what in the world possessed him, to act that way, was returned with the word "Traitor!" scrawled across it. The very handwriting was fierce, evidence that the devil was still in full possession.

Next month having tomorrowed itself into today, Jack got married, all by his lonely, himself for best friend, best man. That he had foresworn himself and single blessedness at one fell swoop bothered the apostate not a bit; but that burial urn of a setting sun stood between him and his honeymoon, causing a monstrous partial eclipse.

The bride, a flowerlike child of nature, breathing gentleness as a violet fragrance, vowed she'd never forgive Marcus Smith; even went so far as to call him a horrid old thing. Now, though Marcus had never once objected to being addressed by Jack as old boy, old man, old fellow, and the like, he had more wool on the top of his head than entitled him to a front row at the ballet, wool as black as if he had been the that-colored sheep of the family. The expression "horrid old thing!" merely goes to show how much the innocent cause of Jack's loss took it to heart—and him, to make up for it.

Home from the honeymoon, Mrs. Beauchamp, the flowerlike, the fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky, met in the shopping district, as the three sisters would have it, a girl friend of hers, a splendid creature, a veritable daughter of the Golden West, born to all appearances to convert the born bachelor from his false religion. To look at her was apostacy pure and simple and a vowing never to change one's view again. Agnes Siggins was Irish transfigured by California, a lady of the second generation, every magnificent inch of her. Gold works wonders with girl. The baser metal, boy, is much less transmutable.

As the two friends window-shopped round a corner the wrong way, the modest violet on the inside, the resplendent red-gold poppy on the out, who should they run into, of all persons, of all places, the weavers having thus cunningly woven the threads, but Marcus Smith! The poppy, blushing red-gold, was for passing on about her business—other than that of converting the genus, or genius, bachelor; but the violet, true to her word, must needs buttonhole the far-from-self-possessed Smith, to tell him, horrid old thing, what she thought of him, and how that they, namely Jack and she, had had enough of this nonsense of his, and to come and see them, if he didn't want them to come and see him and carry him off bodily, and——

Marcus Smith, other-possessed, gave her no heed, made neither humble apology nor lame excuse for not being present as best man at her wedding, nor even tendered belated felicitations. No, the brute took both Friend Agnes's hands in his, and with a tremulous effort at self-mastery thus exorcized, and revealed the nature of, his devil:

"Mrs. Beauchamp, allow me to offer Jack my heartfelt congratulations."

He had been suffering from the most harmless monomania in the world, the fixed idea that therein is only one woman.

Having thus guessed outrageously wrong, Marcus guessed he might as well get married to the one really, truly, most beautiful, truest, and best woman in the world, namely, Agnes Siggins. Agnes had long guessed so, too. **Harry Cowell.**

San Francisco, February, 1913.

◆

China is fast catching the commercial Western spirit. The governor of Shantung is contemplating the construction of an automobile road from Yenchowfu to K'ufu and the operation of a sight-seeing automobile over this road during the spring and autumn seasons when tourists are most likely to visit this interesting spot. Confucius's grave is now within easy reach of the Tientsin-Pukow railroad, being but six or seven miles from Yenchowfu. The grave of Confucius with those of his descendants of seventy-four generations makes one of the most picturesque and one of the most unique spots in all of China. This family cemetery is encompassed in a wall, eight to ten miles in circumference. The interior makes one vast grove, trees having been planted there since the burial of Confucius twenty-five centuries ago. Within a mile from the entrance to the Confucian cemetery is the Confucian Temple, a set of beautiful Chinese temple buildings, with yellow glazed tile roofs amidst a grove of ancient cedars. Here is also the ancestral hall of the descendants of Confucius. In close proximity to the Confucian Temple is the home of the only surviving descendant of Confucius. This gentleman, Duke Kung, lives here in a little principality of his own.

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The cost of reëstablishing the Irish Parliament is not likely to exceed the amount spent in dissolving its predecessor of the year 1800 (remarks the London *Chronicle*). In the purchase of rotten boroughs from the patrons who owned them £1,260,000 was expended. On the average the holders of this extraordinary sort of property received £15,000 each. Lord Downshire got as much as £52,500, and another received £45,000. For the votes by which the union was brought about a barrister-member who held out firmly could command £5000. But apart from the vast sums given in direct bribery there were other inducements. Pensions were found for the insistent and nice fat places for the less importunate. About thirty new peerages were created, and advancement in the Debrett hierarchy given to others.

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Observations made by the geologists of the United States Geological Survey in the oil and gas fields of California and Kentucky promise to further the solution of some problems. By pointing out the relations of oil and gas occurrence to the geologic structure of the regions examined they have rendered important scientific as well as economic aid in oil and gas development; but the basic principles controlling the widely varied modes of occurrence and accounting for the differences in kinds of oils in widely separated regions are possibly still far from view.

◆

A part of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is familiarly known as "Battle Pass," in memory of the Battle of Long Island, fought between the British and Americans in 1776. Recently an old oak was cut down in this part of the park in which several grape-shot were found imbedded; other trees in this vicinity have from time to time been found to hold numerous mementoes of the same kind, showing that the traditional name of the locality is well deserved.

◆

An innovation in lunch-delivery, by the agency of the parcel post, was started a few days ago when a Chicago restaurateur sent out 300 meals in pasteboard packages to brokers, bankers, real estate men, clerks, and those of other occupations. The packages were mailed so that they would be delivered shortly before the noon hour. The idea was evolved as a solution of the short lunch period, experienced by many business men.

◆

The highest point in the State of New York is Moun Marcy, an Adirondack peak which rises 5344 feet above sea level.

ANTIQUITIES AND AMENITIES.

An Observer Walks Across the Neck of England.

I had been traveling in Northumberland, and I had spent a glorious morning, with a bright sun and a cold wind, on the Roman Wall. It is, indeed, a thing to stir the imagination. It runs over hill and dale by crag and moor. for sixty miles, from sea to sea. It is a double line of fortification, a huge stone wall to the north, and a great earthwork to the south. Inside the lines, the strip varies much in breadth. Every three miles lies a large fortified camp, with towers and guard-rooms, prætorium and barracks. At every mile is a smaller fort, with guard-towers every three hundred yards. Many of these are gone, having been used to build farms and walls and to make roads. But many of them exist and have been excavated. In fact the whole place was one vast camp, sixty miles long and a few hundred yards broad; no one knows who built it. It may have been Hadrian, it may have been Severus. It has been sacked at least once, and repaired again; it was meant, no doubt, to keep off the warlike and ruthless Picts, and to make the south safe from their forays.

I had spent the morning at Borcovicus, a great camp on the very bleakest and barest part of the moors. It has all been excavated, and one can see the colonnade where the daily orders were read, the great gateways, with the pivot-holes of the gates, the guard-rooms, warmed in some cases by hot air, the elaborate arrangements for getting water, and for the disposal of sewage. The custodian had just disinterred a fine bit of sculpture, the bare feet of a Neptune, one resting on a dolphin's back.

The whole place gave one the sense of a busy and urgent life, lived at high pressure, and with a stern purpose. The walls are of massive quarried stone, and the labor which must have been involved in quarrying and carving blocks and columns and cornices, and dragging them for miles over the moor, gives the idea of a tremendous command of human energies. But what a dreary life it must have been for Roman soldiers pent up in this high hill-station! One wonders what they could have done with themselves.

There is, indeed, at Borcovicus, outside the wall, a theatre hollowed in the turf, with a special gate to reach it; and I daresay the place has seen some foul brutalities. There were, no doubt, skirmishes from time to time. There was hunting in the wild thicket-clad ravines for the adventurous—the tusks of wild boars are often found in the ruins—but it must have been a very unpleasant life! The elaborate arrangements for warming the houses show how much the Romans must have dreaded the cold up there in the snow-clad winter.

We went on to Chesters, where there is a museum of curiosities found in the excavations. There are a few beautiful things of bronze and enamel, evidently brought from Rome. But the native products are rude enough—altars, tombs, sacred sculptures. Even here, there is a touch of human joy and sorrow which makes itself felt across the centuries. There is a votive altar to Silvanus, set up by "the huntsmen of Banna," there is an affectionate inscription to a young freedman, a Moor, who died at the age of twenty, and his graceful figure is depicted reclining above the inscription, which says that his former master, Numerianus, followed him with grief to the tomb. There is an elaborate monument to the British wife of a young officer, who lavished loving care on her monument, himself a native of Palmyra. And then there are all the signs of life and activity—arrowheads, swords, spears, a curious leather shoe, with elaborate straps, all the débris of the daily round. Through the intense interest of the whole there falls a mournful shadow. the shadow of a vanished human endeavor, the old terror of war and violence. It was with a strange sense of pathos and wonder that I turned away. The river ran sparkling among its shingle, the woods rustled in the cool breeze; and over the hill, to left and right, one could see the deep lines of the vallum and the broken base of the wall, with the thorn-trees rooting in it, all so peaceful now, in the track of ancient wars, fought out fifteen centuries ago.

These Northumbrians, too, are so extraordinarily kind and courteous, in a dignified way, that they spoil one. As a rule they talk to one graciously and smilingly, as if half honored, half amused by the *recontre,* with that pleasant broken burr, in the softest of voices, with a peculiar silky texture which caresses the ear; there is no servility of deference; but an equal and good-humored courtesy, as between friends and brothers.

As I came down into the village of Four Stones, a dreary hamlet on the bank of the Tyne, with a tall-chimneyed factory and heaps of scoriæ, I asked a little eager man, with a small white beard, the way to the station.

"It's hard by here," he said breathlessly. "I will walk with you and show it you." We walked together and discoursed of the weather. "Yes," he said, "we want rain; the river is low, and the lands are burnt up; but we may be thankful that it is better here than in the south." I told him that I came from the south, and that the pastures were all burnt brown. "Indeed?" he said, with much concern, "Yes, it's been a hard summer down south, no doubt." By this time we were close to the station, and he pointed it out to me. I asked if there was a train soon to Gilsland. "Indeed, there is," he said, and whipped out a watch, "in thirty-two minutes, precisely." "Can I walk along the river," I said, "till the train comes in?" "Yes," he said, "by all means; it's a nice walk. I'll show you how to get there. I'll walk with you and put you in your way." He whisked round, and led me to a level-crossing. "You may go through here," he said. "You have twenty-nine minutes"—he plucked out his watch. "Now, mind," he said, with an uplifted forefinger, "the express runs through first—don't you be alarmed if you see it. Your train—that's the slow one—runs in eight minutes behind—a pleasant walk to you!"

This energetic and friendly man set me right with the world. I felt welcomed, introduced to the country, made free of its pleasant places. There was no Pictish blood in my white-bearded friend! When I came back to the level-crossing, he was waiting for me. "Have you enjoyed your walk?" he said; "that's right—and now to the station! The express will just be coming through. Have a care of it as you cross the line."—*Arthur Christopher Benson, in "Along the Road."*

TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON CLUB.

The Brothers.

"There have been very few instances of successful collaboration in literary work," said Vellis, who once had a critical paper published in the *Bookman* and since that time is occasionally gratified by being referred to as an authority. "I mean, of course, where the composition was of a sort not calling for diverse gifts, such as those of librettist and composer. Beaumont and Fletcher, Erckmann-Chatrian, Besant and Rice, are three of the well-known exceptions that prove the existence of the rule."

"The rule holds good in most lines of human activity," suggested Cardin. "As a general experience I would say that in every partnership there is one head, one dominating, directing brain. The other member or members simply use the means selected for them."

"It is sometimes very convenient to have partners to share the responsibility when things go wrong," observed Hance.

"There is a hint there of the reason why literary partnerships seldom endure to established success," said Cardin. "One of the authors would resent criticism that the other might more or less agree with, if it singled out a thought or a passage that was not his own. We are all superior beings in our own estimation."

"Did you ever hear of a man who was cured of an irresistible desire to collaborate?" It was Percival who asked, the round-faced, florid young man, who rarely joined in the talk at the table, but whose rather staring blue eyes always fastened on the one who spoke.

"If it's a confession, let's have it," urged Hance, when the others had paused, surprised rather than thoughtful.

"Well, it's all over and done with now," hesitated Percival, slowly revolving his glass, his eyes shifting to that object. "It won't do any harm to tell of it. In fact, it might be a sort of warning to anybody who wanted to prove that he could do things better than other people. So far as I am concerned, I have never since offered to advise anybody, and I never will.

"All of you remember Berdan's place, a machine shop and foundry on Folsom Street. He started in a small way forty years ago and built up a good business and a respectable fortune before he died. Perhaps you knew his son, Joseph, who carried on the business for several years after his father's death, then sold out, went back to England and died there. There were two of the sons, Joseph and Alfred. The younger, Alfred, was a schoolmate of mine. Joseph was serious, quiet, and a hard worker, like the old man. Alfred was different in every way. Nothing particularly bad about him when he was a boy, but no good of any particular kind either. After he left the grammar school, where old Manning stood his pranks for a long time before expelling him, he went down hill at a gallop.

"The property was all left to Joe in Berdan's will, which was right enough, for by that time Alf had become a wreck. Drink and drugs had got him. For months at a time he would not be seen by anybody who knew him, and then in a sobering-up period he would come back and strike Joe for money. Of course, he was always ready to accuse his brother of having cheated him out of his share in the estate, which wasn't true. Joe tried hard to do something for him. Time and time again he straightened him out and dressed him up, but it was no use. Three or four days at the longest would be all the poor devil could stand of decent living. He wouldn't go to a sanitarium. When he was carried to one he always managed to escape in one way or another. He was a genius at getting what he wanted, but he never wanted what was good for him.

"Joe came to me more than once to help him, though we both should have known there was nothing to be done that would have any permanent effect. Once we shipped him off on a sailing vessel bound to Honolulu, and the captain agreed to look out for him. The ship came back without him, but the captain said it wasn't his fault. He had hidden himself somewhere in the town, and could not be found. But the captain admitted that it was a relief to be rid of him, and said that Joe ought to feel the same. Joe didn't. He worried more than ever for three months, and then Alf turned up, more broken and wretched than ever. Then the old story began again. Every few days he would crawl into Joe's office and demand money. Not a few dollars, but a lot, thousands, all that belonged to him. No matter how Joe was occupied, or who was with him. Alf would fight his way in and make an outcry.

"You will say that Joe should have had him taken in charge. Now the most remarkable thing about the whole matter is that on that one point Joe wouldn't be advised. He wouldn't hear of putting his brother in an asylum. He wouldn't recognize the fact that it was the only thing to do. He never seemed to lose hope that one day his brother would come to himself.

"It was that desperate hope which finally brought the end. He came to me once with an idea. What he wanted was some plan that would force Alf to regulate his doings in any way, however slight. He had tried everything he could think of, but nothing that proved of any use. There was where my fertile invention came in. I helped him scheme out a plan of reform by machinery, devilishly ingenious, too. It was my last attempt at collaboration. Perhaps I shouldn't call it a failure, for it succeeded, but not the right way.

"In a little room adjoining the main office Joe had a big, old-fashioned safe set. The next time Alf came in for money Joe took him in, showed him the strong-box and explained its use. In the safe were a thousand envelopes, each one containing a five-dollar bill. The lock was a seven-letter combination, and the dial was made large, half the width of the safe door. On the rim of the dial were the letters, big and plain, and the indicator had a long sweep, touching each in turn. A card fastened above the dial showed the combination —three turns to the right, stopping at A; one turn to the left, stopping at R, and so on. When the combination was followed through correctly, one of the envelopes in the safe dropped out through a slot. Inside the safe was a clock which controlled the lock—it could be turned only once in twenty-four hours. And if the directions were not followed exactly in manipulating the lock, the envelope dropped, not through the slot, but into a jar of acid which destroyed it with its contents.

"Alf stood quietly, for once, and heard the explanation. He was told that the room was open to him alone, at all times, night or day, but that the watchman would not let him into the main office again. His future was in his own hands. So long as he came in a condition to work the combination he could get money enough for his needs, but in no other way. Joe made it plain to him that this was his last trial. Failing in this, he would be sent away and restrained. And then Joe left him there, alone with the safe. An hour later he looked in, for he had heard no sound. Alf was huddled up on the floor before the safe, leaning against it, one hand still clutching the dial, and all his troubles were over."

F. H. FERGUSON.

◆

"The most stupendous commission ever given an American artist" is the label which Chicago puts upon the work assigned to Lorado Taft of beginning the embellishment of the Midway Plaisance, the parkway connecting Jackson and Washington Parks, made famous during the Columbian Exposition. The income of the Ferguson fund, amounting to $30,000 annually, will be devoted to the project, for which the sculptor is allowed five years. His design is for a huge Fountain of Time, a hundred feet in length, with numerous figures of heroic size. The model has already been exhibited, and has attracted much attention. Nor is this definite step toward a city beautiful the only evidence that Chicago is casting off the crudeness that has long been made a reproach to her (observes the New York *Evening Post).* The close of the third season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company finds this organization with a small balance in its treasury, and this means a permanent opera company, "not of the subsidized kind, but of a sort that is supported by the city's music lovers."

◆

Oil was first employed in lighthouses in 1729. In 1790 the Argand circular-wick lamp with silvered reflectors was introduced. Gas was experimented with as early as 1817. The origin of the lighthouse, however, seems lost in the darkness of antiquity, but the romance of its construction undoubtedly centres around the Eddystone, near Plymouth, England. As long ago as 1696 Winstanley commenced building. Two years later the weak beams of light from the tallow candles first pierced the darkness. The engineer had an unshakable belief in his tower and often expressed a wish to be in it during a severe gale. This chance came on November 26, 1705, when on a storm appearing imminent he set out from Plymouth. The hurricane was one of the most terrible recorded in history and among other damage it swept away every vestige of the lighthouse, those in it, of course, being lost, the builder among the number.

◆

Twenty-four hundred farmers went to school on their farms in North Dakota during 1912. The pupils ranged in age from ten-year-old boys to gray-headed men. They studied scientific agriculture under the direction of a faculty of thirty farming experts. Fifty thousand dollars was spent by the North Dakota Better Farming Association during the last year in an effort to give the farmers of that state practical lessons in scientific farming.

◆

Detaille, the French military painter, desired, like the English artist Turner, that his country should possess his paintings, and such of his pictures as he possessed at the time of his death are to become public property. His house, containing his collection of uniforms, weapons, etc., is to be devoted to the purposes of a museum.

THE MINOAN EMPIRE.

The Rev. James Baikie Tells Us of Cretan Explorations and of a Ruined Civilization.

The men who began, about the year 1900, to explore and to disinter the ruins in Crete were unaware of the extent of the archæological treasure before them or that they had within their hands the key to the mystery of Greek civilization. Greek history had always begun with the First Olympiad in 776 B. C. Before that time lay the dim field of legend in which appeared the spectral figure of Minos and his Labyrinth; of Theseus and Ariadne and the Minotaur; of Dœdalus the aeronaut, and of all those fabulous figures and mythical achievements that were considered as suitable material by the poet and as rubbish by the historian. But today we are better informed, thanks to the energy of the Cretan explorers. Once more fable has become fact; myth once more takes its place as history. Before our eyes are the ruins of a marvelous and beautiful civilization of which Homer wrote and which flourished 2000 years before Greek history was supposed to have begun.

The Rev. James Baikie, who writes this fascinating story of Greek origins, does well to give the laurels of the pioneer to Dr. Schliemann, whose work at Troy was interrupted through the claim of the Turkish government to dispose of the treasure that he had found and who therefore transferred his activities to Mycenæ. His success was astonishing, for there were the tombs of Atreus, of Agamemnon, of Eurymedon, and of Teledamos and Pelops, twin children of Cassandra:

> Gold was there in profusion, beaten into masks for the faces of the dead (perhaps to protect them from the evil eye), into head-bands, breast-pieces, plaques of all shapes and sizes, and wrought into bracelets, rings, pins, baldrics, and dagger and sword hilts. Along with the gold was store of wrought ivory, amber, silver, bronze, and alabaster. One grave alone contained no fewer than sixty swords and daggers; another, in which women only were buried, held six diadems, fifteen pendants, eleven neck-coils, eight hair ornaments, ten gold grasshoppers with gold chains, one butterfly, four griffins, four lions, ten ornaments, each consisting of two stags, ten with representations of two lions attacking an ox, three fine intaglios, two pairs of gold scales, fifty-one embossed ornaments, and more than seven hundred ornaments for sewing on garments! A few scattered objects and a sixth grave were found later, the latter, however, not by Dr. Schliemann. The mere money value of the finds amounted to something like four thousand pounds sterling!

The work of Schliemann was continued and it became evident that the culture first disclosed at Mycenæ extended over all Hellas, but that its chief focus was to be found in Crete:

> Roughly, the result came to this: "that before the epoch at which we are used to place the beginnings of Greek civilization—that is, the opening centuries of the last millennial period B. C.—we must allow for an immensely long record of human artistic productivity, going back into the Neolithic Age, and culminating towards the close of the age of Bronze in a culture more fecund and more refined than any we are to find again in the same lands till the age of Iron was far advanced. Man in Hellas was more highly civilized before history than when history begins to record his state; and there existed human society in the Hellenic area, organized and productive, to a period so remote that its origins were more distant from the age of Pericles than that age is from our own. We have probably to deal with a total period of civilization in the Ægean not much shorter than in the Nile Valley."

It is necessary to consult the records in order to appreciate the amazing results of the work in Crete, and especially at Knossos. In nine weeks a palace covering two acres of ground had been disclosed. Courts and portals were decorated with frescoes, one in particular representing a youth bearing a gold-mounted silver cup:

> "The colors," says Dr. Evans in that brilliant article in the *Monthly Review* which first gave to the general public the story of his first season's discoveries, "were almost as brilliant as when laid down over three thousand years before. For the first time the true portraiture of a man of this mysterious Mycenæan race rises before us. The flesh-tint, following, perhaps, an Egyptian precedent, is of a deep reddish-brown. The limbs are finely moulded, though the waist, as usual in the Mycenæan fashions, is tightly drawn in by a silver-mounted girdle, giving great relief to the hips. The profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. . . . The lips are somewhat full, but the physiognomy has certainly no Semitic cast. . . . There was something very impressive in this vision of brilliant youth and of male beauty, recalled after so long an interval to our own upper air from what had been, till yesterday, a forgotten world. Even our untutored Cretan workmen felt the spell and fascination. They, indeed, regarded the discovery of such a painting in the bosom of the earth as nothing less than miraculous, and saw in it the icon of a saint! The removal of the fresco required a delicate and laborious piece of under-plastering, which necessitated its being watched at night, and old Manolis, one of the most trustworthy of our gang, was told off for the purpose. Somehow or other he fell asleep, but the wrathful saint appeared to him in a dream. Waking with a start, he was conscious of a mysterious presence; the animals round began to low and neigh, and 'there were visions about,' he said, in summing up his experiences next morning, 'the whole place spooks!'"

The throne room was filled with ruined splendors. Porcelain, gold-foil, lapis lazuli, and painted crystals littered the floor. An agate plaque almost equaled cameo work in its style and delicacy:

> The northern side of the palace was finished with another portico, and in this part of the building there came to light a series of miniature frescoes, valuable not only as works of art, but as contemporary documents for the appearance, dress, and surroundings of the mysterious people to whom this great building was once home. Here were groups of ladies with the conventional white complexion given by the Minoan artists to their womankind, wonderfully bedizened with costumes resembling far more closely the evening dress of our own day than the stately robes of classic Greece with their severe lines. In their very low-necked dresses, with puffed sleeves, excessively slender waists, and flounced skirts, and their hair elaborately dressed and curled, they were as far as possible removed from our ideas of Ariadne and her maids of honor, and might almost have stepped out of a modern fashion-plate. "Mais," exclaimed a French savant, on his first view of them, "Mais ce sont des Parisiennes." These fine court ladies were seated, or perhaps rather squatted, according to the curious Minoan custom, in groups, conversing in the courts and gardens, and on the balconies of a splendid building. In the spaces beyond were groups of men, of the same reddish-brown complexion as the cup-bearer, wearing loin-cloths and footgear with puttees halfway up the leg, their long black hair done up into a crest on the crown of the head. In one group alone thirty men appear close to a fortified post; in another, youths are hurling javelins against a besieged city. "The alternating succession of subjects in these miniature frescoes suggests the contrasted episodes of Achilles's shield. It may be that we have here parts of a continuous historic piece; in any case these unique illustrations of great crowds of men and women within the walls of towns and palaces supply a new and striking commentary on the familiar passage of Homer describing the ancient populousness of the Cretan cities." Only the wonderful tomb paintings of ancient Egypt can excel these vivid miniatures in bringing before us the life of a bygone civilization; nothing else to approach them has come down from antiquity.

The palace had evidently been destroyed by fire, and the disaster must have come suddenly. In one place was found a sculptor's workshop, and the artist had evidently been employed on one of the splendid vessels of carved stone in which the Minoan magnates delighted, for one of them still stood in the room, finished and ready for transport:

> Not far from the sculptor's workshop, and in the same quarter of the palace, was found a splendid and convincing proof of the magnificence of the appointments of the House of Minos in its palmy days. This was a board which had evidently been designed for use in some game, perhaps resembling draughts or chess, in which men were moved to and fro from opposite ends. The board was over a yard in length, and rather more than half a yard in breadth. Its framework was of ivory, which had originally been overlaid with thin gold plate, and it was covered with a mosaic of strips and discs of rock-crystal, which in their turn had been backed alternately with silver and blue enamel paste. Round its margin ran a border of marguerites whose central bosses were convex discs of rock-crystal which had probably been set originally in a blue paste background. At the top of the board were found beautiful reliefs representing nautilus shells, set round with crystal plaques, and bossed with crystal. Below them came four large medallions, set among crystal bars backed with silver plate, and then eleven bars of ribbed crystal and ivory, alternating with one another. Eight shorter bars of crystal backed with blue enamel fill spaces on either side of the topmost section in the lower part of the board, which consists of a two-winged compartment with ten circular openings, the medallions of which have been broken out, but were probably of crystal backed with silver. The remaining space of the board was filled with flat bars of gold-plated ivory alternating with bars of crystal on the blue enamel setting. The mere summary of its decoration conveys no idea of the splendor of a piece of work which, as Professor Burrows says, "defies description, with its blaze of gold and silver, ivory and crystal." The Late Minoan monarch who used it—for so gorgeous a piece of workmanship can scarcely have been designed for any one but a king—must have been as splendid in his amusements as in all the other appointments of his royalty.

Many evidences of the Minoan religion were found, and it is notable that the supreme Deity seems to have been a woman known later by the Greeks as Aphrodite and by the Cretans as Ariadne, whose symbols were doves and the snake. A statuette of the goddess and of her votaries shows the latter with exceedingly slender waists, and altogether "the lines adopted are those considered ideal by the modern corset-maker rather than those of the sculptor":

> There can be little doubt that these tiny figures point to the worship of an earth goddess, whose emblem is the snake—the other aspect of the heavenly divinity whose symbols are the doves. It may be noted that at Gournia Miss Boyd (Mrs. Hawes) found a primitive figure of a goddess, twined with snakes and accompanied by doves, together with a low, three-legged altar, and the familiar horns of consecration. Strangely enough, along with the Snake Goddess of Knossos there was found in the Temple Repositories a cross of veined marble, with limbs of equal length, which Dr. Evans believes to have actually been the central object of worship in the cult, and which he has placed in this position in his reconstruction of the little shrine. This discovery, "pointing to the fact that a cross of orthodox Greek shape was not only a religious symbol of the Minoan cult, but an actual object of worship, can not but have a profound interest in its relation to the later cult of the same emblem which still holds the Christian world." The fact of the equal-limbed cross having at so early a date been the object of worship also suggests the reason why the Eastern Church has always preferred the Greek form of cross to the unequal-limbed form of the Western Church.

When the Minoan script has been deciphered it will be possible to learn the story of this marvelous people, but in the meantime, says the author, the impression is one of sadness. It has all passed away and been forgotten, with its vivid life and its hopes and its fears:

> The pathos of this aspect of his discoveries has not been missed by the explorer. Writing of the restoration of the queen's apartment of the palace, a restoration rendered necessary by the decomposing action of wind and rain on the long-buried materials, Dr. Evans says: "From the open court to the east, and the narrower area that flanks the inner section of the hall, the light pours in between the piers and columns just as it did of old. In cooler tones it steals into the little bathroom behind. It dimly illumines the painted spiral frieze above its white gypsum dado, and falls below on the small terra-cotta bathtub, standing much as it was left some three and a half millenniums back. The little bath bears a painted design of a character that marks the close of the great 'Palace Style.' By whom was it last used? By a queen, perhaps, and mother, for some 'Hope of Minos'—a hope that failed."
>
> The little bathtub in the Queen's Megaron at Knossos takes its place with the children's toys of the Twelfth Dynasty town at Kahun in bringing home to us the actual humanity of the people who used to be paragraphs in Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary" or Rollin's "Ancient History."

The author believes that the Minoan Empire was destroyed about the year 1400 B. C., and that it was destroyed suddenly and in the fullness of its power there can be little doubt:

> That there was a huge disaster, which broke forever the power of the Sea-Kings, is unmistakable. The Minoan kingdom did not fall from over-ripeness and decay, as was the case with so many other empires. The latest relics of its art before the catastrophe show no signs of decadence; the latest specimens of its linear writing show a marked advance on those of preceding periods. A civilization in full strength and growth was suddenly and fatally arrested. Everywhere throughout the palace at Knossos there are traces of a vast conflagration. The charred ends of beams and pillars, the very preservation of the clay tablets with their enigmatic records, a preservation due, probably, to the tremendous heat to which they were exposed by the furious blazing of the oil in the store jars of the magazines, the traces of the blackening of fire upon the walls—everything tells of an overwhelming tragedy. Nor was the catastrophe the result of an accident. There is no mistaking the significance of the fact that in the palace scarcely a trace of precious metal, and next to no trace of bronze has been discovered. Fire at Knossos was accompanied by plunder, and the plundering was thorough. A few scraps of gold-leaf, and the little deposit of bronze vessels that had been preserved from the plunderers by the fact that the floor of the room in which they were found had sunk in the ruin of the conflagration, are evidences, better than absolute barrenness would have been, to the fact that the place was pillaged with minute thoroughness, and the unfinished stone jar in the sculptor's workshop tells its own tale of a sudden summons from peaceful and happy toil to the stern realities of warfare.

Other explorations in Crete tell the same tale. Everywhere there are the mute records of sudden invasion followed by plunder and conflagration:

> The evidence from Phæstos and Hagia Triada tallies with that from Knossos. Everywhere there are the traces of fire on the walls, and a sudden interruption of quiet and luxurious life. The very stone lamps still stand in the rooms at Hagia Triada, and on the stairs of the Basilica at Knossos, as they stood to lighten the last night of the doomed Minoans. Of course there are no records, and if there were we could not read them; but it is easy to imagine the disastrous sea-fight off the mouth of the Kairatos River, or elsewhere along the coast, the wrecks of the once invincible Minoan fleet driven ashore in helpless ruin in the shallow bay, like the Athenian fleet at Syracuse, the swift march of the mainland conquerors up the valley, the brief, desperate resistance of the palace guards, and then the horrors of the sack, and the long column of flushed victors winding down to their ships, laden with booty, and driving with them crowds of captive women. Similar scenes must have been enacted at Phæstos and Hagia Triada, either by other forces of invaders, or by the same host sweeping round the island.

The Minoan palaces, conjectures the author, must have shown their full splendors only from within. From the outside they must have been massive, but otherwise unattractive. Only on a closer approach would the eye be impressed by the spacious courts, the stately porticos, the noble stairways, and the wealth of color:

> A palace such as that of Knossos sheltered an extraordinary variety and complexity of life. An abundance of humbler rooms served for the accommodation of the artists and artisans who were needed for the service and adornment of the palace, and of whom whole companies must have lived within the walls, "dwelling with the king for his work," like the potters and foresters mentioned in Scripture. Several shrines and altars provided for the religious needs of the community. Rooms of state were set apart for public audiences and for council meetings. In fact, the building was not only a king's dwelling-place, but the administrative centre of a whole empire, and within its walls there was room for the offices of the various departments and for the housing of their records.

The religion of the Minoans has already been mentioned, and while it must necessarily remain obscure until the Minoan script has been deciphered—if science should prove equal to that task—the author allows himself a further reference to the interesting problem. He says:

> The Minoans, it seems fairly clear, were never, like their successors the Greeks, the possessors of a well-peopled Pantheon; nor was the chief object of their adoration a male deity like the Greek Zeus. There are, indeed, traces of a male divinity, who was adopted by the Greeks when they obtained predominance in the island, as the representative of their own supreme deity, and who became the Cretan Zeus. But in Minoan times this being occupied a very subordinate place. and undoubtedly the chief object of worship was a goddess—a Nature Goddess, a Great Mother—the Lady of the Wild Creatures—who was the source of all life, higher and lower, its guardian during the period of its earthly existence, and its ruler in the underworld.

At one point we may express some disagreement with the author, and that is where he endeavors to show that Plato's Atlantis was actually the Cretan Minoa. He says:

> Almost certainly, then, Plato's story gives the Saite version of the actual Egyptian records of the greatness and the final disaster of that great island state with which Egypt so long maintained intercourse. Doubtless to the men of the latter part of the Eighteenth Dynasty the sudden blotting out of Minoan trade and influence by the overthrow of Knossos seemed as strange and mysterious as though Crete had actually been swallowed up by the sea. The island never regained its lost supremacy, and gradually sank into the insignificance which is its characteristic throughout the Classical period. So, though neither the priest of Sais nor his Greek auditor, and still less Plato, dreamed of the fact, the wonderful island state of which the Egyptian tradition preserved the memory was indeed Minoan Crete, and the men of the Lost Atlantis whose portraits Proclus saw in Egypt were none other than the Keftiu of the tombs of Sen-mut and Rekh-ma-ra.

There seems to be no evidence to sustain this. In fact the author is doing the same thing to the legend of Atlantis that hitherto accepted history has done with Minoa. Experiences in Crete should have made him more cautious and should have taught him to look upon myth with a new respect. Possibly some Schliemann yet to come will discover the ruins of the Lost Atlantis.

The Sea-Kings of Crete. By Rev. James Baikie, F. R. A. S. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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Li Hung Chang, the statesman whose name once filled the world, is honored at Shanghai by the first statue erected in the Chinese empire to a Celestial afte the manner of the sculptor's art. The style of monument preferred by the Chinese has hitherto taken the form of a temple.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill.

Those who like Southern stories and those who like Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice will alike be gratified by this romance of Kentucky. The plot is by no means new. When "Miss Lady," more correctly known as Miss Elizabeth Carsey, loses her father she allows herself to be persuaded that she is in love with Dr. Queerington, who is in every way an admirable man, but a middle-aged and somewhat austere scientist. If she had been old enough to know her own mind she would have been aware that she was actually in love with Donald Morley, who had left the country suddenly after being innocently mixed up in a murder case. So Miss Lady becomes Mrs. Queerington and at once we become rather sorry for the worthy doctor, because we know that Morley will turn up triumphantly toward the last pages and the doctor will have to be disposed of to make room for him. And the Angel of Death is always at the bidding of the novelist.

The chief charm of the stories is in the many and varied pictures of Kentucky life. No one can delineate better than Mrs. Rice the curiosities and quaintnesses of country folk or do it with more delicacy and kindliness. In this case we have two or three characters that it would be hard to forget, not for the cleverness of a caricature, but for the fidelity of a portrait.

A ROMANCE OF BILLY-GOAT HILL. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company.

Care-Free San Francisco.

Perhaps the care-free temperament of San Francisco has been somewhat over-accentuated to her own detriment, but Mr. Dunn explains to us that she is only "indifferent to fate" when fate is beyond her control. San Francisco, in other words, does not worry, and this is sound philosophy as well as sound hygiene.

Mr. Dunn has written an attractive little book about the leisure hours of San Francisco that are spent in the streets, the parks, and the resorts. It is a good book to send to those who know nothing of the distinctiveness of the city, and even residents may profitably turn over its pages and so remind themselves of some of the things that it is time for them to see again, "lest we forget." The forty-four photographic illustrations are of unusual excellence and the same may be said of the mechanical work in every department.

CARE-FREE SAN FRANCISCO. By Allan Dunn. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $1 net.

Why I Left My Husband.

These stories are not all of women who leave their husbands, the other varieties of marital misery being provided for under the sub-title of "Other Human Documents of Married Life." The author describes them as essentially true, and obviously they are true. Their truth is proved in every divorce court, and the author has done no more than use her marked literary gifts to set forth notorious facts in a dramatic way.

The disasters of marriage are described as a problem, and with our usual fatal perversity it is a problem that we are trying to solve by laws. But, strictly speaking, there is no marriage problem, as such. The whole trend of modern sociology, including our education and religion, has been to exalt selfishness into a virtue, and we are now discovering that of all other human relationships marriage is the most incompatible with self-love. Every story in this book hinges upon the crude and brutal selfishness of a husband or a wife, the same selfishness that rules, although with less rapid disaster, in every other department of life. What we are trying to do now, by laws and otherwise, is to preserve selfishness at all costs, and to evade its ruin of the home. The author's suggestive book should help us to understand that the "problems" of today are not to be found in water-tight compartments, but that they have a common basis in the poisoned roots of human nature.

WHY I LEFT MY HUSBAND. By Virginia T. Van de Water. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.20 net.

General Jubal Anderson Early.

Although this is described as an autobiographical sketch it is practically a narrative of the war operations in which General Early participated. With the exception of ten pages of personal and early history the volume begins with the fall of Fort Sumter and the ordinance of secession. From that time onward we have General Early's story of Bull Run, the Peninsular and Antietam campaign, and Fredericksburg. It would be interesting to know when these records were written, and of this the editor gives us no hint. General Early died in 1894, and it has therefore taken nineteen years to give them to the world. It seems a little late in the day to ask a hearing for a plea in self-justification, and this is practically what the work amounts to. It is already recognized that General Early was called upon to shoulder much responsibility for the errors of others, but it is none the less true that he had the supreme and irreparable misfortune to lose the confidence of his command, and this was precisely the reason given by Lee for depriving him of it. That Lee's action was bitterly resented by Early is evident all the way through his narrative, and this lends itself to the presumption that it was written before time had healed the wound or allowed for a just weighing of events. And it may be said that resentment is never a decoration to an autobiography.

But nevertheless the book is an important one. Few war narratives have been so succinct or even dramatic. An interesting feature is the author's estimate of the men with whom he was associated. McClellan, he thinks, was "the ablest commander the United States had in Virginia." Sheridan, he says, "was without enterprise and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY, C. S. A. Edited with notes by R. H. Early. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $3.50 net.

Dancing.

Caroline and Charles H. Caffin, in the best book on dancing that we have yet seen, express their regret that dancing should cease to be a fine art in America. Art should be a developed and educated instinct, but in America we left the education and the development upon one side and therefore have allowed the instinct to degenerate into "turkey trots" and "bunny hugs" that are merely brutish. Nor is agility sufficient. The dance, say the authors, must express a living soul, it must be "a response to our need of life and desire of living."

Even those who know little of dancing will be attracted by the remarkable collection of full-page plates that are included in this volume. There are nearly fifty of these, representing all the chief dancers of the world and with letterpress descriptions of an historical and interpretative kind. No book could be better designed to arouse an interest in dancing or to accomplish its purpose of stimulating "the modern revival of dancing as an art."

DANCING AND DANCERS OF TODAY. By Caroline and Charles H. Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $4 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Among the few really good stories of dogs must be counted "My Dog and I," by Gerald Sidney (Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net). The author keeps his dog in the centre of the stage, but he keeps a large and lively company of human beings there at the same time.

"Deutsche Heimat," edited by Josefa Schrakamp (American Book Company; 80 cents), is a general survey of the German nation, historical and sociological, published with notes, conversational questions, and vocabulary.

Bridge players should have a welcome for "Auction of Today," by Milton C. Work (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net). The author introduces many new theories of declaration, gives us the new code of laws, the latest decisions, an abbreviated system of scoring, tables of conventional leads, a chapter on Doubling and a table of "Summarized Penalties."

Under the title of "Memory and the Executive Mind" Mr. Arthur Raymond Robinson writes a volume of sound and refreshing common sense for the business man who recognizes the value of individuality. The author divides his book into three parts: "Memory and Its Development," "The Executive Mind," and "The Larger Success." The publishers are M. A. Donohoe & Co., and the price is $1.50 net.

"The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ," by H. R. Mackintosh, D. Phil., D. D., is among later additions to the International Theological Library now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons ($2.50 net). Dr. Mackintosh writes with profound knowledge of the early church and of biblical criticism, but he seems all the way through to attach an undue weight to the defense of ecclesiastical dogma and therefore to ignore much of the historical testimony inimical to that dogma. For example, his *résumé* of the teachings of Origen seems to be inadequate and to exclude much of the great bishop's theology that would be fatal to accepted creeds. The whole volume, in fact, seems to be less of an unbiased search for truth than it should be.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A comprehensive "History of India," from the earliest times to the present day, on the model of the "Cambridge Modern History," is in preparation by the Cambridge University Press. The work will be in six volumes, divided equally among the three main periods —Ancient India, Mohammedan India, and British India.

"The Mystery of the Barranca," a novel by Herman Whitaker, author of "The Planter," is published this week by Harper & Brothers. It is a story of present-day Mexico, mirroring the resentment felt by the Mexicans at the advent of the gringo and his methods.

A volume of timely interest, in view of the crisis of the French presidential election, is Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's "Republican France: 1870-1912. Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes and Social Life," which Small, Maynard & Co. will have ready shortly. Mr. Vizetelly, who is the author of many books on France, is perhaps best known as the translator of the novels of Emile Zola.

New Books Received.

FORTY SONGS BY PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY. Edited by James Huneker. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; $1.50 paper, $2.50 cloth.

Issued in the Musician's Library.

DANTE AND THE MYSTICS. By Edmund G. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50 net.

Treating of the mysticism of Dante, of his appeal to St. Augustine in defense of the mysticism of the Paradiso, as well as of Dante and Dionysius and of Dante and St. Bernard, the Victorines, the Franciscan mystics, and the Twain Mechthilds.

POOR, DEAR MARGARET KIRBY. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

SOCIAL RELIGION. By Scott Nearing, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.

An interpretation of Christianity in terms of modern life.

GENETICS. By Herbert Eugene Walter. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

An introduction to the study of heredity.

LECTURES ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By James Ford Rhodes, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Delivered before the University of Oxford in Easter and Trinity terms, 1912.

THE INFLUENCE OF BAUDELAIRE IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By G. Turquet-Milnes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50 net.

A study of a man but for whose work "the world would in some way, great or small, have been other than it is."

PROPHETICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND PLAYING CARDS. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; $3 net.

An exhaustive and comprehensive study of playing cards with instructions for reading their meanings.

MAN: A HISTORY OF THE HUMAN BODY. By Arthur Keith, M. D., LL. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

SOCIALISM SUMMED UP. By Morris Hillquist. New York: The H. K. Fly Company; $1 net.

A concise presentation of the Socialist movement.

THE AMERICAN PARADISE. By Mary Ives Todd. New York: Mary Ives Todd; $1.50.

Sequel to "An American Madonna."

LITTLE CITIES OF ITALY. By André Maurel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50 net.

Translated from the French by Helen Gerard.

WORD MASTERY. Prepared by Florence Akin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 25 cents net.

A course in phonics for the first three grades.

ENGLISH EPIC AND HEROIC POETRY. By W. MacNeile Dixon, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50 net.

A study of epic or narrative verse.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. By Thomas Fairman Ordish, F. S. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25 net.

A commentary on Shakespeare's life and work in London. A new edition with a chapter on Westminster and an itinerary of sites and reliques.

YANG CHU'S GARDEN OF PLEASURE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

Translated from the Chinese. Issued in the Wisdom of the East series.

ASHES AND SPARKS. By Percy White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

A novel.

THE BALKAN WAR. By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net.

Adventures of war with Cross and Crescent.

PSYCHOLOGY AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50 net.

A practical application of psychology to the problems of every-day life.

THE AMERICAN HYMNAL. Edited by W. J. Dawson, D. D. New York: The Century Company; $1.

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"GYPSY LOVE."

Phyllis Partington must believe in luck, for, although a stage performer of unusual gifts, kindly chance opened the way for those gifts to be revealed. Luck gave the understudy her opportunity; luck gave her a rôle that fitted her to a T; luck provided lyrics that were particularly adapted to her voice; it called for costumes that were immensely becoming to her good looks, emotions that were appropriate to her appearance. And then luck brought her to her home town; and Phyllis Partington did all the rest: she made a large, exotic, blooming hit, and is, no doubt, very happy. For, no matter how many triumphs may be won in larger and more important centres of art, if there is any one triumph that appeals to average humanity it is to come to one's home town on the crest of a wave of professional triumph.

"Gypsy Love" is unusually melodious for a modern piece of its class—an operetta it is called—for it ranks higher than musical comedy. One might say, indeed, that it is almost of a piece with "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana." The story is pretty, poetic, and picturesque; Lehar's music, in its abundance, variety, and distinctive melodic charm, considerably excels that of "The Merry Widow," by the same composer. The book is adapted from the German by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, and the adapters have done their task very well. The fact that the comedy element is slight may be laid partly to the German origin of the piece, partly to the fact that it is entirely of a different rank from musical comedy. There is, however, enough of a mild strain of comedy in the piece to appease the comedyphiles, and the usual number of chorus girls in evidence, dressed up to the nines, and dancing with entirely modern gayety and abandon.

The pretty and romantic story centres about Zorika, daughter of a noble, who, on the eve of her marriage, meets a handsome young fiddle-playing gypsy, and succumbs to the hypnotism of his music, and the lure of wild freedom and adventures that he suggests. But, on the eve of St. Agnes, her old nurse persuades her to drink of the magic waters of a spring that, on that day, lays futurity open to the gaze of the one who takes the draught. The second act reveals Zorika as she sees herself in the magic vision, wandering, a ragged gypsy, with Jozsi, the gypsy fiddler, grown cool and neglectful of the romantic maiden who has followed his fortunes. A dramatic finale to this act shows Zorika cast off by Jozsi; and unrecognized by her father and the friends of her happy girlhood. In the last act, Zorika, awakened from her slumber, rejects the gypsy's unstable love, and returns, with reawakened affection, to the bridegroom chosen for her by her father.

An unusually good cast has been chosen to interpret this latest work of Lehar, the company being particularly characterized by vocal ability. Phyllis Partington is called upon to reveal her quality at once. We hear, before the curtain rises, a full, rich, luscious voice singing off stage, and when the curtain rises there is dramatic revelation made of a large-eyed, brune-tinted, handsome woman, in most becoming gypsy costume, singing brilliantly a lyric called "Defying the Storm," but which seems to be an ecstatic apostrophe to youth, love, and the freedom of the forest.

From the very first the piece goes with a whiz and a whirl. There is plenty of youth and ambition in the cast, and while Phil Branson of old Tivoli days does not represent youth, he stands for ripe experience, and the sophistication of the stage.

Arthur Albro, the tenor who plays the rôle of the magnetic and fickle Jozsi, is extremely well suited to the part. Young, good-looking, with a well-shaped figure and a vibrant, ringing tenor, Mr. Albro makes an excellent stage mate for Phyllis Partington. True, he has a terrific accent—Russian, it is said, although he looks like a modern Greek—and he puts more muscle than mentality into his acting, but his youth and the ardor of his dramatic temperament lend considerable verisimilitude to the rôle.

Phyllis Partington—note a further streak of luck in a euphonious, high-sounding, distinctive, and genuine family name—is evidently an energetic and ambitious woman. Voice and acting both evidence hard study. Like Mr. Albro she runs overmuch to impetuous physical activity, but if it is a fault it is a good one, and suits the American public. She has many changes of costume, all of them tasteful and becoming, carefully characteristic, and some of them quite magnificent.

In fact, the opera, as a whole, is characterized by the richness and variety of costume demanded, both in the chorus and the separate rôles. Arthur Albro is handsomely and gayly uniformed as the gypsy musician entertainer of Budapest; in his more negligent dress, appropriate to gypsy wanderings, he vies with San Francisco beauties of the downtown promenade in the amount of shapely throat and chest revealed by the V-shaped opening of his blouse. Phil Branson and Charles Fulton are costumed as Roumanian nobles. The latter, by the way, in spite of a prosaic countenance and an unromantic personality, has a fresh, charming, virile voice, and sings with feeling and expression. Possibly the contrast of his unromantic appearance to the dazzling and conquering gypsy may be studied, as he impersonates the bridegroom, who, in the first act, fails to appeal to Zorika's romantic imagination.

The usual variety of costume characterized the ranks of the chorus, but, as the production is more than ordinarily handsome, the costumes rose to the top notch of expense and good taste.

The second act, representing the return of Jozsi to a café in Budapest, an old haunt of his, frequented by gilded youth and its attendant girl, provides opportunity for very much the same display of dynamic dancing as we all remember in the second act of "The Merry Widow." In this act, too, we hear the inevitable and eagerly expected waltz song, "The Melody of Love," whose sweet and sensuous strains will shortly be familiar to all.

A very dramatic dénouement, however, when Zorika, still faithful and loving after three years' wanderings, sees her fickle gypsy make love before her eyes to Ilma, and collapses in a state of romantic heart-break, lifts this act out of the atmosphere of glittering frivolity in which it started.

Ilma, by the way, the bewitching young widow who is a rival to Zorika in Jozsi's facile susceptibilities, is quite an important rôle, in the hands of Leola Lucey, a lady who is also the possessor of a voice, albeit a rather throaty one, probably on account of the rival claims of her very beautiful equipment of flesh. Leola Lucey is the fashionable dame of the piece, and is gowned to perfection in costumes up to date, fitting *a merveille* over a figure all curves and pearly, boneless flesh. Pretty and modish though her general aspect is, however, this lady's face is so expressionless, save for its smile of fixed amiability, that she bears something of the appearance of a beautiful and expensive wax figure moving around with automatic grace through the agency of a well-oiled interior mechanism.

Mona Desmond, the white and blue schoolgirl, has no such appearance, being a particularly springy young woman on her small, elastic toes, and, with her small size, her childish voice, and her cuddling ways, is appropriately placed in the rôle of the young husband-hunter.

As the burgomaster's bashful son, Raymond Crane, who also can sing well, joins her as an effective second in several songs and dances—one of them, the "baby duet" in the second act, made good, and is sure to be very popular—and with Phil Branson and Harry Hermsen assisted in contributing to a very mild but welcome strain of comedy in the piece.

Harry Hermsen's German accent, an emulous, Prince-of-Pilsen r-r-r in his throat, and a general atmosphere of Bonifacial good cheer, constituted his contribution.

Besides seventeen vocal numbers, the majority of them of notable charm and beauty, the musical score of "Gypsy Love" comprises an orchestral setting that is, artistically, *en rapport* with the movement of the story; so that the flouter of the shallow music of musical comedy can be sure of deriving much genuine pleasure of a musical kind from the piece, besides enjoying a pretty, and ingenuously romantic plot.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

A Real Irish Comedy.

Writing of "General John Regan," the new comedy by George A. Birmingham, produced by Charles Hawtrey in the Apollo Theatre, London, A. B. Walkley regards it more highly than some other critics. Mr. Walkley, who at least has no political prejudices, says that, though manifestly the work of a novice, "it has rich humor and good humor; it has innumerable little sly touches of character painted in, lovingly, one after another; it makes wholesome fun of some Irish things, common-sense fun, sympathetic fun. Add that, as it consists in the elaboration of a single joke, it is bound to wear here and there a little thin. An American, motoring through Connaught, comes to the little coast town of Ballymoy, and finds it, to all appearance, asleep or dead. So he determines, if he can, to wake it up. Where, he asks, is your town statue of your illustrious son, General John Regan, liberator of Bolivia? Innkeeper Doyle has never heard of the general; no more has the local journalist, Golligher. But when the question is put to Dr. O'Grady, to be sure the doctor is at no loss for an answer. He invents a birthplace, he invents a site for a proposed statue, he invents a whole character and career for this general, whose very name he has now for the first time heard. The doctor is not only a man of inexhaustible invention, but also of honeyed persuasion. He persuades the stranger to subscribe handsomely to the proposed statue; he persuades all the town, innkeeper, journalist, and local landlord, to keep up the game; better than that, he persuades the lord lieutenant to visit Ballymoy and unveil the statue. When the great day comes, however, there is no lord lieutenant, for his excellency has had reference made to the British Museum and the Bodleian—neither of which institutions has ever heard of General John Regan. But do you think the doctor is dismayed? Not for a moment! Instead of apologizing to the aide-de-camp, he bewilders and 'blarneys' that gentleman into accepting the illuminated address prepared for his chief, and to address the inhabitants of Ballymoy from the pedestal of the statue. Even when the American lets the cat out of the bag and tells the people they have been hoaxed, the doctor is fully equal to the occasion. Who can deny, he says, the existence of a man whose statue is there, staring them in the face, to prove it? And the curtain falls amid general rejoicing."

◆

CURRENT VERSE.

They Who Bear Arms.

"Come, shoulder arms!" cried eagerly
 The youth at break of day.
And forward to the battle's front
 Rode cheerfully away.
And one who watched the dust cloud arise
No longer did her fears disguise.

Beyond the dust cloud, what was there?
 What cared she for the fray?
A battle won or lost meant naught
 To her that summer day.
But one dear form that rode erect.
What should she with the night expect?

And when the dust cloud cleared away
 Would he march with the rest
With colors flying, homeward bound,
 His joy but half suppressed,
Or in a hero's death lie cold,
Her dear one, splendid soldier bold?

Yes, better death than false of faith,
 And yet beyond the cloud
His caitiff heart in battle's din
 With cowardice beat loud,
And all that saved from instant flight
Was thought of meeting her at night.
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Of Many Books.

I have been lost in many a wild emprise!
 Imbued with strength and sunny cheerfulness:
 Fate have I conquered—fain I would confess.
The withering cowards quail before mine eyes!
In many moods and 'neath full many skies
 I have arisen—in all strife and stress,
 Lo and behold! 'tis I who come to bless:
Monarch I am—dictator, bold and wise!
I know just where the fabled treasure bides:
 I have but to reach out—straightway unfold,
 Smooth islands and their burden of pure gold—
And happiness borne to me on the tides.
 But when at final close my ship finds bay—
 So Night at anchor rides the Sea of Day!
—*Robert Page Lincoln, in Book News Monthly.*

The Rajah's Pride.

He who ruled for the English King
Summoned the chiefs to his counseling.
Princes and governors met at his call,
East with the West, in the council hall.
Never were ranged in a room before
Such wealth of gems as the Rajahs wore;
The smallest stone in the simplest ring
Was the ransome price of a captured king.

A prince there was of a petty state,
Least of them all where all were great,
Lacking, it seemed, in the pride assigned
By the gracious gods to the lords of Hind.
A ruby chanced from his chain to fall
On the paven floor of the council hall.
Forgetting his Eastern dignity
The chief with his henchman bent the knee
And searched for the jewel with nervous dread,
While a smile on the English faces spread.

Beside him, impassive, a Rajah stood,
His rubies of Burma red like blood,
His emeralds flashing a sea green fire,
His pearls surpassing a queen's desire;
Yet his rarest jewels less brightly burned
Than the flame in his eyes when, fierce, he turned
And noted the deed of the native born
And the English lips that curled with scorn.

With a sudden movement light as a girl's
He snapped a string of his priceless pearls;
Like hail they scattered; his servants came
Swift to his aid, but his eyes flashed flame—
"No!" The word fell like a blade on the air.
"What is found in the dust is the sweeper's
 share!"
—*W. H. Ogilvie, in the London Spectator.*

◆

Ffolliott Paget, who is appearing in the part of Mrs. Malaprop in Annie Russell's revival of "The Rivals," was the actress intrusted with that richly humorous part by Joseph Jefferson during seven seasons. She also plays Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer."

◆

Robert Warwick, who was in the musical comedy, "Miss Princess," has been engaged by Edward J. Bowes to appear in Thompson Buchanan's new comedy, "The Bridal Path."

Goldseekers Dug This Canal

Remarkable work was done by pioneer engineers who constructed so many canals in the high Sierras for the miners, enabling the latter to obtain plenty of water during summer and fall for the operation of their claims. One of these ditches, now known as the Bear River Canal, taking water out of Bear River, near Colfax, was begun in 1851, and water was delivered to Auburn the following year. The canal was built entirely by hand, and to this day commands the respect of the best engineers, none of whom have been able to improve materially on the work of the men who lived and worked over sixty years ago.

The old canal is still in use, and the system of which it is a part supplies water for irrigation purposes to the deciduous fruit country under the foothills and furnishes the towns of Placer County, including Auburn, Loomis, Newcastle, Penryn, Rocklyn, and Roseville, with water for domestic and other purposes.

It is now under course of reconstruction by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is doing splendid work in making conditions attractive for settlers in the country districts, and when the enlargement work is finished, the canal will enable the irrigation of some 20,000 acres more than are farmed at present in Placer County.

The undertaking is costly, and the water supply will be far in excess of all demands for years to come, but the company has confidence in the future of that section, and realizes that it will be but a matter of time before the canal will prove to be none too large.

An expenditure of some $600,000 is involved, and the work of construction has been going on since November last. It is to be a quick job, for it must be completed by next spring in time for the commencement of the irrigation season. About 2300 men are employed, as well as four steam shovels.

The irrigable land under the entire water system owned by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in that part of the state will comprise upwards of 90,000 acres. It lies in the form of a delta, with the American River to the east and the Bear and Feather rivers to the north and west. By the enlargement of the Bear River Canal it is proposed not only to increase the capacities of the present distributing system, but, where feasible, to extend the old ditches and construct new ones, and in a general way supply that portion of the irrigation district which up to the present time has been impossible of development owing to limited storage facilities.

Just what this development will mean eventually to the state in general, and to Placer County in particular, can hardly be estimated. However, it is safe to predict that the most wonderful improvements will result, when it is considered that Placer County last year totaled 2900 cars of fruit. Homeseekers as well as fruit-growers are now making extensive purchases of land for cultivation, feeling sure that with this great work of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company once finished an abundance of water will be available at all times.

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ITALIAN COMEDY AND MUSIC.

"The Barber of Seville" is good music and good comedy; it is a pity that modern taste does not favor Rossini, and has crowded this one-time favorite almost to the edge. There are others of much later date that offer less justification for frequent hearing. On Monday evening the Lambardi Company gave the opera with such finished art that it must have prompted many in the audience to request an early repetition. Unfortunately, it is now too late to register such a wish.

With the overture the delights of the evening began, and when Conductor Bovi led the orchestra through to its triumphant finish, and the lights went down in readiness for the raising of the curtain for the opening scene, there was a storm of applause that could not be stilled until he gave the signal for a turning back to the beginning. Again the orchestra acquitted itself with honor, and Signor Bovi's beat, always firm and definite in accent, seemed to gain new spirit.

Agostini appeared as the Count, though Graziani's name was on the programme for the part. The tenor was never disappointing, but he sang with marked restraint until the final scene, when he gave of his best, with force and authority, and with the ringing tones which he is too much disposed to reserve for the best-telling moments. There may be something in the traditions of the opera to account for this. Rosina and Figaro, and even the grave and not reverend Don Basilio, have better opportunities up to the last, and this might tempt a tenor of finesse to wait until all rivalries were safely out of the way. Agostini's singing is always better than his acting, though in the music-lesson scene he carried himself with ease and assurance.

Vicarino's Rosina was as near perfection, vocally and histrionically, as grand-opera devotees may confidently expect to see and hear. There was no flaw in her interpretation of the favorite arias, or in the Strauss waltz which was given as the interpolated number in the scene with the pretended music-teacher. Her voice is remarkable, not only for its purity and flexibility, but for its violin-tone quality, even to the highest notes. It proves its kinship to the throbbing strings at the conductor's left, rather than to the flutes and clarinets at his right, in the most delicate phrases and in its greatest power.

Equal praise must be given to the Figaro of M. Giovacchini. The handsome, good-natured rogue was never in better hands; all the fun of the part was developed with art, and the music was sung with notable expression. Giovacchini is much more than an operatic baritone of distinction, for there are few actors who have more pleasing talent or display better training.

The Don Basilio of G. Martino was an excellent piece of work, and E. Pineschi was more than capable as Don Bartolo. B. Marco was a good Fiorello. In the rôle of Bertha, though its opportunities are meagre, Signorina Pineschi displayed a notable mezzo soprano voice, and though the applause she won seemed a surprise to her it was not given perfunctorily.

All in all it was one of the happiest events of the Lambardi season. Comic opera, and "The Barber" is one of the few eminent examples of musical genius in this field, is not easily done. Stagy and unconvincing heroines and heroes of tragic opera are accepted uncomplainingly if their vocal powers are above mediocrity, but there must be grace, and sparkle, and daring in comic opera, as well as good singing. The comedy of expressive personality has come down to us from the early Italian stage. The Italians are as truly born comedians as born tragedians. For proof, the performance of "The Barber of Seville" last Monday evening, when there was not an awkwardly inadequate figure upon the stage, and where the humor of every situation was so well brought out that the laughter of the audience was almost continuous.

It is to be regretted that the stay of the Lambardi Company is to be cut short, an attractive offer requiring immediate answer having come from Honolulu. Next Sunday night's performance will be the last of the present season. Rarely are glowing advance representations faithfully carried out by opera companies, but the Lambardis have fulfilled every obligation assumed for them. The artists, the conductor, the orchestra, are of high rank, and the only disappointment connected with their season is its sudden and unexpected end. George L. Shoals.

◆

The Beel Quartet.

The final concert of the Beel Quartet has been postponed to Sunday afternoon, March 2, at the St. Francis, instead of the evening of February 18, as scheduled. This will give many who can not attend the evening concerts an opportunity of hearing San Francisco's finest musical organization. The programme will be the finest ever offered here, consisting of a String Quintet by Schubert, a sextet by Brahms, and Miss Virginia de Fremery and Mr. Beel will play the "Kreutzer Sonata," by Beethoven.

◆

The new Tivoli Opera House will open Wednesday evening, March 12.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Supplementary Symphony Concerts.

This Friday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock the San Francisco Orchestra will give the second concert of the supplementary season of six symphony concerts.

The board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, which maintains the San Francisco Orchestra, are offering the concerts at a scale of prices from 35 cents to $1 for the best orchestra seats. The programmes are of uniform excellence, and undoubtedly of much educational value. It is the intention of the Musical Association of San Francisco to make of the San Francisco Orchestra an ideal organization.

The programme for this Friday afternoon concert is as follows:

Dvorak...............Overture, Carnival, Op. 92
Brahms.....Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73
Allegro non troppo.
Adagio non troppo—Listesso tempo ma grazioso.
Allegretto grazioso quasi Andantino—Presto ma non assai.
Finale. Allegro con spirito.
Saint-Saēns............Suite Algerienne, Op. 60
Prelude.
Rhapsodie Mauresque.
Reverie du Soir (viola solo, Clarence Evans).
Marche Militaire Française.
Sibelius . ..."Finlandia"

The third symphony concert of the supplementary season will be given Friday afternoon, February 21, the programme including:

Weber..............Overture, "Der Freischuetz"
Edward F. Schneider...Symphony No. 1 in A Minor, "In Autumn Time."
(First time in America.)
Allegro moderato.
Lento—moderato.
Allegro.
Allegro ma non troppo.
Rachmaninoff..........Prelude in C sharp Minor
(Orchestrated by Adolf Rosenbecker.)
Smetana.............Symphonic Poem, "Vltava"

Edward F. Schnieder's new symphony, "Autumn," will be given for the first time on Friday afternoon, February 21, and much interest has been aroused in musical circles regarding the third concert of the supplementary season for this reason. Two soloists of ability have been secured: Irma Seydel, violinist, whose recent appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was in the nature of a triumph, and Louis Persinger, violinist, who has appeared with more of the great symphony orchestras this season than any other violinist before the public. Miss Seydel will play Saint-Saēns's concerto in B minor at the concert of Friday afternoon, February 28. Mr. Persinger will appear with the orchestra at the concert of Friday afternoon, March 7, and will play Lalo's Concerto No. 1, Op. 20.

Seats for all concerts may be secured at the music-store box-offices and at the Cort Theatre.

◆

Mischa Elman Farewell on Sunday.

Mischa Elman will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, February 16, at 2:30. The programme has been changed since it was first announced in order to comply with the many requests for the Mendelssohn Concerto, which will accordingly be played in place of the Goldmark work. Mozart's exquisite Sonata for piano and violin (No. 10); Handel's Sonata in E major; "Melodie," Gluck-Wilhelmj; "Serenade," Schubert-Elman; Gavotte, Mozart-Auer; Sarabande, Sulzer; and "Caprice Basque," Sarasate, will complete the liberal offering.

Tickets can be secured at the usual Greenbaum box-offices and on Sunday at the hall after ten o'clock.

The next great violinist to appear here will be Ysaye, who comes in late April or early May.

Manager Greenbaum has certainly shown his wisdom in selecting for his violinists three such artists as Maud Powell, Mischa Elman, and Eugen Ysaye, each the greatest living in their own style and school.

◆

Nordica Concerts.

Mme. Lillian Nordica will give but one concert in San Francisco this season, the date being Sunday afternoon, February 23, at the Columbia Theatre. This great artist is at the very zenith of her career, and is without question the greatest singer that America has yet produced. There is a certain indefinable charm about both the woman and her art that makes every one in her audiences love her, and as many admirers of the artist have said, "it is worth the price of admission just to see Nordica smile."

Mme. Nordica will sing works in German, French, and English as follows: Grand Aria from "Tannhâuser," Wagner; "The Erlking," Schubert; "Ich Grolle Nicht," Schumann; "Am Manzanares," Jensen; Two Japanese Songs, Cadman; "Ariette," Vidal; "Mandoline," Debussy; "Chanson de Bacchante," Bemberg; "Le Nil" (with violin obligato), Leroux; and numbers by Bleichman, Arensky, and Rachmaninoff.

Mr. William Morse Rummel, the violin virtuoso, who is Mme. Nordica's assisting artist, will play Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois" and the Kreisler-Pugnani "Prelude and Allegro," Sarasate's "Introduction and Tarantelle," and works by Tor Aulin, Zarcycki, and Joachim.

Mr. Romayne Simmons will, as usual, be the accompanist.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning at the music-store box-offices, where mail orders may be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

In Oakland Mme. Nordica will repeat this magnificent programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, February 25, at 3:15, and the seat sale will open at Ye Liberty box-office next Thursday morning. Popular prices, ranging from $2 down to 75 cents, will prevail in both cities.

◆

Genee Ballet Will Be the Sensation of the Season.

The sale of seats for the Adeline Genee Ballet season will open next Monday morning at the music-store box-offices. No such an attraction has ever before visited this city, with the single exception of the Pavlowa Company, and the Genee productions are said to be even more beautiful and artistic than the Russian ones. The scenery is all from the brush of C. J. Harker of London, who is accounted the greatest scene painter in the world, and the costumes were all made by Miss Hastings, the costumer to the Court of England, from designs furnished by C. Wilhelm.

The feature of the Genee company, however, is Adeline Genee herself. She is admitted to be the most fascinating and artistic dancer living.

Assisting Genee will be M. Volinin, the famous Russian dancer; Mlle. Schmolz, who was here with Pavlowa; Genee's corps de ballet from the Coliseum of London, and her magnificent symphony orchestra under the baton of C. J. M. Glaser.

Manager Will Greenbaum, who has guaranteed an enormous sum in order to bring this great attraction to San Francisco, announces that there will be two splendid programmes, arranged as follows: Opening night, Monday, February 24, and the following Wednesday or Friday nights and Saturday afternoon, "La Danse," an authentic history of dancers, dancing, and its music, from 1710 to 1845. In this work Mlle. Genee will impersonate Mlle. Prevost, Mlle. Camargo, Mlle. LaSalle, Mlle. Taglioni, and other famous dancers, costuming the parts according to portraits in the art galleries of France, Germany, and Italy. First the Rigaudon, Musette, Chaconne, Tambourin, and other old forms of the dance will be interpreted by Genee, Volinin, Schmolz, and the assisting artists. Then the dances for which Mozart, Gluck, and Chopin composed such exquisite music will be given, followed by the evolution of the waltz from the time of its introduction to France as "The Tyrolienne" until its form as developed by Johann Strauss. This historical series of dances and music will conclude with the Ballade from the ballet "Coppelia," by Delibes, the last word in the ballet music of the Franco-Italian school.

The second part of the programme will consist of the complete "divertissement" with its dramatic scenes from Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil," and by special request Genee will add her famous "Hunting Scene," which she dances in full hunting costume to the melodies of old English hunting songs by John Peel.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights the programme will consist of the dramatic pantomime-ballet, "La Camargo," in one act, and with a cast of seven characters. This work illustrates an incident in the life of La Camargo, the favorite dancer of Louis XV. It is a most interesting story, replete with both humor and pathos, and gives Genee an opportunity of displaying her wonderful ability as an actress and pantomimist as well as a dancer.

The second part of the programme will consist of a series of Pas de deux by Volinin and Schmolz, a "Menuet à la Trianon" by the corps de ballet, and numerous special dances by Genee, and of course a repetition of the "Hunting Scene," without which no Genee audience can be induced to le[illegible] per-formance.

Between the numbers the magnificent orchestra will play appropriate concert selections.

The Genee Company will come to us in its entirety, direct from triumphal successes at the Metropolitan, Boston, and Chicago opera houses, and where, at each and every performance, hundreds were unable to gain admission.

Mail orders for any of the performances may be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, and should be accompanied by check or money order.

SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
Supplementary Season of Symphony Concerts
AT THE
Cort Theatre
on the afternoons of
Friday, Feb. 21, 28, March 7, and
Sunday, March 9, 1913
SPECIAL PRICES
35c 50c
75c $1.00
NEXT WEEK
Programme will include Weber, Overture, "Der Freischuetz"; Edward F. Schneider, Symphony No. 1 in A Minor, "In Autumn Time"; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C Sharp Minor, orchestrated by Adolf Rosenbecker; Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "Vltava."
SOLOISTS:
Irma Seydel, Violinist, Friday, Feb. 28, 1913
Louis Persinger, Violinist, Friday, March 7, 1913
Seats on sale at box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and at the Cort Theatre.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
MOST POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT
Direction Martin Beck
Sun. and Mon. mats. and nights, "Phedre"; Tues. mat. and night, "Camille"; Wed. and Sat. mats. and nights, "One Christmas Night"; Thurs. mat. and night, "La Tosca"; Fri. mat. and night, "Lucrece Borgia."
TOGETHER WITH A GREAT VAUDEVILLE SHOW
Evening prices: Orchestra, $1; box and loge seats, $1.50; dress circle, 50c and 75c; balcony, 25c and 50c; gallery, 10c.
Matinee prices: Orchestra, 75c and $1; box and loge seats, $1.50; dress circle, 50c and 75c; balcony, 25c and 50c; gallery, 10c.
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Geary and Mason Streets
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Nightly Including Sunday—Mats. Wed. and Sat.
Second and last week begins Monday, Feburary 17
FRANZ LEHAR'S OPERETTA
The Success of London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco
GYPSY LOVE
Company of 100—Enlarged Orchestra. Evgs. and Sat. Mat. $2 to 25c—Wed. Mat. 25c to $1.50.
Monday, Feb. 24—One Week Only. WM. H. CRANE in his new comedy, "The Senator Keeps House."

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ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Saturday Night—"Naughty Marietta"
No Sunday Performance
Commencing MONDAY Night, Feb. 17
2 Weeks—Mats. Wednesday and Saturday
Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady Announce
BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS
By Graham Moffat
The Play Your Friends Have Been Telling You To See.
Night and Sat. Mat., 50c to $2. $1 Wed. Mat.
Extra—2 Performances Only: Sunday, Feb. 23, Rainey's African Hunt Motion Pictures.

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason
Week Starting Sunday Mat., Feb. 16
DAISY HARCOURT
Cyclonic English Comedienne.
Special Added Feature
LITTLE HIP
Tiniest Baby Elephant in the World and his pal, NAPOLEON.
6 OTHER STAR ACTS—6
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

MISCHA
ELMAN
FAREWELL CONCERT
This Sunday aft, Feb. 16, at 2:30
Scottish Rite Auditorium
Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
Steinway Piano.
NORDICA
—AT—
COLUMBIA THEATRE
ONE CONCERT ONLY
Sunday aft, Feb. 23, at 2:30
Popular Prices—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts. Box-offices open Wednesday at above music stores.
NORDICA IN OAKLAND
Tuesday aft, Feb. 25, at 3:15
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
Steinway Piano.

ADELINE GENEE The World's Greatest Dancer
Assisted by M. Volinin, Mlle. Schmolz, Corps de Ballet and Grand Orchestra direct from Metropolitan Opera House. Original costumes, scenery, etc., from the London Coliseum.
VALENCIA THEATRE
Starting Monday night, Feb. 24
Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday mat, "LA DANSE."
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, "LA CAMARGO."
Prices $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Box seats $3.00.
Box-offices open Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum. Special attention to out of town orders.
Coming—Lhevinne, Pianist; Ysaye, A Violinist.

VANITY FAIR.

The true inwardness of the strike of waiters in New York is not far to seek. For some years past we have been making up our minds that we will cease to pay tips, or rather that other people shall cease to pay them, while we ourselves continue to do so for fear the waiter shall be cross with us. At last the agitation has had some kind of success and the revenue of the waiter has fallen off. He has no means of bringing pressure to bear upon the public who are his real paymasters, and so he retaliates upon the restaurant keeper, who ought to pay him but who does not.

Therefore the real trouble is with the restaurant keeper. It is he who should be hanged as soon as we get round to the hanging stage of this particular game. We will hang the waiter also, not because he goes on strike, but because he is a waiter, and the greater crime obliterates the lesser. And the crimes of the restaurateur are already crying unto heaven. We go into his establishment in order to get a little something to eat and he gives us an orchestra but no food, at least none to speak of. We enter his caravanserai in quest of nourishment and he supplies us with young women who are insufficiently clothed and whose performances would be repudiated by a fourth-rate vaudeville show. But still no food for a Christian stomach. And the public pays for it all. It pays the staff of brigands who struggle for its hat and coat and who have themselves paid the restaurateur for the privilege of being brigands. If the public is detected in the act of eating a piece of bread it must pay for that piece of bread at least ten times its value. It must pay even for a glass of water, which has no value. Under pretense of paying for food that it does not get, the public pays the orchestra, it pays the scantily clad young women, it pays the hat pirates, and it pays the waiters, and it goes away hungry. And now because at last it declines to pay the waiter quite so much as it has been paying him, the waiter goes on strike and threatens to poison the food. He has already tried spitting in the soup, and the public does not seem to mind. Perhaps it will prove more amenable to caustic potash. Therefore by all means let us hang some restaurateurs. It will do them good. It will persuade them to treat us poor pilgrims in a manner consistent with our simple piety. It will convince them that what we want is something to eat, neat but not gaudy, a chair to sit on, a peg to hang our hats on, and a waiter who gets paid on Saturday night like the rest of us and who, like the rest of us, puts a tag in the cash drawer if penury should overtake him during the week.

◆

It is hard to understand why Mrs. E. T. Stoteshury of Philadelphia should be threatened with death because she has given some very expensive balls. It seems that letters have been coming in a steady stream from all over the country since the last of these balls, which cost $75,000, and as a result all the newspapers of Philadelphia have been asked not to publish any description of the Stoteshury magnificences, which must be a great deprivation for the newspapers as well as for the Stotesburys. Let us pity the sorrows of the poor millionaire who is thus debarred from exciting ecstacy in the nursemaids and the usual awe in the toadies and "gentlemen's gentlemen" who constitute the readers of society news.

Now, we may have our own opinions about the ostentatious millionaire who likes to label himself with the perpetual advertisement of his income. We may think him a very vulgar fellow, as indeed we do, but we can hardly go so far as to say that all vulgar fellows ought to be blown up by dynamite. If we ourselves should go into the dynamite business, there are some other classes of the community to which we should give priority in this matter.

For, after all, what is the poor devil to do with his money if he does not spend it? If he has actually committed any offense at all it lies in the fact that he has profited by a commercial or fiscal system that we ourselves built up by our adulatory votes and sustained by our sycophantic applause. Obviously, then, we ought to blow up ourselves with dynamite. Now it is a curious fact that we all get excited—for it seems that the clergymen as well as the anarchists have had a whack at the Stoteshury balls—as soon as the millionaire begins to spend his money, which would seem to be the one thing possible to him by way of restitution. If he merely leaves it in the bank he will get no threatening letters, the silly clergymen will leave him alone, and he will be reckoned among the good citizens, and this presumably on the theory that the banker will put the money to good and pious uses as is the well-known habit of bankers. Why a millionaire should be threatened with real dynamite by anarchists and with spiritual dynamite by the clergymen merely because he is lavishly throwing his money with both hands back into the common stock is one of the mysteries of alleged intelligence that may be explicable to the Providence that made it, but to no one else. Now, if the millionaire were to be denounced for not spending his money, for not giving balls, for hoarding it in a bank, or wasting it on missionaries, we could at least understand the matter, although we are not enamored of denunciations at all. But to charge the millionaire with stealing our money and then to threaten him with dynamite for giving it back to us is a depth and breadth of idiocy peculiar to the present age.

◆

A writer in a leather trade journal suggests that there is a fortune awaiting the manufacturer who will make brightly colored purses for women, purses that can be extricated in a moment from the depths of the handbag. The purse as at present made, says the writer, is so inconspicuous that it frequently demands a full minute's search. It does. We have noticed it. A minute is a moderate estimate, and when the purse has been found another season of agony must elapse before the requisite coin can be extricated. But it is not the woman who experiences the agony. She is as calm and unruffled as an oyster on the half shell.

"Few people," continues the writer, "realize what a conglomeration of articles find a permanent home in a lady's handbag, and it is not surprising that she is thrown into a flurry whenever a sudden demand is made to find her purse." Now that is where the writer is in error. The woman is not thrown into a flurry. She is wholly unembarrassed by the presence of a queue of people behind her at the ticket window or awaiting access to the pay-as-you-enter street-car. So far as she is aware she is the sole occupant of illimitable space and the time at her disposal is coincidental with eternity. The average woman will show no enthusiasm for the colored purse unless she happens to think it pretty. She rather likes searching through the handbag. It is one of her rights.

The funny thing about a woman is that she never begins her operations until the exact moment has arrived for the production of the coin. She knows that she will need it, but she waits until she does need it before beginning the preliminary writhings with the clasp of the handbag, which will be succeeded by the clasp of the purse itself. Nor will anything persuade her to move on until the whole paraphernalia has been restored to the *status quo ante,* as the diplomats say. It's funny why women are like that, but they are. You must have noticed it.

Now a man who knows that he will need a nickel in a minute of two will take care to have that nickel ready. He will probably have it in his hand for several seconds before it can possibly be called for. But not a woman. The outstretched hand of the street-car conductor will be the signal for the struggle to begin. If she is buying a ticket for the theatre she will first reduce the box-office man to the last gasp of a strangled and inarticulate fury and she will then begin to take the first halting steps toward the extrication of the purse. And she will not move a step until the whole process has been reversed and everything restored to its previous state of inaccessibility. So there will be no demand for the colored purse. Women are not in the least conscious of needing aid in the matter.

◆

Serious-minded folk (says the New York *Evening Post)* crowded the assembly room of the City Club on a recent evening to hear a debate on proposed modifications of the tenement house law, and discussion turned to the proposal to permit of rooms with a minimum width of six feet, if present provisions as to cubic capacity and square area were respected, by adding to the height and length. H. Atterbury Smith, the architect, whose designs for open-stair tenements have identified him as a leader in the model-housing movement, argued earnestly for the six-foot amendment. In reply to a question as to advisability of larger rooms, rather than any reduction at all, Mr. Smith, intent and earnest, snapped back: "No, madam, not at all. That plan has been tried; but it isn't workable. You see, when the rooms were made larger, to save rent, the tenant just crowded two or three sexes into one room." There followed a shout that relieved the tension of what had become rather strained and unfriendly discussion.

◆

J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," happened to meet Henry James one evening at dinner in London. Noticing that he looked much annoyed, he sat down beside him as soon as the ladies rose, to inquire whether he were not feeling well. "Yes," replied James, "but I have had a very unsatisfactory time. The lady on my left at the table criticized my last novel, which she had just read, probably rushing through it during the day, as she had been told that I was to sit next her at dinner. She found fault with me for construction of the plot, and then proceeded to enlighten me as to how it should have been written. All of which was very irregular and unpleasant; so behold me hors de combat."

◆

"Can a young couple be happy on $900 a year?" "Surely they could," answered the skeptic eagerly. "They couldn't live together on it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that when a famous French general was obliged to retreat, as he and his aide-de-camp were fleeing before the enemy, he breathlessly inquired: "Who are the rear guard?" "The men who have the poorest horses, general," replied the aide, who was making good use of his spurs.

◆

A surprising answer was elicited at a recent examination at a board school in London. "Who was David?" asked the inspector. "King of Israel and the son of Jesse," replied a bright boy. "Who was Jesse?" continued the inspector. "The Flower of Dunblane," said the scholar, after a slight pause.

◆

Gambart, the art dealer, sent Holman Hunt to the Holy Land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt returned with "The Scapegoat," which so disappointed Gambart that he refused to accept it. Seeing Linnell, the painter, shortly afterward, he plaintively said: "I wanted a nice religious bicture, and he bainted me a great goat."

◆

Many housekeepers can sympathize with the old Virginia lady who said to her friend, on finding a treasured old cup cracked by a careless maid: "I know of nothing to compare with the affliction of losing a handsome piece of old china." "Surely," said the friend, "it is not so bad as losing one's children." "Yes it is, for when your children die you do have the consolation of religion, you know."

◆

The Duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rhyme with *coiffe.* Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said: "Prince, give me a rhyme to *coiffe.*" "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand, without a moment's delay; "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rhyme nor reason."

◆

Miss Delia Torrey, of Milbury, Massachusetts, is President Taft's favorite aunt, and frequently goes to the White House in Washington, and there makes no secret of the fact that she is old-fashioned in her views and by no means in sympathy with all the new-fangled ideas of the younger generation. She proved this not long ago to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. The doctor, whose wife is a suffragist, has become an ardent advocate of woman's rights, and he began to try to convert "Aunt Delia" to the cause. She listened attentively to the food expert's fulminations, and dismissed the subject with this comment: "Shucks, doctor; if there is one thing a man can do without the help of a woman, for goodness sake let him do it in peace."

◆

This is a story going the rounds of the Parisian musical world. Florent Schmitt took the liberty not long ago of composing music to one of the Psalms of David. It is a great composition and has been frequently played. So the composer went recently to the office of the Society of Composers to collect his royalties for all these performances. He knew, of course, how much these royalties ought to amount to and was mildly surprised to be handed only half the amount. "Where is the rest?" he asked. "The rest? What rest? That is your share." "My share! How, my share? That is only half of my share!" "And your librettist? How about your librettist? He gets his share, I suppose!" "My librettist?" "Why, yes! Of course! Your librettist, Monsieur David!"

◆

A group of New Yorkers recently got back to town after a long tour through the South. During that tour their mouths had cankered in responding to toasts at the Commercial Club banquets. If you woke one of them up suddenly in the smoking car, even before he got his eyes open, he'd be saying something about "your beautiful little city." "So," said one of the bunch, "let's get together and tell the truth, now that we're back home." They did. They sat in one corner of the club grill and conscientiously went through the postoffice list. Every time a southern town was named, they moved that burg to the very centre of the griddle. By and by a stranger who had been sitting quietly in the corner yawned, stretched himself and started out. "Any of you fellows ever been in Selma, Alabama?" he asked. No one had. "Well," said he, "there's just three things in Selma—morning, noon, and night."

◆

Of the jealousies of the stage, Mme. Judith, in her "Recollections," gives many instances, but also of its good-humored nonsense. The comedian Bouffé, it appears, was fond of displaying his versatility in the street. On one occasion he said, "You just wait a minute, Judith, and I'll make you laugh." He went to the edge of the pavement, and with bent back, hunched up shoulders, pinched features, head shaking piteously, and tottering gait, he had suddenly become an old man. Thus metamorphosed, he tapped on the pavement with his stick, tottered to the edge of the road, made a few trembling steps to cross it, and then, seeing a carriage coming, started back and feebly endeavored to step up on the curbstone again. Finally, when a little work girl compassionately helped him, remarking, "Poor old fellow, your dancing days are a long way off," Bouffé of a sudden turned head over heels, "after which he pirouetted several times, made his assistant a low bow, and left her simply petrified with astonishment."

◆

The Simsons had been married but a short while when the husband went fishing with a party of friends. He fished all morning and caught nothing. In disgust he returned to the office and telephoned to his provision-dealer to send up a dozen bass. Upon his arrival home his wife asked, "Well, what luck did you have, dear?" "Oh, we had fine luck," he replied enthusiastically. "Didn't the boy bring that dozen bass I gave him?" "Why, yes, I suppose he did," replied Mrs. Simson, trying hard to repress a smile. "There they are." And she pointed to a dozen bottles of Bass's ale.

◆

A few weeks ago Chauncey Olcott was billed to play one of the smaller cities of Minnesota, and on account of the big floods in the vicinity of this town train connections were missed and Mr. Olcott and his company did not arrive until it was time for the curtain to rise. The manager of the opera house was nervous and in front of the curtain, after getting the audience quiet, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry to state that on account of bad railroad service Mr. Olcott and his company have just arrived in town and will not be able to start the performance before thirty minutes." This speech was greeted with hearty applause. Then, as he felt sure that the audience was in good humor, he continued: "Ladies and gentlemen, in order to pass the time away during the wait our orchestra will play a few selections." There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a man in the gallery arose and shrieked out, "Smitty! Smitty! don't let the band play. We'll be quiet, honest we will!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Lost Cord Found.

Seated one day at the accordion
  I was weary and ill at ease,
And I noticed the neighbors also
  Were shaky about the knees;
But I pumped the bellows wildly,
  Until my teeth were loose,
And a wild-eyed delegation
  Broke in and used a noose.

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

◆

What Remained.

A month ago exactly
  Smith bought himself a car,
In which he meant to journey
  For pleasure near and far.

But little did he travel
  Before he came to woe;
Its thingumbob was busted,
  Its jigger wouldn't go.

Poor Smith is also damaged—
  His walking gear is lame,
His ribs are somewhat broken,
  And out of joint his frame.

Amid the awful havoc
  That blights his soul to view,
One thing remains—the mortgage
  Is just as good as new.

—*McLandsburgh Wilson, in Judge.*

◆

Cowpuncher Philosophy.

This world's so doggone big and bright
  I'd like to pack my grip
And start out from the ranch some night
  On some wide, endless trip;
I'd like to go and never stop,
  Until, when came death's call,
I'd simply sigh: "All right, old top—
  I've seen it all!"

This life is such a thing of joy
  Why some folks kick beats me;
How kin they find heart to destroy
  The good in all they see?
I'd have each day stretched to a week—
  Each week into a year.
But joy and some folks never speak—
  It sure is queer!

This thing called Me, it often seems
  Aint mine a little bit;
It's jest a part of Someone's schemes,
  And I aint ownin' it;
But while this thing called Me is here
  I'm goin' to treat it right
And work to keep its record clear
  With all my might!

—*Denver Republican.*

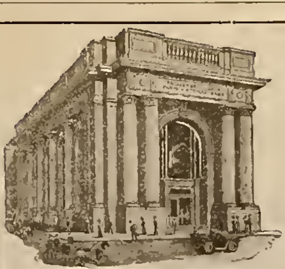
◆

Seasons.

Any old time is springtime, if you're willin' to help it along;
Any old day is a holiday, if you'll furnish the laughter and song.
The birds can't be singin' always an' the blossoms can't bloom without rest,
But there's hope an' there's light an' the sky seems bright fur the feller that's doin' his best.

Any old time is winter, if you're willin' to see it that way.
The frost in the heart is the frost that chills till the world is dull an' gray.
You may shiver by day an' be shiverin' still as you turn to a restless couch,
Fur the days go slow through the ice an' snow fur the feller that's nursin' a grouch.

—*Washington Star.*



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Helen Leavitt and Dr. James Eaves will take place Easter Monday, March 14, at the First Unitarian Church. Miss Marjorie Smith will be maid of honor and the chosen attendants are Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. Harold Casey, Miss Esperanza Ghirardelli, and Miss Helen Elizabeth Bowles. Dr. Eaves will be attended by Dr. Thomas Addis, and the ushers will be Dr. Alanson Weeks, Dr. Walter Boardman, and the Messrs. Harold Casey and Ralph Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Dillman of Sacramento have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Corinne Dillman, and Mr. Joseph Upham Pearson, Wednesday, February 19, at the family residence in Sacramento.

The wedding of Miss Mollie Dutton and Mr. Douglas Waterman will take place Easter week in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Carey Friedlander entertained a number of friends at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. N. Lincoln Green of Boston.

Miss Nancy Glenn was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel, complimentary to Miss Jean Wharton of New York.

The Misses Alice and Henrietta Harrison-Smith gave a luncheon last week at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained at a dinner party Tuesday evening preceding the Mardi Gras ball.

Among others who gave dinners the same evening were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering, and Dr. Morris M. Herzstein.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a dinner in honor of Count Lewenkaupt Faulkenstein and Countess Faulkenstein (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes), who are here from London.

Mrs. Philip King Brown was hostess at a tea in honor of Miss Marjorie Stanton, fiancée of Mr. Arnold Weber.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a house party over the week-end at their country home, Uplands, in San Mateo.

Miss Constance Metcalfe was hostess last week at a theatre and supper party.

The Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin were hostesses at an informal tea complimentary to their house guests, the Misses Laura and Katherine Kaime, of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore gave a dinner last week to celebrate the first anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Greenebaum entertained a number of friends at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Struve of Portland.

Miss Dorothy Allen was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Charlotte Winston of Los Angeles.

Miss Katherine Strickler entertained a few friends at an informal tea at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner at their home in Coronado, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu.

Miss Julia Galpin was hostess at a bridge-tea Tuesday in honor of Miss Dorothy Deane. The affair took place at the Claremont Country Club in Oakland.

Mr. Felton Elkins entertained a number of friends at a dinner in his apartment on Gough Street.

Miss Beatrice Montgomery gave a luncheon Saturday in honor of Miss Dorothy Deane.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro entertained their friends last evening at a St. Valentine's dinner-dance.

Mrs. John R. Aitken was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy gave a luncheon Sunday at the El Cerrito Country Club.

Mrs. Edward Everett was hostess at an informal dance Thursday evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Allen.

Mrs. George Innes gave a luncheon Thursday at her home in San Rafael, complimentary to Miss Katherine Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott will give a mi-carême dance Thursday evening, February 27, at the Burlingame Country Club, in honor of Miss Polly Mills of London.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland have issued invitations to a fancy dress ball, Wednesday evening, February 26, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Koshland of Boston.

Major J. F. Brooks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooks gave a dinner last week at their home in the Presidio, complimentary to Colonel Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A., and Mrs. Straub, of Fort Baker.

Captain John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicott gave a dinner on the *Maryland* at Mare Island preceding the dance given by the junior officers of the ship.

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of eating
—MADE AT HOME—

Mrs. Phillips A. Lovering was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home at Mare Island.

Captain Arthur B. Owen, U. S. N., and Mrs. Owen entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home at Mare Island in honor of Mrs. Kirkwood H. Donavin, wife of Lieutenant Donavin, U. S. N.

The wardroom officers gave a farewell dinner at Mare Island, complimentary to Paymaster Eugene C. Tobey, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tobey, prior to the former's departure for his station in the East. Mrs. Tobey will remain at Mare Island several weeks longer.

Mrs. Walter Dillingham entertained at tea at Coronado Country Club on Sunday after the polo game.

Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis, wife of Captain Sturgis, U. S. A., was the guest of honor Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Alice Butler, and again Wednesday, when Mrs. Maitland Cline and Miss Louise Tillmann were hostesses at a bridge-tea.

Mr. Walter Dupee entertained a party of ten at dinner in the grill at Hotel del Coronado on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Arthur Murray was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a reception at her home at Fort Mason.

Invitations have been issued to a "country dance" Friday evening, February 21, at Fort Winfield Scott, for the benefit of the army relief fund of the Coast Artillery Corps.

A dinner and dance was given on Tuesday by the management of Hotel Coronado for the tennis players.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Thomas Kerr and her children have returned to their home in Portland after a month's visit with Mrs. Joseph D. Grant. Mr. Grant is at present in Lausanne, Switzerland, and is expected to return to this city next month.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, will leave March 14 for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is at present in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Knight have returned to their home in Los Gatos after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dieckman in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy will leave early in March for their home in Chicago. During their visit in San Mateo they have been occupying the home of Colonel George H. Pippey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson have arrived in Berlin, where they have joined their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schurman.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Hyde-Smith are traveling in Italy.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, former minister to Tokyo, arrived Sunday from the East en route to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones and the Misses Marie and Elena Brewer are established in an apartment on Scott and Green Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Theobald have come over from Sausalito to reside in this city.

Miss Helen Leavitt has returned from San Rafael, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave in April for Paris, where they will occupy their apartment during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will go abroad in April to join their daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Neustadter have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and the Misses Sarah and Dorothy Collier have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brinegar are contemplating spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low have returned to Monterey after having spent a week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will leave next week for Seattle, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have moved into their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grange and their children have returned from Washington, D. C., where they have been spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood will spend the summer in Palo Alto. They have rented their apartment on Washington and Scott Streets to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt).

Miss Grace Gibson has gone to Coronado to spend a month with her aunt, Mrs. R. F. Dilworth.

Mrs. Hattie Loring Van Bergen has arrived from the East and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. George W. Hooper.

Mrs. John Hope and the Misses Marion and Muriel Dunsmuir have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla at their home in San Mateo. The Misses Dunsmuir are the daughters of Governor Dunsmuir of British Columbia.

Miss Margaret Nichols will spend the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, on their ranch in Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller have given up their home in Sausalito and will reside permanently on Green and Baker Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have returned from an extended visit in Europe and the East.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter has joined her daughter, Mrs. Downey Harvey, in Monterey, after having spent the winter at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Dorothy Gardener Williams, fiancée of Mr. Eyre Pinckard, is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mien, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Jennie Hooker are en route to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Kirchen have gone East to remain until after Easter.

Miss Louise Breeze, who is residing with her sister, Mrs. H. C. Benson, will spend the summer in Palo Alto.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor and Miss Jane Hotaling are playing in the golf tournament at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin have rented a home near the El Cerrito polo field in San Mateo.

Mrs. Harry Hastings has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann arrived recently at Hotel Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Whitwell of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Constance Borrowe has arrived from the East and is visiting Miss Barbara Small.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will leave next month for Coronado.

Miss Margaret Casey has joined her sister, Mrs. Emory Winship at Hotel Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison of San Rafael are the guests of Mr. Frederick Hope Beaver at his home on Webster Street.

Captain Ellicott, U. S. N., Mrs. Ellicott, and Miss Priscilla Ellicott have returned to Mare Island after a visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair arrived at Hotel Coronado on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Joseph Trilley, widow of the late Admiral Trilley, U. S. N., has returned to town after an extended visit in the East.

Miss Jane Hotaling is among the recent arrivals at Hotel Coronado.

General Montgomery Macomb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Macomb sailed last week for Honolulu after a visit at Fort Mason with General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

Lieutenant Franklin Wayne Osborne, U. S. N., left last week for his new station in Boston after a brief visit in this city.

Colonel Frank Denny and Mrs. Denny will leave shortly for Washington, D. C., where they will reside indefinitely. Miss Esther Denny is at present visiting friends in Washington.

◆

Nephrite and jadeite are commonly combined under the single denomination jade. From prehistoric times they have attracted the eye of man, and their qualities of color and composition have rendered them favorite materials for ornamental use. And, over and above this merely artistic value, these substances were regarded in early times, and are still regarded in certain Eastern lands, as possessing a mysterious potency, a talismanic virtue, and also as exercising a singularly effective therapeutic action. Indeed, both the physical and the spiritual welfare of human beings were supposed to be furthered by the ownership of an object made of nephrite or jadeite, more especially when it had been worked into a form symbolizing certain natural forces. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is the most extensive collection in existence of such objects, yet Dr. Berthold Laufer thinks that the jades gathered by him in Si-yan-fu, Shensi Province, for the Field Museum, while conducting the Mrs. T. B. Blackstone Expedition to China and Tibet, from 1908 to 1910, include a number of interesting types of jade amulets of the dead not represented in the Bishop collection.

◆

Many years ago, when Music Hall was erected in Boston, the largest organ in the world was placed in it, and the fact was given much newspaper comment. For a time the organ was exhibited occasionally as a musical curiosity, chiefly for its bigness, and the city was proud of it; but it never had any place in the ordinary uses for which the hall was erected. The managers soon found it a great white elephant on their hands, occupying valuable space without making any compensatory return. Many years ago it was taken out, and the experiment has never been repeated in the subsequent erection of great auditoriums there.

◆

It is reported that the principal number in Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," is a duet which lasts twenty-five minutes. The score calls for a chorus of 280. The first performance is to be given at Milan.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greer has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Greer, who was formerly Miss Helen Wilson, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Green, who was formerly Miss Marie Louise Foster, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beedy has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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To the thousands of people who make daily use of The Pacific Telephone service in San Francisco it will be of interest to know how these employees are chosen and what interest the company manifests in their advancement and general welfare.

Unlike other lines of work requiring special training, the telephone company provides its own schools and pays its employees while they are learning. Applicants are chosen with care, and not all who apply are accepted. When their student course is completed they are placed at work in large, well ventilated rooms, where every care has been continued to make the conditions for work favorable.

In all but the very small offices attractive and comfortable rest rooms are fitted up for the convenience of the operators. Sick rooms, with simple remedies for first aid, are also found in the larger offices, with a matron in attendance to care for any minor ills which may develop among the operators while at work. The rest rooms are provided with books and magazines, and in some of the larger offices pianos are provided.

Working hours are eight hours each day. In all the large offices—such as San Francisco—lunch rooms are provided, where wholesome food may be procured at cost, selected from a menu varied and attractive in its offerings.

In the larger cities welfare supervisors are employed by the company whose duty it is to look after the health, comfort, and social environment of the operating employees. Splendid work has been performed in this line. By finding suitable boarding places for those without better homes, by visiting the sick, and by seeking desirable employees, the welfare supervisor has proved herself a valuable asset to the employees and the company alike. In many cities her work has secured the coöperation of various clubs and organizations.

The operating itself is real work, requiring quick action in rush hours and patience with a great variety of people. It also offers good opportunities for advancement, for from the operators are recruited information operators, complaint operators, supervisors, and chief operators, each requiring a greater responsibility and paying a higher salary. All the salaries are increased as the employee becomes more expert in her work, and from the very commencement of her student course a good living wage is paid.

With the recent announcement of a pension and sick benefit fund financed wholly by the company, a great step forward has been taken in modern industrial welfare work.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The board of supervisors, after a lengthy discussion in which the whole subject of municipal railway extensions was gone into, has adopted a resolution, offered by Supervisor George E. Gallagher, committing the supervisors to a policy of constructing first a line on Van Ness Avenue, from Market Street to the bay.

The old Hobart mansion, at Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, was totally destroyed by fire early Monday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown. The building, a monument of the romantic 'seventies and 'eighties, has been unoccupied for many years.

Tong King Chong, editor of the *Free Press*, a San Francisco Chinese daily newspaper and one of the best-known Chinese of the city, has been elected a member of the new Chinese Senate, according to cablegrams received.

The first Pacific Coast Playground and Recreation Congress will meet in San Francisco February 25 to 28. Delegates from many states are expected to attend this conference and specialists in the problem of children's playgrounds will address the sessions.

Commissioners J. A. Filcher and M. J. Burke of Sacramento and a delegation of Sacramentans were taken over the Exposition site Friday by representatives of the World's Fair. The party came from Sacramento on the new steamer *Fort Sutter*, and they called themselves the "Camellias," each member of the party wearing that flower.

During January there were 591 sales of San Francisco real estate recorded for a total of $4,701,972. This high total is more than $1,250,000 greater than the total for January of last year and over $1,000,000 greater than the total for December, 1912, and is far beyond the average of sales recorded for last year.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Cort.

Quaint characterization, portrayal of universal human qualities, and delightful atmosphere—these are the elements which have figured so largely in the success of "Bunty Pulls the Strings." The realism of this whimsical comedy of Scotch life is unfaltering. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be disclosed to San Francisco theatre-goers at the Cort Theatre for the first time Monday night, February 17. The engagement here has been limited to two weeks, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées. Judging by the mail orders that have been pouring into the Cort box-office for the past fortnight, the engagement will challenge that of "The Blue Bird" for attendance.

The play has had a most successful career since its first putting-on. In London it ran for two years. New York supported it for two whole seasons and Chicago for six months.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" has been called a "hit of auld Scotland" transplanted to America. The play gives a picture of true Scotch home life, quaint, simple, and full of the humor of the provincial soil. The play is interpreted by an all-Scotch company, which includes Miss Molly McIntyre as Bunty. The company was selected and rehearsed by Graham Moffat, the author. Artistically their work is the equal of that of any organization of players ever brought to America.

The Cort Theatre announces a matinée and evening performance on Sunday, February 23, of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt, generally acknowledged the most marvelous motion pictures ever taken. They created a furor when at the Cort last season, it will be remembered. This engagement for a single Sunday is made possible through the fact that "Bunty" does not give Sunday performances.

"Gypsy Love" Continues at the Columbia.

It is indeed a rare occasion when a high-class comic opera comes this way and is sung by a company of such artists as are now holding forth at the Columbia Theatre in A. H. Woods's production of Franz Lehar's work, "Gypsy Love." The audience which greeted the piece on Monday last was literally carried off its feet by the superb singing of Phyllis Partington and of the tenor, Mr. Albro. In fact their singing ranks well within the field of grand opera, and those who listen to the music of "Gypsy Love" as sung by these people are pleased beyond measure. Lehar has outdone all of his previous efforts in composing the music for "Gypsy Love," and this work will be one of the most attractive to be seen here this season. The second and final week of the engagement at the Columbia Theatre begins Monday. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Bernhardt's Last Week at the Orpheum.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's triumph in vaudeville at the Orpheum is certainly one of the happiest incidents of her glorious career. At every performance the theatre is packed to the doors, and her reception is always wildly enthusiastic. For next week, which will positively be her last here, the following programmes will be presented: Sunday and Monday matinées and nights, "Phedre," Acts 1 and 2; Tuesday matinée and night, fifth act of "Camille"; Wednesday and Saturday matinées and nights, "One Christmas Night"; Thursday matinée and night, third act of "La Tosca"; Friday matinée and night, "Lucrece Borgia."

Several new acts will be introduced. John and Winnie Hennings "the Kill Kare Kouple," will make their first appearance here. Hennings is an excellent eccentric dancer, his piano playing is of a unique yet musical order, and he sings several clever and diverting ditties. His partner, Winnie Hennings, is a clever actress and an accomplished cornet soloist.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevey will present their ludicrous skit, "The Village Fiddler and the Country Maid," which is always popular. They bring it to a close with an old-fashioned jig.

Ignatius Cardosh, the celebrated European pianist, will be heard in favorite selections. He is still youthful, and for his years has probably gained more recognition in the musical world than any other pianist. He plays with a fine musical comprehension and with brilliant technic.

Next week will be the last of "And They Lived Happy Ever After"; McMahon, Diamond, and Clemence; and Josie Heather.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Daisy Harcourt, a ripping comedienne from one of the most famous music halls, is the top feature on the new bill which opens at Sunday's matinée at the Pantages Theatre. She makes several changes of costume and is a veritable cyclone of mirth when she lets loose her inimitable coster songs. Miss Harcourt has created a greater sensation than any single entertainer that has played the Pantages Circuit. The kiddies and grown-ups as well will have lots of fun when Little Hip, the tiniest baby elephant in the world, and his pal, Napoleon, trot on the stage. Napoleon is a frisky chimpanzee who keeps Little Hip in an uproar while the pair are doing their stunts. The baby elephant has the reputation of being the youngest and heaviest football and bowling player. There is a humorous sketch filled with the usual vaudeville complications, called "Alias Trixie Kix." It is a college story with a couple of rah-rah boys as the main cut-ups. Beck and Henney, capable comedians, are a team of versatile vaudevillians who sing, chatter, play piano, and, best of all, Beck is an eccentric wooden shoe dancer whose stepping is one of the hits of the show. Dell Barty and Jap are an odd pair of entertainers. Jap is a white brindle pup who plays musical instruments. The Cramers, fancy roller skaters, and the Rothskeller Quartet will complete an unusually good bill.

William H. Crane, rightly styled the "dean of the American drama," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for one week beginning Monday night, February 24. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday. For this visit Mr. Crane is bringing his latest comedy, "The Senator Keeps House." It is a play in four acts by Martha Morton, with scenes laid in Washington, D. C., at the present time.

"Little Miss Brown," a rattling farce of the "Excuse Me" variety, is announced as the attraction to follow "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Cort Theatre. William A. Brady is the producer and the author is the clever young Philip Bartholomae, who wrote "Over Night." In "Little Miss Brown" the playwright is said to have excelled his best previous fun-making efforts.

David Belasco, who has just given San Francisco a great attraction in David Warfield, is to send his production of the comedy, "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein, Isabel Irving, and Catherine Proctor at the head of the cast. "The Concert" is said by Belasco to be the best light comedy produced in many seasons.

In a letter to the editor of the New York *Sun* a correspondent says he can never understand why the drunken man on the stage is always represented as a noble, whole-souled, generous character; such a man as it would be well for all of us, young and old, to imitate. The fact is, the drunken man is always repulsively disgusting, more or less, and such exhibitions on the stage, generally covering up the more disagreeable features of the ordinary "drunk," must have a disastrous effect, especially on the young men in the audience.

William A. Brady has decided to make an all-star revival of Lester Wallack's drama, "Rosedale," during the latter part of this season. It is said that Miss Grace George may be seen in the rôle of Rosa Leigh, and H. B. Warner in the leading male part.

Few actors in England or America can boast such a histrionic ancestry as Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), for she was preceded on the stage by her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to the last of whom she bears a remarkable likeness.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has revived Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in New York, and is praised for her emotional work.

John Drew is to return to Shakespearean characters. He will be Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing" next season.

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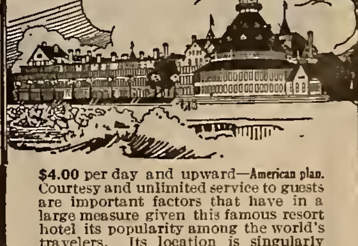

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is young Mrs. Oldboy in mourning for her husband?" "I'm no mind-reader—bow do I know?"—*Baltimore Americon.*

"It is rude for a man to fall asleep while bis wife is talking." "But, good beavens, a man has to sleep some time!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Blobbs—Guzzler says he believes in bearing other people's burdens. *Slobbs*—Well, his wife says he comes home loaded every night. —*Philodelphio Record.*

Mr. Ferguson—That's the new girl singing in the kitchen, is it? She's a regular cuckoo. *Mrs. Ferguson*—Yes, except that she can't cook.—*New York Moil.*

Rood Hog (ofter mishop in which puppy hos been run over)—Madam, I will replace the animal. *Indignont Owner*—Sir, you flatter yourself.—*Loudon Opinion.*

Knicker—Why did Jones give his wife a clock that strikes the quarters? *Bocker*—It keeps ber so confused she doesn't know what time he comes home.—*Puck.*

"What a debt we owe to medical science!" he said, as he put down the paper. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—*Chicogo Post.*

He (ot the masquerode ball)—Tbat's a singular costume you're wearing. What do you represent? *She*—Opportunity. *He*—Indeed! Then let me embrace you.—*Boston Tronscript.*

"Do you believe in bad luck?" "I do. I proposed thirteen times to the same girl." "Where did the bad luck come in?" "The thirteentb time she took me."—*Boltimore American.*

"He is a self-made man, isn't be?" "He was." "Then he is." "No, tbe woman he married didn't like tbe result he had accomplisbed, and she has made bim over."—*Houston Post.*

"Darling," he said, "I would do anything for you." "Would you become a member of the legislature for me?" "I mean anything honorable," he hastened to explain.—*Redlands Raconteur.*

"That woman is fond of gossip." "Yes," replied Mrs. Cayenne. "I like to see people happy, and I bope that when women are eligible to all offices she will be a judge at Reno."—*Woshington Stor.*

"What's become of the strong man?" asked the proprietor of the circus. "He resigned," replied the manager. "Got a better job." "What doing?" "Working as a parcel-post mail man."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Tom, we must go home at once!" "Wby, dear?" "Why? Because we've left the cat and parrot without a single scrap of food." "Oh, is that all? Don't worry, dear; tbe cat is sure to eat the parrot."—*London Answers.*

"So you insist that your boy Josh is a genius?" "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I don't know exactly wbat a genius is. But we've got to give some excuse for his not doin' any regular work."—*Woshington Stor.*

"I met a remarkable woman yesterday." "This is the age of remarkable women." "But this woman was extraordinarily remarkable. She thought her husband had enough intelligence to run the furnace."—*Chicago Record-Herold.*

"You drank too mucb punch at that reception yesterday." "Who saw me drink too much punch?" "It wasn't necessary to total up. When I came in you were holding an animated conversation with a piano lamp."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"What I admire about Briggs is the fact that he says what be thinks." "Wbich probably accounts for another one of Briggs's traits that I admire very much." "And what is that?" "His silence."—*Birmingham Age-Herold.*

"Clubman and his wife don't speak." "No. He happened to be home for dinner one night recently, and his wife rose in her place, and began: 'Children, we have with us tonight——' and Clubman has had a grouch ever since."—*Houston Post.*

"You know who he is?" "Yes," replied the other, "he is worth a couple of millions. Is just out of college; was educated at Harvard." "Oh, no," rejoined the first speaker. "He wasn't educated at Harvard. He went to school there."—*Springfield Republican.*

"So you were deeply touched by the poem young Mr. Guffson wrote to you?" said Maude. "Yes," answered Mamie. "But it was not a good poem." "I don't care. It was just as much trouble for him to write it as if he had been Shakespeare."—*Judge.*

Editor—Yes. We have arranged for two reporters to handle the news of the President's wife, one for each of his children, and for the household pets, and still another to cover his country relatives who are visiting Washington. *Owner*—But what men have you got to handle the news of the President himself? *Editor*—Nobody. Confound it, I knew there was something I forgot.—*Puck.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Joaquin Miller.

If we accept as fundamental to the character of a poet that he be "a thinker and a singer," then Joaquin Miller, dead at the age of seventy-three, was worthy of the laurel crown. An eccentric he was, beyond question, in his individual whimsicalities and habits of life, but his thinking was elevated and he sang with a true inspiration. Much that he wrote in early life was trivial, some work of later years was careless; but even in his least considered performances there appear glints of that vein of pure ore which burst richly forth in "The Defense of the Alamo," in "Columbus," and in "Brandywine." In all his verse—and in his prose writings as well—there was the unmistakable stamp of a mind true at its core and fired by an imagination at once spirited and audacious. It is not difficult to trace the sources of Miller's purely intellectual inspirations. Like the philosophy and the wit of Lincoln, they were close-related to the things of normal life—its duties, its sentiments, its aspirations. His mind soared firm of wing, but always in the blue and in the eye of the sun. His genius had no propensity for clouds, no affinity with the vague, no love for esotericism. His images were all familiar; his loftiest periods comprehensible to the simplest-minded. While in his personal propensities curiously affected and always spectacular, Miller put the products of his mind into noble forms—gave to them the grace of conventional art. Whence came this art? How may we account for the discrepancies between the outward man and the mintage of his mind? These questions may not easily be answered. But who does seek to answer them must remember that always he lived close to the realities of life; that with him the love of nature was a mastering passion; that as his eye by a fine and true instinct sought out the beautiful and the majestic—the flowers, the mountains, and the stars—his mind found its solace in the richest fruitage of all the ages of human thought. Joaquin Miller gave much of vital inspiration to the world—gave it freely and without price. And generous as he was in material ways, he was more generous still in his daily outgiving of courage and cheerfulness. By his own philosophy he is rich in death for, in his own words,

> What you will hold in your cold dead hand
> Is what you have given away.

◆

The Poet of the Mountains.

TO JOAQUIN MILLER.

The mountains compassed him around
  Like a fond mother, in his youth,
  Their rugged justice and their truth,
The strength that David sought and found.

These, clasping him as mighty arms,
  Compelling, tender, stern and good,
  Reclaimed him to the altitude
Of heights above the world's alarms.

And o'er the city's siren song
  He heard the trumpet call of pines
  Ring out from Alps or Apennines,
Or from Sierra's fortress strong.

And still he held where'er he trod,
  Or in the city, or the court,
  His Mountains, Courts of Last Resort,
Where man appeals from Life to God.

The mountains to the mountains gave,
  Those white with snow and flushed with dawn,
  To these green hills that tread upon
The world's edge at the ocean wave;

The gentle life that gently ran
  In rhythmic measure, strong and sweet,
  Years richly guerdoned and complete,
And long beyond the wonted span,

And fell from these green heights above
  Upon the dwellers of the plain,
  And gently as the gentle rain,
The benediction of His Love.

So, gently fell upon his way
  That last great shadow that is Light,
  —If man might read God's Will aright—
And day, and ten times trebled day.

God took the Poet's hand and led
  Him through the dying sunlight's bars,
  An awful canopy of Stars
God held above the Poet's head.

Night fell; the western skies grew dim;
  But past the day, beyond the night,
  Upon God's higher Mountain height
He is with God and God with him.

Samuel John Alexander.

◆

An Amazing Indiscretion.

It is something new for a President between the day of his election and the day of his inauguration to publish a book in which are set forth in definite outline not only his conceptions of the executive office, but the scheme of policy which he intends to pursue. It is something new for a President to single out a predecessor in office, charge upon him his misdoings, define his ambitions, and stigmatize him by reproaches. It is something new—although one ex-President has done something like it—for a President to make merchandise of his official importance. In doing these several things Mr. Wilson gives us a demonstration of the refined selfishness, the unconscious bull-headedness, the sublimated and smiling indelicacy of which we have already had hints in his eagerness for lecture fees, his controversies at Princeton, and his application for a Carnegie pension.

Whatever it may be proper for a President—or a President-elect—to say concerning public policies and for his plans in office ought to be said to the public and not reserved for publication in book form as a private speculation. Utterances which derive their importance from the official character of him who speaks are not properly subjects of commercial exploitation. The people have a right to such information and such views as a President-elect may deem it proper to give out without seeking a book-store and paying a price. From the least elevated point of view it is out of keeping, out of taste, for a President-elect thus to grab at a chance to gain a few dollars.

But there is in this matter a far more serious impropriety. The relationships of a President-elect are inevitably partisan. His counsels come almost wholly from partial and biased sources. He is as yet only the head of a party, not definitely President, and therefore under fixed obligations to all elements—to the whole people. He can not be prepared, as he will be later on, when official and exclusive information shall be at his command, to formulate definite purposes and plans. To speak positively in advance and upon insufficient and partisan information is, so to speak, to go off at half-cock. He commits himself with respect to policies of administration without knowing the terms or conditions of particular cases subject to his executive discretion.

Nobody will accuse the *Argonaut* of wishing to save our loquacious and ridiculous ex-President from censure consequent upon his own follies, vanities, and ambitions. The ex-President quite deserves the contemptuous phrases of the coming President. None the less Mr. Wilson's denunciations of Mr. Roosevelt are in open violation of the proprieties involved in the relationships past and present of the two men to the life of the country. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, by his utterances and acts has stultified his own dignity; but there is in this fact no justification for a course in rebuttal on the part of Mr. Wilson. It would be far better to take warning of Mr. Roosevelt's extravagances than to imitate them.

In the book just offered to the public Mr. Wilson has surely laid up for himself a store of future embarrassments. He has not only affronted the taste of the country, but has bound himself to lines from which some departure, under the obligations of further knowledge or the necessities of compromise, must surely be made. He has declared his judgment before hearing the evidence; he has committed himself without waiting for the facts. Viewed from any standpoint, the publication of this book is an amazing indiscretion.

◆

Our Mexican Problem.

The problems presented by the situation in Mexico, unhappily, are involved more with our obligations than with our inclinations. We would like to leave Mexico go her own course—to pursue her own ends in her own way—only we would like that course to be one of a reasonable social order with security for foreign interests, including our own. We want nothing of Mexico excepting neighborly relations, with the exception of such interchanges as international interest makes legitimate and necessary. If Mexico could find means to carry forward her own affairs in a way to meet her responsibilities to us and the rest of the world we should be more than pleased.

But without wishing it we hold before the world a certain responsibility for the order and security of Mexico. We assumed this responsibility many years ago in connection with an effort on the part of France to establish dominion over the country. We curtly informed France that she could have no place or part in Mexico, and in prompt though resentful obedience she withdrew the forces with which she had sustained the so-called Emperor Maximilian. Then came Porfirio Diaz with the force of character necessary for the support of social order. Under Diaz Mexico appeared an established nation, and upon the invitation of order and security capital poured into the country. Citizens of the United States, of Britain, of France, of Germany, of Switzerland, of Italy, freely invested energy and capital in Mexico to the extent of many hundreds of millions. Practically the whole of the industrial, transportational, and national—since public improvements have been supported by bond issues subscribed in foreign countries—interests of the country have been promoted from without. Mexico has supplied the raw materials; the investing nations have furnished the capital and the organization.

And now it is seen that the safety and security of the country came not from the self-governing capability of the people, but from the initiative of one strong man. The moment his powers failed the country fell into anarchy. The seats of order and industry became almost at once scenes of warfare between contending personal ambitions and interests. Something more than two years has passed during which a bad condition of affairs has steadily grown worse. Madero, who under the form of law assumed the presidency, has not proved strong enough to control the situation. Personally he does not command sufficient respect, officially he lacks the powers to pacify, organize, and administer the country. Factioual leaders great or small, patriots real or spurious, rise one after another to contend with him, and find in turn enough support to keep the country in a state of turmoil. As we write news comes that he has resigned the presidency.

Everything dependent upon social order is in paralysis. Industry is at a standstill; transportation is halted; mines are shut down; other interests, domestic and foreign, are subject to the hazards and requisitions of a relentless war. Even the lives of foreigners resident in Mexico, under the guaranty of treaties, are in danger. While no faction wishes to lay its hand upon the persons or the property of foreigners, none is strong enough to protect them.

It is natural, indeed inevitable, that European countries having interests in Mexico should look to the United States to maintain conditions of order and security. Our Monroe Doctrine is to them a standing warning to keep hands off. If the Monroe Doctrine means anything it means just this. And if we are to make European nations keep hands off we must on our part maintain conditions satisfactory to them. We must enforce the social order in Mexico which implies security for Europeans and European interests or we must allow European countries to secure .their citizens and their investments in their own way. We can not say to Europe, you shall not look to your own interests in Mexico, and then let the country go to the dogs.

If a situation like this existed in some part of the world other than the continent of North America—we make the exception of the continent of South America advisedly—it would be easy to organize foreign intervention. The countries interested, either by the residence of their citizens within the troubled region or through its investors, would join in a movement to enforce social order and security. There was a situation something like this in Northern China ten years ago and it was met by an armed force made up of American, British, and French troops, which marched upon Peking. But the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to China; there was no reason why any one country should take upon itself the whole task. But the Monroe Doctrine does apply to Mexico, and the countries in interest, recognizing the fact, have kept hands off. England and Germany in particular, through regular diplomatic channels, have informed the Washington government that they looked to it to solve the Mexican problem. They offer no suggestions as to what their course will be if there shall be failure to tranquilize the country, but it does not call for a world of judgment to know their intentions. Either peace must come in Mexico through domestic or American initiative, or England and Germany and probably France will take matters into their own hands. We are to be given opportunity to pacify the country if it can not pacify itself, and if all fails, then they will pursue their own courses. It is this demand on the part of Europe in addition to our own interest which makes the situation in Mexico so imminent and grave a problem for the government at Washington.

Almost against hope the Washington government is waiting upon events. It hopes to see the rise of some authority in Mexico strong enough to command the situation. Its hope, if not its expectations, have recently been with Madero, not so much on the score of his "rights" as of his powers. It is of course known that he has no rights as we would interpret the word, but the hope has been that his hand would prove strong enough to suppress disorder. But if we may believe the latest dispatches—we write on Wednesday—Madero is now down and out. On the face of things Felix Diaz, a nephew of Porfirio Diaz, appears the strongest personal figure in the immediate situation. Yet that is uncertain, since General Orozco, and perhaps others, are to be considered. Whether or not he will be able to reduce Orozco and the other military leaders to subordination and establish order in the sphere of civil affairs remains to be seen. His name is an asset, but nobody knows if there is behind it character with the power to govern. Thus far he has shown initiative and energy, but beyond this demonstration all is uncertainty. His quality is now to be tried out. And in view of former disappointments it is not easy to be very hopeful. One thing is certain, the failure of Diaz will bring about a crisis in which the Washington government will have to assert itself. It will either have to fish or cut bait.

Intervention, under whatever pretensions it may be colored, or by whatever means it may employ, must put the United States in very much the position it holds towards Cuba. It will imply formal acceptance of responsibility for the social order of the country and for the security which only social order can enforce for the lives and property of foreign residents and foreign investments. Once we assume this responsibility it will have to be carried indefinitely, no matter at what cost. To make the United States the guardian of Mexico now will be to establish a relationship which can neither be abandoned nor shirked. From any standpoint it is a serious matter—a matter so serious that our previous foreign relationships afford no parallel to it.

Mexico is a country of enormous extent, broken by mountains and in many regions under a tropical sun. The population, according to the best authorities, aggregates 15,000,000, of which approximately 8,000,000 are Indians, 2,000,000 of them wholly uncivilized and speaking only their tribal languages. Of mixed bloods there are approximately 6,000,000. The Spanish element, which with the relatively limited upper class mixed bloods constitutes the effective citizenship, numbers about 1,000,000. In the census of ten years ago ten and a half millions could neither read nor write; less than two millions could read and write; a half-million could only read. We hardly need the testimony of so acute an observer as Mr. James Bryce that under these conditions there can be no real democratic government. To expect a people so racially composed, spread over a vast area, a majority of them densely ignorant and with no practice in self-government to work democratic or representative institutions, is on its face an absurdity. Where a constitution—the Mexican system is an imitation of our own—does not suit the facts, the facts inevitably prevail against the constitution. Where voters are unfit, fair elections can not be secured, and where there are no fair elections power will be seized without legal title. Elections will be controlled by force or arranged and put through by fraud. The form may be respected, but the result will not express the popular will, for, indeed, there is no such thing as popular will. The best that can be hoped for is a practical dictatorship; and this was the condition under Porfirio Diaz. His power was originally won by fighting, but maintained under legal forms, sufficiently under the influence of domestic and foreign opinion to restrain it at the point of gross excesses. The legislature obeyed Diaz implicitly. Elections were managed by his government with little difficulty, because until 1910, when his hold had begun to be shaken, no one ventured to vote against him. His personal superiority to all the vulgar temptations—this is the testimony of Mr. Bryce—was recognized and admired. His ministers talked to the chambers, but took their orders from him alone. His policies were directed to the material development of the country. Order was maintained by a rural police absolutely subject to the government, and only a moderate army was maintained. Under this régime peace prevailed and the country advanced rapidly. And had Diaz been able, when enervated by age, to pass on his powers to some man of his own quality, prosperity and order would doubtless have continued. Beyond question the sort of government Diaz gave Mexico was that which best suited it —indeed the only government possible. It is because of the failure of some man of the Diaz type to enter the breach that there exists today the disorder which has stained the country with bloodshed, brought its wholesomer activities to a standstill, and destroyed security.

Intervention, if it shall come to this, will be no holiday stunt. The country is enormous in extent and beset with difficulties very serious from the military standpoint. To march and sustain armies would be a heavy task·even if there were no fighting to be done. And fighting there will be in plenty, for however inept in other respects, your "greaser" unfailingly knows how to fight. He unites the propensities of the mediæval Spaniard with the cunning of the Indian. He is as persistent and pestiferous as a mosquito and about as difficult to locate. He is at home in the open, can subsist for weeks upon the contents of his saddle-bags, and has a way of getting amazing performance from his mountain ponies. All the difficulties and perhaps most of the horrors characteristic of Indian warfare would be matched in any campaign undertaken by the United States for the pacification of Mexico. And when the job was done we should have to show for it a dozen exhibits like that which blanches the hillside of our Presidio, where lie the myriad dead brought from the Philippines to rest in American soil. Intervention, therefore, is a matter to be considered gravely, not alone from the political, but from the military standpoint. Once the enterprise were attempted, we should have to follow it up, no matter at what cost. Once in control of the situation, we should probably have to maintain in Mexico a formidable army for an indefinite period.

The Washington government does well to exercise patience pending the immediate troubles. It wisely sees that intervention would commit the United States to a difficult and probably interminable course. If, indeed, the existing administration had a long lease of authority before it it might with propriety proceed in a positive way. But with its own lease of life limited to a few days it does well to postpone action even though the temptation to act be very great. Prudence requires that if intervention can be put off or postponed without a general disaster it would best be left to an administration which will have the burden to bear and therefore should be allowed to assume it upon its own initiative.

Dr. Clampett on Vice Conditions.

Dr. Clampett's defense of conditions in San Francisco is hardly likely to receive the same attention and publicity as the attack that called it forth. Lies are notoriously fleet of foot, and there is always an audience for those who are willing to gratify self-righteousness by awful accounts of wickedness elsewhere. Phariseeism is a civic as well as a personal vice, and therefore other communities are ever ready to prove their own virtue by holding up their hands in horror at the vices of their neighbors. It is a poor kind of proof, but it serves.

Dr. Clampett's remarks had nothing perfunctory about them. With an intimate knowledge of many other large cities, he said that conditions in San Francisco are not exceptionally bad, but exceptionally good. He said what was literally and precisely true, and what was known to be literally and precisely true by some of those who were foremost, for ends of their own, in giving vitality to the original slander. He said that vice in San Francisco was not allowed to be obtrusive, that its temptations to youth were reduced to a minimum, and that young men and women could walk on our main thoroughfares without any of the suggestive importunities that assail them elsewhere. Now if those statements can be denied by any one with the experience that justifies a hearing it would be interesting to have that denial. Of course they can not be denied. They are patently true, and they constitute the standard of a city's virtue. That certain holes and corners contain bad men and women who act after the manner of their kind is not an impeachment of a city's morality. This is to be judged by the amount of temptation offered to men and women who are not bad, but only human, and by the extent of the corrupting influences that are allowed to assail those who are not corrupt. There is no other gauge acceptable to common sense, and it is a gauge from which San Francisco need not shrink. And yet we find a suggestion printed in a weekly newspaper in New York to the effect that young men may do well to stay away from the San Francisco Exposition in order to protect their morals. The morals of the New York youth who comes to San Francisco are not in imminent danger. Whether so much could be said for the morals of the San Francisco youth who goes to New York is another matter, and one upon which it would be unpleasant to dwell.

If facts had any weight with the censorious it would be easy to multiply them to the point of weariness. The testimony given by Mr. Samuel H. London of the Department of Justice at Washington before the Curran committee might be cited among much else of the same kind. Mr. London's official duty is to investigate the vice conditions of the country, and in pursuance of that duty he came to San Francisco. And Mr. London stated to the Curran committee that San Francisco is one of the best cities in the country, not because there is no vice here—of course there is—but because it is not allowed to flaunt itself to the ruin of the young and the susceptible. In other words, vice in San Francisco is forced into a corner and compelled to stay there, the very situation denounced by those whose moral stock in trade is to denounce anything and everything. If the censors of San Francisco would but learn to look facts in the face and to measure evil by some just and practical standard there would be far less of the injurious hysteria now so much in evidence. Vice is not to be abolished by a wave of the legislative wand nor even by a joint resolution of women's clubs. And since vice is a more or less permanent institution the chief problem is to minimize its assaults upon those who are not yet vicious. Dr. Clampett from his large experience says that this is done with much success in San Francisco. Mr. London, with a much larger and more specialized experience, says the same thing, and more emphatically. And every man with an ordinary knowledge of the world knows it to be true.

Rudolph and Jim.

Struck by certain angularities and asperities in the published correspondence between Mr. Rolph and Mr. Spreckels, the *Argonaut* ventures to suggest the following emendation of the mayoral epistle that shall be somewhat better attuned to the suavities that should govern our official communications:

JIM TO RUDOLPH.

Office of the Mayor.
San Francisco, Cal., February 17, 1913.

My Dear Rudolph: In acknowledging your letter dated from Washington on February 12, 1913, let me assure you of the sense of relief caused among the people of San Francisco by this proof of a continuance of that moral and admonitory benevolence that first raised you from the ranks of our more sordid citizenship and fixed the halo of inspiration upon your head. For we were not without fear that a combination of circumstances might have diverted your attention from the sphere of our civic activities. There was some ground for apprehension that your proud and sensitive soul, rebuffed by the fickle mood of the populace, had retired disdainfully into itself, leaving us without that inspired supervision that so surprised and sustained us. With what gratitude we realize that our fears were groundless. How thankfully we recognize that the personified conscience of San Francisco, although no longer amongst us in its bodily tabernacle, is yet at work upon our behalf as strenuously as ever, and as zealous as ever in advice, in reproof, and even in threat. Democracies, my dear Rudolph, are notoriously ungrateful. Other men as great as yourself—perhaps at this geographical distance I may say even greater—have known what it is to experience the scorn of the masses, the ridicule of their native cities, and have yet been ready to resume the helm at the first invitation, or without any invitation at all. Evidently it is so with you, my dear Rudolph. Fearing that you had retired to those lofty inner altitudes where the perfected soul sees only its own purity, we find that you are suddenly in our midst, at least in thought, and that we are still at liberty to eat the crumbs of virtue that fall from your burdened table, in fact to have them pushed down our throats. Once more you allow yourself to be gazed upon as the embodiment of all civic virtues. Once more, and in no uncertain tones, you warn us of the retribution that will follow a neglect of our opportunities to study in yourself the concentration of all moral excellences.

But do not take too much upon yourself, my dear Rudolph, nor deem me unkind if I suggest that you focus your energies upon matters of personal rather than of civic import, or, in the coarse vernacular, that you mind your own business and allow San Francisco to mind hers. Do not allow our affairs to absorb a dominating—I had almost written domineering—activity that you might give to the great national affairs with which you are now in such close personal touch at Washington, a connection that we should like to think will be maintained. San Francisco has naturally labored under an enormous disadvantage by your absence, but it is a loss to which we have become slowly used. It is one of those bereavements that time softens into a sort of sacred joy. We have even ventured to hold sundry elections since you shook the ashes of our lately stricken but revivified city from your shoes, and while we missed many of the familiar methods which you knew so well how to employ, yet upon the whole we managed to struggle through and even to obtain some sort of popular verdict upon which we still look for guidance. In the language of the streets, and especially of the Mission district which holds my heart, let it go at that. Be content to transfer to the government at Washington all of that incessant moral guidance, that wealth of precept, of rebuke, and menace that was once showered so lavishly upon San Francisco, but that is now only a remembrance, never to be renewed—if we can help it. For your information on the moral obliquities of the officials at Washington I can never be sufficiently grateful. But already I had suspected the sad truth. All public officials who have the misfortune to disagree with yourself are hopelessly depraved. It was ever so. But let me express the hope that the shining example of your own life may have such an influence upon the new administration that some few brands may be plucked from the burning.

You will remember that once before, my dear Rudolph, and upon the occasion of my accession to office, you honored me with certain sage advice upon my duties to the community and upon the advantages accruing to me from the great moral light radiating from your example. At the same time you called to my attention the amount of real estate owned by you in San Francisco and which was naturally an indication of moral values hardly to be expected from those who possess no real estate. It was evident that you regarded yourself as the electorate of San Francisco, or at least as the embodiment of its virtues, and although I had until then supposed myself to be the mayoral choice of the people at large, I resolved to model my behavior upon the precepts that you bestowed upon me so lavishly. It would be a matter for profound regret if I should now learn that I, too, have fallen from grace and must henceforth be numbered among those many other public citizens who once enjoyed the sunshine of your approval, but who now writhe under the lash of your vituperation. But I must cultivate fortitude.

You must not imagine, my dear Rudolph, that I am in any way lacking in admiration for those many virtues that you have once more called to my attention. Indeed my admiration for them is only surpassed by your own. I have never known any one to have so many or to be so pertinacious in their public display. And in order that I may pay to them such further homage of publicity as may be within my power and at the same time add to the hilarity of a naturally gay city I shall hand this correspondence to the press. You will, I am sure, pardon its prolixity, and if in my anxiety to observe the usages of the polite letter-writer I have become obscure or involved I may offer as an epitome of my meaning the expressive terminology much favored in my beloved Mission, yougotohell.

Sincerely,
Jim.

Editorial Notes.

There is a movement on foot in Oregon under which a large number of farmers in different parts of the state are to set aside tracts of five acres and cultivate them on private account but under the direction of the authorities of the State Agricultural College. The idea is to make local and practical application of the principles of scientific agriculture in as many districts and under as many varieties of local condition as possible. The interest of farmers as well as their pride in competition will, it is hoped, lead to care and thoroughness in the work of planting and cultivation. This plan grows out of a suggestion made some time ago by Mr. James J. Hill that the best method of promoting the agriculture of the country would be the establishment of an experimental farm under expert supervision in every congressional district of the country.

At last we may congratulate ourselves upon some signs of a real and enduring civilization in Japan. The rioting in Tokyo and the violent expulsion of the Katsura ministry mean no more than that the people are determined to exist first and to support an enormous army and navy afterwards, if at all. But food and clothing are to come before warships and soldiers. Now there is hardly a nation in Europe that is not in the same predicament and called upon to make the same choice, but so far the peoples of the Old World seem more or less content to starve in order that the armaments may be fed. And the people of Europe have votes for the most part, which the Japanese have not. It is certainly strange that the first revolt against militarism should come from Asia and that the laborers of Japan should be the first to refuse to carry the soldier forever upon their broken backs.

It is certain that the people of California, who have provided eighteen million dollars for a system of state highways, will not be satisfied with roads to which the word "temporary" is in any way applicable. Roads calculated to last "anywhere from one to three years" will be scarcely better than existing roads, for they will be perpetually out of order or undergoing repairs and, of course, perpetually expensive. If the State Highway Commission can not make roads at least relatively permanent they would better confess their inability and abandon the job altogether. Such roads can be made and ought to be made. It was such roads that the people of California had in mind when they appropriated the great fund which has been placed at the disposition of the State Highway Commission.

The San Francisco *Call* asks why the thirty-three dynamiters recently convicted at Indianapolis were remanded to prison until they could find higher bail while the twenty-nine men convicted at Cincinnati of an infringement of the Sherman act were liberated upon their trial bail. Here, says the *Call* in effect, we have one of those inequalities of justice that cause the law to be held in slight respect. The lady with the bandaged eyes had evidently slipped her bandage so that she might adroitly tip the scales in favor of wealth and social position. Now it would be an insult to the intelligence of the *Call* to assume that this question was put in good faith. It was put to tickle the palate of union labor, and for no other reason. The question of bail, as the *Call* knows well, is left by the law at the discretion of the judge, who must be guided by the public interest and by the gravity of the offense. The Indianapolis defendants were convicted practically of wholesale murder, and while an infringement of the Sherman act is a sufficiently grave offense it is not murder nor comparable with murder. If the *Call* wishes to make good its somewhat over-advertised independence it should avoid the more obvious and objectionable forms of truckling and servility.

It is satisfactory to note that the supposed services rendered by General Sickles during the Civil War are not to be considered as a life-long immunity to steal. His record for these many years past has been bad without qualification or excuse. In receipt of a large pension, he is said to have robbed his children of three million dollars, and he is now charged with embezzling from a monument association a large sum of money, while his domestic misbehavior has been as flagrant as his financial. His reply to accusations of the gravest kind is to deck his house with American flags and to sit down under them to await arrest, and there are actually people silly enough and wrong-headed enough to be impressed by a display of that kind. If General Sickles deserves any leniency at all it is because he is a very old man. Any other plea is discreditable to those who make it.

We are not hearing much of the committee of a thousand citizens first suggested for its own ends by a morning newspaper that makes a business of saving the city about three times a week, and adopted with much semblance of enthusiasm by the mayor. Is the project dead, or did it refuse to be born? Or, as a third alternative, was it judged to have sufficiently served its purpose in persuading the mayor to advertise the aforesaid newspaper in its favorite rôle of profitable patriotism?

Let us hope that William Rockefeller was speaking in the language of hyperbole when he said that his brother, John D. Rockefeller, had no friends. For the human heart has a large capacity for friendship, a capacity that is often exercised in the most unlikely directions, and toward even the most unworthy objects. There are very few human beings outside the circumference of that circle or beyond the reach of a force that is nearly universal and that is one of those unpurchasable things that make life worth living. If it be actually true that John D. Rockefeller has no friends it is a fact so discreditable to himself that it would be more becoming to a brother to hide it. For friendship is one of those opulences of life that every human being, rich and poor alike, can have in unlimited quantities. No one refuses friendship in return for kindliness and service, and it is surprising how large a revenue of friendship will spring from even the smallest investment of good-will and kindly consideration for others. There can be no doubt that John D. Rockefeller is beset with hordes of parasites who offer a shoddy and ugly imitation of friendship in return for more tangible benefits, but we may hope that there is something more genuine than this somewhere. One thing at least is certain. Mr. Rockefeller could have all the friends he wished by the simple process of beckoning them to his side by acts of personal kindliness.

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Nearly one thousand girls and young women are taking lessons in cooking and other branches of domestic science at the Kansas State Agricultural College.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The apprehension of European war seems to be nearly as bad as war itself. At the moment there are three cable dispatches before the writer. The first is addressed from St. Petersburg to the New York *Tribune* and is dated January 14. The second is to the same newspaper and is dated from Berlin on January 16. The third is addressed to the New York *Evening Post* and was sent from Paris on January 31. We will see what they have to say.

The St. Petersburg telegram says that the Czar recalls with terror the prediction made to him in 1905 to the effect: "Beware of 1912. After that all is dark." The Czar, we are told, has aged twenty years within a few months, and this is due to the prospects of war in combination with the aforementioned prophecy. It is evident that rank and education are not proof against superstition, in spite of scholastic assurance to the contrary.

The second dispatch from Berlin informs us that "a feeling of impending calamity seems to pervade the German Fatherland. Again the war clouds loom dark and food prices are soaring higher and higher." This sense of calamity is to be found mainly in army and navy circles, where there is a "fatalistic resignation that the great conflict that is to involve all Europe in an unparalleled conflagration has only been postponed till the spring because the present time of year is not favorable to campaigning." Here also we find superstition playing its usual part. The soothsayer Lenormant once made a prediction pointing to the present year as one of doom for the German people, and the emperor himself is said to be profoundly disquieted by the recollection. Once more we find the impotence of an education that pledged itself to banish superstition.

The third telegram, from Paris, says that "war losses" already amount to hundreds of millions of francs, and that the same condition prevails elsewhere in Europe. Fashionable tradesmen are doing nothing because people are hoarding their gold. The dressmakers say that the year is a "pure disaster." The hotels are empty because traveling Europeans are afraid to leave home, not knowing what a day may bring forth. The shops are dismissing their employees by the hundreds and the factories are idle. It is impossible, says the *Evening Post* correspondent, to estimate the loss, but in France alone it must have passed 1,000,000,000 francs.

Lord Beaconsfield said once that one of the few beneficent results of war was to extend the popular knowledge of geography. For example, we now know where Tripoli is, and some of us feel that we could find our way through the Balkan States to Constantinople with our eyes closed. We even know where the Tchadalja forts are to be found. But we have not yet learned the meaning of Turkish titles, and so for the sake of the curious it may be said that there is only one real title, and that is Pasha. Government officials are usually called Bey, but it is a matter of courtesy. Effendi denotes a person who is a little above the multitude. Mollahs, Sheikhs, and native Christians like to be called Effendi. So do learned persons, but there is no compulsion in the matter. If you wish to be polite you had better say Effendi, whether speaking to a man or a woman, and if you are talking to a Bey you should say Bey Effendi.

The writer of "The Office Window" in the London *Daily Chronicle* has been reminding his readers of what some distinguished people have had to say of the suffrage for women. Shakespeare, of course, knew all about it. For him past, present, and future were combined in a perpetual now. Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" says: "I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men." We have not quite reached that point yet, but who knows? Dryden may be suspected of a sort of prevision when in the epilogue to "Secret Love" he makes the actress speaker say:

For though we can not boast of equal force,
Yet at some weapons men have still the worse.
Why should not then we women act alone?
Oh, would the higher powers be kind to us
And grant us to set up a higher house!

John Bright seems once to have been an advocate of the suffrage, seeing that he voted for John Stuart Mill's motion to that effect in 1867. But he voted against the Women's Disabilities Removal bill of 1876, and his speech was largely responsible for the defeat of the measure. "We are asked," he said, "to introduce the women of England into a system like this from which we can hardly extract ourselves without taint of pollution, which we look back upon even with shame and disgust."

Queen Victoria's views are well known. When she heard that a young court matron was interesting herself in the suffrage she wrote: "The queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor, feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady ——— ought to get a good whipping. It is a subject that makes the queen so furious that she can not contain herself."

There is consternation at the Berlin court owing to a report that the Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse has lost the diary that she has been compiling so industriously for the last thirty-five years. The consternation is increased by the suspicion that the diary is not lost at all, but that its energetic author has sent it out of the country in order that it may be published. The princess is the emperor's youngest sister and she has already crossed swords with her brother more than once. Upon one occasion she visited Berlin and the Kaiser read a portion of the famous diary. He was immeasurably incensed by its freedom of expression and by the caustic fidelity with which various incidents of his own life had been reported. As the princess refused to surrender the diary she was banished from Berlin and her husband was ordered to take command of the troops at Breslau, which is one of the dullest towns in Europe. When the daughter of the princess was married the emperor refused to attend the wedding, and it was the same princess who attended a prize-fight at Monte Carlo immediately after prize-fighting had been forbidden throughout Germany. If the diary is actually to be published we shall probably know more about the German court than we do now.

London *Punch* says: "It has been discovered that big game in Central Africa nourish the organisms that are the cause of sleeping sickness. A number of notices bearing the words 'Kill That Lion' are to be sent out at once, and a charitable lady has, we hear, offered to provide 20,000 fly-papers of an extra large size."

A war must be of considerable size nowadays to get much attention. Already the Mexican trouble has pushed the Balkan struggle from the front page of our newspapers, and it is hard to find room even for President Jordan's assurances that wars have now become a thing of the past and that a civil service clerk with his note-book will henceforth be the most adventurous thing in sight. Nevertheless we may as well observe that the war in Tripoli is still going on. A few days ago the fortifications of Bengasi were rushed by a horde of Bedouins, who had a right merry time before they were repulsed, and now comes a report that the Senussi Arabs are forming an army for an attack upon the Italian positions. When the Sultan of Turkey withdrew the regular forces from Tripoli he did not order the Arabs to cease fighting, probably being well aware that they would please themselves in that matter. He merely notified them that he could no longer protect them, and as it was actually they who had been protecting him the situation remains pretty much as it was before. But Tripoli now belongs in the hinterland of the public interest. We have no longer time for these military insignificances.

It seems that the English burglar has a very definite right to his life, if not to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The *Law Times* discusses the matter at some length and seems to think that if you shoot a burglar except in a positive defense of your own life it may be nearly as unpleasant for you as for the burglar. A man may defend his person or his property, but he must use no more violence than is absolutely necessary. He may not fire at a burglar before he has begun to burgle, even though he knows that he intends to burgle. He may not fire on him after he has finished burgling and merely to prevent his escape. If he does, and kills the burglar, he will be guilty of manslaughter. You may not kill any man merely because he is assaulting you or stealing your goods. You must prove that your own life was in danger. But there is some compensation for these disabilities. A burglar is usually caught by the police and, when caught, he will be tried at once, and will usually find himself irrevocably in jail on that same day. And if he was armed he will cease to be a danger to society for a good many years. If any appeal be allowed it will be heard in the course of a few days and decided on the spot.

Mr. S. S. McClure, of magazine notoriety, had some unpleasant things to say about the national life in the course of his recent address to the New York City Club. America, he said, was the most law-ridden and the most lawless country on the face of the globe, and almost the only country where there is perpetual war between government and business. There is not a mayor in the United States, said Mr. McClure, who could get a job in a German municipality, and "where in the United States can you find a trained, efficient chief of police, mayor, or street commissioner? We haven't any." But why should Mr. McClure be surprised by the juxtaposition of law and lawlessness? It must always be so in any community where legal prohibitions are made to take the place of public opinion. It is public opinion that creates an orderly communal life. Nothing else can do it. A multiplicity of laws means the shelving of public opinion, and lawlessness naturally reigns. Any law that is passed except under the sternest necessity and after prolonged public discussion creates more offenses than it prevents. Such proceedings as those now at Sacramento, where nearly 4000 new laws are under consideration, are a direct assault upon order, because they bring all law into contempt and rob it of all the sanctity that should belong to it. Law-making and lawlessness always keep pace with one another.

How much we may learn from the unsophisticated savage. From inquiries that have been made among certain African tribes it seems that the practice of ordeal by poison is actually based upon sound reasoning and undoubted fact. Good men, say these enlightened aborigines, have no stomachs. Only bad men have stomachs, and the spirit of evil dwells in the stomach. That is unquestionably true. We have observed it for ourselves. Now if a man without a stomach—and therefore good—swallows poison it can not do him any harm; but if he has a stomach—and is therefore bad—the poison will kill him. What can be more clear or better in accord with common knowledge? There are various persons of our acquaintance who ought to be subjected to the ordeal by poison. We feel certain that they are bad and therefore have stomachs and would die. On the other hand the good man of conscious rectitude with no abdominal abiding place for the spirit of evil could face the test without a qualm.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In Geneva, Switzerland, every old picture and antique must be registered in the town hall, and its value stated. This is done to protect purchasers of such articles.

OLD FAVORITES.

Poppies.

O ladies, softly fair,
Who curl and comb your hair,
And deck your dainty bodies, eve and morn,
With pearls and flowery spray,
And knots of ribbons gay,
As if ye were for idlesse only born,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

Whose lives but part repeat;
Whose little dancing feet
Swim lightly as the silvery mists of morn;
Whose pretty palms unclose
Like some fresh dewy rose,
For dainty dalliance, not for distaffs, born;
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

O women, sad of face,
Whose crowns of girlish grace
Sin has plucked off and left ye all forlorn,
Whose pleasures do not please,
Whose hearts have no heart's-ease,
Whose seeming honor is of honor shorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, one and all,
But painted poppies in among the corn!

Women, to name whose name
All good men blush for shame,
And bad men, even, with the speech of scorn;
Who have nor sacred sight
For Vesta's lamps so white,
Nor hearing for old Triton's wreathèd horn,
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call,
What are ye, one and all,
But poison poppies in among the corn!

Women who will not cease
From toil, nor be at peace
Either at purple eve or yellowing morn,
But drive with pitiless hand
Your plowshares through the land
Quick with the lives of daisies yet unborn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But troublous poppies in among the corn!

Blighting with fretful looks
The tender-tasseled stooks—
Sweeping your wide-floored barns, with sighs forlorn
About the unfilled grains
And starving hunger-pains
That on the morrow, haply, shall be borne—
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
But forward poppies in among the corn!

O virgins, whose pure eyes
Hold commerce with the skies—
Whose lives lament that ever ye were born,
And still as burden bear
The cross whose joy to wear
Never the rose but only just the thorn,
Hearken to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

What better? Who abuse
The gifts wise women use,
With locks sheared off and bosoms scourged and torn,
Lapping your veils so white
Betwixt ye and the light,
Composed in heaven's sweet cisterns morn by morn.
Oh, hark to Wisdom's call:
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

O women, rare and fine,
Whose mouths are red with wine
Of kisses of your children, night and morn,
Whose ways are virtue's ways,
Whose good works are your praise,
Whose hearts hold nothing God has made in scorn—
Though Fame may never call
Your names, ye are, for all,
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid the corn!

Your steadfast love and sure
Makes all beside it poor;
Your cares like royal ornaments are worn;
Wise women! What so sweet,
So queenly, so complete
To name ye by, since ever one was born?
Since she, whom poets call
The sweetest of you all,
First gleaned with Boaz in among the corn?—*Anon.*

There has been no universal war by Moslems on unbelievers since the early days of Mohammedanism. It has been supposed that only the Caliph, an office now claimed by the Sultans of Turkey, can order a general war, or Jehad, but as the Persians and the Moors who are Mohammedans do not acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Ottoman Sultan and look to their own rulers for their cue in such case, it is not at all likely that there will be a Jehad now or ever. Holy wars have been proclaimed by the Mahdis, as was the case in the Sudan in 1882, when "Chinese" Gordon was murdered at Khartoum; but there has been no general war between the followers of the Prophet and the infidel dogs since the early times when Mohammed was establishing his power.

So nearly do the synthetic sapphire and ruby resemble the gems which nature requires centuries to produce that the expert alone can distinguish the real stone from that of laboratory origin. The average jeweler, who has himself had little experience in handling these gems, can not tell the difference. He must take the expert's word that the stones he buys are genuine. In Paris they are turned out in the laboratories of chemists in large quantities annually. In Germany and France selling manufactured sapphires and rubies as genuine is so common that the jewelers' associations of Paris and Berlin have asked their respective countries for stringent laws compelling the manufacturers to label their goods.

MILES STANDISHISM IN OPERA.

"Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden.

Not that Richard Strauss has attempted to give grand opera form to Longfellow's poem. He may come to that one day. Having derived inspiration from Shakespeare and Cervantes and the classics, there is no reason why he should not turn to American literature in due time. But what is meant by "Miles Standishism in Opera" is that it was impossible to follow the story of "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden the other night without being forcibly reminded of the theme of the New England classic.

For consider the story for a moment. The hero is one Baron Ochs, who has this preëminent point of likeness to Miles Standish that he wants another man to be his ambassador to the girl he wishes to marry. Hence the title of "Der Rosenkavalier," that is, the Rose-Cavalier, or Rose-Bearer. The situation is this: Baron Ochs, in accordance with the custom of his time, is anxious to secure the services of a man who will undertake to convey to his bride-elect the perfumed silver rose which is the customary gift on such occasions. In his extremity he bethinks him of the Princess von Nerdenberg, and seeks an audience with that lady in the hope that she may be able to suggest a suitable rose-bearer. Now it so happens that the princess, in the absence of her husband, is having a good time with a comely youth named Octavian, and the two are bandying kisses and embraces when footsteps are heard approaching. Octavian hurries from the apartment to disguise himself as a serving-maid, and the princess is relieved to find that the unexpected visitor is not her husband but only her cousin the baron.

When Baron Ochs explain his mission the princess at once thinks of her lover Octavian, and recommends him heartily for the rôle of rose-cavalier. But even while she is speaking the disguised Octavian, who makes a ravishing serving-maid, reënters, and the baron is at once attracted to this new specimen of the female sex. That susceptibility to a petticoat is indeed his great weakness. Whether of high or low birth, anything in the shape of a presentable woman flutters the baron's Don Juan heart and makes him indifferent to all else in the world. Ere the scene ends, then, the baron has made a date with Octavian under the impression that he has accomplished a new feminine conquest. And at the same time the princess assures him of the services of the real and masculine Octavian as his rose-cavalier. Thus he has killed two birds with one stone.

Octavian, it should be added, is nothing loth to undertake the part of John Alden to the baron's Priscilla, the said Priscilla being one Sophie, the charming daughter of a wealthy man recently ennobled. But, also like John Alden, Octavian exceeds his instructions. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that like the friend of the New England captain he was "struck all of a heap" by the beauties of Sophie, and the result may be imagined. Instead of pleading for Baron Ochs he speaks for himself, and it does not take the young couple long to establish an understanding of a kind foreign from the baron's intentions.

That he may discount any attractions his rival might possess by reason of his ancient title, Octavian plays a few practical jokes. He brings on the scene, for an example, a lady who claims the baron as her husband, and then a whole tribe of children who salute him as "father." Of course there is a brawl, which is at its height when the baron's prospective father-in-law comes upon the scene and learns things which make him resolve to decline the contemplated alliance. All this is to lead the way to the anticipated triumph of the young lovers and the overthrow of the baron and the princess.

It is obvious from the foregoing that the opera is truthfully described as "a comedy for music." And as such it may have been something of a shock to those Strauss devotees who are firmly of the opinion that their master should always take himself seriously and never decline on trivial themes. After all, however, this lively opera with its superabundance of fun and light give-and-take touch is not really an innovation. It is impossible to forget the same composer's "Till Eulenspiegel," which is replete with merriment and is perhaps the most notable modern example of the Rondo form. Besides, has he not given us "Don Quixote," that masterpiece of musical realism? In "The Rose-Cavalier" Strauss makes a return to his earlier form, and surely even a composer may be excused for now and then working in a lighter mood.

After all, the test of opera is enjoyment, and judged by that the reception of "The Rose-Cavalier" was a triumphant justification, not only of the composer, but of Thomas Beecham's enterprise in being the first to produce the opera in London. Rarely has an opera been received with greater enthusiasm. Every seat in the house was sold many days before the performance: at the close of each act Mr. Beecham and the principals had to make many appearances; and when the end came the audience rose and cheered for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was, indeed, a most auspicious beginning for Mr. Beecham's spring season of six weeks of German opera and Russian ballet.

Certainly the producer had done all he could to command as well as deserve success. Notwithstanding the less than grand opera prices upon which he had insisted for his season, Mr. Beecham engaged no fewer than three of the principals for whom Strauss wrote his score and who were the creators of their parts when the opera was first produced at Dresden, while a fourth had a place in the cast when it was given at Berlin for the first time. These were Margarete Siems, the Princess von Werdenberg, Eva von der Osten, the Octavian of the cast, and Paul Knupfer, the amorous Baron Ochs. Their singing was beyond reproach, especially that of Fraulein von der Osten, who has an exceptionally rich mezzo-soprano voice. With such exponents of his vocal numbers the composer won a rare triumph over those objectors who have argued that he can not write vocal music. And for the exploitation of his humor he could not have selected a more capable baron than Paul Knupfer or a more volatile Octavian than Eva von der Osten. Naturally there is little actual drama in such an opera, and it would be idle to expect much in the shape of character development, but the duets of the lovers, the riotous waltzes, and the fluency of the orchestral passages fitted the story admirably and illustrated the progress of the double intrigue in a convincing manner. Even the rapturous orchestral prelude to which the curtain rises on the princess in her boudoir contains the germ of all that is to follow.

As much care had been spent on the mounting of the opera as upon the selection of the cast, the new recruits among the latter including Claire Dux, who, in the rôle of Sophie, electrified the audience by some rare lyrical singing. But the performance was a special triumph for Mr. Beecham. This is the fourth famous opera which he has been the means of introducing to a London audience, no one of which, it is more than probable, would have been heard in the British capital if it had not been for his enterprise. Of course neither he nor his orchestra had had that experience of "The Rose-Cavalier" which has fallen to the lot of the principals, but despite that fact Mr. Beecham conducted with assurance and effect, while the playing of the orchestra was always distinguished and clear. For so early in the season the audience was exceedingly brilliant, including several representatives of royalty and numerous social leaders.

London, February 4, 1913. Henry C. Shelley.

The Painter of New York Street Boys.

The death of J. G. Brown, the artist, will bring to the mind of all who read the history of their world in pictures recollections of those street boys with their shining morning faces who sold papers and blacked boots and whistled the while (says the New York *Times*). It was not the painting of today, but it had a quality that much of the painting of today misses, close sympathy with the subject. The pictures told stories, not dreams or impressions, but the painter had a first-hand knowledge of his subjects. He knew their independence and courage and enterprise, and impudent, cheerful pride, and he recorded it truly. Mr. Brown said that the old-fashioned street boy practically had vanished from the thoroughfares of New York. Some of those who had posed for him had become well-to-do men, all of them had the genuine "American spirit" that leads to advancement, but apparently the race has run out, and we shall find it hereafter only in the pictures which long ago won a deserved popularity.

John George Brown, the painter whose favorite subjects were newsboys and bootblacks, died February 8 at his home in New York, aged eighty-one. Mr. Brown was born in Durham, England, and educated in schools at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. From infancy he showed ability to draw and at nine years old made a creditable portrait of his mother. In 1853, while he was a student in the Royal Academy, he won a prize for the best executed drawing from the antique. Later he went to London and supported himself by drawing and painting on the antique.

Mr. Brown was painting portraits in London in 1853, when, on hearing Henry Russell singing his famous immigrant songs, the desire to come to America seized him. On his arrival here he obtained a position in the glass works of William Ownes in Brooklyn. In two years he married the daughter of the owner.

After his first marriage Mr. Brown opened a studio in Brooklyn and tried portrait painting. One of his first orders was for a portrait of John L. Gilliland, one of the wealthiest men of that day. For this work he received $25. At about this time Mr. Brown began to specialize in painting street boys, his works of this kind bringing from $5 to $30. Most of these pictures could not now be purchased for ten times their original price. His first work to attract wide attention was "His First Cigar," which sold for $150.

Mr. Brown painted for more than half a century in his studio in the Tenth Street Studio Building, at 51 West Tenth Street. This place was so rich in associations to him that he never left it. Among the best known of his pictures are "The Passing Show," "The Dress Parade," "The Three (Scape) Graces," "The Longshoreman's Noon," "A Merry Air and a Sad Heart," "The Thrilling Moment," "The Old Folks at Home," "A Jolly Lot," "What Say?" "Silent Supplication," "When We Were Girls," "Training the Dog," "The Gang," "At the Cottage Door," "The Stump Speech," and "Grand Menan Fishermen Pulling for the Shore." Mr. Brown received honorable mention at Paris in 1899 and medals at San Francisco and Boston.

During the last ten years Mr. Brown had made a practice of locking away a certain number of his paintings every year in a safety deposit box. His output of work was large, between twenty and thirty paintings a year. Many of these have never been seen except by a few who happened to drop in on the painter while he was at work on them.

THE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL.

New York's Proudest Engineering Accomplishment and Its Influences.

When the great Pennsylvania Railroad terminal station was completed it was described with assurance as the world's finest achievement in architecture and engineering for railroad purposes, but it is now in second place. The Grand Central terminal, formally opened February 2, is a bigger thing in horizontal dimensions, the solution of a greater engineering problem, and in respect of compactness and convenience a decided advance, while as an architectural triumph it is at least equal to the earlier structure. The formal opening was simply the unlocking of new gates at the stroke of midnight, for there had been no cessation of business. During the two and one-half years since the work of tearing down the old station began there has been no interruption of passenger traffic. Seven hundred and fifty trains a day have taken on or discharged their living freight while the army of wreckers and builders labored above, below, and around them. This was the most wonderful part of the enterprise. One man, Adelbert R. Whaley, now vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, formed and directed the plans under which the work was accomplished, without one serious accident to the traveling millions who passed through the Forty-Second Street station during that time, and with such slight delays of train service that they are not worthy of mention. Whitney Warren, the chief architect of the terminal, has put his labor into enduring stone and steel, which will stand to do him honor. Mr. Whaley's more trying accomplishment will live only in the records.

A description of even the salient features of the new terminal would fill a volume. I shall attempt nothing of the sort. Twenty-five million people will pass through its portals during the next twelve months, and in a little while its beauties, its wonders, its advantages will be regarded as matters of course. Really, so far as the traveling public is concerned, the changes are of relatively minor importance. The electrification of the steam lines, the doing away with the noise and smoke of the old locomotive engines, was of greater moment. In the new terminal there are no stairways, inclined planes taking their place. The way is plain for incoming or outgoing travelers, information, ticket, telegraph, and telephone booths are in sight and easy of access. Baggage is checked without delay and out-of-the-way search. Every convenience that experience could suggest or ingenuity fashion is here. These were to be expected. The magnitude, the grandeur of the main departments and concourses, can not be suggested in a paragraph.

It is in the surroundings of the Grand Central terminal that the influence of the great railroad will have its most marked effect. A new civic centre is being created. The closing of the old open cut on Park Avenue is but one of the many features of reconstruction. New streets and avenues have been created, aspects have been changed so that undesirable frontages have become most desirable, and new building restrictions and requirements will urge new investments. Many are already completed and many more under way. Twenty-story hotels and office buildings will be the limit of altitude on one side, and six-story structures on another. New shops, theatres, and other enterprises of magnitude will speedily fill the neighboring sites. It is ten years since the work of excavating for the underground lines and surface buildings was begun. All the marks of that long-continued digging, lifting, and conveying are not yet smoothed away, but the end is in sight.

Here, in brief, are some of the definite figures. The old terminal covered twenty-three acres; the new one covers seventy-six acres, and has thirty-two miles of tracks. It extends from Forty-Second to Fiftieth Street, between Lexington and Madison Avenues. The new station building is 680 feet long, 300 feet in length, 115 feet high, above the street level, and 45 feet deep, below the surface. Two hundred trains an hour, carrying 70,000 passengers, may be handled with ease. The through trains move on one level, the suburban trains on another. The cost of the terminal improvements, so far completed, is estimated at $180,000,000. One hundred and eighty buildings were torn down to make room for the work, among them churches, hospitals, and dwellings. Not one cent of assessment has been levied on the stockholders of the New York Central lines to pay for the improvements. The terminal and its related investments, buildings and sites, will be great revenue producers. It is believed that they will not only pay good interest on the investment, but establish a sinking-fund that in twenty-five years will repay their cost.

There have been great changes in railway service in New York since the beginning, in 1837. The imagination can picture no corresponding advance in the next seventy-five years, but those who saw the start could less easily have looked forward to the possessions of the twentieth century. The first improvement natural in a city was the interdiction of engines below Fourteenth Street, when the trains were hauled by horses to the primitive station situated on a lot now covered by the Municipal Building. Long after that engines continued to run into the Forty-Second Street terminal. Perhaps now the most striking thing about the present conditions is the wonderful mechanical systems that guide and protect the trains. Flaneur.

New York, February 10, 1913.

THE MAD MARE OF EYLAU.

Being a Chapter from the Baron de Marbot's Memoirs.

It was in the autumn of 1805, when the officers of the Grand Army wêre making their preparations and completing their equipages for the battle of Austerlitz. I already had two good horses, but I was searching for a third and better one—a stanch battle-horse. The latter was extremely difficult to find, for, although horses were infinitely less dear than today, the prices were still very high, and I had little money. But hazard served me marvelously.

I encountered a German scientist, named M. d'Aister, whom I had known when he was a professor at Soréze; he had become preceptor to the children of a rich Swiss banker, M. Scherer, who was established in Paris, and associated with M. Finguerlin. M. d'Aister apprised me that M. Finguerlin, then very opulent and maintaining a vast establishment, had an extensive stable, one of the leading animals in which was a beautiful mare named Lisette, an excellent beast from Mecklenbourg, of attractive appearance, light as a deerhound, and so well trained that a child could manage her. She had but one defect, a terrible one, and which was fortunately displayed but rarely. She bit like a bulldog, and threw herself furiously on persons who displeased her. It was on this account that M. Finguerlin had determined to sell her.

I offered a thousand francs, and Lisette became mine, although she had cost M. Finguerlin five thousand. For many months this beast gave me considerable trouble; it required four or five men to saddle her, and the only manner in which her bridle could be put on was by covering her eyes and fastening all four of her legs together. But once one was upon her back, she was found to be an admirable mount. After she had belonged to me for some time, however, as she had already bitten a number of persons and had not even spared myself, I concluded to get rid of her. About this time I took into my service a man named François Woirland. He was warned of Lisette's bad character, and before approaching her he provided himself with an exceedingly hot leg of mutton, and when the beast threw herself upon him he thrust the meat at her and she seized it between her teeth. It burned her gums, her palate, and her tongue, so that she immediately dropped it, and from this moment she was perfectly submissive to Woirland, whom she dared not attack. I employed the same means and obtained a similar result. She thus became easy of approach to myself and my domestic, and even became slightly more tractable for the grooms of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to strangers who passed too close to her.

Such was the mare upon which I was mounted at Eylau at the moment when the débris of the army corps of Marshal Augereau, crushed by a hailstorm of grapeshot and bullets, were endeavoring to reunite near the big cemetery. You will probably remember that the Fourteenth Regiment of the Line occupied a solitary position upon a small hill, which they could not quit except by order from the emperor.

The snow having ceased to fall momentarily, we could perceive this intrepid regiment, surrounded by the enemy, waving its eagle in the air to show that it still held out, and asking for aid. The emperor, touched by the courage and devotion of these fine soldiers, resolved to make an attempt to save them, and ordered Marshal Augereau to send an officer to them. The latter was to tell them to quit the hill, form a small square, and work their way toward us, while a brigade of cavalry would march to the rencounter and second their efforts.

It was before the grand charge made by Murat; it was almost impossible to execute the emperor's will, because a cloud of Cossacks separated us from the Fourteenth of the Line. It became evident that the officer who should be sent toward the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before reaching them. However, the emperor's order was positive, and the marshal was obliged to conform to it. It was the usage in the imperial army for the aides-de-camp to arrange themselves at fixed distances from their general, the one at the head attending to the order of the moment, then placing himself at the rear when his mission was fulfilled. Thus each carried the orders in turn, and the dangers were equally divided. A brave captain of engineers, named Froissard, who although not an aide-de-camp was attached to the marshal's staff, found himself at the head of the line, and was charged to carry the order to the Fourteenth. Froissard sped away at a gallop. We lost sight of him in the midst of the Cossacks, and we never saw him again nor learned what became of him. The marshal, seeing that the Fourteenth made no movement, sent an officer named David. He met the same fate as Froissard, and we heard no more of him. It is probable that the two men, having been killed and despoiled, were not recognized among the numerous corpses with which the field was covered. For the third time the marshal called for the officer on duty. It was my turn!

In seeing approach the son of his old friend, and, I dare say, his favorite aide-de-camp, the good marshal's figure shook and his eyes filled with tears, because he could not dissimulate the fact that he was sending me to an almost certain death. But the emperor's orders must be obeyed; I was a soldier, and they could not make one of my comrades go in my place, even if I would have suffered such a thing, which would have dishonored me. But, in making a sacrifice of my life, I considered it my duty to take all possible precautions to save it if possible.

I had remarked that the two officers who had gone before me had carried their sabres in their hands, which led me to believe that they had endeavored to defend themselves against the Cossacks. This was useless, according to my idea, because it compelled them to arrest their progress to combat against a multitude of enemies, who finished by overwhelming them. I accordingly conducted myself otherwise, and allowed my sabre to remain in the scabbard. I considered myself as a rider who, wishing to win a prize at a race, directs himself as rapidly as possible and by the shortest line towards the desired goal, without occupying himself with what is upon the right or left of his road. Now, my goal being the little hill occupied by the Fourteenth of the Line, I resolved to proceed thither without paying any attention to the Cossacks.

This method succeeded perfectly. Lisette, lighter than a swallow and rather flying than running, seemed to devour space, leaping over mounds of corpses of men and horses, over holes, over broken gun-carriages and hardly extinct bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks were scattered over the plain.

The first who perceived me acted like hunters in a game-drive, who, seeing a hare rise before them, mutually announce his presence by their cries. But none of these Cossacks tried to stop me, in the first place on account of the extreme rapidity of my flight, and also probably because, being in such great numbers, each of them thought it would be impossible for me to evade his comrades further on. So well did my plan work that I reached the Fourteenth without either myself or my excellent mare having received the least scratch.

I found the Fourteenth formed into a square upon the summit of the hill; but, as the slope of the ground was very slight, the enemy's cavalry had been able to execute several charges against the French regiment. These had all been repulsed, so that the brave little band was surrounded by a circle of corpses of horses and Russian dragoons, forming a species of rampart which thenceforth rendered the position nearly inaccessible to the cavalry. In spite of the aid of our foot soldiers, I had considerable difficulty in passing this bloody and frightful intrenchment.

I was at last within the square! Since the death of Colonel Savary, killed at the passage of the Ukra, the Fourteenth had been commanded by a chief of battalion. When, in the midst of a storm of bullets, I transmitted to this officer the order to quit his position and endeavor to join the body of the army, he observed to me that the enemy's artillery, which had for over an hour been firing upon the Fourteenth, had caused such losses that the handful of soldiers remaining would be infallibly exterminated if they descended into the plain. Furthermore, he had not time to prepare for the execution of this movement, as a column of Russian infantry was marching upon him, and were then not more than a hundred yards away from us.

"I see no means of saving the regiment," said the chief of battalion. "Return to the emperor, give him the farewell of the Fourteenth of the Line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and carry to him the eagle which he gave to us, and which we can no longer defend; it would be too painful for us, while dying, to see it fall into the enemy's hands."

The commander then handed over to me the eagle, which the soldiers—glorious remnant of this intrepid regiment—saluted for the last time with cries of "Vive l'empereur!"—and this from those who were about to die for him! It was the *Cæsar, morituri te salutant!* of Tacitus, but this cry was shouted by heroes.

The eagles of the infantry were very heavy, and their weight was augmented by a big, strong, oaken handle, upon the summit of which they were fixed. The length of this handle embarrassed me considerably, and as the staff deprived of its eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved, with the commander's assent, to break it. But just as I was bending over in my saddle to exert force enough to separate the eagle from the handle, one of the numerous bullets which the Russians were pouring at us passed through the horn at the back of my hat, within a few inches from my head.

The shock was rendered more terrible by the fact that my hat, being retained by a strong leather strap fixed under my chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I was as though stunned, but did not fall from my horse. Blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even from my eyes; nevertheless I still heard, I saw, I understood, and preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my members were so paralyzed that it was impossible for me to lift a single finger.

In the meanwhile the column of Russian infantry, which we had seen approaching, reached the hill; they were grenadiers, whose immense hats, decorated with metal, had the appearance of bishops' mitres. These men, gorged with brandy and in infinitely superior numbers, threw themselves furiously upon the feeble remnant of the unfortunate Fourteenth, the soldiers of which had lived for many days upon potatoes and melted snow; upon that day they had not had time to prepare even this miserable repast. Nevertheless our brave soldiers defended themselves valiantly with their bayonets, and when the square had been pierced they grouped themselves into various clusters and sustained for a long time this unequal combat.

During this frightful melée many of our men, in order not to be struck down from behind, backed up against the flanks of my mare, who, contrary to her usual habits, remained quiet. If I had been able to move I would have urged her forward, in order to withdraw from this field of carnage; but it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs together so as to make the animal understand my wishes. My position was all the more frightful from the fact that, as I have said, I had retained the ability to see and think. Not only did they fight all around me, but a Russian officer with an atrocious face was making constant efforts to pierce me with his sword, and, as the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he designated me by gestures to the soldiers in his vicinity. These taking me for the chief of the French, because I alone was on horseback, fired at me above the heads of their comrades, and numerous balls constantly whistled past my ears. One of these would certainly have knocked out what little life there was left in me if a terrible incident had not occurred to facilitate my removal from the bloody scene.

Among the French who had backed up against the left flank of my mare was a quartermaster whom I knew, having often seen him in the marshal's tent. This man, attacked and wounded by several grenadiers, fell under Lisette, and seized one of my legs in an attempt to raise himself, when a Russian soldier, whose steps were rendered decidedly uncertain by drunkenness, tried to pierce his breast. The grenadier lost his equilibrium, and the point of his bayonet, badly directed, ran through my cloak, which was flying in the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian turned his attention from the quartermaster to me. He plied me with a shower of blows, harmless at first, but finally one reached my left arm, and, with a grim sort of pleasure, I felt the warm blood flow.

The grenadier, redoubling his fury, aimed still another blow at me, when the force which he put forth causing him to slip, his bayonet sunk into my mare's thighs. Recalled to her ferocious instincts by the pain, Lisette precipitated herself upon the Russian, and, at a single mouthful, tore away with her teeth his nose, lips, eyelids, and the entire skin of his face, making a red, living death's-head.

It was a horrible sight! Then, throwing herself furiously into the midst of the combatants, Lisette, kicking and biting, overturned everything that opposed her passage. The Russian officer who had so often tried to strike me made an effort to grasp the mare's bridle. Lisette seized him by the stomach, lifted him up with ease, and carried him out of the struggle to the base of the little hill, where, after having torn out his entrails by blows of her teeth and trampled his body under her feet, she left him dying upon the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she directed her way toward the cemetery of Eylau at a rapid gallop. Thanks to the hussar's saddle in which I was seated, I had thus far kept my place upon the mare's back, but a new danger awaited me.

The snow had begun to fall again, and the big flakes obscured the air. I had gone nearly to Eylau when I found myself in front of a battalion of the old Imperial Guard, who, not being able to distinguish objects at any distance, mistook me for a Russian officer leading a cavalry charge. Immediately the entire battalion fired upon me. My cloak and my saddle were riddled with balls; but I was not wounded, nor was my mare, who continued her rapid course, traversing the three ranks of the battalion with the same ease that a snake passes through a hedge. But this last flight had exhausted Lisette's forces. She had lost a quantity of blood, one of the large veins of her thigh having been cut, and, all at once, the poor beast sank down and rolled to one side, I rolling to the other.

Stretched out upon the snow among the mass of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I insensibly and painlessly lost consciousness. It seemed as though some one were rocking me softly in a cradle. Finally I swooned completely, and was not even reanimated by the eighty squadrons of Murat, going to the charge, passing near me, and, perhaps, over me. I estimate that my fainting fit lasted about four hours, and when I regained my senses this is the horrible position in which I found myself: I was completely naked, retaining nothing but my hat and my right boot.

Believing me dead, one of the soldiers had despoiled me, according to custom, and while endeavoring to draw off my right boot had pulled me by one leg, at the same time pressing upon my stomach with his foot. The strong tugs which this man gave me had undoubtedly reanimated me. I rose up partially and coughed up clots of blood which obstructed my throat. The violent shock produced by the passage of the bullet through my hat had occasioned such a stagnation of blood that portions of my body, my shoulders, and my breast were black, while I was also smeared with blood which had flowed from my wounded arm. My hat and my hair were full of blood-stained snow; my haggard eyes rolled in a horrible manner. The soldier turned away and departed with my effects, without my being able to address a single word to him, so great was my prostration. But I had regained my mental faculties, and my thoughts were turned toward God and toward my mother.

The sinking sun threw a few feeble rays between the clouds, and in saying a farewell to him I firmly believed it would be my last.

"If, at least, they had not despoiled me," I said to myself, "some one of the many persons passing by me, remarking the gold braid upon my pelisse, and recognizing that I was the aide-de-camp of a marshal, would have had me transported to an ambulance. But, seeing me naked, they will confound me with the numerous corpses by which I am surrounded; very soon, truly, there will be no difference between them and me. I can not call assistance, and the approaching night takes away all hope of being succored. The cold increases; can I support it until tomorrow, when already I feel my limbs stiffening."

I awaited death then. If a miracle had saved me in the midst of the frightful struggle between the Russians and the Fourteenth, could I hope that another miracle would draw me from the horrible position in which I found myself? This second miracle happened, however, and I will relate how.

Marshal Augereau had a *valet de chambre* named Pierre Dannel, a very intelligent and very devoted boy, but a little too much inclined to argument. Now it happened during our stay at Houssaye that Dannel, having responded impatiently to his master, was discharged. Desolate, the boy begged me to intercede for him, which I did with so much zeal that I was the cause of his being received back into grace by the marshal. From that moment the *valet de chambre* vowed a deep attachment for me.

This man, having left all the equipages at Landsberg, had parted from his commander on the day of the battle to carry supplies to his master. He placed the articles which the marshal required in a light wagon which could pass everywhere. This little wagon was driven by a man who had served in the same company to which belonged the soldier who despoiled me of my effects. The latter, carrying my clothing, passed near the wagon, which was stationed upon one side of the cemetery, when, having recognized in the driver his old comrade, he accosted him in order to show him the brilliant booty which he had obtained from a dead body.

Now it is necessary for you to know that during our sojourn in the cantonments of the Vistula, the marshal having sent Dannel to seek for provisions at Warsaw, I had charged him to remove from my pelisse the black Astrachan fur with which it was ornamented, in order to replace it by gray Astrachan, newly adopted by the aides-de-camp of Prince Berthier, who set the fashion in the army. As yet I was the only officer under Marshal Augereau who wore the gray Astrachan. Dannel, being present at the display of booty made by the soldier, easily recognized my pelisse, and this inducing him to regard the other effects of the pretended dead man more closely, he found among them my watch, marked with the initials of my father, to whom it had belonged.

The *valet de chambre,* never doubting that I had been killed, and loudly lamenting my loss, wished. nevertheless, to see me for the last time. Upon being conducted by the soldier to the spot where I lay he found me living!

The joy of this good fellow, to whom I certainly owed my life, was extreme. He hastened to summon my servant, to procure some clothing, and to have me transported to a barn near by, where he rubbed my body with rum while awaiting the doctor. When the latter arrived he dressed the wound in my arm, and declared that the effusion of blood which it had caused had saved my life.—*Translated for the Argonaut by Edward J. Wheelock.*

Captain Robert F. Scott, R. N., British explorer and veteran of two Antarctic expeditions, together with four members of his party, died as they were returning from the South Pole. Scott reached the pole on January 18, 1912. He died on March 29, 155 miles from the base of supplies at Cape Evans. A blizzard overtook the party fresh from their success, and in its grip they perished. In the entire record of polar exploration there has been nothing more painful than this story brought by the *Terra Nova* from McMurdo Bay. It seems to be established that the Scott party reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, a month and four days after Amundsen. The British South Polar expedition was so well organized, so methodically equipped, and so ably led, judging from the experiences of Captain Scott and his great professional merit, that its success was taken almost for granted by the Royal Geographical Society, and the English people were confident of it after the message reached them that all was well with the advance party 150 miles from the pole. That there could be a disaster on the return journey was a fear never entertained at all. Roald Amundsen at his winter quarters in the Bay of Whales recorded a temperature of 74 degrees below zero Fahrenheit; and on the day after his first start south for the pole he was driven back to his base by an unexpected fall of the mercury to 72 degrees below zero.

South America is or was previously a close second to the United States in the consumption of veal. Breeders there long ago recognized the danger in destroying the basis of future beef production and took measures for the conservation of the live stock industry. Laws were enacted making it an offense subject to a severe penalty to slaughter female calves, heifers, or cows under six years of age. The purpose of these laws was to increase the breeding herds.

The deposits of iron ore at Minaret, Madero County, are said to be among the largest in California and perhaps in the West. They occur on the summits of the Sierra Nevada. Probably next in size, but of greater commercial importance, are the Eagle Mountain deposits in Riverside County.

TOLD AT THE LUNCHEON CLUB.

The January Romance of August.

The six who sat regularly at the big table in the west end of the dining-room had joined in a wager. If Bergstaller won he would have five shining twenties to invest in his choice of the etchings at Gard's; if he lost he would pay for a dinner for the six and tell the details of his misfortune. But Bergstaller won.

Winning did not release him from all the conditions. He was obliged to confess the methods and the result of the hazard. The proof of his winning was involved.

"You gave me a week to prove that the alleged intelligence of detectives in real life is a fallacy, and that the sleuths of the story-writers are the only ones worth talking about, because they have imagination. Well, you gave me more time than I needed. Out of the ten slips you put in the hat, I drew the one naming Arlington as the scene of my exploit. You have the nine unchosen names sealed in the envelope, to settle any doubt as to the selection. I went to Arlington last Thursday. This is Tuesday, two days ahead of the schedule, and I am a hero as well as a winner.

"There are two daily papers in Arlington. As soon as I reached the town I bought a file of the publications for the week past. You will see that I could not possibly have made any plan in advance farther than that. I read every line in the twelve issues, advertisements and all, and did not get a hint of any mystery. My only obvious and convenient source of inspiration did not furnish the slightest clew. Then I walked about the town, stared into every window, called at the four lawyers' offices, hunted up the two newspaper reporters, who are dignified with the title of city editor, and prevaricated as shrewdly as I knew how. Absolutely nothing came of all this energy and activity. There hadn't been a burglary, a disappearance, a church choir quarrel, or even a dog lost in Arlington for six months at least. My first night's rest in the town was not what might be called nerve-restoring, and only the fact that the stream of existence there was so remarkably quiet and clear made me hopeful that a good fly-caster could get a rise out of it.

"The next morning I went into the little barber-shop adjoining the hotel for a shave. It was a good one, painstakingly slow, but easy and neatly done. The barber was a short, round, bald, middle-aged German, who said but two words to me—"ja" and "so." That would have made me like him, considering that his workmanship was above reproach, but he had a somewhat disturbing, not to say distressing, way of drawing long breaths audibly at frequent intervals. I should have called them sighs, if he had shown any other indications of being in love. Well, the second day wore away to almost dinner-time. I had dropped into a combined bar and billiard-room with a thought of the appetizer which I knew would not be come-at-able in the hotel dining-room, and for the first time began to realize that I actually needed a bracer. The best field-glasses in America could not have discovered anything coming my way that looked like a call for a detective. I decided that my great mistake was in allowing you to send me a hundred miles out of the city.

"And just then the real story started. The little German barber came in, looked about the room in an absent-minded way, hesitatingly went up to the bar, one end of which held three plates containing remnants of what might be called by courtesy free lunch, took up a bit of rye bread, munched it slowly, sighed heavily, and went out.

"'August don't find it easy to break up old habits,' remarked the barkeeper. 'For twelve years he drank two glasses of beer a day at this bar, one at eleven o'clock, one at four o'clock, or as close to that as his trade would let him. Now he has sworn off. That's what comes of getting married.'

"'I was wondering why he sighed,' said I.

"'He wants his beer,' the man asserted positively. 'Otherwise he's as happy as a two-year-old.'

"When I went into August's shop Saturday morning I greeted him in German, and the old fellow responded heartily. The language of the fatherland was the key that opened his heart, and he was quickly as full of talk as he had been of silence the day before. In two minutes he had learned that my father came from Leipsic, and in another five he had told me his short history. He had been in America twenty odd years, and in Arlington half of that time. He had been solitary and comfortable always, but not happy. Then he had heard in a letter from home that Minna, the girl of his youthful days, was still true to his memory. As soon as he could muster up courage he wrote and asked if she would come over and marry him. 'How could I do it?' he asked. 'I am now old, and fat, and bald, and I have bad habits. Ah! well, so it is!' But Minna had come and they were married. She, too, had grown older, but still was so much like her old-time self, and such a good cook, such a good housewife. 'Never before, since my home I left, did I live so well,' said August. Then he sighed again.

"'But why give up your beer?' I asked. 'Surely two glasses a day would not hurt you. Your wife can not object to so slight an indulgence.'

"'No, no,' he answered. 'She do not object. But I guess it—she did not like it. She—I can not tell—she is unhappy. It could be nothing else. I have a nice little place, two miles out in the valley. A good house, bigger than for two is necessary. A garden, vegetables, flowers, a horse and nice, easy road-cart. Every morning I drive in town, every evening I drive home early. But she is not happy. It is, I think, my bad habits.' 'Nonsense,' I said.

"Would I come to Sunday dinner with him and his wife, he asked, and when I said yes, he actually got rosy with pleasure. It was easy to see then that his trouble, worrying about his wife, had made a melancholy man out of the jolliest old fellow in the world. Sunday afternoon I went out to his place. It was an ideal home for quiet-loving people. A cottage with roses climbing over the porch, a small windmill pump and tank to keep his garden green, chicken yards, and a netting-covered pigeon colony. There were beehives, even, in a far corner of his three-acre plot. His wife was a plump and fair woman of forty, kind and motherly, but the unhappiness August had told me of in confidence I could see in her eyes.

"My welcome was warm and the afternoon dinner was—well, we club-men don't get such things often. I stayed till dark, did nearly all the talking, and then came away. But Monday, as soon as I saw August busy in his shop I went back. I had a long talk with Mrs. August, and quickly found I was wrong. She had only praise for August. He was wonderful, so true, so honest, such a worker, such a saver. He could do nothing wrong. Finally I wormed out the secret, for there was a secret. I could be a detective, for I have imagination. Minna had been married before she came over to August. She had been a widow; more. she had two children, a boy and a girl. Last, and greatest, she had brought them with her and had put them in a school in San Francisco. But she was afraid to confess this to August. She was lonely all day without her children, but most was she unhappy because she had deceived her good husband.

"Well, gentlemen, I learned this mournful secret at eleven o'clock Monday morning. At 11:20 I was on the train for the city with a letter and an order from the mother. Arlington is four hours' journey away, as all of you know. At five the same evening I started back with a chubby boy and a flaxen-haired girl in my charge. August had his slippers on and was finishing his good-night smoke when we drove up to the door of the cottage. I did the introduction stunt and told the story, while Mrs. August hugged the children and wiped her eyes. And when I came away August was the happiest member of the family. Here is the proof of my success is this column story in the Arlington *Free Press,* headed, 'The January Romance of August.' You will notice that the city editor credits yours truly with the account of this happy family reunion."

Bergstaller has the etching on the wall of his room. His friends agree concerning his imagination.

F. H. Ferguson.

For the first time since 1869, when the constitution of the United States was amended, prohibiting restriction of suffrage on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," has another amendment been added —the sixteenth. It relates to the tax on incomes, and is unique in that it is the only one which restores to the government a right previously held or exercised, but taken away by judicial interpretation. The sixteenth amendment is unique in another particular. It has taken almost four years to ratify it. This has been true of no other amendment, excepting the eleventh, and the sixteenth has the lead over it so far as time is concerned. The first ten amendments to the constitution were adopted in 1789, very early in the history of the government, and were made to correct oversights of the constitutional convention. They were submitted in block and ratified in less than two years. The eleventh amendment, submitted by Congress in 1794, was declared adopted in 1798. The twelfth amendment, submitted in 1803, was declared adopted in 1804. The thirteenth amendment, submitted in 1865, was ratified during the same year. The fourteenth amendment was submitted in 1866 and declared ratified in 1868. The fifteenth amendment, submitted in 1869, was declared ratified in 1870.

Making monthly shipments amounting to nearly $12,000,000, the South African gold mines take extreme care that their bullion shall reach the coast in safety. Since most of the shipments are sent from Pretoria by rail many attempts have been made to hold up trains. To make successful robbery impossible the nine companies have built a car that is substantially a safe on wheels. · It is equipped with lights that show every inch of space under. over, alongside, and on each end of the body, and it is bullet and bomb-proof. As further protection a guard is locked up in the car with every shipment, and can not be released until the destination is reached.

According to *Leslie's Weekly* the State of California has 24,759,945 inhabitants, while New York State has only 9,240,700. These figures are developed from a table in that veracious publication which asserts that there are 92,407 automobiles in New York, one for each 100 inhabitants, and 78,603 motor cars in California, or one for each 315 inhabitants. Had *Leslie's* writer been a little more careful with his figures he might have made the California statement one car to each 50 people in the state.

Sharon, Massachusetts, where the first American cannon is said to have been cast, is a town of about 2400 population. It is eighteen miles from Boston.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

Adolph Smith Gives a Complete Picture of the Most Interesting Principality in Europe.

Mr. Adolph Smith's remarkable volume on Monaco and Monte Carlo is the first successful attempt that has been made to present a complete picture of the principality, its government, and its activities. And yet there is probably no other part of the world that has received so much descriptive attention as Monte Carlo. Novelists innumerable have found their inspiration at its gaming-tables. The special writer in search of sensationalism has never failed to find it here. The reformer in need of a text may pick and choose from the gilded iniquities at Monaco. Monte Carlo has seemed to be the one spot in Europe where all the proprieties and for all the time are set gayly at defiance, and where the vice of the gambler receives the open immunity that is elsewhere given to it secretly and furtively.

But in spite of the flood of descriptive matter that is already available Mr. Smith finds something new to say, and he says it in the course of nearly five hundred large pages of type. For him Monaco is not only a gaming-place. It is a place with a history, a place of unique government and institutions, a place that plays a large and unsuspected part in the pacific diplomacies of the world, and a place that contributes substantially to the anthropologic and oceanographic knowledge of the day. Monaco, in other words, plays a double part, first for pacific diplomacy, scientific research, and humanitarian endeavors; and secondly for art, beauty, luxury, pleasure, extravagance, and folly.

It must be admitted that the latter is the more interesting rôle of the two, and yet the author devotes more than half of his volume to history and science. Not until the second half of his work does he approach the question of gambling, and then he does so staidly with a history of roulette. It seems that roulette was invented by Pascal, or at least popularized by him as the honest gamester's ideal:

> Though roulettes of a sort have existed from time immemorial, the marvelous ingenuity with which the numbers are selected and distributed round the Monte Carlo wheel is a comparatively modern device. Something similar existed in the seventeenth century. Pascal died in 1662, and soon after his death roulette began to be recognized as the most honest form of gambling it was possible to establish. Thus when nearly a century later, in 1760, it was decided to legalize gambling it was the game of roulette which found special favor in the eyes of the police authorities.

Efforts had been made in France to bring gambling under police control, but never very successfully. In the reign of Henry IV there were fifty establishments which paid a daily tax to the police. There were luxurious hells for the rich and commoner places for the poor, and elaborate etiquette was instituted to keep the former select; but evidently they had their little difficulties in those days, for reform was difficult when even cardinals were to be found at the table. When Cardinal d'Este invited Cardinal Mazarin to dinner the latter won ten thousand crowns, Cardinal d'Este excusing his bad play on the ground that it was poor hospitality to allow one's guests to think that they had paid for their dinner:

> Cardinal Mazarin not only himself played, but persuaded the king to allow him to establish numerous authorized gaming-houses for playing hoca, a game with thirty chances, including two zeros in favor of the bank. After a while, the public protested that the bank was robbing the people for the benefit of the cardinal. The parliament of Paris showed its reverence for the cardinal and its due appreciation of the proceeding by proposing to enact a law inflicting the death penalty on all who played hoca. This was a brave threat, but it added zest to the pleasure and privilege of playing this very game in court circles. Not only did gambling become more and more usual at court, but cheating at cards was not excluded. The great ladies of the court became so absolutely unscrupulous that passwords were invented to enable them to communicate to each other the amounts gained by illegitimate means.

But no amount of care could shut the door upon scandal and in 1691 gambling in France became illegal. No one took much notice of the law, but for a short time the love of gambling was converted by John Law into a fever for speculation. The Scotsman who, as Voltaire said, became a Frenchman, the Protestant who became a Catholic, the adventurer who became a prince, the banker who became a cabinet minister, carried everything before him, at least for a season:

> The superstitious will be interested in the fact that near Law's offices in the rue Quincampoix there was a hunchback. This individual reaped a golden harvest by lending his back to stock-jobbers and others so that they might write out on it their orders for the purchase or sale of Law's shares. The luck that hunchbacks bring was therefore recognized long before the building of modern casinos, nor has their popularity died out. There was a hunchback who frequented the gaming-rooms at Monte Carlo. Whenever any one ventured to strike his hunch he quickly turned round and informed the caressing stranger that his fee was twenty francs! In spite, however, of the hunchback in the rue Quincampoix, the big bubble burst in 1720. The people, having vented their disappointment by sacking Law's houses and destroying his carriages, returned to the gambling hells they had deserted in his favor.

The author has the courage to say a good word for gambling. If we must embark upon a crusade against evils, let us at least begin with the large evils, with stock exchanges, with lying prospectuses, with fraudulent balance sheets:

> Gambling is undoubtedly an evil, and its suppression would be a benefit to humanity; but the most dishonest and dangerous form of gambling should be dealt with first. People must not be ensnared into gambling ventures under the pretext of bona fide and honorable investments. Where gambling is practiced in the broad daylight, under immutable and clearly defined conditions that render deception or cheating impossible, the conditions begin to differ. When, further, it is found that a large part of the profits are devoted to the relief of taxation and to the special benefit of the poor; and that to obtain these profits no one is tempted to play, no bogus prospectuses are issued to allure investors; we may, perhaps, conclude that this is a form of gambling we can continue to tolerate till such time, at least, as gambling on 'Change and on the turf has been definitely abolished.

How shall we explain the phenomenal luck at the gaming-table that sometimes becomes a nine days' wonder? Of this the author gives us many illustrations that seem to be incompatible with what we strangely call the laws of chance. There are some persons, says the author, that "can almost be certified to come off the winners," no matter what game they play:

> As notorious in his day as the "Wells who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," there was Garcia's run on the red at Homburg. With £80 this adventurer, for he had no better reputation than the Wells of Monte Carlo, won £20,000 on red. An Englishman who was playing at the same time, and who very naturally supposed that Garcia was forcing his luck and that the series of reds could not continue much longer, well-nigh ruined himself by backing black. In "Chance and Luck" the late Richard A. Proctor, editor of *Knowledge*, alludes to Garcia's wonderful luck. The distinguished astronomer, mathematician, and Egyptologist quotes the following description of Garcia's triumphs at Homburg, who "commenced his gambling career by staking very small sums; but, by the most extraordinary luck, he was able to increase his capital to such an extent that he now rarely stakes under the maximum, and almost always wins. They say that when the croupiers see him place his money on the table they immediately prepare to pay him, without waiting to see if he has actually won, and that they have offered him a handsome sum down to desist from playing while he remains here."

The direction of the Monte Carlo casino is made the subject of an interesting chapter. The most important position is held by *M. le Directeur des Jeux,* whose office is just behind the police department, where all have to apply for admission tickets:

> At his desk any exceptional noise arising in the gaming-rooms could be heard, and it would be only a matter of a few seconds before the chief director appeared to decide what had best be done. Nevertheless any sound other than the clink of silver and gold, accompanied by conversations in moderate tones and the usual announcements concerning the game, is rarely heard. The order and discipline maintained is so perfect that it is very seldom any one ventures to make a disturbance. Sometimes, however, a person may be seized with a violent attack of hysterical screaming or laughter. In such circumstances it is convenient to have the surgery, to which the patient is swiftly conveyed, close at hand. The director can be promptly summoned if other than medical advice is needed. But it is from the opposite side of his office that the more numerous calls are made. Here file past all day long the applicants for admission, and here is the most elaborate system of bookkeeping so that "undesirables" may be easily detected and summarily expelled. On such occasions protests, at times rather vociferous, are apt to be made, and then again the chief is there; out of sight and out of hearing, but within a few feet. As all the disputes that arise are personal matters, they are delicate and difficult to deal with. Much patience, tact, and unruffled courtesy are needed to settle them in such a manner as to maintain the high reputation of the establishment.

The exclusion of visitors from the casino or the refusal to grant admission is a matter that has always given rise to much controversy. There is no regular police inside the casino, but functionaries called *commissaires* or commissioners:

> They are under a legal oath, and have the right to arrest people, conduct them to the door, and hand them over to the regular police outside. No one, however, is thrown out of the casino unless he misbehaves himself. If it is found that some person has gained admission who has no business there, it generally suffices to watch him carefully till he leaves and then refuse to renew his entrance ticket when he presents himself again. The ideal principle governing admittances is that no one should enter who can not well afford to lose all the money in his pockets. Short of an inquisition into the private affairs of every player it is quite impossible to apply such a rule. But in any case no one in the neighborhood is allowed to ruin himself. All persons established in the principality, even if they belong to the liberal professions, such as medical practitioners, are vigorously excluded from the gaming-rooms. Nor are any inhabitants of the surrounding French Department of the Alpes-Maritimes admitted unless they belong to a high-class club. It is not, however, with such as these that difficulties arise. Again all holders of funds are excluded, however high their position may be. For instance, the public treasurer for the Alpes-Maritimes is not allowed to enter the gaming-rooms. Nor are priests or officers in uniform admitted; and officers who do not wear their uniform, but come from neighboring French and Italian garrisons, are also excluded.

Among reasons for exclusion are poverty, excitability, giving a false name, a bad police record, a threat to commit suicide, and being in possession of trust money:

> The administration fears that persons who have money which does not belong to them may attempt to win back their own losses with it. This anxiety about those who may play with their employers' money adds a shade of probability to the incredible but amusing anecdote told concerning the captain of a German ironclad anchored at Villefranche. This officer, so the story goes, lost not only his money, but also the money with which he was to pay his crew. He thereupon simply but firmly demanded of the directors that they should give it back. If not, he would bring his ship round and bombard the casino. As an officer and a gentleman he could not survive the exposure which was sure to follow if the money were not returned; but to save others from the same fate he might just as well blow up the casino first. There would be time enough afterwards for him to blow out his own brains.

The author gives an example of the remarkable system by which the Monte Carlo authorities are able to detect the black sheep and to exclude the undesirables:

> One of the reasons frequently given for refusing to issue or to renew a card of admission is that the applicant is recognized as having on some occasion, perhaps many years ago, applied for what is popularly called the *viatique* or *viaticum*—that is, a loan of money for traveling expenses on leaving Monte Carlo. Those who play with large stakes are watched so that they may be known, and this assistance is readily given, should they ask for it. Before the war of 1870 a young English medical student went to Monte Carlo and lost nearly all his fortune, about £1000. He was obliged to apply for the *viatique* to enable him to reach home. Subsequently he went to Australia, and made a large fortune. Four or five years ago he returned to Europe and went to Monte Carlo. He had quite forgotten the little loan he had never refunded. Not so M. Clement, one of the sub-directors of the games. Though nearly forty years had elapsed he recognized the erstwhile medical student. The government representative, present at the time, assures me that the receipt signed in 1870 was found in less than ten minutes. Of course the wealthy Australian did not demur for a moment to repaying the money he owed, but, on the contrary, was delighted at being found out so quickly, and overwhelmed with admiration for the wonderful organization of the casino police.

Putting aside the question of plots and conspiracies against the bank, the author asks whether the wheel at roulette may be so turned or the marble so thrown as at least partially to influence the result:

> M. Maubert, however, was very positive as to the absolute reliability and mechanical precision of the instrument. All the stories about pinching the partitions and playing to the defect so caused were mere nonsense, and he invited me to examine the roulette myself and see if there was anything that could be squeezed or so altered as to enable a player to win. One man, he argued, may make the wheel go around more often than another, but the result is equally uncertain in either case. Still I argued that by dint of repeating the same movement it might be rendered so habitual that each man would develop individual characteristics producing results in accordance with his special idiosyncrasies. In a general sense the action of walking is the same for all; yet the wear of our boot-soles shows emphatically that there are considerable differences in our manner of walking. Some of the casino employees turn the roulette-wheel almost as often as they take steps in walking. Just as they tread over their heels or wear their soles in a particular way, may they not hit one side of the wheel more frequently than the other?

The peculiarities of players comes in for special notice. Mr. Vanderbilt, for example, constantly changed tables, and the author asks pertinently why a man of such extraordinary acuteness should believe that he could thus change the whims of fate:

> To return to players who are notable apart from any peculiarity in their manner of playing, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia may be mentioned as an assiduous frequenter of the tables. He has a peculiarly fanciful way of staking his money. Generally he risks from £20 to £40 at a time, and likes to cover one number in every possible way. First he stakes on the number itself, then *à cheval,* then on the *carré,* the *transversale,* and so on. On one occasion he managed to dispose of forty-seven louis in backing directly and indirectly one single number. Thus, though he may not win often, he has the satisfaction of receiving several different payments and of raking in a very large sum when he does win. The Grand Duke Nicholas, however, has no favorite number nor any favorite table. When he has placed his money over a number in this elaborate manner he walks off, for he strongly objects to seeing the wheel go round and his money being swept away. Therefore he goes to the next table or stands at a distance, trusting to the *chef de partie,* who will make him a sign if he has won. This is easy to do, for the Grand Duke Nicholas is so tall that he can be readily distinguished above the crowd. If the Grand Duke loses he may return and stake again at the same table; but, when he wins, he picks his money up and goes off at once, if not out of the casino altogether, at least to some other table.

But it is not notable or wealthy people who are most desired by the authorities at Monte Carlo. The rich man returns again and again and probably comes out nearly equal in the end. The poor man loses all he has and never comes back:

> Speaking to one of the assistant or sub-directors who has been in the employ of the casino since the Homburg days, he expressed his conviction that the players with only a little money brought the most profit to the bank. They could make no fight of it; and as they were never content with a small profit, something proportionate to the small capital they brought, they were bound to go under. Then they could not afford to come again the next year and win it all back, as the rich people did. With regard to the poor people, who toiled very hard, working out some system by which they made, with some approach to certainty, perhaps twenty francs a day, they might, and indeed did, live on the banks for many years. Yet the day comes when they give it all back. Nevertheless he agreed with me that the bank depended on the folly of the player far more than on the zero. If every person who won stopped playing after losing 50 per cent of his winnings the casino could not exist. But those who keep what they gain are almost unknown. After all these years of experience it was evident that, on the whole, the public must lose. Some system might succeed for a while, but there was no certain method, otherwise it would have been discovered and applied long ago.

There is no truth, says the author, in the story of Monte Carlo suicides, and certainly he seems to prove his assertion by incontestable evidence. The suicide scandal was an invention of pious people to discredit an institution of which they disapproved:

> Needless to say, there is absolutely no secrecy; no corpse, whether a suicide or otherwise, can be buried without a medical certificate and a legal permission. Monaco, apart from its own love of law and justice, is too near to Paris, to Rome, to London, to Berlin, for it to be possible to secretly inter hundreds of people in the course of a season. It is an insult to the civilization of Europe to imagine such a thing. But how, then, did this scare arise? The older inhabitants have no difficulty in answering the question. It was started by the late Bishop of Gibraltar. When in the 'seventies it became evident that Monte Carlo would develop into an important resort and attract rich and influential people, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who has the care of all Church of England chapels on the Continent, approached Prince Charles III. But the late prince refused to grant permission to build a Church of England chapel in the principality. This refusal, of course, was ascribed to his bigotry as a Roman Catholic, and a bitter feeling was engendered. Thereupon the Bishop of Gibraltar discovered that when people lost money at the casino they sometimes committed suicide. An agitation was organized and the cry of suicide was raised because it was more effective than arguing against gambling to populations that back horses and speculate on 'Change.

To represent the full scope of this remarkable book would need many more extracts than space permits of. It is likely to hold its own for many a year to come as a complete and accurate picture of Monaco in all of its many activities. Mr. Charles Maresco Pearce contributes eight colored plates and there are forty-eight other illustrations in black and white.

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By Adolphe Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $4.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Red Hand of Ulster.

G. A. Birmingham is too good an Irishman and too much of a humorist to allow the present situation in Ireland to evade service. Nor does he seem to think that the situation is too tragic for the light and kindly touch to which he has accustomed us. He gives us the picture of an American millionaire who is pining for some new excitement and who remembers that an ancestor was once an evicted Irish peasant. What adventure could be more delightful than to use his millions on behalf of outraged Ulster, ready, as we are well aware, to rise as one man and needing only money—like the rest of us—and a leader. So Joseph Peterson Conroy sets sail for Ireland, and while seeming to throw in his lot with the parliamentary or constitutional Ulstermen, actually makes arrangements with the irreconcilables and places his fortune, his yacht, and his adventurous mind at their service. He purchases arms, drills the militia companies, and it really looks as though red war were at hand when a happy compromise settles the whole difficulty, and in a way that, it is safe to say, only Mr. Birmingham would have thought of. That the story is humorous is guaranteed by the name of the author, but it is more than humorous. It leads us to the hope that, after all, it may not be necessary for the gallant men of Ulster to die in the last ditch, as they have been threatening to do for so long.

The Red Hand of Ulster. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

The Business of Being a Woman.

Those who expect to find a plea for something in Miss Tarbell's book will be disappointed, and this is a period when plea-making is largely identified with book-making. Miss Tarbell writes neither as a suffragette nor as an "anti." Prefacing her little work with the truism that self-discussion is a disquieting phenomenon and that at present it seems to be the chief occupation of the restless American woman, she goes on to a consideration of some of the facts that are usually pushed on one side to make room for the theories. If women are now so intent upon a fuller share of public duties, she asks in effect why they have been so indifferent to, and so neglectful of, the duties that they have. For example, if women as consumers had taken themselves as seriously as men have done as producers we should have avoided some of the worst evils of today, such as impure food. Again, if women had done their duty to each other, if they had protected each other as they now profess to be so anxious to do at the polls, it would not be found that out of 3000 women criminals 80 per cent came directly from their own homes or from the traditional pursuits of women. Once more, the only department of labor still untouched by self-respect and dignity is the labor that is done by women for women. Housework for money, instead of being dignified, has been demeaned, and wherever women are found in control of the work of their own sex "there seems to be a general tendency to abandon the democratic notion and return frankly to the standards of the aristocratic régime."

But it must not be supposed that Miss Tarbell is scolding. She does no more than show women that their opportunities for public and useful work are unlimited, but that "the women who count are . . . the women who are at the great business of founding and filling those natural social centres which we call homes. Humanity will rise or fall as that centre is strong or weak. It is the human core."

The Business of Being a Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Blue-Bird Weather.

At last we can congratulate Mr. Robert W. Chambers upon a return to his earlier style and upon a dainty story daintily told. It relates the adventures of a New York business man who goes to the Foam Island Duck Club for a rare vacation and who finds that his guide over the marshes is to be a young girl, the daughter of the caretaker, who is too ill for the duty. The plot is inconsiderable, but the plot does not matter. Mr. Chambers shows that he still has at his command the power to tell a story for the sake of its sentiment and to keep that sentiment fresh and clean.

Blue-Bird Weather. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25 net.

The Unconquered Air.

In this little volume we have nearly a hundred poems by Florence Earle Coates, most of them of a few stanzas only, none of them exceeding a couple of pages in length. That the author deserves the place that she has won among the verse writers of today is evident enough from these pages. Her work is not faultless. Here and there one may find lines and rhymes that seem to be the result of mechanical exigencies, but at the same time there are very few lapses from the real essentials of poetry. There is always the suggestion of spontaneity, there is a usually successful effort to interpret something in nature that is worth voicing, and there is nowhere a trace of morbidity or of self-discussion. These are high virtues and they should go far when accompanied, as they are here, by a sense of musical expression.

The Unconquered Air. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

Edwin Drood.

Every one who is any one has speculated on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" and settled it more or less to his own satisfaction. Now Sir W. Robertson Nicoll tries his hand at the task and produces an eminently readable book that leaves behind it the impression that no more need be said or written.

Drood, says the author, was certainly murdered, and "Datchery" was Helena Landless disguised as a man. Upon the former point there seems to have been no need for so much discussion. Dickens himself settled that for us. He told John Forster that he intended to write a story in which an uncle was to murder his nephew, and who would be detected by means of a ring which had resisted the corrosive action of the lime in which the body had been thrown. Dickens's daughter confirms this and his son says that he was told the same story by Dickens himself. If further confirmation is needed it is to be found in abundance, although the author says that the main proof is in the story itself. Those who are curious to know how strong that evidence is will find it in this delightful book.

The Problem of Edwin Drood. By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL. D. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

An unusually fine piece of verse is to be found in "June on the Miami," by William Henry Venable (Stewart & Kidd Company). The veteran author explains that his poem was conceived over half a century ago and that he published an early version in 1871. He has now reconstructed the entire work and retouched nearly every line. Its present beauty amply justifies the labor.

"Winning of the Southwest," by Glenn D. Bradley (A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net), should be assured of a welcome, at least upon the Pacific Coast and everywhere else where the sterling heroisms are valued. In a simple but graphic form it tells the stories of Carson, Stockton, Wootton, Houston, Kearny, Custer, and Frémont, scouts, soldiers, and statesmen.

"Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff," by Elizabeth Neff (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $1 net), is a frontier story which relates the adventures of Miss Wealthy Pergellis, the daughter of the sheriff. Captain Pergellis as a sheriff is a failure, but his daughter supplements in an effective way his somewhat feeble energies and so furnishes us with a story that is by no means without merit.

"Thought Building in Composition," by Robert Wilson Neal, A. M. (the Macmillan Company; 80 cents net), is described as "a training manual in the method and mechanics of writing, with a supplementary division on journalistic writing as a means of practice." The book is, indeed, all this and more. It is a sound and practical exposition, well arranged, and fortified by examples and exercises.

A large collection of religious experiences, mainly of the revivalistic kind, will be found in "The Pilot Flame," by Kelley Jenness (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.50 net). Most of these records have a psychological value, but some of them testify to experiences that only with difficulty can be associated with any exalted conception of religion. Sometimes, indeed, they remind us of hysteria and even epilepsy.

A rather unskilled blend of romance and history is furnished by "The Siege," by John S. Williams (Cosmopolitan Press; $1.20 net). It tells the story of Jessie Carlton, a Vicksburg girl, who has promised to marry one man but wants to marry another, and so fights in her own heart a struggle as fierce as that waged around the city. The story is good and the history is good, but they are ill combined.

The Young Missourians series has been enlarged by the addition of "The Courier of the Ozarks," by Byron A. Dunn (A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25). After 1862 no large armies operated in Missouri, but the state was the theatre of desperate guerrilla warfare in which a hundred thousand men took part and which forms the subject-matter of this volume. The story, which follows closely upon history, is essentially one of adventure and hair-breadth escape and therefore well suited to the mind of the boy.

Alphonse de Chateaubriant's novel, "Monsieur des Lourdines," has already been reviewed in these columns. An English translation has now been prepared by Lady Theodora Davidson and published by the George H. Doran Company under the title of "The Keynote" ($1.25 net). The public has therefore an opportunity to read a particularly fine example of the modern French romance. But one wonders at a practice, common among translators of foreign novels, of changing the title instead of merely translating it.

The second series of "Saints and Heroes," by Dean Hodges (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.35 net), includes Luther, More, Loyola, Cranmer, Calvin, Knox, Coligny, William the Silent, Brewster, Laud, Cromwell, Bunyan, Fox, and Wesley. We are inclined to wonder whether Laud, for example, was saint or hero, or both, or neither, but it would probably be impossible to make a selection pleasing to every one. But every one will be pleased with the author's lucid presentation, and with a felicity of expression that leaves nothing to be desired.

New Books Received.

Time and the Woman. By Richard Pryce. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Mystery of the Barranca. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

A romance of Mexico.

Lyric Diction. By Dora Duty Jones. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

With a preface by Mme. Melba. For singers, actors, and public speakers.

The Parasite. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Sally Castleton, Southerner. By Crittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Patsy. By S. R. Crockett. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Pilgrims of the Plains. By Kate A. Aplington. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.25 net.

A story of the Santa Fé trail.

Ashes of Incense. By the anonymous author of "Mastering Flame." New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.20 net.

A novel.

The House of Shame. By Charles Felton Pidgin. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; $1.25 net.

A story of Mormon marriage.

The Silver Dress. By Mrs. George Norman. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Street of the Flute-Player. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Burning Question. By Grace Denis Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Things Mundane. By Evan R. Chesterman. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $1 net.

A collection of short stories.

The Night Riders. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Wild Justice. By Frances Clare. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Elementary Jane. By Richard Pryce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Necessary Evil. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A one-act play.

Art in Egypt. By G. Maspero. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the General History of Art series.

The Attack and Defense of Little Round Top. By Oliver Willcox Norton. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $2 net.

A story of the battle of Gettysburg by a participant.

Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns of 1862. By Isaac W. Heysinger, M. A., M. D. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net.

A Civil War sketch.

Dr. William Leroy Brown. Compiled by Thomas L. Brown. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $2 net.

A biography.

Fighting by Southern Federals. By Charles C. Anderson. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $2 net.

"For the first time the part taken by Southerners in the defense of the Union is here adequately set forth."

My Mountain Tops. By Lalah Ruth Randle. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $1.

The romance of a journey across the Canadian Rockies.

In an Elephant Corral. By Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $1 net.

Tales of West African experiences.

Masterpieces of the Southern Poets. By Walter Neale. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net.

A collection of Southern verse.

Curious Bits of History. By A. W. Macy. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; $1 net.

A collection of little known historical incidents.

Poems. By Campbell Mason. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press.

A volume of verse.

When Things Go Wrong. By Emma Belle D. Pierson. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; 40 cents.

Household recipes.

The Poetical Works of Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

The Children of the Meadows. By Mittie Owen McDavid. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press; $1.25 net.

Stories of the South.

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Volume XII. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $25 the set of twelve volumes.

Containing "King of Beasts," "Two Administrations," and "Miscellaneous."

The New Hostess of Today. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50 net.

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The Wooing of Margaret Trevenna. By Roy Meldrum. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

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Woman's Share in Social Culture. By Anna Garlin Spencer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.

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"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS."

The American public is always revealing itself as a power that has as many phases of unexpectedness as finance and the weather. For who would have thought that the quiet annals of a dull little mid-Victorian Scotch village, told in a dialect as thick as its native porridge, would so have transported the public with delight? Yet there they were, catching on to every point, appreciative of every joke, and as marvelously comprehensive of the thick Scotch as though they had all sprung from red-haired Caledonians.

No wonder that dramatists are always having radiant visions of a phenomenal and recuperative hit. When Graham Moffat wrote "Bunty Pulls the Strings" he gave us a picture of life which becomes, in a way, a human document, a true record of humble phases of a past epoch, and, as such, establishes for itself a certain literary value. Its charm to the public is that it is different. There is something piquant to the present generation in having brought to its jaded and over-pampered sensibilities the contrast that lies between our hustling, bustling, complicated, and highly diversified existence and that led in a simple little Scotch village in the 'sixties.

The story of Bunty's puppets is, like their life, of the simplest. Their sins are so slight that they have good prospects of being washed white as snow. And their ambitions are so prudently circumscribed that the most soaring one is either to get married or to go to Glasgow.

Bunty is the daughter of Thomas Biggar, a severe Scotch elder, who, in spite of the austerity of his life, becomes involved in some money difficulties. Susie Simpson, the aunt of Weelum, Bunty's diffident but faithful and affectionate swain, is Tammas's creditor for a borrowed one hundred and twenty pounds, and proposes to take advantage of his temporary embarrassment by forcing him to marry her. Tammas dissembles his enthusiasm, and resigns himself to capture, when Bunty takes a hand in things. She rescues him from the frost-nipped embraces of the bleak and wintry Susie by lending him her and Weelum's "nest-egg," selects for him a capable and efficient successor to his defunct spouse—for she is "a far-seeing lassie that chooses her own steppie"—regulates the incipient love-sproutings of her brother, convicts the spitefully bereft Susie of having cheated Weelum out of his legacy, thereby bringing to the fore again her postponed nuptials with the dejected Weelum, and the curtain goes down on a general masterly disposition of family arrangements brought about by Bunty's strategic manœuvres.

From this rapid *résumé* it is apparent that the play has no high dramatic tension and no psychological subtleties. But it goes like simple reality. Only the realities are so quaint and old-fashioned and far away in the past, the atmosphere so simple and wholesome, and the humor so shrewd and so full of human nature of all time, that the play, while rising to no spectacular merit, makes a very direct appeal to the receptivities of the average audience. It is written in something of the spirit of "Pomander Walk," but, unlike Louis Parker's play, is devoid of theatric artificialities. The great difference is that "Pomander Walk" is not a picture of life, and Graham Moffat's play is.

That it is not a deeply conceived or profoundly stated play lies in the fact that its principal effectiveness is in the series of pictures it presents. In other words, it leaves more of an impression on the eye than on the mind.

In the first act, Bunty and her brother Rab are having a thrilling Sunday-morning séance with the catechism, and the eye roams around the ugly little parlor, and takes amusedly horrified cognizance of the awfulness of the interiors in which our unfortunate progenitors lived. There was the appalling wall-paper, inflicting a series of savage attacks on the æsthetic sensibilities, a mortuary marble mantelpiece, and some sternly repellant horsehair furniture. There were frigid-looking pictures that climbed so high on the geometrically patterned walls that they had the air of snubbing you for being frivolous enough to seek entertainment in looking at them.

And there were Bunty and Rab to please us with the perception that girlhood was just as fresh and fair in the crinolined 'sixties, and youth just as rebellious of the blight of catechisms in a godly Scotch household of the mid-Victorian epoch, as in the immediate and frivolous present.

Each character is made up to be something of a Scotch portrait. The company, I should imagine, has been carefully selected because of some natural physical fitness or because of the ability of its members to get their tongues around the thick Scotch burr, aside from acting ability. No very great histrionic demand is made on any character in the play. Life flows so quietly in the little Scotch village of Lintiehaugh, and the emotions involved are of so eminently practical a nature, that the play passes like a quietly amusing phase of life.

Susie Simpson is the only one who is a prey to sulphurous emotions, for Susie is a woman scorned. Jean Burnett gives the character a splendid make-up; a sallow face, spitefully minced-up features, small, mean eyes; a gait and demeanor that speak of self-righteous Calvinism, and a Scotch accent that buzzes with r's like a run-down clock. Susie is, indeed, the most unpopular and best represented character in the performance.

Molly McIntyre shows us a Bunty whose face of pretty propriety accords with her dress, for Bunty is a child of her times, considering that "it would na be richt for us to be too happy." Bunty and Teenie Dunlap are two pictures in their modest crinolined finery, and a couple of wholesome and attractively pretty girls, who make of their setting a most becoming environment. Eelen Dunlap, the "steppie" to be, an imposing, high-bonnetted, full-crinolined dame, completes the quartet of feminine characters. Perhaps I should have said females, for that was the epoch when woman was so called, and only so regarded—females confined in cages of crinoline.

The women in the audience chuckled over the contrast between their own up-and-down straight slimness, and the Fusiyama proportions of the heaving crinolines.

J. Nelson Ramsay and Neil McNeil impersonate respectively Tammas and Rab Biggar, the former giving a good, solid, realistic representation of a dour Scotch elder, and the latter touching up his natural impersonation with the more conventional effects demanded in a semi-comedy rôle.

William Lennox is the subdued and rather doleful "Weelum," always being cheated of his coveted conjugal possession of the capable Bunty, to whom he looks to regulate for him his affairs and his life. Mr. Lennox, like some of the others, was manifestly made for the part, and so well portrayed the mournfulness, the meekness, and the ministerial inflections of Weelum, that we asked ourselves why a hustler like Bunty hadn't captured a better man, the only reply that suggested itself being Weelum's eminent adaptability to petticoat government.

No doubt, to all audiences, the favorite act is the second one, in which we see the Lintiehaugh kirkyard, and the gradual assembling of the congregation, each of whom deposits on the "plate" in front of the statuesquely faithful Weelum its dole of a penny and enters the ivy-covered little kirk. This scene and act constitutes a real picture; and all the more so because there are no touches of cheap exaggeration. Each one enters encompassed with starched Sunday propriety, pleasantly conscious of the sacred occasion, and of the lay exaltation of wearing one's best, and joining in a convocation of the villagers, however unfestively religious the occasion. The costumes, the characters, and the age of the different ones are sufficiently varied to entertain. And when all's said and done, we find we have had engraved upon the retina, probably for life, a fixed mental and physical picture of a Scotch congregation assembling in the kirkyard.

The accessories to the scene, the ivy-covered kirk, the stone wall with its primitive stile, the rolling moors beyond the old wall, a mist-wreathed peak in the distant highlands piercing the blue, and, in the centre of the picture, a gray old sexton ringing a doleful Sunday summons on the cracked bell in the little belfry—all this revived fugitive, scattered recollections. The picture fitted itself to other scenes, and from now on I shall always locate it in the bleak village in Yorkshire in whose dull round the gifted Brontës lived out their all-too-short lives.

But, although the piece is all for mirth, and not by any means suited to every taste, that is its merit. It makes pictures; pictures of life and pictures of people.

Some people have been frightened away by the dialect. But the audience collectively seemed to be entirely undaunted and unperplexed. At first it seemed to me something like listening to a performance in a but half-comprehended language. But the performers make particular efforts to be audible; in fact, the wear and tear of the run shows on Bunty's and Eelen Dunlap's voices. And as the performance went on, the thick Scotch mist in which the first conversation was enwrapped was gradually dissipated, and we soon began to feel proud of how well we understood Scotch as she is spoke in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Josephine Hart Phelps.

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have pronounced the Italian-Swiss Colony's Golden State, Extra Dry, the equal of any foreign champagne. Try it and be convinced.

THE BERNHARDT SEASON.

My memories of Bernhardt begin with 1878, thirty-five years ago, nearly, when I saw her first in "Frou Frou" at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The play, in its English translation, was so familiar to me that I could follow every line with understanding, in spite of a complete ignorance of spoken French. Many of the poses of the actress in that tragedy of society are still photographed on my memory, and one scene in particular, that between the sisters, where the young, frivolous, but jealously loving wife accuses the older woman of having crowded her out of her place in the affections of her husband and children, is easily recalled with impressive vividness. The fire, the emotion, shown in that torrent-like burst of French declamation, the flashing eyes, the tense, slender figure, the swift, incisive gestures, could not be forgotten by any auditor who possessed a genuine admiration for stage art.

Another memory of that first visit of the great actress to Chicago was a view of her paintings and sculpture, offered by a private exhibition of the collection. Its centre-piece and most striking canvas was a symbolic picture in oil, portraying a beautiful and gay young girl, behind whose figure rose threateningly a Death's head and skeleton. In the list of paintings seen elsewhere, before and since, there is none that seems more unforgettable. Bernhardt was a many-sided artist, even then, and her genius found varied means of expression.

Later I saw her as Margaret Gautier. I can not remember the Armand of that occasion, but the Lady of the Camelias is a wan, white-robed figure of ardent, self-sacrificing passion, of unutterable despair and fear, and the experience of the past week was hardly needed to bring her back from the mysterious chambers where long-past impressions are stored. "La Tosca," and her vengeance on Baron Scarpia, are memories of the old Grand Opera House on Mission Street. "Phèdre" recalls that sunny afternoon in the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley.

If excuse is required for this catalogue of personal experiences, it is in the fact that there is little new of admiration and respect to write of the art of one who has been called the greatest actress of all time. I believe there are few that have seen her in many parts who will dissent from that judgment. There is no line of dramatic interpretation, from comedy to tragedy, that she has not made, and in every instance, with perhaps a single exception, she has glorified the impersonation. No other has risen to greater heights, no other has displayed a finer, surer, or more individual technic.

At an age when the glory of her early successes is recalled only by playgoers with silvered hair, Mme. Bernhardt returns to San Francisco on a tour which in many ways is more than remarkable. Only a woman of her courage, her strength, her determination, could face its demands calmly. She appears twice every day, and her repertory, gone through weekly, includes six diverse rôles. One of these is a new part, studied and finished for this season. It is a favored fiction that Mme. Bernhardt is aged and weak, but it should not be repeated. Her appearances are as regular and as certain as the coming of afternoon and evening. Many a robust prima donna, who is called to sing but twice a week, pleads indispositions that do not affect Bernhardt. Best of all, her art was never more delicate, more convincing. Her audiences, for the greater part, do not understand the language spoken by her company. The exigences of a varied programme allow the presentation of fragments only of the great plays with which her name is associated. In spite of these seemingly destructive influences, her power is quickly demonstrated on every occasion. Rarely in any playhouse is such rapt attention given as that with which the Orpheum audiences watch the progress of the fifth act of "La Dame aux la Camelias." And at the end there is the eagerly generous applause that stirs the heart.

Mme. Bernhardt's company is notably good. M. Lou Tellegen, her leading man, is an actor of presence and personal charm. His Armand is a characterization that speaks distinction with the greatest Camille. It is not his first visit to San Francisco, and his admirers have opportunity to mark with pleasure the ripening of his powers.

There are many reasons why playgoers have crowded the Orpheum this week and last. The Bernhardt season is properly regarded not as an occasion but as an event.

George L. Shoals.

◆

Harry H. Campbell, a well-known and well-liked theatrical manager, will be in charge of the box-office at the new Tivoli Opera House. Mr. Campbell's experience dates back to the palmy days of the old Grand Opera House, and it has been marked by close attention to all the particulars of stage interests and a wholesome regard for the best tastes of the public. Philip Hastings will be the Tivoli press representative, and his ability and his familiarity with San Francisco theatricals for two decades make his connection with Manager Leahy's forces especially valuable. There are other assuring indications to be noted.

What Capital Makes Possible

Were it not for the skill that can be hired and the labor that can be employed and the material that can be bought by the expenditure of millions of dollars the effect of a snowstorm on the summit of the Sierras could never be utilized for the generation of electricity, and, by means of this useful as well as mysterious commodity, the reclamation and irrigation of non-bearing lands to transform them into revenue-producing orchards.

Were it not for the combination of skill, labor, material, and millions of dollars, two-thirds of California's population would not be enjoying "Pacific Service," and it is safe to say that many of 284 towns now being supplied with this service would fall far short of their present standard in attractiveness if the Pacific Gas and Electric Company were not in the field to supply electricity, gas, and water at the prevailing rates. It supplies 209 towns with electricity for lighting and power purposes; furnishes fifty towns with gas, and to do so operates sixteen gas plants, and at the same time pipes an abundant supply of clear, cold mountain water to twenty-five towns, besides maintaining scores of miles of mountain and foothill canals, which supply farmers and orchardists with water for irrigating purposes.

Numbers of these small towns could not afford to maintain water, gas, and electric plants of their own, nor could a small company find it profitable to engage in such an undertaking.

As an example of what the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is doing to encourage homeseekers and populate one of the greatest fruit-growing sections of California mention is again made of the Bear River canal, which takes water out of Bear River, near Colfax, and carries it along the slope to Clipper Gap, where it empties into a great storage reservoir. The canal now has a capacity of 1500 miner's inches. When reconstructed it will have a capacity of 14,000 miner's inches, and will be eight feet deep. ten feet wide at the bottom and eighteen feet wide at the top. The company is expending in the neighbohood of $600.000 for this work alone, and it is the direct result of the Lake Spaulding and Drum power plant project, now under way, involving a cost of over $6,000,000.

Abundance of water and good roads go hand in hand in building up a country. The state highway which is building from the western end of Placer County will be an important factor in the work. This will bring about the disappearance of the chaparral, manzanita, and pine in the higher hills in favor of Bartlett pears, Hungarian plums, and apples. The native trees of the lower altitudes will make way for oranges, peaches, deciduous and citrus fruits in general.

Most of this soil requires irrigation in order to crop a standard marketable fruit, and the value of the miner's inch of water for irrigation purposes depends entirely upon the depth of the soil, location and kind of crop to be planted. By averaging water deliveries in the total cultivated area, experts conclude that a miner's inch will irrigate five acres. Whatever the demand, however, the enlarged canal will be more than equal to it, as it is being made of sufficient size to answer all irrigation purposes, allowing for large growth in the fruit-raising industry, for many years to come.

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WOODLAND HACKNEY STUD

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Richard Lorenz, a member of the German consulate in St. Paul, Minnesota, has received the golden cross in token of his elevation to membership in the Knights of the Order of the Prussian Crown. The honor is conferred for long service in the consular service.

M. Jonnart, the new French minister for foreign affairs, has a reputation as an expert in matters relating to the Moroccan question, and to Islam in general. He was governor-general of Algeria when M. Briand went out of office in 1911, and being in entire accord with M. Briand's policy resigned his post, being unable to agree with the change which attended the formation of the new cabinet.

The Reverend William Charles Hogg, pastor of the First Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, is chairman of one of the most unique publicity committees in this country. Twenty Williamsport churches in nine denominations have united to buy a page in the local morning paper for advertising purposes. On it appear the church announcements and six reasons why the reader should attend services. The campaign is yielding results.

Mrs. L. A. Jaffray, the White House housekeeper, is one person holding an important position who will not go out when the new administration comes in. She came to the White House on March 4 four years ago and has had entire control of all the household departments during the Taft régime. It was Mrs. Jaffray who planned the details of the numerous magnificent entertainments for which the Taft administration has been famous.

Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President-elect Wilson, and who will hold the same position during the next presidential term, comes from a family which has lived in New Jersey for more than half a century, the greater part of which time it has been prominent politically. He has served four terms in the lower house of the New Jersey legislature, is an orator of ability, and a keen debater. Last November he was appointed clerk of the New Jersey supreme court at a salary of $6000 a year.

Gaillard Hunt, official heraldist of the United States government, has devoted forty years to the study of his art, and has produced most of the government seals and designs usually seen stamped on official documents. He is also an historian of international reputation. It was be who designed the coat of arms for Porto Rico, after its annexation; for the Philippine Islands, and for the new Panama Canal zone. His work is noted for its simplicity. His office is in a far corner of the Library of Congress.

Frank R. Kerr, winner this year of the Rhodes Scholarship for Victoria, Australia, is a Queen's College man, has had a distinguished career at school and college, and is an athlete of note. He captained his college football and cricket team, and in 1910 won the five-mile cross-country championship of Victoria. The award is not made on scholastic fitness alone, regard being paid to athletic achievements and the moral qualifications of manhood. It amounts to $1500 a year for three years, and the holder will go to Oxford to continue his studies.

Arthur T. Firth, who has discovered a method of replating metal which has completely upset the old ideas of electro-plating, and is backed by American financiers, is a New Zealander. He spent years in working out a formula, only to see it fail utterly when put to a practical test. Nothing dismayed, he went back to experimenting, knowing that he had the right idea, and in the end perfected a system which did good work, quickly and cheaply. He brought it to this country, demonstrated his achievement, convinced doubting scientists, and obtained the financial backing to promote this new business.

L. C. Woodbury, who has made a fortune by raising silver foxes on his estate at Whitefield, New Hampshire, was a farm hand in his youth, but deserted the plow to become a brakeman on the Boston and Maine railroad at 50 cents a day. Later he became head of a large fruit-produce company. He has twelve acres devoted to pens for his previous colony, and on some of the finest animals he places a value of $50,000 each. He now has twenty-seven silver foxes, and, although they are confined in concrete-and-wire pens, a heavy guard is maintained about the place day and night. Woodbury is said to be the pioneer of this industry in the United States.

Otto H. L. Wernicke, whose name at once associates itself with sectional furniture for home and office, began his career at fifteen by entering a business college at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, working in a drug store, a foundry, and a planing-mill to pay for his board. Then he entered the employ of a druggist, but drifted to an agricultural implement house, and finally went into the implement business for himself. Something happened, and he sold out, went to Des Moines, Iowa, and began all over again as a laborer with another firm in the same line of business. A varied experience followed before he entered the business which has made him famous. He is chairman of the board of control of the Michigan State Prison, and president of the joint and affiliated boards of Michigan. His home is at Grand Rapids.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Symphony Orchestra Concerts.

The double attraction offered by the San Francisco Orchestra for its concert of February 21, at the Cort Theatre, namely, the symphony, "In Autumn Time," by the local composer, Edward Faher Schneider, and the local soloist, Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, indicates through the advance sale of seats that San Francisco music-lovers appreciate the spirit of the Musical Association in furthering the interests of San Francisco artists and musicians. Mr. Schneider's symphony has never before been played in America, and Miss Pratt's appearance with the orchestra is somewhat in the nature of a début.

The programme for the concert of Friday afternoon, February 28, is equally interesting. Irma Seydel, the talented young violinist, who appeared with great success this season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make her first appearance in San Francisco at this concert. Miss Seydel is probably the youngest violin soloist on the concert stage, yet notwithstanding her youth, she is a finished artist in every respect. A fifteen-year-old girl, playing with the sureness and authority of a virtuoso, and better still with the intelligence and the eloquence of a real musician, Miss Seydel never fails to arouse the warmest applause and extreme enthusiasm of her audience. She will be heard in Saint-Saēns's Concerto in B Minor. The other numbers on the programme will be:

Beethoven......Symphony No. 8, F Major, Op. 93
  Allegro vivace e con brio.
  Allegretto scherzando.
  Tempo di menuetto.
  Allegro vivace.
Rimsky-Korsakoff ....
......Suite Symphonique, Scheherazade, Op. 35
  The Sea and Sinbad's Ship.
  The Tale of the Kalendar-Prince.
  The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
  Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The ship is wrecked on a rock surmounted by a bronze warrior. Conclusion.

Seats for all concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra may be secured at the music-store box-offices and at the Cort Theatre.

◆

Nordica Concert this Sunday.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, one of the world's very greatest dramatic sopranos, and the first American to gain a world-wide fame on the operatic stage, will give one concert only in San Francisco this season, at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, February 23, at 2:30.

Nordica is equally at home in concert and opera and her programmes are always both interesting and important, and so arranged that both the musician and the layman enjoy them. On her present tour Mme. Nordica is assisted by William Morse Rummel, violinist, and E. Romayne Simmons, pianist.

The diva will sing works by Schumann, Schuhert, Rachmaninoff, Stange, Jensen, Arensky, Wagner, Cadman, Vidal, Bemherg, and Dehussy, and Mr. Rummel's violin numbers will include works by Kreisler, Aulin, Sarasate, and Brahms-Joachim.

Popular prices will prevail and the seats may be secured at the music-store box-offices until Friday evening. On Saturday (Washington's Birthday) and Sunday the box-office will be open at the Columbia Theatre only.

Next Tuesday afternoon, January 25, at 3:15, Mme. Nordica will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, when the same programme will be repeated. For this event the box-office is open at Ye Liberty Playhouse only.

◆

The Genee Ballet Seaaon Opens Monday.

At the Valencia Theatre next Monday night, February 24, Mlle. Adeline Genee, the world's greatest dancer, assisted by M. Volinin, Mlle. Schmolz, a number of secondary dancers, and a corps de ballet, besides a grand orchestra of forty under the baton of the eminent conductor and composer, Mr. C. J. M. Glaser of London, will open a short season of ballet performances such as have never before been witnessed in this city, with the single exception of the Pavlowa engagement.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon the programme will consist of "La Danse," an authentic history of dancing, dancers, and the appropriate music from 1710 to 1845, in which Genee and her assisting artists will portray the various famous dancers and their methods. This will be followed by a series of specialty dances, the complete divertissement from "Robert Le Diahle," by Meyerhcer, and the "Hunting Scene," in which Genee dances in full riding costume to an old English hunting melody.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights the dramatic pantomime-ballet "La Camargo" will be given, followed again by many special feature dances and divertissements. The plot of "La Camargo" is an interesting love story, and it gives Genec ample scope for her abilities as an interpreter of joy, passion, comedy, and pathos. It is in one act and calls for a cast of seven characters.

The opening performance of this work (Tuesday night) will be for the benefit of the rebuilding of the famous mission at San Juan Capistrano, and is under the auspices of a committee of prominent people interested in this effort to preserve California's most interesting landmarks.

The sale of seats will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s through the season, but on account of the holiday next Saturday the box-office will be open at the Valencia Theatre on Saturday and Sunday, February 22 and 23.

The Genee company will not appear in Oakland.

◆

The Beel Quartet.

The final concert of the Beel Quartet for the present season will be given at the St. Francis Hotel Sunday afternoon, March 2, when the organization will have the assistance of Miss Virginie de Fremery, pianist, Mr. C. Schmidt, viola, and Mr. Victor de Gomez, 'cello, in an interesting programme of ensemble music.

◆

The Tivoli Grand Opera Season.

Much interest is manifested in the season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the new Tivoli Opera House, commencing two weeks from next Wednesday evening, March 12, and the demand for seats for the two groups of eight performances, as well as for the entire regular season of sixteen operas, is very large. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale is now in progress, choice locations are going with a rush and the sale will continue until a week from Saturday. Monday, March 3, the sale of single seats will commence at the box-office of the Tivoli.

Wednesday evening, March 12, the new theatre will be dedicated with a performance of "Rigoletto," with Luisa Tetrazzini as Gilda, and the following operas will be given in Series B: "Secret of Suzanne" and "Hansel and Gretel," Thursday afternoon, March 13, with Jenny Defau, Giovanni Polese, and Francesco Daddi in the Wolf-Ferrari opera, and Marie Cavan and Mahel Riegelman in the German opera, to be followed by an "International Ballet Divertissement"; "Die Walküre," Friday evening, March 14, with Eleanor di Cisneros, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn Hannah, and Charles Dalmores; "Natoma," by Victor Herhert, Saturday evening, March 15, with Mary Garden, Helen Stanley, George Hamlin, Hector Dufranne, and Marie Sammarco; "Lucia," Tuesday evening, March 18, with Luisa Tetrazzini; "Noel," a new opera by Frederick d'Erlanger, Wednesday evening, March 19, and "Pagliacci." with Hector Dufranne, Francesco Daddi, Edmond Warnery, Minnie Saltman-Stevens, Mahel Riegelman, and Marie Cavan; "A Lover's Quarrel," by Parelli, and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Massenet, Saturday afternoon, March 22, and "The Jewels of the Madonna," Friday evening, March 28, with Carolina White, Giorgini, Sammarco, Riegelman, and Daddi in the leading rôles.

Series C includes "Thaïs," Thursday evening, March 13, with Hector Dufranne and Mary Garden; "Traviata," Saturday afternoon, March 15, with Tetrazzini and Giorgini; "Louise," Monday evening, March 17, with Mary Garden, Dufranne, and Dalmores; "Carmen," Wednesday afternoon, March 19, with Mary Garden, Dufranne, and Dalmores, and incidental dances by the ballet; "Crispine e la Comare," Thursday evening, March 20, with Tetrazzini and Sammarco; "Tristan und Isolde," Saturday evening, March 22, with Dalmores, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, and Eleanor di Cisneros, and "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wednesday afternoon, March 24.

It has been seven years since San Francisco has been visited by an organization such as this, and the thirty-seven principals include names of wonderful operatic importance. Three hundred people are carried in the chorus, ballet, orchestral and mechanical departments, and all of the productions, under the general management of Andreas Dippel, are perfect in every particular.

Local and out-of-town patrons may address orders to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

◆

Clara Butt Positively Coming.

Clara Butt, the English contralto who is said to possess the most wonderful and beautiful alto voice in the world, and who is one of the most important concert artists living, is meeting with tremendous success in the Eastern cities, where she is appearing to record-breaking audiences in conjunction with Kennerly Rumford, the English baritone. These artists have been secured by the most important manager in Australia for a tour of the Antipodes and will sail from this city about the middle of April. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have them appear here, en route, and arrangements are now being made for a short tour in this state. The first appearance of Clara Butt and Kennerly Rumford in the West will be at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 30.

◆

For those who love the most artistic form of singing and concert, Mr. Greenbaum promises an unusual treat in the concerts of Mme. Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano who is now proving a revelation to the concert-goers of New York and Boston. Her work is said to be the most beautiful exposition of the art of lieder singing ever heard in this country. Even the success of Dr. Wüllner has been eclipsed by Mme. Culp.

AMUSEMENTS.

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MATINEE EVERY DAY.
A GREAT NEW SHOW
MINNIE DUPREE and Co. in Alfred Sutro's one-act play, "The Man in Front"; B. A. Rolfe Extravaganza, "PUSS IN BOOTS," with a Company of 25 People, featuring Will J. Kennedy; VOLANT, "the Flying Piano"; DIAMOND and BRENNAN; EDWARDS, RYAN and TIERNEY; FIVE JUGGLING MOWATTS; APDALE'S ZOOLOGICAL CIRCUS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; JOHN and WINNIE HENNINGS, "the Kill Kare Koupie."
Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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Engagement Positively Limited to One Week
Beginning MONDAY Night, Feb. 24
Six Nights—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Jos. Brooks presents
WM. H. CRANE
In his Greatest Comedy Success
THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE
By Martha Morton
Evenings and Saturday mat., $2 to 25c. Wednesday mat., 25c to $1.50.
Monday, March 3, DONALD BRIAN in the musical hit, "The Siren."

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Second and Last Big Week Starts Monday
Night and Saturday Mat. Prices, 50c to $2
Entire Lower Floor at Wednesday Mat., $1
Bunty Pulls the Strings

EXTRA—Sunday mat. and night, Feb. 23. Two Times Only, Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Motion Pictures. Pop. Prices. No Sunday Performances of "Bunty."
Next—Sunday, March 2, "Little Miss Brown."

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MARKET STREET, opposite Mason

Week Starting Sunday Mat., Feb. 23
NELL SCHMIDT, "The Alameda Mermaid," and VIVIAN MARSHALL, World Famous "Fire Diver."
"CONVICT 2634 AND THE WARDEN," Walter Montague's Dramatic Incident of San Quentin, presented by Carl Stockdale Company.
TOM KELLY, California's Peerless Baritone
6 OTHER STAR ACTS—6
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

NORDICA
—IN—
ONE CONCERT ONLY
This Sunday aft, Feb. 23, at 2:30
COLUMBIA THEATRE
Tickets $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts, at Columbia box-office.

NORDICA IN OAKLAND
Next Tuesday aft, Feb. 25, at 3:15
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

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GENEE
World's Greatest Dancer
Assisted by Volinin, Corps de Ballet and Grand Orchestra
Valencia Theatre
Commencing next Monday eve, Feb. 24
Mon., Wed., Fri. eves and Sat. mat. "LA DANSE."
Tues., Thurs., Sat. eves, "LA CAMARGO."
Tickets $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, this Sat. and Sun. at theatre. Next week at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
Supplementary Season of Symphony Concerts
AT THE
Cort Theatre
on the afternoons of
Friday, Feb. 28 and March 7, and Sunday, March 9
Special Prices
35c 50c
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NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, at 3:15
Soloist—IRMA SEYDEL, Violinist
PROGRAMME
Beethoven......Symphony No. 8, F Major, Op. 93
Saint-Saens....................................
....Concerto for Violin, No. 3, B Minor, Op. 61
Irma Seydel
Rimsky-Korsakoff..............................
.....Suite Symphonique, Op. 35, Scheherazade
SOLOIST
Louis Persinger, Violinist. Friday, March 7, 1913.
Mr. Persinger will play Lalo No. 1, Opus 20.
Seats on sale at box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and at the Cort Theatre.

VANITY FAIR.

Representative Hay of Missouri has introduced a bill to the state legislature prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back unless the buttons are at least the size of a dollar—a silver dollar, not a greenback. Now our first impulse is to say that Representative Hay of Missouri is an ass, but that would be unnecessary, having already said that he is a legislator. But second thoughts intervene. It may be that Mr. Hay is not an ass, but a pioneer, or even both. It may be that his bill is a presage of many such laws to which suffering mankind will be reduced as a last resort. For there is no more sublime duty laid upon civilization than to care for its incompetent and to guarantee to the feeble the protection that they are unable to give themselves. Civilization is bound to defy these organized tyrannies that prey upon the helpless. And it is evident that women who button themselves up the back, or rather who do not and can not button themselves up the back, are both incompetent and helpless. They can neither perform this office for themselves nor can they resist the tyranny of the male dressmaker who dictates for them a costume hateful to God and man. And particularly man, for he is called upon to do for the woman what she can not do for herself and to hear the reproaches with which his lack of skill is rewarded.

Therefore it may eventually be necessary to pass laws for the better restraint of women in matters of dress wherein they are obviously incapable of restraining themselves. It seems that nothing but the law and the police can prevent a woman from doing things harmful to herself and the public. Remonstrances might as well be addressed to a statue. Nothing but the police could prevail upon women to remove their hats in the theatre. The agitation against the devastating hatpin has had no result. It is as long, as unprotected, as murderous as ever. The dress is still buttoned up the back, and every day thousands of men in this free land are coerced and terrorized into a task maddening in its complexity, exasperating in its subtlety, and aggravated by the vacuous folly that demands it and that won't even keep still while it is being done.

They have been having some interesting times in the Colorado senate. We were sure that things would move at a more enlivening gait than heretofore as soon as we heard that Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson was a member of that august assembly. Not that we know Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson. Nor want to. But we know her sex, at least so far as it is given to mere man to penetrate into the arcanum of all mysteries.

The trouble arose in this way. There is a Colorado senator named John Hecker, a name replete with suggestions of crime and perhaps even of Sabbath-breaking. When the women eugenists get to work it will be found that degenerates like Hecker will not be able to get themselves born quite so easily as they do now, and a good riddance, too. Now when Hecker went to Washington recently he was naturally asked for some details of the savage lands from which he had come, and especially for information of the manners and customs of his fellow-aborigines. And so the spirit descended upon him and he said, among other things, that "the women of Denver drank more highballs than men." It seems a simple and inoffensive remark, and while it may be true that the same fact is not to be found in the school text-books of Colorado there are a good many facts not to be found in school text-books.

Now when Hecker got back to Colorado and strolled into the senate chamber he soon found that there was something doing. Some one had sent a copy of a Washington newspaper to Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, and as a result Helen was on Hecker's trail. She wanted to know what made him tell such a wicked, wicked story. Then Hecker showed the true depravity of his nature. If there had been the least spark of grace in his evil heart he would have promptly denied saying such a thing and promised never to do it again. Instead of which he said it again right out in front of Helen and in full hearing of the senate. And there was a reporter there, too. And he said it with additions and frillings. He said that for every man in Denver who drank there were twenty women who looked upon the flowing bowl and upon the wine when it was red and upon other subtle fluids that were not exactly wine but even more so. Then Helen went to the bat. With the consciousness that the women of Colorado were behind her as one man she warned Hecker not to say this thing again or she would have him expelled from the senate. Hecker had already said it again and saw no advantage in triplicating his offense, but unless we are much mistaken Hecker will hear more of this matter. And it will serve him right. He ought to have learned by this time that facts distasteful to women are not facts.

Mrs. Wickersham, the wife of the Attorney-General, is an enlightened woman, an ornament to her sex, and a credit to civilization. And these remarks may be taken as a reply to ribald persons who say that this column displays an animus against women. It does not. It loves women. In fact it has been searching for years for some woman whom it can applaud whole-heartedly. And now here is Mrs. Wickersham.

Mrs. Wickersham asks us not to be bores. Well, we are trying to avoid that crime in every way consistent with our paltry salary, and so far as Mrs. Wickersham's particular indictment of the bore is concerned we can lay our hands upon our heart and say that we are none of which. Bores, says Mrs. Wickersham, talk of disease, descendants, domestics, and dress. Don't talk of these things and you will be all right, and yet how many there are for whom such abstention would be the perpetual unbroken silence of the tomb.

Now when Mrs. Wickersham says descendants of course she means ancestors, but ancestors don't alliterate, so we will let it pass. There is nothing to be said about our descendants except to express a pious hope that heredity is not all it is cracked up to be and that there will be no immediate reform of the criminal law. And we would even go so far as to say that if the bore would only consent to eliminate his or her filthy maladies from conversation, and especially at the dinner-table, we would be willing to allow them to live a little longer.

The person, nearly always a woman, who talks about disease is not, strictly speaking, a bore. She is a nauseating nuisance, a blot on God's sunlight. So far from arousing sympathy she merely stimulates a hope, always futile, that her maladies will speedily take on a painless but an inexorably fatal form. They never do. Her loathsome aches, growths, fermentations, and flatulences succeed each other. They move in endless and consecutive cycles, but they show a lamentable lack of that admirable coördination which would bring peace to our weary souls. And, by the way, is it not a little remarkable that the woman who will shiver at the thought of a surgical operation and who professes to love all the daintinesses of life will yet listen to and revel in the indescribable nastinesses associated with nearly every form of disease except that of nerves?

The following letter from Mr. John Reynolds is published by the New York *Herald*. Conscious that we ourselves have sometimes commented in our ignorance upon some phases of New York life which we have uncharitably assumed to be a departure from early Puritanic rigors, we hasten to give the letter all the publicity in our power. It is as follows:

> I am an unsophisticated youth from Pittsburgh, where the prospect seldom pleases and man is never vile, and having read so much of the wickedness of New York I came here to try to see it at first hand.
>
> I have been dining at the various hotels and restaurants along Broadway and have been so impressed with the fact that your great city has been slandered that I take this means of expressing renewed faith in the morality of the American people. Why, I counted twenty-seven bald or gray-headed oldish men in one fine hotel entertaining their daughters, buying them fine wines and expensive dinners. I did not see so many men with their wives, but the loving solicitude of this army of our elder citizens for the pleasure of their daughters is, indeed, most touching.
>
> I noticed that in many cases these kindly parents meet the damsels in the parlors and lobbies of the hotels, and they let on it is a great secret and get lots of fun out of it. This is a phase of life I did not anticipate seeing in the metropolis.

It is pleasant thus to have an explanation of certain features of metropolitan life hitherto misinterpreted by our censorious minds.

A bankrupt who was asked by the official receiver if it would not be possible to lower his personal expenses in order to pay his debts replied in the negative. He said he had a wife and child, and a nurse must be hired to look after the child. Could not his wife look after the child herself, he was asked. No, that was not possible, as "my wife would not stay with me if I had less money than I have now."

And quite right, too. Why should a woman be expected to lower the regular price for wives or to undersell her competitors in defiance of economic law? Having undertaken to dispose of her charms in return for a fixed remuneration, why should she be expected to observe her contract in face of its flagrant violation upon the other side? Certainly not. Business is business.

A New York clergyman recently forbade the throwing of rice and old shoes as a newly wedded couple were about to march down the aisle of the church, as the edifice was no place for such a demonstration. In the South (remarks the New Orleans *Picayune)* people are not so sacrilegious as to indulge in this senseless pastime in the churches, but who has not seen the bride and groom made miserable by a lot of unthinking friends who appear to get much enjoyment out of this silly custom? It is a wonder that some grooms have not sent a brick in return for being hit in the head by an old shoe.

"Who was this great god Pan you read about who worked on pipes?" "I guess he was a boss plumber."—*Baltimore American.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In Dawson City a colored man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him. "No, sah," said Sam. "I'se gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote."

◆

Rossini was once promised by a friend a dinner of turkey and truffles. The friend showed a disposition to postpone the dinner and to make excuses. One day Rossini said: "Well, my dear friend, when are we to have that turkey?" "Truffles are not good at this season," said his friend. "Don't you believe it," replied Rossini; "that report was started by the turkeys."

◆

An exceedingly eminent and busy New York physician, who goes to many clinics and sees hundreds of patients weekly, was somewhat taken aback a few days ago when, in response to a telephone call, he took up the receiver and heard a thin, elderly, German-American voice say these words: "Toctor, I vass py you lasd veek. Vhat schall I do negxd?"

◆

A man of an inventive turn called on a capitalist who was always on the lookout for new schemes that were likely to prove money-makers. "I have here," said the would-be inventor, producing his model, "an improved alarm clock that will make you jump, no matter how sound asleep you may be." "What is the improvement about it?" "You will observe that I have, in place of the usual gong, substituted an auto horn."

◆

The Earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away, when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

◆

During one of the aviation meets a young woman went through the hangars under the guidance of a mechanic. After asking all the usual foolish questions that aviators and their assistants have to answer during a tour of inspection, she wanted to know: "But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens? Can't you come down?" "That's exactly the trouble," responded the willing guide. "There are now three men up in the air in France with their engines stopped. Then can't get down and are starving to death."

◆

The Lancashire people are fond of dogs—in fact, very proud of them, and, therefore, when a prominent dog fancier came home one night and found his son had bought a nondescript mongrel he was not pleased. "How much didst thee gie for that dog?" he inquired. "Five shillings," replied the son. "Tell thee what A'll do," replied the parent. "A'll go shares wi' thee. A'll gie thee half a crown for ma share." The half-crown was duly paid; then the father remarked: "A'll tak' tail end, and A'm goin' to kick my half outen t' door!" And he did.

◆

Two Scots met in an eighteen-hole match. On one side of the course there was a high railway embankment. Over this railway it happened Jock drove his ball. They hunted for it a long time, but could not find it. Sandy wanted Jock to give it up, but Jock wouldna, for a lost ball means a lost hole. And finally Jock took a new ball frae his poke, dirtied it, and pretended to find it. "Here 'tis, Sandy!" he called. "Ye're a leear, Jock!" responded Sandy. "I'm no leear. Here 'tis!" "Ye're a leear. For I've had it in ma pocket for fufteen meenits!"

◆

A pretty story is told of a nobleman whom his barber left half-shaved, and in a great hurry. His lordship thought the man was mad, and sent to inquire after him. He returned in person and thus explained himself: "I was not mad, my lord, but the sight of that heap of guineas on your dressing-table, and the remembrance of my starving family so affected me, that if I had stayed another minute I should have cut your throat." "I am glad you didn't do that," said his lordship, gently; "and by all means take the guineas. I won them at the gambling-table, and should doubtless have lost them there."

◆

John Reilly was a mining man in New Mexico in the days of Billy, the Kid, and John was always on the job for work or play. One night he was in a poker game, with the sky as the limit, and it came his time to deal. The black-haired, hawk-nosed man sitting opposite to him had a pat straight, and Reilly drew one card. He of the hawk nose bet a lot of money, and John raised him something like a house and lot. The fellow with the straight called, and Reilly laid down an ace-high flush. "Mr. Reilly," said he of the hawk nose, "any man who watches you deal is attending to his own business."

◆

A wealthy gentleman, who owns a country seat, on one occasion nearly lost his mother-in-law, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

◆

In a seaport town, a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by a grass-plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow. One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency by saying that the pasture had lately been much trodden down by the public. Thereupon the martial despot gave orders that no (human or other) animal except the cow should be allowed on the grass-plot; and added—men were not particular in those days—that, if this rule was infringed, the sentinel should be flogged. Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to stand back. "Common soldier," said the offended lady, "don't you know who I am?" "All I know is that you're not the general's cow!"

◆

Ben Butler was once chairman of a meeting at which Rufus Choate was booked for an address. Mr. Choate was about to begin his address when a man crawled up to Butler, and whispered to him that the joists in the floor and the supporting beams were giving way because of the heavy pressure on the floor, and they were likely to collapse any moment. Butler turned to the man and whispered to him: "Keep quiet." Then turning to the audience, he said: "A man has brought me information that outside of this hall there are not less than twenty thousand people clamoring for admission. I propose to adjourn this meeting to the common, where all can hear Mr. Choate. Now just see how quickly we can empty this hall." Meanwhile Choate was tugging at Butler's coat-tails, saying: "Ben, don't! Stop, Ben. Why, I can't see to read on the common; my voice won't carry in the open air; I can't make them hear," and so on. After most of the audience had left, Butler turned around to Choate, and said: "Say, Choate, would you rather deliver this speech here in this hall or in hell?"

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Just for a Change.

My love was not a demoiselle,
  Nor lived in any moated grange;
She was a restaurant cashier,
And every day the little dear
  Would take my change.

I married her, as you can see,
  And took her from behind the till.
As for my change—I find that she
The habit has, and from poor me
  She takes it still! —*Puck.*

◆

Very Rude of Her.

"The doctor, he was here today,
  And said I'm in a parlous way,
So much upon the binky dink,
  He says I must not even think."

"Too bad," I heard his wife exclaim,
  When home from giddydom she came;
"But if he'd said you had to, sure
  'Twere quite impossible, the cure!"
—*Town Topics.*

◆

Millionaire's Row.

The mansions are built without thought of expense,
    In Millionaire's row.
The gardens are fine and the lawns are immense,
    In Millionaire's row.
There's silver and gold on the table, all right;
But you don't hear the chirp of the cherubic mite—
    In Millionaire's row.

They all own a dozen or so of machines,
    In Millionaire's row.
They have their coupés and their fine limousines,
    In Millionaire's row.
They have all the gasoline wagons in style;
They smash the speed limit and sport 'round a pile,
But baby cabs? Gosh, there aint one in a mile—
    In Millionaire's row.

Their liveried servants are always on hand,
    In Millionaire's row.
Their talk is correct and their manners are grand,
    In Millionaire's row.
The luxury in every home is complete,
The lights are ablaze and the music's a treat,
But you don't hear the patter of baby's feet—
    In Millionaire's row.

Those people are poor who pretend they are rich,
    In Millionaire's row.
Without a small voice raised to high concert pitch,
    In Millionaire's row.
There's one joy in living of which they can't tell;
I'd rather hear my kid give one hearty yell
Than to own all the mansions in heaven or—well—
    In Millionaire's row.
—*Roy K. Moulton, in Milwaukee News.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Ruth Slack and Judge Edgar Zook of San Rafael will take place in this city April 23. Miss Slack is the daughter of Judge Charles Slack and Mrs. Slack and is a sister of Miss Edith Slack.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Prince Gustav von Schoenig of Waldenberg and Baron McKull of Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop gave a dinner Thursday evening complimentary to Miss Mercedes Crimmins.

Mrs. Edwin Whiting Newhall was hostess Thursday evening at a musicale given by the Minetti Quartet.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Blanding has issued invitations to luncheons February 25 and March 4 at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. E. Norwood gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Hattie Loring Van Bergen.

Dr. Adelaide Brown was hostess at a tea recently at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Edward Sturgis.

Miss Margaret Stewart entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Hotel Stewart.

Mrs. Horace W. Morgan was hostess Monday at a luncheon and bridge party.

Dr. Morris M. Herzstein was host at a dinner-dance Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. George L. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton entertained their friends Saturday evening at a house-warming in their new home on Commonwealth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stadtmuller.

Mrs. Francis Carolan was hostess at a reception at the Fairmont Hotel Wednesday, when her guests were entertained by a dissertation on "The Ministry of Deaconesses and the Plans and Aims of the Deaconesses' Training School." Bishop William Ford Nichols, Rev. E. L. Parsons, and Deaconess Hodgkin gave addresses.

Mrs. William Ashhurner gave a luncheon at the Sorosis Club Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Stadtmuller.

Mrs. Eghert B. Stone was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a dinner this week complimentary to Mr. Joseph D. Redding.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Captain John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicott entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a tea and informal dance on board the U. S. S. *Maryland* at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant-Commander William H. Standley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Standley entertained a number of guests at a bridge party Saturday evening in honor of Paymaster Ervin A. McMillan, U. S. N., and Mrs. McMillan, who have recently arrived at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy of Paris and their little son, Master Spencer Eddy, Jr., have arrived in New York and are at the Plaza Hotel with Mrs. Eddy's mother, Mrs. Claus August Spreckels. Mr. Spreckels left New York Tuesday for a brief visit in this city.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark has gone to Arizona to join Mr. Clark. They are expected home about March 1.

Miss Harriett Alexander has gone to Chico to spend a few weeks with Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have recently purchased a lot in Burlingame and are contemplating building a country home.

Miss Katherine Strickler left Thursday for Stag's Leap, Napa County, to spend the week-end with Miss Ysahel Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld sailed Tuesday from New York for Paris. They will tour by automobile to the Mediterranean, and cross to Africa, visiting Biskra and Tunis.

Mr. and Mrs. Herhert Fleishacker left Sunday for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has arrived from New York and is staying at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, Miss Dorothy Page, and Mr. Ralston Page will return to Belvedere next week, after having spent the winter in town.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and her daughters, the Misses Laura and Edna Hamilton, are established in their new home on Scott Street.

Mrs. Oscar Schulze and her daughter, Miss Olga, have returned to their ranch in Dixon after having spent the winter season in this city.

Mrs. John Meares has arrived from Seattle and will spend several weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy have rented a house in San Rafael and will leave March 1 to reside there indefinitely.

Rev. Edward Morgan is contemplating spending the summer in England.

Miss Kate Brigham and Miss Kate Donohoe have recently been visiting Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff in Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will spend a part of the summer in Montecito in the home of the late Mrs. William Kohl.

Hon. Charles Page Bryan has been spending the past week in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Hannah Hohart is also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen Keyes are here from Salt Lake City, and are established at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy and Miss Amy Brewer left last week for Chicago after having spent the winter in San Mateo.

Attorney-General Wickersham, Mrs. Wickersham, Miss Frances Noyes, Miss Martha Bowers, and Mr. Frederick Moore of New York will spend several days in this city before sailing March 15 for the Orient.

Mrs. George Kelham of New York is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Jr., at their home on Pierce and California Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dimond have returned from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison have returned to San Rafael after a visit in town with Mr. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman and a party of friends spent last week in the Yosemite Park.

Monsieur and Madame François de Tessan will sail March 1 for the Orient. Mme. de Tessan is a sister of Mr. Paul Verdier of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armshy and their children sailed last week for Europe.

Mr. James Ellis Tucker has gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. James Alexander Black has returned from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Wehster Jones of San Rafael are spending a few weeks in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hendricks have gone to Panama.

Miss Eliza McMullin will leave next month for England, where she will join her brother, Mr. John McMullin, who is residing in Sussex.

Mrs. Gilhert Brooke Perkins left Tuesday for her home in Washington, D. C., after an extended visit with her mother, Mrs. M. A. Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood will sail today from New York for Naples.

Miss Ella Smith has returned from Monterey, where she was the guest of Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Mrs. Dwight E. Holley, wife of Major Holley, U. S. A., has come from the Presidio, Monterey, for a visit in this city. She is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Wainwright, wife of Lieutenant Wainwright, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Schlesinger have returned after a three months' stay in the East.

Colonel Frank P. Denny and Mrs. Denny left Monday for Washington, D. C., where they will reside.

Lieutenant Francis P. Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway will return shortly to Fort Winfield Scott after a visit with relatives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Captain J. E. Morris, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morris have returned from their wedding trip and are established at the Presidio.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), and his daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempff, have gone to Riverside for an indefinite visit.

◆

Monte Carlo will again precede Paris in producing what promises to be an interesting operatic novelty—Charpentier's "Julien." Julien is the name of the hero of the same composer's "Louise," to which the new opera is a sequel. Charpentier has been elected to the Académie des Beaux Arts to fill the place left vacant by the death of Massenet.

◆

The home in Newport of Rear-Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winslow has been brightened by the advent of a son.

◆

Miss Carol McComas, one of the leading people in support of Donald Brian in "The Siren," is a daughter of Judge McComas and a California girl.

The Riviera of the Golden West.

From a new work, just from the press, these lines are quoted, with hearty endorsement:

"There is a popular misimpression about the Golden West. People have supposed the name referred to the gold days of '49. That isn't so. The title points like a signboard finger to the golden days of today—most of all to the golden days of the California winter. From November to May the Golden West is a golden land. It is golden with sunshine. It is golden with buttercups and poppies. It is golden in the life-giving properties of its atmosphere. It is golden in the comforts and joys it confers impartially upon every mortal who comes to stand at the fount of its golden out-of-doors. The Riviera of the Golden West centres at the Golden Gate. It is here that winter days become a very wine of existence."

Rufus Steele is the author of the paragraph taken from the book, and his introduction to the definite information that follows is an eloquent appreciation of a region that is not half as well known, even by its residents, as it should be. Eastern readers welcome any description of actual California scenes and conditions; Californians accept the unique attractions about them as a matter of course. The region about San Francisco, and that to the northward and eastward has never been fully and truthfully described. This little book, "The Riviera of the Golden West," is a praiseworthy effort in this line, and an index and practical guide to hundreds of interesting, not to say alluring points. It gives pages to the cities, the surrounding country, the valleys, mountains, rivers, the railroad, trolley line, and automobile routes to fields of natural beauty and wealth, with practical details expressed in briefest terms. There has been printed no better cyclopædia of direction to the manifold attractions of Central and Northern California.

The work is issued by the passenger department of the Western Pacific Railway, but it is by no means restricted in its views to points upon the lines of the "Feather River Route." It may be obtained on application by mail to the offices of the road, Mills Building, San Francisco, or from any ticket agent of the company. To the tourist from abroad, and no less to the resident, it offers an invaluable fund of easily assimilated information.

◆

Mrs. Anne Warner French, who died a few days ago at her home in the south of England, was one of the best known of American woman writers of popular fiction and was successful as well with occasional essays and travel sketches. Perhaps her best-known novel was the humorous story, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which was popular for several seasons in a stage version in which May Rohson played the title-part. Other characteristic titles of Mrs. French's works are "A Woman's Will," written in 1904; "Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop" (1904), "Seeing France with Uncle John" (1907), "An Original Gentleman" (1908), "Your Child and Mine" (1909), "Woman Proposes" (1911). Mrs. French was best known to the public by her maiden name of Anne Warner. She was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, October 14, 1869, daughter of William P. and Anne Elizabeth (Richmond) Warner. She married Mr. French at St. Paul in 1888.

◆

The indefatigable Greenhaum now announces that by pledging a large sum as a guaranty he has been enabled to secure a contract for the appearance here of the splendid artist and beautiful woman, Lina Cavalieri, assisted by Lucien Muratore, leading tenor of the Paris Grand Opera, and the handsomest man on the stage. Both are said to be singers of quite exceptional charm, and it is predicted that their joint tour will be the most sensational managerial coup ever arranged in this country. Either artist alone is worth fifteen hundred dollars a performance to any opera company.

◆

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, who has been placed at the head of the list of American essayists by more than one critical authority, is minister of the First Parish Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Dr. Crothers has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* many essays on important topics of general interest, and his genial philosophy has made friends for him as well as admirers everywhere.

◆

The home in Annapolis of Lieutenant David Le Breton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Le Breton (formerly Miss Pauline Persons) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nickerson Woods has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Woods was formerly Miss Frances Newhall.

◆

The next of the great pianists to visit us will be Josef Lhevinne, who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, March 23.

◆

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Fraternities in Women's Colleges.

The good and evil of "Fraternities in Women's Colleges" are discussed by several college presidents and deans in the February *Century*, their opinions forming a supplement to two recent articles on this subject, written for the *Century* by Miss Edith Rickert. The fraternities find an earnest defender in Mrs. John Howard McElroy, chairman of the Pan-Hellenic Congress, and national president of the Alpha Phi fraternity.

"College is an artificial life," says Mrs. McElroy, "and the college girl, separated from her family and kindred, needs sympathy, criticism, and inspiration. Joining a congenial group often brings about her best development, as she in turn must show herself unselfish and ready to share mutual responsibilities. If the college fraternities were rooted up, a premium might be placed on mediocrity, as cliques are natural, and local societies would result; and these groups, uninspired by the traditions of the fraternities, would lack the wholesome rivalry and the diversified point of view of the national organization."

M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, takes the opposite view, saying: "I deplore the unlovely spectacle of the scramble for election to the most popular secret societies that goes on in the fraternity and sorority colleges today. No imagined, or real, good can possibly compensate for this prostitution of the ideals of youth. However deeply it may be covered over by the fine words and even by the fine deeds of certain fraternities, there is at the root of all elective students' societies this fatal idea of difference from one's fellows."

◆

A movement has been started in England for the erection at Box Hill of a memorial to the late George Meredith. It is to take the form of an artistic obelisk, a fountain or medallion bust.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

A resolution of intention to construct a tunnel on Fillmore Street, from Sutter to Filbert, will be presented to the board of supervisors Monday, with recommendation for passage, by the land and tunnels committee. The tunnel, according to the resolution, will consist of two bores, one for railroads and the other for vehicular traffic and for pedestrians. It is estimated that it will take fourteen months to construct the tunnel, working at both ends. The cost, it is estimated, will be approximately $2,500,000. The bore will be so constructed that the surface street will be maintained.

Mayor Rolph's recommendation to the police commission that all patrolmen and other policemen be given one day off in seven will not be enforced until after the next budget goes into effect, July 1 next.

M. H. Robbins, Jr., formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce, has been presented with a massive punch bowl by his associates on the board of directors of 1912. The gift was a token of the appreciation of the board for Mr. Robbins's efforts during that year to make the chamber the most thoroughly representative body on the coast.

Frederick S. Stratton has made definite announcement of his assurance that his nomination as collector of customs for the port of San Francisco to succeed himself would not be confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Stratton also said that he had decided to give his entire attention to the practice of law after his successor had been appointed. Mr. Stratton has served three consecutive terms, or twelve years, as collector of customs, having first been appointed by McKinley and twice appointed by Roosevelt.

Opposition to the suit of Mrs. Fannie M. Robinson to collect $17,000 back alimony, claimed under a decree of maintenance from Crittenden Robinson, signed in 1888, has been filed in the superior court by H. M. Alberry and Barclay Henley, executors of the last will of Robinson, the world's champion wing shot. Robinson died here on his return from Paris a year and a half ago. The executors deny that Mrs. Robinson secured a decree of maintenance from her husband in 1888, at the time his petition for divorce from her was denied. Mrs. Robinson claims to be the widow of the decedent. The same claim is made by Mrs. Minnie Robinson, whom Robinson married after he obtained an Oregon divorce, which wife No. 1 declares was fraudulent and is suing to have set aside.

Isador M. Golden, attorney, has been elected grand president of District Grand Lodge No. 4, Order B'nai B'rith. The district grand lodge, over which he will preside for the coming year, comprises all of the lodges in California, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Montana, and Utah.

Frederick J. Koster, chairman of the Exposition Legion, and J. J. Fagan, vice-president of the Crocker National Bank, and also a member of the Exposition Legion, left on Tuesday as a special embassy to Olympia, Washington, and Salem, Oregon, to further the participation of those states in the 1915 fair.

A committee of which Raphael Weill is chairman has asked the supervisors to set aside space in the Civic Centre for the monument to the memory of Dennis T. Sullivan, former chief, who lost his life on the morning of the fire in 1906. The committee states that nearly $17,000 has been raised by popular subscription for the purpose and that a monument will be constructed which, from an artistic point of view, will be in keeping with the surroundings.

That San Francisco, from a moral standpoint, compares favorably with any of the large cities, was the contention made by the Rev. Frederick W. Clampett in an address Sunday night at Trinity Episcopal Church. Rector Clampett upheld San Francisco as a city in which wickedness must be sought in a definite place, and decried the instigators of periodical and spasmodic reforms as bringing upon the city a moral stigma which it does not deserve.

The river steamers *H. J. Corcoran* and *Seminole* came into collision last Friday morning off Angel Island in a dense fog, and both vessels were wrecked. One life was lost, but eighty passengers were rescued. The *Corcoran* with its freight is nearly a total loss. The *Seminole* may be repaired.

Jail sentences for reckless chauffeurs instead of fines is the written recommendation of the police committee of the supervisors to the police judges and police department. Flagrant instances were brought to the attention of the committee.

Two sanitary drinking fountains have been installed in Fillmore Street by the Fillmore Street Improvement Association. They were especially designed, and are made of bronze metal, five and one-half feet high and eighteen and one-half inches octagonal, and cost $500 each. One is at Fillmore and Sutter, and one at Fillmore and McAllister. Four more are to be placed, one at Fillmore and California Streets, and the others probably at Fillmore and Geary, Fillmore and Ellis, and Fillmore and Turk Streets.

Twenty vessels, three of which are for foreign ports, cleared from San Francisco Saturday. All passed through the Golden Gate with heavy cargoes and large passenger lists. The arrivals numbered fourteen vessels, including three from foreign ports heavily laden with general cargo.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Crane at the Columbia Theatre.

W. H. Crane will present "The Senator Keeps House" at the Columbia Theatre one week only, beginning Monday night, February 24, with matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

The piece had a run of four months' duration at the Garrick Theatre, New York City, last season, when originally produced there by the star. Joseph Brooks will present Mr. Crane here in this current hit, which was written by Martha Morton for his usage. It tells an interesting story of domestic life in the national capital, and once more Mr. Crane is seen in the congenial rôle of a United States senator. His portrait of Senator Larkin is said to be one of the happiest characterizations he has yet given the American stage. It will be given here exactly as seen in New York City and Mr. Crane will have the support of his original company, including Mabel Burt, Lorraine Frost, Marion Kerby, Zeffie Tilbury, Harry Harwood, Jack Devereaux, Charles Riegal, and Bud Woodthorpe.

Second Week of "Bunty" at the Cort Theatre.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" disclosed its whimsical self at the Cort Theatre last Monday and brought with it a message of cheer and charm. Graham Moffat's famous Scotch comedy had been much heralded. Considerable was expected of the play that had held the interest of London's theatre-goers for over two years and set Gotham by the ears for a couple of seasons.

In every way the play met its advance reputation. It radiates wholesomeness. It solves no problems. Its sole province is to provide entertainment. And it is successful every inch of the way. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will hold the boards at the Cort all of next week.

Owing to the fact that no Sunday performances of "Bunty" are given, it has been arranged to give a matinée and evening exhibition of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt this Sunday, February 23. It will be remembered what a success these marvelous motion pictures scored last season at the Cort. An illuminative lecture will be given and popular prices will prevail.

"Bunty" will be followed at the Cort Theatre on Sunday night, March 2, by "Little Miss Brown," the latest and most successful farce from the pen of Philip H. Bartholomae, It has proved a laughing success.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum offers an entirely new bill for next week. The headline honors will be shared by Minnie Dupree and the B. A. Rolfe production of "Puss in Boots."

Miss Minnie Dupree, a capital actress, will present a one-act play by Alfred Sutro called "The Man in Front." She will be well remembered in her charming delineation in "The Road to Yesterday," and Mr. Sutro as the author of so many successful comedies, among them "The Walls of Jericho."

"Puss in Boots," an elaborate fantastic production, is the most pretentious and successful of B. A. Rolfe's efforts. It is an Americanized English pantomime and extravaganza, in which four sets of beautiful scenery are used. Mr. Rolfe's music is the best he has written and the American book, which is the work of Frank Kennedy, is remarkable for its wit and satire. Twenty-five musical comedy artists headed by Will J. Kennedy complete the cast. David Abrahams, the international animal impersonator, has been secured for the rôle of Puss, and no effort or expense has been spared to insure a perfect ensemble.

A musical mechanical novelty entitled "Volant, the Flying Piano," will be introduced for the first time here. A piano floats in the air with a pretty girl standing on it and singing to the accompaniment of Volant.

James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan will appear in a twenty-minute musical skit which they call "Niftynonsense." Miss Brennan, a clever ingénue who knows how to sing and dance, has distinguished herself in several musical comedies. Mr. Diamond is one of the best comedians in vaudeville.

Edwards, Ryan, and Tierney, three popular and pleasing entertainers who excel as singers of Irish, French, Italian, and ragtime numbers, and are also realistic character impersonators, will be included in the novelties.

The Five Juggling Mowatts will exhibit their prowess in the manipulation of Indian clubs.

A remarkable exhibition of animal training will be given by Professor Jack Apdale and his company of four-legged actors. Bears, dogs, monkeys, and ant-eaters perform a series of extraordinary feats. There is also a diverting clown.

John and Winnie Hennings, "the Kill Kare Kouple," and an interesting series of motion pictures will complete one of the best bills ever presented in vaudeville.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Back from a remarkably successful tour of the Pantages circuit comes Nell Schmidt, the "Alameda Mermaid," who is featured on the new bill opening at the local Pantages on Sunday. Miss Schmidt will give her wonderful exhibition of fancy diving from a high platform into a huge tank. Vivian Marshall, said to be the world's only fire diver, is acting in conjunction with Miss Schmidt, and adds greatly to the interest of the act.

Another one of Walter Montague's gripping playlets will be the added feature on the bill. It is a story of prison life in San Quentin, entitled "Convict 2634 and the Warden," and tells of the imprisonment for life of an innocent man. Carl Stockdale, a well-known stock actor, takes the leading rôle in Montague's sketch.

The Four Soles Brothers are masters of the tuneful marimbaphone, which resembles an immense xylophone arrangement built of bamboo sticks.

Tom Kelly, the Irish Minstrel, one of the best baritones in vaudeville and the greatest favorite that has played San Francisco, is one of the features of the bill. Kelly has new songs and a budget of fresh yarns.

A unique ventriloquial act is presented by Dave Rafael and company, who calls his offering "Fun in a Barnyard." La Toska is a talkative juggler, who chatters nonsense while tossing all sorts of articles. The Valerie Sisters are a couple of stunning show girls who have an excellent singing offering. Two reels of comedy motion pictures round out the bill.

Those who saw the motion pictures of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt last season at the Cort Theatre need not to be told of their wonderful nature. Through the fact that "Bunty Pulls the Strings" does not give Sunday performances the Rainey Pictures have been secured for the matinée and evening of Sunday, February 23, the middle Sunday of the "Bunty" engagement. The pictures have a great scientific and educational value, apart from their entertaining powers, and have been endorsed by the Smithsonian Institution and the American Geographic Society.

The closing performance of "Gypsy Love" at the Columbia Theatre will take place this Sunday night. The Franz Lehar musical work has been as succesful in San Francisco as any offering of its kind sent West in several seasons. Phyllis Partington and Arthur Albro in the leading rôles have won personal triumphs.

New York opera-goers furnished a small audience for the first production of "Conchita," and by its constrained applause showed its uncertainty of judgment on Zandonai's music. Tarquinia Tarquini, who sang the name-part, was recognized with faint praise. The enthusiasm of London, San Francisco, and Chicago have nothing to do with musical appreciation in the American metropolis.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has your husband a steady income?" "No; his friends bring him home every night."—*Town Topics.*

"Did you ever dress a chicken?" "No, my girls are all boys. But I understand it costs a heap of money."—*Houston Post.*

"Oh, Mr. Millegrew, we do enjoy your sermons so. We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish."—*Snark's Annual.*

Teacher—And now who can tell me why we should always be neat and clean? *Little Lizzie*—In case of accident.—*The Continent.*

"You can't get into that set." "Why not?" "They're too exclusive." "Well, they've gotta have somebody to snub."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"So you got the opinions of two lawyers on the case. Were their opinions the same?" "Yes, twenty-five dollars each."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Tim—Did ye get anything for your vote? *Bill*—A suffraget gimme a kiss, and me wife see her do it and gimme a black eye.—*Springfield Republican.*

"Why do you allow yourself to be seen with persons of doubtful reputation?" "Why shouldn't I? I aint a candidate for anything."—*Chicago Journal.*

"Brown's a lucky dog." "What's he been doing now?" "You know that $1000 he inherited a year ago?" "Yes." "Well, he still has it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Knicker—This frock is a creation. *Knicker*—Does that mean it was made in six days, or that it will take me several hundred million years to pay for it?—*Puck.*

"What sort of a bridge expert is Wombat?" "He's what we call an Ibsen expert." "An Ibsen expert?" "Yes; he makes some mighty queer plays."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Did you tell her when you proposed to her that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a hit with them." "I was going to, but she told it to me first."—*Houston Post.*

"According to the latest bulletin, New York's striking waiters will abolish tips if their employers pay them enough." "About how much is enough?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"My friends," declaimed an orator during the convention—"My friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abscess!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror." "It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything."—*Baltimore American.*

"I suppose you tried to save every penny when you started in business?" "I did more than that," replied Mr. Cassius Chex, "I rescued a lot that other people were squandering."—*Washington Star.*

She—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-bred man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle? *He*—I did, and if you want my candid opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"What did Miss Peacher say when Cholly Chumply told her he would like to make himself solid?" "She replied that so far as his head was concerned he would have nothing to do."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"You say your husband contributes nothing to your support," said the lawyer. "No, suh, nary a cent. That niggah jest nachaily won't work. An' he's got plenty of debility, too, if he could only use it."—*Judge.*

"You seem inclined to encourage your wife to be a suffragette." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "if I can thoroughly convince her that I desire her to march and make speeches, maybe she'll get resentful and refuse to do so."—*Washington Star.*

"Is this a high or low church?" some one asked the sexton of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, once. He seemed a little puzzled by the question, so the visitor said, "Have you candles on the altar?" "Oh, no, ma'am," he answered, "the church is lighted by electricity!"—*The Living Church.*

"I've found the key to success at last," said the Poet, as he bought a twenty-five-cent cigar. "I had it given out in the papers that I used to be Convict No. 78,654, and was pardoned out because the governor liked one of my poems. Since that time my books have been among the six best sellers."—*Puck.*

"Which would you rather have—a cow of your own, or a reliable city milkman?" "That depends." "Depends on what?" "A lot of things. There are two differences between a cow and a milkman, and one difference is in favor of the former and one in favor of the latter." "Explain." "1—A cow gives pure milk. 2—A cow doesn't give credit."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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The Commission Calls a Halt.

The scheme of "unscrambling" sought to be applied to the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads has been brought to a sudden halt by refusal on the part of the California State Railroad Commission to approve the arrangement proposed with respect to the properties in California. Under the plan as arranged in New York by the railroad authorities with the approval of Attorney-General Wickersham, the line between Sacramento and San Francisco was to belong part to the Union Pacific and part to the Southern Pacific, but be operated as a unified line upon terms of common-user by both companies under a mutually accepted financial arrangement. Likewise certain "industry tracks" at the San Francisco terminal and elsewhere were to be used in common. To this scheme, planned as an exclusive arrangement, the state commission interposes a positive veto. It holds that a privilege of common-user granted by the owner of railroad tracks to one competitor must be granted upon equal terms to any other competitor. There are several other points of importance in the judgment handed down by the state commission, but it is this that has broken the back of the plan of unmerging as devised in New York. The railroad authorities now declare the whole thing off, and the reason is not far to seek. For under the ruling of the state commission the Western Pacific or any other railroad would have the right to join in the common-user of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific tracks between Sacramento and San Francisco Bay, including the industrial tracks and the ferry service between Oakland and San Francisco.

The reason why the ruling of the commission upsets the whole unscrambling project is plain. The arrangement was designed to give the Union Pacific certain advantages attaching to the Southern Pacific collecting and distributing system. Without the privileges of common-user arranged for in the unscrambling scheme the Union Pacific's purpose in buying the line between Ogden and Sacramento would be thwarted, since it would be left without distributing and feeding connections. The terms arranged between the directors of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific companies were based essentially upon the consideration of common-user.

With all due sympathy for those who have had to deal with a difficult problem we can but feel a positive satisfaction in the action of the State Railroad Commission in respect to the fact that it throws the whole unmerging project into the air. For as the *Argonaut* has hitherto pointed out there was no reason for it. The system of tracks in California with their eastward connections at Ogden on the one hand and at New Orleans on the other was built up as a single system and upon a logical plan. It was designed by Californians to serve California. To break this system up into separate fragments could only have the effect of disturbing an established and satisfactory service, of multiplying administrative organizations, and of increasing the cost of transportation—since ultimately the consumer pays all the bills. It was not possible that the severance of this system into separate systems could in any way serve the interest of the public; indeed there were obvious ways, in addition to that of increased cost, in which it must work against public convenience. It was, in brief, a project suggested without rhyme or reason, growing out of the vanity and the meddling of the Attorney-General, rather than a product of any rational business purpose.

We can only wonder how it could be imagined by a group of railroad owners in New York that they might arbitrarily juggle up and parcel out the railroad system of California while there exist here the powers not only of protest, but of restraint. Here is a system which has been developing for fifty years under a definite purpose of unity. It was obvious, even to the non-professional eye, that any tearing apart of this system must result in mutilation and insufficiency—that it would work grievous hardships of inconvenience and increased cost for transportation upon the people of California. Yet it seems to have been assumed by the New York negotiators and by the Attorney-General that this system could be broken up without protest or hindrance on the part of the state authorities.

Viewing the matter by and large, the *Argonaut* believes that the state commission in vetoing so much of this unscrambling project as relates to the properties in California has done a mighty good thing. That it has displeased the New York negotiators and the Attorney-General at Washington is obvious. But they will no doubt be consoled for any criticism from these sources by the fact that they have the approval of the California public. This, we believe, will be unanimously accorded their ruling.

The incident has not been without its humors, chief among them being the attitude of paternal guardianship not only exercised but declared in words by the chairman of the state commission for the interests of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Here, indeed, is a contribution to the gayeties of life from an unexpected source. Let us profoundly hope that this new-found sympathy and consideration may not lead to a repetition of abuses and scandals now happily forgot.

William Howard Taft.

In a notable passage with reference to Shan O'Neil, a famous Irish partisan chief, James Anthony Froude remarks that to be eminently successful in public life a man must be an embodiment of the time in which his energies are engaged. He must feel the passions, he must share the enthusiasms, he must in himself be subject to the temperamental weaknesses and the moral limitations of those for whom and with whom he acts. If in reference to the principle herein presented we consider the career of Mr. Taft in the presidential office we may come to an understanding of why in a sense he has failed, and why in an infinitely larger sense he has done mighty service for his country. Mr. Taft brought to the presidency very exceptional qualities of intelligence and experience, and his patriotism goes without saying. He brought, too, a knowledge of and respect for the principles and traditions upon which our system was founded and under which it has developed. In personal temperament and habit he was the very antithesis of the spirit which is charmed by novelty, is heedless of consequences, and is none too scrupulous in respect of obligations. There was in the man no vice of demagogy, no fire of merely personal ambition, no innate love of smashing things for the sake of dramatic effect.

If Mr. Taft had come upon normal times his success would have been absolute. His intelligence and experience would have met all difficulties with natural and honest solutions. His charm of temperament and grace of manner would have commanded public admiration. His caution and obvious sense of responsibility would have borne the stamp of elevated statesmanship. But unhappily for his personal fortunes Mr. Taft came into the presidency at a time when the public mind was in the wildest of wild moods. There had developed in the life of the country certain selfish, oppressive, and arrogant influences which needed to be checked. A specious demagogue in the presidency, instead of meeting the situation in temperate yet firm spirit, had seen in it opportunity to commend himself to the well-meaning but none-too-heedful multitude, and he employed the closing days of his authority to inflame the public passions. Thus there came to Mr. Taft at the very beginning a situation positively out of tune with his own nature and tendencies. There were in him indeed the spirit and the force with the powers of restraint needed by an excited country for its political and moral health. The situation demanded from him not that he go with the popular mind in its wild mood, but that he array against this extravagance and madness the authority of his office plus the powers of his mind. When Mr. Taft entered the White House it was foredoomed that his fate should be not to arouse and rally public sentiment as its leader, but to stand firmly against its more passionate demands under his oath as President and in his character of unquestioned patriot.

Still Mr. Taft would have had a successful career in the presidency if there had been given to him the support which personal and public friendships ought to have assured him. It is true that he was guilty of some grievous blunders. He made the mistake of assuming and of correcting without exposure an extravagance almost amounting to anarchy in the internal affairs of the government bequeathed to him by his predecessor. He made the mistake of trying to work largely with the personal organization of this same predecessor. He made some pardonable mistakes in his judgment of men and, let it be admitted, some unpardonable mistakes of consideration for unworthy men and of expressions meant in one spirit but interpretable in another. But withal Mr. Taft would have carried himself with reasonable public approval—successfully in other words—if there had not been turned against him, first in secret intrigue and then in open obstruction, the malice of ex-President Roosevelt. It is not necessary at this time to retell a thrice-told tale. The public knows now with what ingenious wickedness—and for what unmanly purpose—Mr. Roosevelt set himself with all the influences then associated with his name to break down the position of Mr. Taft, and how finally he sacrificed to this base use the resources of his own fame. It is both a wicked and a shameful story—a story which future generations will read with open wonder that such turpitude could even for a brief hour serve the ends of public deception.

He who essays the rôle of opposition to a popular mood—even to popular folly—has a trying part. Small defects which would pass unnoticed in one running with the current become in the very nature of things unduly emphasized. Thus the flaws in Mr. Taft's character as an administrator, under embittered criticism were magnified into grievous faults. His merits were minimized, his defects were exaggerated. His mistakes of judgment, his consideration for persons accused but not condemned, his habits of judicial delay, his universal kindliness, his loyalty to friends falsely charged—these qualities, which would have won approval and respect in normal times, were made the subjects of unmeasured censure. A weak man would have yielded, would have sought popularity by facing about and rowing with the tide. But Mr. Taft, although a kindly and even a complacent man, is no weak man. As he saw his duty he did it, even though it should cost him, as the end indeed proved, the enmity of some persons highly placed who sought to control him and of a multitude passionately eager for a dubious progress. Of course the thoughtful and the sane, the soberly wise and soberly patriotic, saw in the man merits overwhelmingly superior to his defects. But the heedless multitude, impassioned by demagogic agitation and at the last stimulated to a kind of frenzy by a melodramatic and morally pretentious leadership, connived at his undoing. Mr. Taft was beaten, not on the score of his faults and weaknesses, but in resentment of his strength and his virtues. Although only four months have passed it is already evident that Mr. Taft did the country a great service in holding the movement for "progress" to a reasonably moderate course. It is seen by those who have the judgment to estimate realities as distinct from mere outward appearances that even in defeat he achieved a great moral triumph. And we venture the prediction that time will do for him what it has done for President Cleveland. Time, which exhibits the acts and characters of men in true perspective, will present Mr. Taft in the character of one who would rather serve his country than promote himself. It is not too much to say, we think, that history will justify him as a President whose patriotism and fortitude in a great crisis saved the country from falling through passion and folly into disaster.

Mr. Taft is still relatively young—in his fifty-sixth year. He has still before him many years of vitality and energy. Many opportunities have presented themselves to him, some of them very tempting to a man without fortune and under heavy domestic responsibilities. He has rejected every invitation appealing in the name of mere selfishness. He will not carry his fame as an ex-President into the money markets or even to the service of professionalism. He will become a teacher in the great school in which his own powers were trained, and thus seek to bestow upon the youth of the land lessons of wisdom which have come to him through a life of labor and a career of singular exaltation. But in thus choosing a career apart from the more strenuous activities of life Mr. Taft will not stifle his propensities for public service. He has stated the case for himself. As I conceive the situation in our country today, he has said in effect, our greatest need is an organized movement in support of our fundamental law—the constitution of the United States. Thus seeing a great need Mr. Taft will give himself to answering it in so far as his efforts either in direction or coöperation may serve. Whatever opportunities of counsel, of exposition, of defense as related to the integrity of the constitution of the United States may come his way will command his service freely and fully. It is truly a noble dedication of large powers and of established fame.

Mr. Taft has made no announcement as to his more intimate plans of life, but they are obvious. The employment he has accepted and the associations he has chosen imply a quiet and moderate mode of living. In his retirement he will give to the country an example of fame and dignity sustained under conditions of domestic simplicity, aside from the public eye yet not wholly removed from public responsibilities. It is hardly necessary to say that the highest measure of public and private respect will be with him in his new career. Already there are abundant evidences that his position is to be that of our first unofficial citizen. This position Mr. Taft has honorably earned by his public service, by his character. And perhaps the highest quality in his service and in his character has rested upon his putting aside of personal ambitions, his fortitude in the presidency illustrated by his resistance to popular emotionalism, his insistence in maintaining the standards and traditions of our system in their spirit and in their integrity.

The Strong Hand in Mexico.

Events in Mexico have been moving rapidly. Only a week ago—we write on Wednesday—the issue of the battle of Mexico City was in doubt, with President Madero obviously weak but obstinately resistant and with Felix Diaz aggressive and anticipating victory. Since that time tragedy has succeeded tragedy. The Madero government has fallen, and at the dictation of Diaz, General Huerta, chief of the revolutionary forces, has been established in the seat of authority as provisional president. Gustav Madero has been murdered. President Madero and Vice-President Suarez have been shot to death under circumstances suggestive at least of complicity on the part of the *de facto* government. At Sauz, near Juarez, ninety-five soldiers of the Maderoist army who refused to acknowledge allegiance to the revolutionary authorities have been shot down in cold blood, not in battle, but singly and as "traitors." Later there comes a report that Emilio Madero, another brother of the late president, has been killed near Laredo.

Whatever else may be the demonstration of these incidents they enforce the conviction that there is in the ascendant in Mexico a strong albeit a bloody hand. Manifestly Felix Diaz is a man with the hardihood to strike and to strike hard. He may be and probably is a tyrant and a murderer, but he certainly is not lacking in the kind of force which achieves results under semi-barbarous conditions. He exhibits some at least of the qualities which established his uncle, Porfirio Diaz, as the dictator of Mexico and sustained him in that character for four decades. He has, indeed, horrified the civilized world, but he appears to be in the way of demanding at home that kind of respect which a people like the Mexicans unfailingly yield to the mailed hand. Whether or not he has the other qualities essential for the pacification and orderly administration of the country it remains for time to tell.

On the face of current reports the immediate dominating authority in the revolutionary party is with Provisional President Huerta. The atrocities which have marked the week have nominally been done under his authority and in his name. Yet it is probable that Huerta is but a shield and a mask for Diaz, who, according to the announced programme, is to be a candidate for the presidency in an election to be ordered by the Mexican congress. The explanation is that in the character of private citizen Diaz will be more advantageously placed as a candidate, and the presumption is that he will have the absolute coöperation of the Huerta government. Indeed it is a practical assurance that the putting of Huerta into the provisional presidency is merely a diplomatic play designed to save the face of the real master of the situation.

The slaughterings of the week have unquestionably been calculated to solidify the authority of the revolutionists by establishing a reign of terror. It was necessary for the success of Diaz in the coming election that there should be no serious opposition to him—that nobody should venture seriously to support any other candidate. Other candidacies indeed have anounced themselves, but it is suspected that their only effect will be to give an atmosphere of verisimilitude to the situation and therefore to relieve the victory of Diaz when it shall come of the appearance of a forced result. Regarded from the standpoint of this theory, the conduct of Diaz has been most adroit. In the triumphal march of his forces in Mexico City after the fall of Madero, Diaz rather ostentatiously appeared in the character of a private citizen, in civilian clothes and under nominal subordination to Huerta, the commandant of the revolutionary forces. However responsible in reality he may be for the killing of the Maderos, of Suarez, and of the "rebellious" soldiers at Sauz, the record stands not against him, but against Huerta. He will therefore be able to enter a formal plea of non-complicity in these atrocities, and so present himself before the world as the ruler of Mexico, nominally if not actually unstained by the crimes through which his elevation was brought about.

Although the star of Diaz appears clearly in the ascendant, his complete success is not yet an assurance. There are still active elements of resistance in various parts of the country with ambitious leaders eager to play towards Diaz himself the part successfully played by him towards Madero. How numerous or how resourceful the dissatisfied and resisting forces may be is yet to be demonstrated. But it goes without saying that among a people like the Mexicans the evidences of hardihood and force exhibited in the events of the week will tend mightily to discourage disaffected and rebellious tendencies.

It is notable that both in this country and in Europe the killing of Madero and of Suarez appears to be regarded as evidence of a state of anarchy in Mexico. The true significance of these incidents, we think, is quite the other way. The indication, as we see it, is that there has developed a force competent by its rough-handed hardihood to establish order through the agency of terror. Mexico, we think, for all the horrors of the time, is nearer a solution of her problems than at any time since the triumph of Madero over Porfirio Diaz. The settlement, if it may be so called, is not just what would be called pacification in a civilized country. But it is to be remembered that Mexico is not a civilized country and that peace and order, if they are to come at all, must come, not through agencies which command respect among civilized men, but rather through agencies which awe rebellious resistance and cower barbarous passions. To cherish anything like active sympathy with those who play this rough game is quite out of the question; none the less they are not without a positive value as related to the peace and security of Mexico. It may be recalled that months ago it was declared in these columns that the need of Mexico above all else was for a rough hand, and there are indications that it has been found in Felix Diaz. If having mastered a hard situation by the only means possible, Diaz shall now proceed under the inspirations and standards associated with his name, he will probably be able to be of real service to his country. He owes his opportunity to the circumstance that President Madero, when a few weeks ago he had him (Diaz) in his power, did not play the game with the hardihood with which the cards have been handled during the past week.

On the whole it is to be hoped that Diaz will succeed, since another failure would bring about a situation in which the United States would have to take hand in the work of pacification. Circumstances, chief among them the fact that the Taft administration is in its closing days, have thus far helped us to stand aloof. But this policy can not much longer be pursued unless Mexico shall find a way to pacify herself. Humanity, our own interest, and the expectations of the world will not permit us to sit by much longer while anarchy runs a wild and murderous course so near at hand. Nobody in the United States wants that we should have any part in the affairs of Mexico and the hope—cherished almost against hope—is that Mexico will find a way to avoid chaos and to sustain her responsibilities without interference on our part.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Recall.

The Lincoln Day speech delivered by Mr. Roosevelt registered his final adhesion to the recall of judges. There was a time, not so long ago, when Mr. Roosevelt scouted the whole idea as a piece of demagoguery. Then he discovered—over night—that it would be a good thing for California. His third step was to advocate the recall of judicial decisions, but not of judges. And now he decides that judges should be appointed or elected for life, "but subject on petition to recall by popular vote every two years." Thus we see that some mental agility is needed to keep pace with the progressive idea.

Mr. Roosevelt's change of front was caused by the decision of the Idaho judges that had the effect of erasing his name from the ballot papers. He told his audience on Lincoln Day that "any interference with the right of an American in any state to cast his vote and to have it counted for the President of his choice is an offense against the Americans of all the states." Since this very interference was exercised in California, and without protest from Mr. Roosevelt, we may assume that his conception of Americans does not include any of his own political opponents. But that his political friends should be interfered with by a judicial decision causes him at once to advocate the recall of judges with special and immediate application to Idaho judges.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Roosevelt has nothing to urge against these judges personally. Nowhere does he hint that they misinterpreted the law, that they misconducted themselves, or that they were the victims of undue influence. But none the less they should be recalled because they refused to ignore the law in deference to a popular clamor. It would be hard to find a better example of naked and unashamed anarchy that precludes discussion from its very effrontery.

The Heroism of Captain Scott.

The death of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his four companions amid the frozen desolations of the South Pole is not a proper occasion for those ecstatic eulogies that express nothing so much as our own emotionalism. Even the emasculations of civilization have never yet produced a dearth of men who are constitutionally blind to everything except their duty, and who accept death with the unconcern that belongs to the higher levels of human nature. It is enough to note with a certain stern satisfaction that Captain Scott and his men did everything that could be done by courage and endurance, and that they met the end, as brave men have always faced the inevitable, unafraid. In this there is no cause for surprise. It is fortunate for the race that we may still reserve our surprise for those who fail in their duty, not for those who perform it.

But there is one rumored phase of the story upon which it may be well to comment, since it has already been used as a criticism of Captain Scott's resolution. It may be that the complete diary of the commander will never be published and that we shall never know the exact facts, but it is said that the party might have reached safety but for the presence of one disabled man. If Captain Scott had been able to bring himself to the point of removing this fatal handicap by means of a pistol shot it might have been possible to reach the relief station that was less than twelve miles away. But the pistol shot was not fired, and so five men, instead of only one man, perished in the horrors of an Arctic blizzard.

It ought not to be necessary to defend such an act of forbearance as this, or to point out that it was in itself the finest of all possible testimonials to Captain Scott's resolution. That a man will give all that he has for his life is so patently untrue that it should never have been allowed to become axiomatic, for here we have an example—and it comes at the end of a long honor list—of what a real man will not give for his life. He will not abandon the instincts of his racial breeding. He will not surrender the traditions that are sacred among men of courage with whom the duties of comradeship and of responsibility are inviolable. He will not give up the sense of obligation, of duty, that is the crown and the glory of human evolution. It is only small men that will give all that they have for their lives. Large men have a different standard of values. When Napoleon poisoned his wounded rather than stay and defend them or leave them alive to the Arabs he incurred the execration of humanity. No conceivable plea of necessity could palliate that crime. It was condemned without a hearing because it was indefensible. If such a deed is forbidden even by the code of war how much more is it forbidden to a peaceful expedition intended to add to the knowledge rather than to the miseries of men.

The spirit of achievement has been an invaluable factor in human advance, but there comes a point where it must give way to something higher. Indeed we may doubt if the spirit of achievement, as such, is more than a glorified survival of animal instincts which allow nothing to stand in their way. The wolf pack instantly sacrifices its weaker members to the common good. Everywhere in animal life we find that disability is synonymous with death. So long as man has to do battle with nature, herself "red in tooth and claw," he will sometimes find that the glory of achievement will stand him in good stead and that the foresight of victory will be half the battle. But let him see to it that the relics of his animal and savage ancestry are kept in leash by that intangible something called soul that has been added to them and that should control them and limit their power. Without that control the spirit of achievement becomes brutality. And brutality, ruthlessness, is too high a price to pay for achievement, even though achievement means life instead of death. In ordinary parlance the game is not worth the candle, at least it is not so considered by real men.

As has already been said we may never know the facts of this matter. But if the facts are as they are believed to be, Captain Scott will take his place in the pantheon of brave men, not because he reached the South Pole, not because he suffered uncomplainingly all those privations at which others can only guess, but because he refused to save his life unworthily, because he was willing to die, but not to tarnish those traditions of duty and of comradeship that make human associations a possibility.

Our New Laws.

The adjournment of the legislature has given the public an opportunity to peruse the nearly nineteen thousand pages of print containing the new laws that it is proposed to saddle upon a long-suffering community. No doubt the public is at work in earnest upon its task. If it reads about six hundred pages a day during the month of legislative adjournment it will be posted and primed for the resumption of activities at Sacramento.

But the matter is hardly one for jest. That centuries of struggle for democratic institutions should find their culmination in such a welter and stew of imbecilities as this may well cause some searchings of heart on the part of the judicious. Evidently we are farther from actual democratic government than we were half a century ago, when no one would have thought of conferring legislative power upon such extraordinary creatures as those who hatch out their little schemes for tyranny under cover of nineteen thousand pages of type that would reduce their readers to the same stage of idiocy as their authors. Already there is not an attorney in the state who can speak unhesitatingly as to any law of California. Statute is heaped upon statute, loosely drawn, vague, incoherent, usually vicious in principle, tyrannical in application. And now we are asked to believe that four thousand new laws are needed, to make confusion worse confounded, to bring all law into contempt, to gratify malice, to feed self-interest, and to stifle energy. In fact the legislature is becoming the chief plague of California life.

A "Promoted" Movement.

The *Argonaut* will not undertake to say that the rates for telephone service in San Francisco proposed by the movement for reduction now on foot are too low or, on the other hand, that the rates in force are too high. The matter is one which calls for information, expert knowledge, and judicial determination. The campaign now under way does not, so far as we can see, promise to answer any of these requirements. It is initiated as a private enterprise and proceeds in hopes of a promotion fee, rather than upon motives of equity and justice. It is not supported by demonstrated facts, but rather by private interest and prejudice industriously worked up. It presents no information calculated to enlighten judgment. It proposes to submit the issue, not to an impartial tribunal, but to telephone users—therefore to an interested and prejudiced court. There is classic authority for the principle that it is not in human nature at once to be taxed and to be pleased. Of course every telephone user will wish to have his monthly bill reduced. Upon such a question, submitted to popular vote, the verdict may surely be foretold. But there must be some means under the law for adjudication of issues like this by an authority not directly and vitally interested. If not, then the principle of vested interests is a mockery and a sham. If it is those who pay for service or for commodities to determine what rates and prices shall be, then all rates and all prices will speedily be scaled down to minimums. Under this rule business of any kind would be impracticable and impossible. If in the immediate instance the public who uses the telephone service shall be permitted to fix the service rates, then the telephone companies may just as well dismantle their plants and go out of business. And so with any and every other public service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Removal of the Cemeteries.

San Francisco, February 24, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: The matter of removal of the cemeteries is worth gazing at from both aspects.

For instance, we are told that "the good of the living" is the first consideration for the bills now pending before the legislature. Whose living? Turn it around and see. The undertakers, of course.

They tell us, too, that in their present condition the cemeteries are a "menace to the living." Well, I guess if you look at that from the opposite side you will realize no truer word was ever spoken. Just think; if you had been hanging on to life by your eye-brows, while you waited for the clouds of the disaster to roll by, and the Panama-Pacific prosperity to arrive—it being away way behind its schedule—and if in addition to the regular levy of $2.15 on an assessment valuation crowded to the highest possible notch to meet the deficit, and special taxes for paving, etc., you happened to live in a tunnel assessment district, so that the family had to go short on both rations and raiment to meet the payments: if they could prove it on you that you were the heir, no matter how far removed, of the occupants of some plot in some one of the cemeteries in the Western Addition, they could move the bodies, as this law provides—at whatever cost the undertaking combine provides—and levy on you for payment. A menace to the living? Well, yes, about twelve to twenty million dollars of a menace.

Now, let's reverse the picture.

It wouldn't be accurate to say the dead cut no figure in it, but it is certainly true they don't care a cent about the new fashions in tombs. As they stand today they represent the San Francisco of the days of gold, proper respect for whom would guarantee on our part not only that their bones be permitted to rest in peace—not gnawed by the rats of greed and graft—but that their resting place should be cared for.

A Memorial Park would provide care for this historic spot, and be a resting-place of beauty for the living, as well as the dead. The dreams of those beneath the sod in Lincoln Park are surely sweeter through their being permitted to bless the living in a natural way. You know what old Omar says:

> Every hyacinth the garden knows
> Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And in the Le Gallienne translation he speaks of how each maiden of "the lovely and the lost"

> Lifts up a daisied head to hear him [Spring] pass,
> Listens a little, smiles, and sleeps again.

Mrs. Lovell White.

Panama vs. Suez.

Los Angeles, February 20, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: In a recent issue under the heading Editorial Notes you reproduce a statement made by "M. Jose Moselli," a "marine authority of France," in which he says "that the voyage from Europe to the Orient is above fifteen days shorter via Panama than it is via Suez." How he arrives at this conclusion I am unable to imagine. The enclosed table of distances between Plymouth, England, and ports in the Orient tell another story. Plymouth is selected as being the British port furthest to the west, and all other European ports, except those to the north and east of Plymouth, are nearer to the Suez Canal than Plymouth is. These distances as stated on the page containing them are carefully verified. Any extra distance which has to be traveled by vessels coming from European ports north and east of Plymouth will add nearly equally to the length of either route, whether Panama or Suez:

From New York			From Plymouth, England,	
via Panama:	Suez:		via Panama:	Suez:
10,016	12,790	Melbourne	12,575	10,670
9,851	13,320	Sydney	12,410	11,200
8,533	14,230	Wellington, N. Z.	11,092	12,110
11,521	11,556	Manila	14,080	9,436
12,915	10,170	Singapore	15,474	8,050
11,603	11,610	Hongkong	14,162	9,490
11,726	12,360	Shanghai	14,285	10,240
10,086	13,040	Yokohama	12,645	10,920

All above distances are taken from "Tracks for Full-Powered Steamers (steamships) with the Shortest Navigable Distances in Nautical Miles," published by the United States Hydrographic Office, 1900, and from the Admiralty Chart of 1888. Some discrepancies exist between them, which I have carefully adjusted.

From an article in the *British Geographical Journal,* March, 1902, entitled "Interoceanic Communication on the Western Continent," a study in commercial geography, by Colonel George E. Church, M. A. M., Soc. C. E.

Edward P. Tomkinson,
Retired Lieutenant, R. N.

"In Justice to Schiller."

Mill Valley, February 12, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: In a recent number of the *Argonaut* I find a poem, "Damon and Pythias," which is a good translation of Schiller's well-known poem, "Die Bürgschaft." Why, then, "William Peter"? Of course Schiller doesn't care, but my interest and loyalty to the German language prompted me to call your atention to this misnomer. Emma F. Renz.

[The story of Damon and Pythias, whose friendship awoke the better nature of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, has been told in prose and rhyme many times. It was made the subject of a drama in English verse by Richard Edwards two hundred years before Schiller wrote his poem. John Banim, another English dramatist, made a play of the story in 1825 which is still presented often on the stage. The poem in the *Argonaut,* mentioned by the reader, may be a good translation of Schiller's poem, but it is a little late to attempt due credit now, as it has been published in these columns several times as an "Old Favorite" during the past twenty years.]

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During his life the late H. J. Adams, an Englishman, spent fully $200,000 in collecting butterflies and moths. The collection, believed to be the most valuable of its kind in the world, has just been presented to the natural history museum at South Kensington. About 150,000 specimens are contained in sixty-seven beautifully made mahogany cabinets. The cabinets are particularly rich in very rare and beautiful species, gathered during the lifetime of the Enfield scientist.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It is significant that the Swiss government should issue a proclamation to the effect that all Swiss citizens must return at once to their country in the event of war. This applies only to Europe, but another clause of the proclamation relates to the Swiss in America, who are warned that they must hold themselves in readiness to return should further hostilities break out anywhere upon the Continent. Switzerland is usually regarded by the tourist almost as an ideal of the pastoral and the peaceful. As a matter of fact it is a veritable arsenal, always ready to burst into an infernal volcano of flame if its frontiers or its independence should be assailed. The little republic is ready to place 100,000 highly trained men into the field in less than twenty-four hours. In forty-eight hours she can be ready with 250,000 men, and with half a million men within a week. Every man in Switzerland is expected to have his rifle, ammunition, and uniform ready in his home in case of a call. Vast supplies of food have been stored within the last month or so. Every farmer has been warned to look to the condition of his horses, and all the chief surgeons have been officially notified to hold themselves in readiness for service. Evidently Switzerland does not intend to be gayly overrun by the big gladiators that surround her.

The new importance given to the kingdom of Servia by the Balkan war may justify the retelling of an old story which comes to us on the authority of a former minister from Servia to the Court of St. James. Diplomatic relations between Servia and Great Britain were naturally suspended after the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. When the Russian and Italian ambassadors urged upon King Edward the resumption of relations he replied that public opinion would not allow such a step. "And besides this reason, I have another, and so to say a personal reason. *Mon métier à moi est d'être roi.* King Alexander was also, by his *métier, 'roi.'* As you see we belong to the same guild, like laborers or professional men. I can not be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession, or, if you like, a member of my guild. We should be obliged to shut up our business if we, the kings, were to consider the assassination of kings as of no consequence at all. I regret, but you see I can not do what you wish me to do." The authority for the story seems to be a good one, but belief in it is not compulsory.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says that Mr. George Moore was recently introduced to a charming lady who instantly exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Moore, I do love your melodies." Mr. Moore is said to have borne it like a man.

While the very particularly pure custodians of various public libraries are busily engaged in throwing Fielding's "Tom Jones" into the garbage can it is worth noting that the story was originally accepted for publication upon the advice of a woman. Andrew Millar was the publisher, and after reading the manuscript he handed it to his wife for her opinion, as was the worthy man's invariable custom with the lighter forms of literature. Mrs. Millar praised it highly and advised her husband upon no account to neglect such an opportunity. Mainly on the strength of this advice Millar offered Fielding $3000 for the manuscript, a large sum as prices then went, but he actually made $90,000 profit from the sale, and out of the goodness of his heart he paid the author an additional $10,000 over and above the original price. The reason given for the expulsion of "Tom Jones" from the public libraries is that the work might corrupt the minds of the young, but a caustic critic says that this would be impossible.

We should like to know the psychologic significance of an item that appears somewhat extensively in the New York press. It is to the effect that a performance of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" is about to be given in the interest of the eugenic movement, but that admission will be restricted to legislators, doctors, ministers, settlement workers, and others who may be actively interested in the problems presented. Now it would be interesting to know what these favored classes expect to gain from the spectacle of a particularly filthy play. Are we to understand that the minds of these legislators, ministers, and others are impervious to such authentic facts as may be soberly presented in a legitimate way, but that they are open to conviction by a drama which is wholly imaginative and necessarily unsustained by evidence. If the eugenists have any facts to present in the matter of communicable disease why do they not present them in the recognized way so that we may know them to be facts? Or hold their peace, preferably the latter. What should we say to an Arctic explorer, for example, who decided to make known the result of his discoveries in the form of a drama, or of a doctor who advocated a new drug by means of scenery and a company of actors? We should say that the explorer and the doctor were evidently lunatics and that their auditors were idiots. We don't say so in this case, but we do say that the eugenists are evidently anxious to produce a repulsive play and we may hazard the conjecture that it will be easy to find plenty of legislators, ministers, and so forth who will be quite willing to see it.

The *Mexican Herald* tells us that the now successful Diaz movement was planned in Havana and that the final arrangements were made as late as January 7 by the prime movers, Manuel Mondragon, Gregorio Ruiz, and Cecilio Ocon. The minor officers in Mexico were warned less than a week before the outbreak, and as a prolonged secrecy was impossible they were given the necessary ammunition and urged to take action at once. The first to take the field were 250 men with several cannon under the command of Major Aguillon. This little force hurried to the penitentiary where Diaz was confined, the cannon were trained on the door, and the director was ordered to produce Diaz without delay. As the artillery evidently meant business he complied with the order, and in less than five minutes the general appeared in the street and saluted his liberators. He looked pale from his imprisonment and illness, says the report, but he was determined, composed, and cool. He was dressed in a blue suit of sack clothes and a dark green fedora hat, and in the hand of the hat was a bunch of violets. He took command at once and made his arrangements for an attack upon the palace and arsenal, but refused to take the side arms that were offered to him.

One is inclined to wonder if Frenchmen really like kissing each other. Presumably they do, since there is no sign of a protest. At the inauguration of President Poincaré we read that he and ex-President Fallières then kissed each other on both cheeks to the accompaniment of salvos of artillery. Now M. Fallières is an excellent man whose head and heart are in a perpetual rivalry of virtue, but we should not like to kiss him. His successor may well have felt some misgiving at the beginning of his presidential candidature at the thought of kissing M. Fallières, and of being kissed by M. Fallières. And upon both cheeks, too.

Mr. Roosevelt uses his leisure to good purpose, although we can hardly understand why a school in the East should refer to him on a zoological problem that could have been solved in the nearest library. "The lion," says Mr. Roosevelt, "is found in abundance in both Asia and Africa, although it is getting very rare in Asia." How the lion can be found in abundance and also be getting very rare in the same country is a point upon which we should like some further light, even at the cost of being considered undesirable citizens.

The airship has not brought peace of soul to Great Britain, as witness the hasty passage of an act of Parliament forbidding all such craft from passing over certain areas under penalty of being fired at. It seems that mysterious airships have been sighted over a number of British ports, and as they always arrive in the night the *Times* has "an unpleasant suspicion that the visits may be more frequent than we know." Where do these airships come from and are they friendly? The *Times* has uneasy visions of hostile Germans who thus fly about over the island at a time when honest people are asleep. But of what good would it be to fly about in the dark? Even the most enterprising of Germans could hardly photograph fortifications or even make maps of them by night.

The London *Daily Chronicle* continues to tell us what some of the great men of the past have thought about the suffrage. It seems that Charles Kingsley attended the first woman suffrage meeting held in London in 1869, but in the following year he withdrew from the movement. To John Stuart Mill he wrote: "I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better, rather than the worst, women against us; while foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, . . . are inclined to patronize us in the most noisy and demonstrative way." We may wonder what Charles Kingsley would have to say now to a movement which, so far as England is concerned, seems to be made of *petroleuses* led by a reincarnation of Mme. Defarge.

Some explanations seem to be due from Mr. Leishman, the American ambassador to Germany, whose financial operations are attracting some attention both in Berlin and in New York. Ambassadors necessarily know a good deal of international politics, but they are not supposed to use that knowledge in their financial speculations. That is precisely what Mr. Leishman is said to have done. He is supposed to have turned to his advantage his knowledge that the Bulgarians were about to attack Adrianople, and as a matter of fact his New York brokers are suing him for an unsettled account dating from that time. Possibly Mr. Leishman's explanation will leave his reputation unstained, but in the meantime we may wonder if we have here another illustration of the dollar diplomacy.

The imagination reels at the thought of the punishment that should await the daring German who forged his emperor's signature to a telegram, and for the purpose of a joke. Fancy joking with the German emperor. The man who would do such a thing would joke the equator. It seems that this bold Teuton sent a telegram purporting to come from the emperor to the governor of Strasburg ordering him to turn out the whole garrison for imperial inspection at four o'clock in the afternoon. And it was done. Every soldier in the city was on duty at the moment named, including the emperor's son, Prince Joachim, and it was only when inquiry elicited the fact that the emperor was at the other end of the country that the joke was discovered and the joker arrested. Evidently his sense of humor was over-developed, and we may reasonably expect that some means will be found to reduce it to its proper dimensions. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

One of the oddest sights in Europe may be witnessed in the little city of Odder, Denmark. There are 4000 people dwelling there, but they have never relaxed from their earliest declaration—namely, never to permit the driving of an automobile through the streets. Consequently, a man in a business suit and a soft hat rides astride a black horse, which draws the motor car through the town. A heavy fine attaches to any person who attempts to violate the ordinance.

After operating for a month, the St. Louis municipal lodging-house has produced its first statistics. In the month there were 5599 lodgers who were willing to work for their breakfast, 5795 who were not and went breakfastless, and 3341 who were courageous enough to take a bath.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Fair Bosnian.

Beside the turbid stream she stood;
Beneath her simple scarlet hood
I saw her tender brow; her eyes
Filled with a quaint and glad surprise;
The glory of her chestnut hair,
Her lips and throat supremely fair,—
I thought a goddess had come down
To light the dull lanes of the town
With presence luminous and fine,
She would have graced the noblest shrine
That ever pagan built, before
The gods fled to return no more.

Her limbs were weary, and she leaned
At last against a barge, and screened
Her face, and sought to hide her tears.
Urged terribly by hundred fears
With thousand others she had fled
Through vale, o'er mountain; ever dread
Of Mussulman upon her track
Possessed her, and she looked not back,
Nor thought upon her dear home's loss,
But made the good sign of the cross
Upon her breast; sped swiftly on
Nor stopped until her strength was gone.

I read her story thus, for we
Saw many a Bosnian refugee
In those wild days of Moslem war.
And yet this knowledge did not mar
The reverent awe I felt at first
When her celestial beauty burst
Upon me; nay, I could have knelt
And kissed her hand, her robe, and felt
A very worship in the deed.
I stood transfixed; I did not heed
The gibe of trooper friends who came
To ask the pretty Bosnian's name.

She knew not what they said, nor raised
Her head but once, and then she gazed
So gently on me, that I burned
With joy, and every comrade spurned
Away, and took her hand in mine.
"Go, sordid brawlers, flushed with wine!"
I cried to them; then led her where
Kind hands could proffer kindly care.
She knew not to suspect; she gave
Her kisses to the matron grave
Who offered shelter; then in sleep
She speedily forgot to weep.

I loved her as she slept; I loved
Her when she woke and softly moved,
And murmured in her Slavic tongue
Plaints from her heart in anguish wrung.
One thought usurped her loyal mind,—
Her kindred she had left behind,
Or lost, in her mad flight from death;
And now she prayed with every breath
That Heaven would send her back to them.
Like rose dropt from its parent stem
She withered and declined; and I
Wept as I heard her mournful cry.

Days passed; adown the mountain roads
Came weary exiles with their loads
Of household goods and gear; the men
Built camps in forest or in glen;
The women nursed their babes, and prayed,
And starved. Such misery, arrayed
In such a motley caravan,
Was never seen before by man.
Each day my pretty Bosnian sought
Her parents 'mid the rabble; nought
Could she discover—nor could hear
A word to make her hope or fear.

And so she left us, and her way
Back through ravines where terrors lay
She took. My heart went with the sweet
And faithful maiden, who could meet
All dangers rather than desert
Her loved and loving ones; the hurt
Of her departure was so great
That I was as oppressed by fate.
Untasted from my lips the can
Passed, and I sat a mourning man
Among my fellow-troopers, while
The hours with rout they did beguile.

One day the bugles blew, and we
At last might set the sufferers free.
We sprang to saddle, and we swore
To sheathe our sabres nevermore
Till Bosnian maids and mothers might
Sing unholy songs without affright,—
Till Turkish tyranny were dead.
Some noble words our leader said,
And Francis Joseph had a cheer
It would have made him proud to hear;
To Moslem tyrant's rocky den
The Hapsburg eagles led us then.

In many a fight our trumpets rang;
On precipice's brink the clang
Of weapons echoed, and we frayed
Our path through fire and ambuscade.
The bashibazouk from his lair
Looked down with dull affrighted stare
Upon our columns as they wound
Among the rocks; then on his round
Of massacre and rapine sped;
He hovered at our army's head.
And left a line of blood and fire
In memory of his vengeance dire.

We chanced upon a mountain side
To see a village burning: "Ride!"
Our leader said, "as if the land
Opened behind ye! Smite with hand
Relentless every brigand! Lives
Are at the mercy of their knives!"
Swift from the earth our horses sprung;
Free to the air our flags are flung;
Flashed at the light our sabres long,
As down we dashed among the throng
Of murderous banditti come
To desolate each Christian home!

Lord God! my heart felt agony!—
In market-place what did I see
When strife was over? As I breathe—
As locks made gray that day to wreathe
My temples—I saw, dead, divine,
Upon her naked breast the sign
Of holy cross gashed by a blade
In mockery, my Bosnian maid!

* * * * *

We laid the saint upon a bier
And stood in awe.
                    And now and here
I swear my heart died on that day!
What matter if my hair be gray?—*Edward King.*

A DESERTER AND A RECRUIT.

Paris Applauds New Plays by Lavedan and Kistemaeckers.

Henri Lavedan has left the Comédie Française. Perhaps it would be more correct to say he has been ejected. For it must be remembered that the powers that be of the House of Molière are terribly autocratic. They will criticize a Sarah Bernhardt at the height of her renown, or turn down a playwright who has a dozen successes to his credit. Something of that kind has happened to M. Lavedan. Notwithstanding his repute as the author of "The Duel" and "Prince d'Aurec," his latest play was not thought good enough for the Comédie Française.

That fact alone was sufficient to insure a crowded audience at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt for the first performance of the rejected piece. Besides, Lucien Guitry was to assume the principal rôle, with Mlle. Gilda Darthy playing "opposite." So it was a great occasion for M. Lavedan, the applause being vociferous enough to have almost penetrated the Comédie itself. Whether it was because of its subject or because it contains two acts only, Paris will probably never learn why the play committee of the House of Molière declined "Servir." Its theme is patriotism plus military zeal, for the title may be best rendered "The Service," meaning by that the profession of a soldier. The hero, then, is Colonel Eulin, who has been forcibly retired from the army and is spending his days in a moody, secretive way. His wife, being French, naturally concludes that there is another woman in the case, whereas the colonel is really trying to serve his country as a spy.

Ere the first act was many minutes old the secondary hero of the piece made his appearance. This was the colonel's son, Lieutenant Eulin, who, despite his profession, turns out to be a rank anti-militarist. But he has been busying himself with an invention which promises to give him high rank among the military butchers of the world. In other words, as he explains to his mother, he has discovered an explosive of such a deadly nature that the country which is the first to use it must become the mistress of the world. Mme. Eulin is skeptical, but he asks whether she does not remember that a certain island had disappeared, by volcanic action, as it was stated? She does. "Well, that was I."

And now the path is clear for the second act. The scene is laid in the lieutenant's laboratory, where the colonel lights upon the secret formula of his son's potent invention. Even as he realizes the importance of this new agent of destruction, the minister of war also finds his way into the apartment. He has two grave items of news: the colonel's younger son has met his death while fighting in Morocco, and an international crisis has arisen which must plunge France in war. It is now the colonel's turn, and he discloses the secret of the new explosive, to be rewarded on the spot with the command of the French army.

But hardly have the colonel and the war minister left the laboratory than the lieutenant enters and quickly discovers that some one has abstracted his secret formula. Revolver in hand, he throws open the door of the adjoining room, in which he expects to find the thief, and is confronted with his own father. At this climax the supers get busy in the wings, letting off cannon to assure us that the war has begun! And father and son embrace and march off to death or glory together. All this will seem jejune in cold print, but it was mightily stirring to the audience in the Théâtre Bernhardt. For there were compensations which type can only suggest. The dialogue was of the true Lavedan mint, fantastic in its grammar, rich in slang, suggestive in its condensations, packed with phrases which caught the breath. And then there was the whirlwind acting of M. Guitry, so thrilling in its vigor and admirably supplementary to M. Lavedan's rhetoric. Hence the applause which might have given pause to the play committee of the Comédie Française.

But those gentlemen were probably flattering themselves that they had secured a good substitute in the person of Henry Kistemaeckers, a new recruit to the House of Molière. Not that the play they had just accepted was his first effort. On the contrary M. Kistemaeckers has already scored a notable success with his "La Flambée," a play which has found its way to London as "The Turning Point." So perhaps the committee had less hesitation in accepting "L'Embuscade," even though the theme is somewhat reminiscent of the earlier piece. For "The Ambush" is not a military caption; the committee had not spurned one military drama to accept another; no, the title is merely symbolical of the fact that at any point in our road through life there may be a pitfall we little suspect.

By way of concession, perhaps, to the fashionable craze of the day, M. Kistemaeckers presents us with the head of a wealthy automobile firm as hero, and when we make that gentleman's acquaintance at the opening of the first act he is giving a gorgeous entertainment in his villa at Nice. That entertainment was a game of bluff; intended to advertise the stability of the firm of Guéret, it was really a device to hide its tottering condition. For M. Guéret is in a tight corner, and his only hope of salvation is that he secures the services of a brilliant young engineer named Richard Marcel. Now Marcel is a foundling (the son, of course, of Mme. Guéret, born out of wedlock prior to her marriage), and the bar sinister in his escutcheon worries him so much that he has decided to begin his life afresh in a new land where the stigma of his birth is unknown.

For the moment, however, Guéret triumphs. He waxes so eloquent in his appeal to Marcel that the young man consents to take charge of the automobile works. But in the second act complications arise. There is a threat of a strike, which must ruin the firm, and Marcel finds himself taunted with the stain of his birth. Yet his sympathies are with the 'would-be strikers, a fact which naturally strains his relations with the head of the business. So once more he returns to his scheme of seeking new opportunities in a new land, to be confronted with Mme. Guéret and her protest that he exaggerates the annoyance to which he is subjected on the score of his foundling origin. So Marcel turns the tables on his unknown mother; would she, he asks, allow him to ask for the hand of her daughter Anne? And of course Marcel misinterprets the horror with which his question is answered in the negative.

By this the climax is due, and it arrives in the third act. The strikers have carried out their threat, and although they are starving they refuse to capitulate. A day or two more will spell utter ruin to the firm of Guéret, and at this juncture the spokesman of the strikers, Marcel himself, comes with their ultimatum. "Sign this paper," he shouts, "or in half an hour a bomb will wreck your works." But the threat only moves Guéret to anger; he seizes Marcel by the throat to strangle him, and the two are in death-grips when Guéret's wife enters. The secret of Marcel's birth can no longer be hidden, and even as it is being told an explosion from without is the symbol that fortune as well as fame lies in ruins. This was by far the best act of the play; it was tense with interest from beginning to end, M. Feraudy sustaining the rôle of Guéret with superb passion and Mme. Berthe Cerny giving a poignant picture of the wife whose early shame could no longer be hidden.

Unfortunately there was a fourth act. M. Kistemaeckers subscribes to the "happy ending" doctrine, but his attempt to gather up the fragments of the ruin can not be pronounced successful. It did not seem to help matters to learn that Guéret also was not without sin, for the sudden appearance of his old mistress tended to remove him outside the pale of sympathy. So the little daughter Anne has to be utilized as the cement which is so badly needed, and Marcel is to remain and be received into the bosom of the family. While, then, there is not much to choose between the two plays, it is more than probable that Paris will more quickly tire of the work of the recruit than that of the deserter.

Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, February 11, 1913.

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Since 1873 there have been but three fine inaugural days, and seven in which all attendants were exposed to wind and cold, resulting in many cases of sickness. On March 4, 1873, when Grant was inducted into office, the weather was bitter cold, and a biting wind chilled through the warmest wraps. Hayes went into office on a snowy and windy day, and in 1881, when Garfield took the oath, sleet covered the ground. Fair, cold weather greeted Cleveland at the White House, but Harrison came in under a chilling rain. When Cleveland was elected for the second time, in 1893, he did not fare so well in the matter of weather, for on March 4 a gale blew, the temperature was low, and snow lay on the ground. McKinley was inaugurated on a clear day following his first election, but four years later a drenching rain fell when he took the oath for the second time. Fine weather smiled on Roosevelt in 1905, and a blizzard raged when Taft went into office.

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Pitcairn Islanders are all Seventh Day Adventists, having been converted to that faith by missionaries many years ago. The population consists of 150 persons. They live the simple life, and are not troubled with high cost of living, changing styles or great wealth. Nobody is rich and nobody is poor, though none of the islanders has any measure of wealth as it is reckoned in this country. The food consists of sweet potatoes, a little wheat, pumpkins, and tropical fruits. The use of medicine is discouraged and the usual cause of death is old age. Smoking and drinking are habits unknown. All rise at five o'clock, and, after religious services, work until two in the afternoon on public work, building roads, and in producing articles and food to be held in common. The rest of the day the inhabitants have to themselves to work or play, as pleases them. After the evening religious services most of the colonists retire at sundown.

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Medallions of earlier date than 117 A. D. are extremely rare and consequently very valuable. A well-known example, of great beauty, is the gold medallion of Cæsar Augustus. Of much earlier date, however, are the famous Syracusan medallions, so called, although they were used as coins. These medallions, which are generally admitted to be the finest and most perfectly executed that have ever been struck, belong to the best period of Greek art, 400-336 B. C. On their faces they bear an ideal head, magnificent in its swinging sculpturesque lines, and upon the reverse the representation of a victorious quadriga, portrayed with a vigor of action worthy of those old Greek masters.

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Already over a thousand camels are used in Queensland as a means of transport across the arid districts, and the number is rapidly increasing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Wermer von Heidenstam, the Swedish author, has been honored by election as one of the eighteen in the Swedish Academy.

Sir William May, who has seen fifty-one years of service in the British navy, will next month succeed Sir Charles Frederick Hotham as admiral of the fleet.

Mme. Le Forest, the oldest woman in the employ of the French postoffice department, has been superannuated after forty-nine years' service. She was retired against her will.

General Felix Diaz, the power behind the throne in Mexico, was educated in France and England. Returning home he entered the army, but never showed a trace of military genius.

Miss Grace G. Van Elselingen, the second woman in Holland to be appointed a police officer, studied law at the universities of Groningen and Leyden. She is now a third-class inspector in the public morals police department.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous neurologist and author of many books of science and fiction, recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in Philadelphia. He is in splendid health, and is actively engaged in the practice of medicine, as well as in literary and scientific work. Dr. Mitchell has been a prodigious worker all his life.

Gustave Eiffel, the French engineer who built the famous tower in Paris bearing his name, has just been honored by the Smithsonian Institution, whose regents have voted him a Langley medal "for his researches relating to the resistance of the air in connection with aviation." For several years Eiffel has been experimenting in the field of aerodromics.

James Hendry, winner of the prize offered by Grenville Kleiser to the first person submitting a list of one hundred words as inspiring as the list prepared by Kleiser, is a Scotchman, United Freechurch, High Manse, Forres, Scotland. Hundreds of lists were sent in from all parts of the world, the compilers ranging in age from fifteen to seventy-nine years.

Seldom Willmore, an Englishman, enjoys the distinction of being the only European who has ventured to appear at the native bar in Egypt. He was educated in England, but has lived in Egypt for years, and has served as councillor of the native court of appeals. Mr. Willmore is a noted Arabic scholar, and his pleadings have filled the native judges with admiration, for rarely have they listened to such fluent, classic Arabic.

Frederick E. Ladd, a Brockton, Massachusetts man, who has just been admitted to the bar, has followed many professions, having been successively physician, dentist, and oculist. Forced to go to work at thirteen, he went into a shoe factory. He learned the trade, and while doing so studied medicine. Dr. Ladd passed examinations conducted by state officials for each profession, and he is still studying, hoping to make further advancement. He is forty-one years of age.

Wilson S. Kinnear, the man who built the $10,000,000 tunnel through the Detroit River, the first of its kind in the world, began his career as an axeman with a surveying crew on the Santa Fé railroad. The tunnel, composed of gigantic steel tubes, was built in sections on shore, floated out to the proper place, and sunk in a trench which had been dredged for that purpose. Divers bolted the sections together. Through each tube a single track was laid for the passage of Michigan Central railroad trains.

Jean Baptiste Beck, who is in this country to establish a firm basis for a study of folk songs, began this interesting work ten years ago, while organist of the St. Gervais Church in Paris. In his research work he spent several years at the University of Strasburg, and as the result of this investigation he was elected on the first ballot to the Diez prize, which is awarded every four years. He has been made associate professor of romance languages at the University of Illinois, and lectures in French and German.

Langdon Warner, until recently a member of the Chinese and Japanese department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, will leave this summer for China, where he will secure practical data for the establishment of a new school of archæology in that country. The work will be under the auspices of the American School of Archæology. At present there is but one school of that nature in China, that established by the French. It will not be an altogether new business for him, however, as he has made a thorough study of art in Japan, going there originally as the holder of the Sheldon fellowship given by Harvard University.

Brigadier-General James Allen, chief signal officer of the army, has retired from active service after forty-one years of military service. As chief signal officer he induced Congress to make its first appropriation for an army aviation school, and prepared specifications for the first army aeroplane ever constructed in this country. He is a West Pointer, and soon after graduation saw Indian service in the Middle West. During the Spanish war he discovered the position of Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor, and reported its destruction to Washington hours in advance of official information. For this he received a letter of commendation from President McKinley. He will retire to his boyhood home at Laporte, Indiana.

STEPS IN THE MARCH.

The Man Who Was Machined Out.

Like a living thing unhampered by brakes or brains, though sadly in need of both, an automobile shot madly down grade on a narrow mountain terrace between a cliff and a precipice.

After its passage across the Squealer's Gulch bridge an old man sprang out of the greasewood chaparral into the road. He ran a few unreasoning steps after the receding machine; he jumped impotently about, shook a futile fist in the direction of its uproar, and poured after it a stream of untrammeled profanity. Then he rested: then he began over: "You're the one that shook the hill yesterday," he yelled. "I've got your five figures, you thing of the pit. You're the one that brushed two horses down the gulch like a fly off a window. I know the grunt of you. I know the red of your wheels and the turn of your cover. The next time you come up the mountain I'll shoot the infernal tires off you."

"Hello, Jabe. Giving a free show? Go ahead. I always did like a jig-dance."

The speaker, Park Tannot, seated himself on a projection of root that bushed over the inner wall of the cut, spread like a riprap and thus gave protection to the narrow terrace from possible avalanches of clay and stones. From this perch he looked down upon Jabe Weller in the road with a smile of satirical amiability.

Jabe faced him defiantly and shouted: "You may sniff, but I'll say my say if it loses me the only friend I've got this side of damnation. I say autos were invented in the devil's workshop and they ought to be abolished."

"Slow, now, my fellow-citizen, slow and easy. You'd as well talk about abolishing changes of the moon. What does a man want to stop the clock for? He only gets behind the time. Everything else in the world wags right along same's if he wasn't there. What's eating you, eh? Want every man to heel it and pack his own traps? Men are not all made on the same pattern. Some want a ride."

"Horses are good enough for anybody," Jabe growled.

"Too good," Park retorted. "I want to see them get a rest."

"There are two resting at the bottom of Squealer's Gulch since yesterday," Jabe taunted. "Knocked over the cliff by that carrion you're clacking for. Hope you like it."

"Well, say! That so? Tell me about it. Come up here, side of me. Good sitting on this old crane's neck. Teeters like the spring in a wagon-seat. Take my hand. There you are. Glory, how the madrones shine in the sun! You may go luny over the redwoods; madrone for me. Now, how was it?"

"A plain killing. Two horses, harnessed and hitched to a double-tree, were left standing at the right, where they should be, while that young logger, Mose Polluck, took a run up into the bush, after thimble-berries or something. Along came a big touring-car, hitting air like a lost comet. Never a hoot nor a toot before a curve; never a turn to the right. You'd think she owned the Santa Cruz Mountains and made all the roads on it herself. She plunked the horses square. She never stopped; she just grunted and shivered and plunged ahead. You'd think the driver, if he had as much soul as a lump of mud, would have stopped and climbed down the gulch to see that the animals were dead for sure and not left suffering, but no, he just raged down the grade like a boozy thug on the road to hell.

"That's about all. I looked for the beasts. They didn't need any one. You might have noticed when you neared your home-trail last night how confounded busy were all the things that feed on horseflesh. May all autos be crushed like a glass sugar-bowl under a trip-hammer! May their drivers roast forever!"

"Softly, now. Tread easy till you know the road. Seems to me you began gnashing your teeth at autos long before that brace of horses got killed. Before that it was wagons and buggies. Man, why not let the world ride, if it wants to? What's back of it? You've never told me much, though we've lived a hundred yards apart here on the big hill for a quarter of a century. As for me, I never denied to you that I've been a fool. I cut all ties, threw away all prospects in life at the end of my junior year because The Girl married The Other Fellow. I was long in discovering that a man should do a man's work in the world and not spend his days like a child crying over a broken jam-pot. When I reached this view-point I was nearly fifty. It was late to begin over, so I make the best of a bad situation. Collecting botanical specimens for university laboratories is a good enough work, but I had chosen differently, once. You know about that, too."

Jabe scanned the road, up and down. Nothing was in sight. Then his eyes rested awhile on far heights stretching below the sky-line like a deepening of its color and frowsed with stiff fingers of redwoods. "It's all peace here when the road is empty," he said at last. "You've read how cattle-men get a loop in their gray matter, sometimes, and go loco over the bleating of a few lambs? Yes? That's because they've been 'sheeped out.' The sheep have taken every green thing above ground and left their cattle starving. Well, the way of it with me is something like that. I've been machined out just as they have been sheeped out.

"It was a long time ago. Everything has gone askew since. I don't mind setting forth the chronology. I'm seventy-five. Left high school at seventeen. Learned wagon-making—learned *right.*" He set his jaw hard upon the last word, spoken with angry emphasis. "Went into business for myself at twenty-two, making wagons as wagons ought to be made—by hand. Married at twenty-three. Boy born in a year. When he was six, machine-made wagons overran the town. They undersold mine. I went luny and had a fight with the chief dealer. My wife broke her heart over the outlook. She died. It made a tiger of me. I hated the sight of the machine-made stuff wherever I saw it after that.

"My son and I moved farther west. We stopped in Iowa. We lived in the new place five years before my business was machined out again—wagons shipped in from farther east. I didn't take down my sign. I made a few wagons each year, selling them at a loss, for the others sold for less than mine cost me. Mine were the right sort, made of picked and seasoned oak and hickory. No pine excepting in the boxes; every part smoothed and perfected. They had two years' wear in them for every year in one of the machine-made kind. Even so, I could hardly market them. The paint wasn't sleek enough to suit idiots who buy wagons to look at. I made them to save my face. I really earned my living doing repair work. Hell, there was plenty of that after my good wagons had been machined out.

"My son learned my trade. Why not?" He hammered the nearest crook of tree-root as if defying any one to say the course had been unwise.

Park smiled satirically, but said nothing.

"It's a good trade. It's honest," Jabe continued, eying his neighbor anxiously.

"Plowing with a crooked stick is honest," Park remarked.

"When he was twenty-one I took him in partnership. 'Now, I've got something to say, and my word will mean something,' he told me that day, and he laughed. I didn't know why he laughed until afterward. He laughed because he thought he'd learned more in twenty-one years than I'd learned in forty-five. It wasn't a week until he proposed sending East for knocked-down, machine-made wagons and buggies, to be set up and sold from our shop; what I ought to have been doing all along, he said.

"I bucked like a bronco. I swore I wouldn't cheat the buyers of wagons by selling them the inferior kind. He looked at me with a superior smile and said I was drunk with pride in my own workmanship. He said the Eastern wagons were a confounded sight better than any I ever made or ever could make. He said the parts of them fitted together like a falling apple to the law of gravitation, being cut with absolute accuracy and put together with scientific precision."

"He was probably right," Park said thoughtfully. "The quality of materials is a matter of honesty. One man may be as honest as another, and as for the rest, how can a man hope to work with the precision of machinery?"

"You've heard that pianola down at the burg? Yes? Well, it never bungles a note or misses a beat, but I'd rather hear any schoolgirl playing."

"That's different, Jabe. Art is one thing, business is another. You can't run a wagon-shop on sentiment."

"Anyway, right or wrong, I answered with stinging words. He grew angry and called me a cave-dweller. That night I wrote a note saying that the place for a cave-dweller is in a cave and I meant to retire to one. I slipped out of the back door ten minutes before the western overland passed. I had money enough to pay my fare to Denver. I stopped there several months, working at anything I could find to do. I deeded the home-place and the shop to my son and mailed the papers to him, giving no address, just before I started to San Francisco. There I did any work I could until I had enough ahead to pay for an acre up here. You know the rest."

"Not all of it. I don't know whether your son is alive or dead."

"Neither do I."

"If I had a son I would walk around the world to see him. A son would mean more to me than all the wagons that could be stacked between here and Arcturus. Jabe, old boy, I guess I'm not the only fool in the world."

Jabe turned toward the other with a strange, child-like, helpless perplexity. "Son? Wagons? But you don't understand. The machines took my boy away from me. When his heart was gone, he was gone. There was nothing left for me." He turned again to scan the road. "I hate all kinds of machines," he said, hitting his bare fists hard against the rough root. "I hate them. I wish they would all burn in one great bonfire."

"Look here, Jabe, that's crazy talk, and you know it. I suppose you don't really want to thresh out wheat with a flail and grind it yourself. The world moves, you blasted old lightning-struck stump; my clack won't stop it, neither will yours. Maybe you're hurt and maybe you only think you are. If you are, a soldier should care about winning the fight and not stop to mourn over his own lost arms or legs. Never a great army marched to victory yet that didn't pass over some dead men. A few go down that many may be served."

"Yes—yes. Much good the victory does the dead soldier; but—if it only is real victory."

"I think you know it is."

Jabe shook his head. "I'm not so sure," he muttered.

Park reached into a recess of the bank and plucked a leaf of rock-fern. He fingered it gently, casting furtive glances at his companion. "The trouble with old duffers like us is this," he said presently. "We've retired to the mountain to see the world go by."

"You needn't say 'we,'" Jabe interposed morosely.

Park laughed cheerfully. "Why not? A man who began life with the intention of becoming president of a university and wound up in a mountain shack hunting plants and studying no book but a botany of California wouldn't be classified very high as a world-moving phenomenon. Better let me say 'we'; but I can't join your growl at machines. That belongs back in England and it's a good deal more than a century old. I'm not such a back-dated old block-wheel as that. May I give a word of advice?"

"Butting-in is a new trade for you, but go ahead."

"It's this: Go up to your redwood Palace-of-One-Window, hunt around among cast-off overalls and empty tin cans till you find a sheet of paper and a pen or a pencil. Then write a letter to your son, if you haven't forgot how to write, and address it to the street and number of the shop you deeded to your son. He'd be more likely to keep that than the home-house, unless he married soon after you left."

The wrinkles deepened in Jabe's face. His lips worked silently. He partly rose, dropped back again upon the root and sat motionless as a statue.

"It's nothing," Park encouraged. "Just a note saying if this reaches the person to whom it is addressed, Jabez Weller would like to hear from him, or something like that. Have you an envelope? Yes? I'll post it for you tomorrow."

Somehow this matter-of-fact proposition took the tragic aspect from Jabe's thoughts and reduced them to the commonplace. He rose, murmuring something about writing with a pencil on the back of last month's calendar.

Park remained where he was, fingering the rock-fern absently and gazing fixedly at a curve of far hill-top spiked with redwoods.

An auto labored up the grade, puffing noisily, moving slowly.

Park's gaze changed to the road. A covered car with red wheels crept into view.

The driver stopped his machine and nodded pleasantly. "I'm looking for the owner of some horses I shoved over the bank somewhere near here yesterday. The poor beasts were killed. I want to do what I can to make amends. I was trying a new brake. The thing became unmanageable—steering-gear wouldn't respond quickly, either, and the horn went out of business. I was in a fright of a fix. Nearly shouldered a runabout over the cliff before I got her stopped, but she's running decentish, now. Do you know anything about those horses?"

Park scrambled down the bank and plumped into the terrace beside the car. "Take off your cap, please," he said.

The man in the car laughed. "Must one make obeisance to men as well as to women up here," he asked, "or have you a camera up your sleeve?"

"You look like some one I know," Park explained. "I want to see you without a cap."

The man sprang out of his car and stood before Park, gripping the cap tightly with both hands. His eyes widened. He was evidently moved by a strong interest. "Will you tell me about the person I resemble?" he asked in a voice of persuasive modulations. "Man, or woman?"

"Man. Seventy-five years old."

"Please tell me his name."

"Jabez Weller."

The man dropped his cap and stood with feet apart, steadying himself against the splasher. "My name is Jabez Weller—Junior, if my father lives. Tell me——"

Whatever he would have asked was cut off at that point by a voice that rang through the woods like strokes of an axe on iron oak: "I heard it! Where is it? There you are, robber of the highway, destroyer of everything in your path! I'll shoot——"

Jabe ran into view, flourishing a revolver.

Park deftly knocked it out of his hand. "At it again? So soon?" he inquired, once more amiably satirical. "Here's a man hunting the owner of the horses that were killed in yesterday's accident." (He emphasized the word "accident.") "You might jump into the auto with him and show him where Mose Polluck lives."

Jabe looked sullenly at the ground. "Nobody gets me into that. If the youngster wants me to go with him, he'll have to walk."

"This is the old man I mentioned," Park said, nodding at Jabez, Junior, and jerking a thumb in the direction of Jabe. "Look up, neighbor. The 'Youngster' is past fifty, if I'm a judge of such matters. His name is Jabez Weller, Junior."

"If that's a joke——" the old man began. His eyes traveled slowly over the figure before him. "If"—his body swayed, but he did not fall—"you're not——?"

The younger man examined the elder analytically—eyes, cheeks, shoulders, hands. Then, as if he had joined the parts into synthesis, he surveyed the whole man and threw out a joyful hand.

"Guess I am, father."

Jabe held tightly awhile, then suddenly he pulled his hand away and drew back a pace. "So you ride in one of these?" He pointed stiffly toward the object of his hatred, and his face grew sullen.

"Yes."

"I left you in a wagon-shop."

"Yes. I took my son in partnership the day he was married——"

"A son? Married?"

"Seven years ago. There is a boy five——"

"I *am* old! And your son—my grandson—did he go on with the wagons?"

"A little, but he wanted to deal in motor-cars. I thought best to give in. I didn't just like it, at first, but I reasoned this way: 'I may resist my son, but I can't resist the revolution of the earth on its axis.' We came to the Coast two years ago. Won't you go home with me, father? Let me help you into the car, won't you?"

Jabe stood irresolute, looking from side to side like a trapped animal. "I suppose the thing will go on and on," he said at last. "One drop can't stand still in the middle of a river that's bound for the sea."

"No, father. Jabez number four plays with a toy aeroplane. You may as well climb in."

Jabez climbed in. Clarissa Dixon.

San Francisco, March, 1913.

◆

Near the City of Mexico is the lake of Xochimilco, nearly covered with floating gardens, called chinampas, and on which are raised flowers and vegetables for the city markets. They are formed of floating masses of water plants, covered with soil and secured by poplar stakes. The latter take root and surround the islands with living hedges. Among the largest of natural floating islands are those formed by tangled masses of trees and brushwood carried down by great rivers. On the Mississippi and its tributaries these islands are known as "rafts." One of the most remarkable of these rafts began forming in the Atchafalaya, one of the lower arms of the Mississippi, in 1778, and gradually increased until by 1816 it had extended to ten miles in length, over 600 feet in width, and eight feet in depth. Although it rose and fell with the water it was solid enough to support the growth of trees, some of which were sixty feet in height. This vast obstruction was finally removed by the State of Louisiana at great expense.

◆

Nay Aug Park, owned by the city of Scranton, Pennsylvania, is one of the most distinctive in this country, for it boasts a coal mine as its exclusively interesting feature. The visitor does not have to go underground to see the coal seams, for here the roof, so to speak, has been taken off. From a mine down the valley operations have been carried on in the same seams that crop out in the park. A rocky bluff covering the coal seams was removed for personal reasons, and eventually the gangways from the far-away shaft will come out through the face of the seam in the park, and then the coal will be hauled underground to the breaker. The remaining rock bluffs over the coal will be utilized by the large stone crusher plant and the colliery will disappear, except that right in the centre of the park is a gated mine entrance, which is one of the permanent exhibits of the place. In this the visitor may follow the coal seam for some distance.

◆

The maximum difference in elevation of land in the United States is 14,777 feet, according to the United States Geological Survey. Mount Whitney, the highest point, is 14,501 feet above sea level, and a point in Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level. These two points, which are both in California, are less than ninety miles apart. This difference is small, however, as compared with the figures for Asia. Mount Everest rises 29,002 feet above sea level, whereas the shores of the Dead Sea are 1290 feet below sea level, a total difference in land heights of 30,292 feet. Mount Everest has never been climbed. The greatest ocean depth yet found is 32,088 feet, at a point about forty miles north of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands. The ocean bottom at this point is therefore more than eleven and a half miles below the summit of Mount Everest.

◆

In the old cemetery at Camden, Arkansas, the body of Porter Clay, brother of Henry Clay, has reposed since his death in 1850. He was admitted to the bar in Kentucky, became state auditor, but began to preach in the Baptist churches, and in time consecrated himself to that work. Finally he removed with his family to Illinois, where a dispute with his church authorities compelled him to resign a pastorate. Soon afterwards he became a wandering evangelist, going to Camden in that capacity and founding a church. He died there in 1850, two years before his illustrious brother. During all the years that have passed the women of this little church have cared for his grave. At first they marked it with a headboard, but the New Century Club of Camden erected a stone slab over the grave.

◆

The fifth box-car loaded with a portion of the skeleton of a Utah lizard has started from Jensen in that state for the Andrew Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. Ten more carloads will be necessary before all the bones of the giant dinosaur, which is being excavated on the banks of the Green River, are assembled on the Ohio. The bones are quarried in blocks out of solid rock and the blocks cased for shipment. The skeleton was eighty-four feet long.

◆

Since the profit-sharing scheme went into effect at Sir W. P. Hartley's jam works at Aintree, Liverpool, twenty-eight years ago, the sum of $355,775 has been distributed among the employees.

ARISTOPHANES FOR THE CAUSE.

New York Suffragists Produce "Lysistrata," the Athenian Comedy of Suffrage.

Far be it from one of the derided sex to urge a choice of measures upon the ladies who are with cleverness and industry keeping the equal suffrage movement in the foreground, but it is at least permissible to congratulate those who inclined to the aid of the drama rather than to a toilsome march along rough and muddy roads in winter winds and storms. Stage presentations that are adequately rehearsed, costumed, set, and directed are something more than the amusement of an idle hour, and when they are eminently successful there are other reasons, beyond the choosing of the more agreeable method of agitation, for congratulations to the participants. The Woman's Political Union gave such a presentation at the Maxine Elliott Theatre yesterday afternoon, and the result, if not all that was hoped, was distinctly impressive. It was a serious, sometimes an impassioned, setting forth of possibilities included in an uprising of that division of humankind which has so long been maligned by the application of the adjective gentler. Aristophanes perceived them with his mind's eye, or some of them, and set them down in his comedy, "Lysistrata," and it was this play, in a modern and more or less expurgated version, that was chosen for the occasion.

"Lysistrata" was written more than two thousand years ago, but the women of Athens and Sparta at that time were probably very much like the women of today, and what Aristophanes imagined may well serve as an admonition or as an inspiration, depending on the point of view. For one thing, the projectors of this enterprise in choosing the play gave evidence of courage. The Athenian playwright was addicted to heavy strokes and broad effects, and the subtleties and so-called refinements of later days were not foreshadowed in his work. Some of his thrusts and jests are essential features of the plot and could not be cut out. It is said that the more conservative members of the Political Union deprecated the presentation, believing the play to be improper. They were needlessly alarmed. The version used was one made by Laurence Housman, and it had been seen on the stage before, though not primarily as an argument for woman suffrage. Gertrude Kingston offered it at the opening of her theatre in London a year or so ago. Long before that Maurice Donnay made a translation for the use of Rejane at the Théâtre Gymnase in Paris, and embellished the Grecian satire with Parisian wit. Both French and English audiences liked it.

The play is in two acts and an interlude, with the scene a street in Athens, the Acropolis looming up in the background. Lysistrata, the central figure, addresses a gathering of her sisters, the old men left at home looking on, and urges a militant movement to end the war then raging, and which had brought Athens to the verge of ruin. She insists that they can win their desires if they will organize, desert their homes and household duties, abandon the children, and seize the Acropolis and the treasury. The women finally assent, take an oath to persevere, and march on—to victory, of course.

To some in the audience, especially the married men, the argument was disconcerting if not destructive. Fortunately, these with many more were able to find in the drama pleasing features for consideration. The Grecian costumes were strikingly attractive in quality and draping, and they were worn by a number of pretty women. Some of the ladies wore sandals, but many appeared with bare feet. Mrs. Edward Sperry, whose artistic talent and thorough knowledge were so handsomely justified in the more splendid opportunities of Mr. Tiffany's Egyptian fête two weeks ago, designed the costumes for the play, and the effect was one of the remarkably gratifying aspects of the event. Mrs. Charles Knoblauch was the directing spirit of the drama from the beginning, and her long sustained and trying task was ably accomplished. Her assistants were undoubtedly enthusiastic, but enthusiasm is a periodic emotion.

While the cast, numbering fifty, was largely made up from members of the organization under whose auspices the play was given, several charming débutantes and four or five professional Thespians were enlisted for the occasion. The rôle of Lysistrata was assumed by Miss Isabel Merson, a member of John Kellerd's Shakespearean company. Miss Merson is an actress of merit, and her characterization was notable for its dramatic power and careful shading. Miss Florence Gerrish, as Myrrhina, was more than capable in her support. Mrs. James D. Livingston, Miss Elsie Stewart, and Miss Edith Barwell were in prominent parts, and others who aided effectively in the groups and stage pictures were Mrs. E. Livingston Hunt, Mrs. Evan Evans, and Miss Mildred Orme. The chorus included Miss Charlotte Delafield, Miss Morris, Miss Gertrude Lynch, Miss Dimock, Miss Katherine Ecob, Miss Lyons, Mrs. Richard Chisholm, Miss Alice Einstein, Mrs. E. Lyon, Miss Marman, Mrs. Percy Jackson, Miss Annie R. Tinker, Mrs. Edward Coward, Mrs. Dixon Boardman, and Mrs. Lyle Evans Mahan. Nicholas Joy played the part of Cinesias, first of the yielding husbands, and Stanley Howson, Sydney Carlisle, and Malcolm Morley were leaders among the old men.

At the conclusion of the play a Grecian dance was offered by a group composed of Miss Beulah Hepburn, Miss Katherine Crane, Miss Marian Whitman, Miss Isobel Foote, Miss Constance Buel, Miss Beatrice Buel, and Miss Cornelia Hepburn.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch came before the curtain to thank those who had made the presentation possible, and added some comments that were pertinent. She said that while it was certainly a matter for regret that the women of Greece did not have the ballot, we of today profited by that condition for it prompted the writing of the play. Thus there are compensations. Her audience was sympathetic and manifested its appreciative agreement with her conclusions.

The play is being repeated this afternoon, and it will undoubtedly have another successful hearing. For me there was more pleasure in the spectacle than in the spoken words, and I should be surprised to learn that there were no others similarly affected. And I hope I may be permitted to doubt the conclusion that convictions were changed or quickened by the imposition of a thesis upon a theatrical composition. Flaneur.

New York, February 18, 1913.

◆

General Stewart L. Woodford, ex-minister to Spain, who died recently at his home in New York, had, since his admission to the bar in 1857, been active as a soldier, diplomat, lawyer, and politician. Perhaps no other son of New York had been more prominent in a wider variety of national and civic service. Enlisting on August 21, 1862, in Company H, One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers, he served during the remainder of the war, being mustered out a brevet brigadier-general. He was the first military governor of Charleston, South Carolina after its capture by the Federals. In 1896 he was one of the commissioners who framed the charter of Greater New York. The following year President McKinley appointed him minister to Spain. He remained in Madrid until diplomatic relations between Spain and the United States were severed in 1898, and as his train steamed out of the station a mob stoned the carriage in which it was thought he was riding. Had his ambition driven him in that direction, he might have risen to the presidency. At the Republican convention in 1876 he received sixty votes for the nomination for the second place on the ticket, but when New York was reached in the roll-call, he withdrew in favor of William A. Wheeler, who became Vice-President when Rutherford B. Hayes was made President. Again, in 1880, at the convention which nominated Garfield, it was arranged to name General Woodford for the vice-presidency. In the interest of party harmony he withdrew from the contest, suggesting that in order to gain Conkling's support for the Garfield ticket the second place be given to Chester A. Arthur, which was done. Arthur succeeded to the presidency the following spring, when President Garfield was assassinated.

◆

During a visit recently of medical men to Bath, Sir William Ramsay, the eminent scientist who accidentally discovered the radioactivity of the waters of Bath, gave some remarkable proofs of the strength of radium in the waters. He stated that the radium emanations are so powerful that some mice he experimented with, which were fed on bread and cheese and radium gases, became radioactive and their breath discharged an electroscope, a very delicate instrument for detecting the presence of electricity in bodies on the principle of electric attraction and repulsion. Sir William Ramsay noticed that some finely adjusted electrical instruments in his possession were slightly affected. Not only do the waters contain radium, he explained, but, much more important, they give off radium emanations in as large quantities as any other radioactive waters in the world.

◆

Joseph Limburg, who recently refused to design the national German monument to Heinrich Heine when approached by an artistic and literary group, is a daring and poetic sculptor with a following quite as strong as the Rodin cult in France. He created a sensation at twenty-three with his first statue, the "Violin Player," at the Berlin Exhibition. Then he went to Rome, where he turned his attention to portrait sculpture.

◆

By a curious old law dating back to 1779 all the grapes left on the vines after the harvest at Beziers, France, go to the poor. Should it be the desire of a police officer to enforce the law rigidly the owner of the vineyard could at once be haled into court, should he make any attempt to pick the culls.

◆

In Stockholm the street-car conductors sell hatpin protectors for a cent apiece to all women who wish to buy. The implements do not protect the hatpin. They are fastened to the point and prevent a hatpin from doing damage to the person or property of men and women sitting or standing nearby.

◆

Nothing is wasted in Japan. Uses to which straw is put, after the threshing season, are seemingly endless. It is converted into bags for grain, shoes for the feet, raincoats for the body, roofs for the houses, paper mats, screens, beds, and numerous other articles.

◆

Manley M. Rice, who recently purchased a hotel in the exclusive West End portion of St. Louis, accumulated his fortune entirely from tips. For eight years he was hatrack attendant at the Hotel Jefferson. The position did not carry any salary.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.

Two Correspondents Relate Their Experiences but Complain That They Were Not Allowed to See the Battles.

Mr. Philip Gibbs and Mr. Bernard Grant, special newspaper correspondents with the Bulgarian and the Turkish armies, disavow any intention to write a history of the war. They could not if they would. The correspondents were not only excluded from the various battlefields except under the most rigorous of escorts, but they were treated almost as prisoners of war—not as friends, but as enemies of dangerous character. Nevertheless they saw a great deal that was worth seeing and worth remembering. The drama of war is what goes before the battle and what follows it. What may be called the business of war is more interesting than the far distant smoke-veiled hills which are all that one sees of the modern battle. Secrecy, says Mr. Gibbs, was the watchword of the Bulgarian authorities. All preparations were made in a silence never before achieved even by the Japanese. Upon the eve of war all mails and telegrams were stopped, and Bulgaria isolated herself from the rest of Europe as though she had built an iron wall around her frontiers. Even private letters were censored, and correspondents had the painful duty of reading out affectionate missives to their wives to serious men in uniform.

The newspaper correspondents in Sofia made a big battalion in themselves. There were enough of them to guard a mountain pass. And in Sofia most of them were doomed to stay, and Sofia was a deserted city as peaceful as a churchyard:

> I began to doubt whether it was worth while to go to the theatre of war. For to a journalist it is only an additional exasperation to see things which he can not describe, and by official orders we were forbidden to describe anything. I read the regulations for war correspondents and their severity was appalling. We were forbidden to describe the disposition of troops, to give the names of generals, the names and numbers of the wounded, the success or failure of Bulgarian troops, the state of the soldiers' health, the conditions of the climate.
>
> I put a polite question to the censor:
>
> "Will you tell me, sir, if there is anything about which we shall be allowed to write?"
>
> He thought deeply for a moment, and then answered with great gravity:
>
> "There is much interest in Bulgarian literature."
>
> "Perhaps I may also be permitted to describe the song of the birds?" I inquired.
>
> "By all means," said the censor, very cordially.

Some of the correspondents, and Mr. Gibbs among them, were eventually conducted to Stara Zagora, the general quarters of the Bulgarian army, and here they saw that most impressive of all war sights, the unending march of peasant soldiers on their way to the front:

> They were not professional soldiers, they were just rough, simple, ignorant peasants, with many fine qualities of endurance, indifferent to pain and hunger and hardships, grim and resolute in their way of warfare, careless of death. Like all peasants also, they had qualities of brutality which do not belong to people of the cities. The killing of men was no more to them than the killing of pigs. The stench of blood did not sicken them, and with old savage instincts they were infuriated by modern methods of fighting—the shooting of an unseen enemy at long range, but were eager to see into the whites of their enemy's eyes, and to use a knife upon him. The history of this war would have been very different if the Bulgarians had set out to fight a nation less utterly demoralized than the Turks, for their bayonet charges when the peasant soldiers flung off their sheepskin coats and rushed forward in the full fire of the guns would have been checked by walls of dead. As I watched the armies of reservists pass in a never-ending tide, the faces of thousands of men seemed to blend into one face, the typical face of the Bulgarian soldier, square-cut, with a short beard, sullen eyes, and the look of one of his own oxen—beast-like and menacing.

Mr. Gibbs admits that he is unable to explain the demoralization that overwhelmed the Turkish forces again and again, and especially at the battle of Prepolatz, when the successive bayonet charges of the Servians spread panic through the ranks of their enemies:

> Not yet has the secret of that panic been fully told, but as I write I have before me one little object picked up upon the battlefield which seems to reveal one reason for that orgy of fear. It is one of those wooden bullets found in thousands at Kumanova as they were flung away by Turkish soldiers. This story has been denied by those who have a powerful interest in denying it. But the evidence is too strong for denial, and my wooden bullet bears silent and terrible witness of the guilt by which fraudulent contractors and bribed officials betrayed the lives of men and the fate of our empire. Eye witnesses report also that the bayonets and swords which lay strewn in thousands on the way from Kumanova to Uskuh were all blunt, so that they were useless in the hands of men faced by Servians with weapons sharp to kill. Perhaps the wild retreat of those Turks was not due to mere cowardice, but to the knowledge that they were betrayed by their own government, incorrigible in corruption. From the lips of dying men, from those who staggered hopelessly away from the battlefield on the way of retreat there must have been many curses for those who had sent them to fight with bayonets that would not pierce, and swords that would not cut, and bullets that would not kill.

At Mustafa Pasha the author met King Ferdinand, who expressed to him his opinion of newspaper correspondents in general and of newspaper photographers in particular:

> Across the bridge one day came King Ferdinand with his general staff, and for once the roadway was cleared of the transport wagons, and swept clean of mud. The king proceeded to the Bulgarian church, a simple old building just outside the town, where a private service was held for his majesty and his staff.
>
> Returning afterwards over the bridge the king stopped and examined the damage done by the Turks when they attempted to destroy it in their retreat.
>
> I happened to be standing near, and seeing that I was an English correspondent, the king walked towards me and shook hands. He asked the name of my paper, and when he heard that I was the *Graphic* said that the paper was an old friend of his. He spoke almost perfect English and was very genial and cordial in his manner, although as I shall have to tell later, he had no desire to encourage war correspondents in their anxiety to watch the operations of war.
>
> Of the press photographers he had a special dislike, amounting almost to a dread, and one of his remarks to me, when he perceived that he was being snapshotted, was an epigram which amused me a good deal.
>
> "This photography," said the king, "is not a profession, but a disease."

Upon one occasion, at least, the gentlemen of the press were allowed a close view. It was at the hanging of two bashi-bazouks renowned for their outrages upon defenseless Christians. One of them had murdered twenty-three people with his own hand and the other had cut up women and children:

> It was the strangest, most fantastic, most tragic thing I have ever seen. This old fellow, with the mild eyes, who was accused of almost unspeakable crimes, prepared to go to Allah with a clean body and a prayerful mind. He took off his shoes and washed his feet very carefully in water brought to him by a soldier in a tin can. Then he washed his face, hands, and arms vigorously, and afterwards, in fresh water, rinsed out his mouth. Raising his hands to his ears with that gesture which is characteristic among Oriental people, and familiar to us in stage caricatures of old Jews, he listened for the voice of God, and then prostrated himself upon the ground.
>
> An officer had his watch in his hand, counting the minutes, but before he had called out the time limit the old man was on his feet again, and walked under the gallows tree. He took off his silver ring and flung it on the ground, with a gesture of disdain, as though wealth were but dirt now, and then handed other small objects of value—a silver box, a cigarette holder, a watch—to a young officer standing close to him. The second man was ready too—and a moment later the dreadful work began.

The spectators, we are told, "could not conceal their mirth."

Strictly speaking, there has been no bombardment of Adrianople, the Bulgarians having fired only at the outlying forts in order to avoid needless destruction. The situation inside the city must have been infernal according to the description of occasional refugees:

> The noise of the guns, which was terrific even as far away as Mustafa Pasha, was absolutely hellish in Adrianople itself. By day it kept people quivering with the shock of it as the great crashes followed one another with a fury of sound; at night the noise became infernal in its violence, stunning the ears of the inhabitants and making the very houses tremble. It was like living in a continual earthquake. To those poor people in Adrianople the nervous strain was increased by the ordeal of suspense. Ignorant of the military situation, inside as well as outside, they never knew from one day to another whether the besieging army would not carry the city by assault and come through the streets with a general slaughter and an orgy of blood and loot. They could not go to bed on any night without the possibility of being awakened by the shouts of Bulgarians, by shots in the streets, and by the clash of cold steel. And when the garrison made their sorties, generally under the cover of darkness, there was no sleep for any living soul, because the adventure might end for all of them in massacre and death. Generally it ended in the return of the attacking column, not in full strength but dreadfully thinned, sometimes but a miserable remnant of the body which had marched out, and with a wreckage of maimed and shattered men. Out beyond the fort were men who never came back, the cold husks of men. On the other hand, I am told that at times a great hopefulness animated the population, unnatural and unreasonable, and followed by a violent reaction and a renewal of their despondency. The success of one of the sorties which had made a surprise attack upon the Bulgarians and inflicted great damage upon them raised the spirits of the people and became exaggerated in a fantastic way, so that it was imagined that the garrison army would smash through the enemy's positions, follow their retreat, and slaughter them as they poured in a rabble through Mustafa Pasha. Old Turks licked their lips at the thought of the vengeance, and promised themselves a cheerful time with curved knives and upward thrusts. These savage thoughts prevailed also among the peasant soldiers on the Bulgarian side, who were disheartened by the failure to capture a city which had seemed like a ripe pear ready to fall into their hands, and they were angered by the great losses which they sustained from the surprise attacks and the continued shell fire. They also made vows of vengeance, and kept their bayonets very sharp and covered them with grease.

The author gives us a fine picture of the Bulgarian airships that played a large part in the siege of Adrianople and that seem to have performed marked services:

> As I stood watching one day I saw two scenes in this grim drama which made my pulses beat with a great excitement. A great bird flew across the sky towards the city, and as it flew it sang a droning song like the buzzing of an enormous bee. It was a monoplane, flown by a Bulgarian aviator, who had volunteered to reconnoitre the Turkish defenses. It disappeared swiftly into the smoke-wrack, and for some time I listened intently to a furious fusillade which seemed to meet this winged spy. After half an hour the aeroplane came back, flying swiftly away from the shot and shell which pursued it from the low-lying hills. Its wings were pierced, so that one could see the sky through them, but it flew steadily from the chase of death, and I heard its rhythmic heart-beat overhead. Its escape was certain now. It had mocked at the pursuit of the shells, the loud beat of its engine above me was a song of triumph. I watched it disappear again—to safety. So it seemed; but death has many ways of capture, and when I came back to Mustafa Pasha that day I heard that the unfortunate aviator, after his escape from the guns, had fallen from a great height within sight of home, and that the hero's body lay smashed to pieces in the wreckage of his machine. Then on another day I saw another drama in the air. While my eyes watched the smoke-clouds from the siege guns something twinkled and glittered to the left of the four tall minarets of the great mosque of Adrianople. It was the smooth silk of an airship which caught the rays of the sun; this cigar-shaped craft rose slowly and steadily to a fair height, though I think it was tethered at one end. It rose above peaceful ground into a great tranquillity, which lasted about ten minutes. Then suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and a shell burst to the left of the airship. I gave a great cry. It seemed to me that the frail craft had burst and disappeared into nothingness. But a few seconds later, when the smoke was wafted away, I saw the airship still poised steadily above the earth, untouched by that death machine. A second shell was flung skywards, far to the right; and for an hour I watched shells rise continually round that airship, trying to tear it down from its high observation, but never striking it. I do not know the names of the men who piloted that ship, but, whoever they were, they may boast of a courage which kept them at their post in the sky amid that storm of shells.

The author tells us that he saw many great battalions of wounded men on their way to the rear. There were no medals and no bands in this grim procession of sufferers with bandages round their heads and limbs through which the blood had oozed with horrible stains, and with the jolting of trains and the shrieking of whistles for their music:

> The men who fought at Kirk Kilisse and Lule Burgas had sixty leagues and more to cover in hay-carts and bullock-wagons before they reached the railways. Many of them never reached the railways; the last flicker of life was shaken out of them before they came to the trains; the drivers called: "Hai-de! Hai-de!" not knowing that a corpse lay in the straw behind them. The faces of some of those wounded men were terrible as they passed me. They were the faces of dead men with living eyes, of an earthen color already, splashed by blood, and stamped with the sharp imprint of pain. Some of them had their tongues lolling out, parched with thirst, and others were terribly smashed so that never again will they be able to follow the plow in the field. At the railway stations all ordinary trains were held up while the ambulance trains poured through in one long traffic of human freight. For hours, and sometimes for two days at a stretch, while I waited for a passenger train to take me fifty miles or so further to the front, I stared at the convoys of wounded and became weary of all their woe. Poor devils! These heroes of the war against the Turk knew the meaning of heroism to the last bitter drop of the cup. Perhaps in the ox-wagons they had prayed for the train. Now, in the train, they suffered a new horror. They were packed into cattle trucks, twenty and thirty, sometimes even fifty, together, lying in the straw as one great heap of wounded and mangled limbs. I looked into many of these trucks, and sickened at the stench arising from the rotten straw, and the sour smell of muddy clothes.

Mr. Grant, who was with the Turkish army, has many a good word to say for the Mohammedan soldier, as indeed have all who know him individually rather than collectively. Soldiers are not usually associated with over-much praying, but the Turk may be said to pray incorrigibly and alike under good and evil fortune:

> As the sun sank and twilight came, with its deepening shadows, many of the soldiers who had descended from the train took off their boots and prayed. A hush fell upon the scene, and I was deeply impressed with the sight of those men proclaiming their faith under the open sky and praying to the God of Battle—to Allah—whose name was upon their lips.
>
> They raised their hands to their ears with that strange Oriental gesture which signifies that the man is listening for the whisper of the great voice of the Almighty One, and prostrated themselves so that foreheads touched the earth, and sat down cross-legged, swaying backwards and forwards until once again their heads were bowed to the dust. But always they kept their face turned towards the setting sun.
>
> These men were praying that the Mohammedan spirit might vanquish all its enemies, as in the days of the Prophet, and that the Crescent might rise supreme over those who challenged its might.

Moreover, the Turkish soldier was honest. Thousands of starving men were able to look untempted upon the stores of a newspaper correspondent whom they could have robbed and murdered unchallenged and unreproved:

> Other soldiers cast covetous eyes upon our stores. They were famished, and yet hunger had not made them fierce, but tamed them, so that fortunately for us they had not the spirit of the looter, nor pluck enough to show fight.
>
> That seemed to me remarkable. Here were we, two men of a foreign race, in the midst of a starving army, while we had stores, yet there was no serious attack upon us, and our property remained as safely in our hands as if we had placed our cart in the middle of Hyde Park under police protection.
>
> The Terrible Turk, as he has so often been called, and as I had often imagined him, turned out to be a man of law, a respecter of property, and an honest fellow, even when he was gnawed by hunger and supported by enormous numbers of hungry comrades, who in one moment or two could have killed us and taken possession of all we had.

Mr. Grant was first introduced to cholera at Hadem Kiou. He was warned that he must not enter the village, and so he had to camp outside among the swarms of starving soldiers, who asked him for food "but went off tamely and despondently when we had to refuse their request":

> We rose before dawn again on a warm morning, with a thick damp mist clinging to the fields and trees. We prepared breakfast, but as we were sitting down to eat it we made an unpleasant and even dreadful discovery. It appeared that we were camped on an isolation cemetery for the cholera victims. We called the attention of Wilkins to some carts filled with queer-looking burdens covered by white sheets, which were being brought up to a spot where men in white coats were digging a pit.
>
> "Look there," I said. "This place is a graveyard."
>
> Wilkins glanced over in the direction of the carts and went on munching his meal.
>
> "It looks like it," he said. "Cholera, I should say."
>
> I watched the grim work going on so close to us. At first, as I have said, the bodies were covered with white sheets. There were piles of them turned out into the deep trench which had been dug for them.
>
> Then came other carts, and this time the bodies were uncovered except by a white powder which looked like quicklime. They had been heaped into the carts just as they had died, arms, legs, and heads flopping about in a horrible and grotesque way. The grave-diggers dragged them out and let them fall heavily, in any kind of posture, into the grave, before shoveling the earth upon them.
>
> It was the most gruesome breakfast hour I have ever spent, and yet, after so many strange experiences and dreadful sights, it did not make so great an impression upon me as I should have imagined, and did not even take away my appetite. It is strange how quickly the human mind adapts itself to the most extraordinary conditions.

Perhaps the authors of this vivid story would have rendered a lesser service to peace had they been able to fill their pages with stories of battle, of bayonet charges, and of hand-to-hand conflict. But these things are not of the essence of war. The abiding realities come before and after, and they are hideous to look at, unrelieved by color, noise, and passion. If we must have war stories at all it is well that they should be of this kind.

The Balkan War. By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Lee Shore.

This prize-winning novel by a new writer takes its place easily as one of the distinctive stories of the day. Comparisons and superlatives are equally to be avoided, but if the author is able to produce more of this same calibre and to maintain this extraordinary high level we may congratulate ourselves upon a new artist in the field of fiction.

The hero of "The Lee Shore" is Peter Margerison, whom we meet first as an ailing schoolboy at one of the English public schools and whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, we follow for some three hundred pages. Perhaps the character of Mr. Locke's Septimus is the nearest approach in fiction to that of Peter, but the picture of Septimus was exaggerated almost to the point of the grotesque and that of Peter is not exaggerated. With a fine mind, with almost abnormal appreciation and comprehension of art, of aristocratic family, he yet belongs by the unmistakable decree of nature to those who shall never possess anything, whose every enterprise shall be calamitous, who can never know a gratified desire. Sometimes nature's "have-nots" become soured. Sometimes they became beautified. Peter's character is always a fine one, but we watch it become almost sublime under the adversity at which he mocks with gentle scorn. Once he rebels, fiercely and passionately, at the demand for the greatest sacrifice of his, but Rodney—and we ought to see much more of Rodney—persuades him that "You don't know how to possess. Then in heaven's name leave possessing alone, and stick to the job you are good at—doing without":

> I don't know when, or how soon; but I do know that some time you will be happy again, with the things, the colored shells, so to speak, that you will find still when all the winds and storms have done their worst and all your cargoes are broken wrecks at your feet. It will be then, in that last emptiness, that you'll come to terms with disaster, and play the fool again to amuse yourself and the other derelicts, because, when there's nothing else left, there's always laughter.

But "The Lee Shore" is not a tragedy. It is a shining and happy comedy. We move among delightful people who talk gayly and wittily of things worth talking of. We see artistic Italy and Bohemian London. We oscillate between wealth and poverty, the mansion and the dusty highway, but we laugh all the time until we begin to understand the philosophy of the story, and then we are silent, and surprised, and awed. To miss "The Lee Shore" would be to miss one of the keenest pleasures that modern fiction can give.

The Lee Shore. By R. Macaulay. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Through South America.

The prevailing ignorance about South America is hardly likely to continue if any adequate use is made of the large amount of descriptive literature now being issued. This particular volume appears in Crowell's Travel Books, a series of real value to the voyager as conveying practical and relevant information unburdened with statistics or trade technicalities. The author gives us a brief but general survey of the history of South America from its discovery, and then devotes consecutive sections to Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and the Guianas. His volume of about 450 pages is none too long for such a purpose, but it is written with discrimination and a keen eye to relative values. There are numerous good illustrations and a map.

Through South Africa. By Harry W. Van Dyke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2 net.

The Land We Live In.

This work is described as a book of conservation for boys and is intended to awaken a youthful interest in what may be called the national problems of out of doors. First we have an historical sketch of America when it came into white hands, and this is followed by sections devoted to the forest, the farm, mining, wild life, rivers, and the duties of conservation in general. It is obvious that a work of this kind may be either dull or fascinating, according to the temperament of the author and his insight to the mind of the boy, but Mr. Price has written ideally for his purpose. Never forgetting the youth of his auditors, he avoids the fatal error of writing down to them, and the result is a volume of serious rather than of emotional interest, and yet well calculated to leave an abiding impression. There are well-chosen illustrations upon nearly every page.

The Land We Live In. By Overton W. Price. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50 net.

American Graphic Art.

Mr. Weitenkampf as an art expert needs no introduction. He has already written acceptably and, moreover, is at the head of the arts and prints division of the New York Public Library. In this volume he leaves upon one side the history of American painting and sculpture and devotes himself to the reproductive graphic arts. We have chapters on etching, engraving, mezzotint, aquatint, lithography, illustrating, caricature, the bookplate, and applied graphic art from the business card to the poster. The work is interesting not only from the historical point of view—and in this respect it is admirably complete—but as giving a view of the present state of reproductive art in America and the prospects for the future. Thus we have a lament at the indifference shown by the artistic world toward lithography, a lament so well expressed as to justify a hope that it may in itself be found to falsify the author's anticipation of a fruitless future for a simple, beautiful, and responsive medium of expression.

American Graphic Art. By F. Weitenkampf. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $2.75 net.

Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby.

Those who read "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, will not willingly overlook anything else by the same pen. "Mother" was followed by "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," and now we have a volume of short stories reprinted from magazines and of varying merit, but all of them bright, energetic, and well told. The author deserves commendation in that she makes no concession to the baser spirit of the day. She never verges upon the nasty, she is never sensational, and never silly. Indeed she seems to have a certain serious conviction that there are beautiful things in every-day life and that the duty of the story-teller is to accentuate them. This may not land her among the best sellers—sometimes a doubtful compliment—but it will earn for her the appreciation of the judicious, which indeed she has already, and is likely to maintain.

Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.30 net.

Art in Washington.

The latest addition to the Art Galleries of America series is "The Art Treasures of Washington," by Helen W. Henderson, whose competent pen has now contributed two volumes to a useful library. The author defines her book as "an account of the Corcoran Gallery of Art and of the National Gallery and Museum, with descriptions and criticisms of their contents; including, also, an account of the works of art in the Capitol, and in the Library of Congress, and of the most important statuary in the city."

The work of discrimination and of description has been done well and in face of special difficulties. The collection of junk at Washington is unusually large, thanks to a congressional stupidity that is always ready to purchase rubbish for large sums and to reject real values. But the visitor who relies upon this careful guidance will not go far wrong nor overlook much that should be seen. The illustrations are copious and good.

The Art Treasures of Washington. By Helen W. Henderson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $3 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Masterpieces of the Southern Poets," edited by Walter Neale (Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net), is a satisfactory anthology finely printed on thin paper and bound in limp red leather.

"Eve's Other Children," by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $1 net), is a collection of stories of the Syrians in Brooklyn's poorer sections. They relate mainly to children, and the author seems to have the gift of insight as well as that of the story-teller.

There have been many stories of Panama, but none more concise than this work by Frank A. Gause and Charles Carl Carr, who have been connected with educational work on the Canal Zone for many years. It is entitled "The Story of Panama" (Silver, Burdett & Co.; $1.50), and it includes not only an admirable historical sketch, but also an account of the present engineering operations and of the political diplomacies associated with the canal project during the last 250 years.

Among recent additions to the Riverside Educational Monographs, edited by Henry Suzzalo, is "The Teacher's Health," by Lewis M. Terman (Houghton Mifflin Company; 60 cents net). The author, who is associate professor of education at Stanford, explains that the purpose of his book is to summarize and interpret the most important investigations which bear upon the hygiene of the teaching profession. His interest is with the teacher rather than with the pupil, and he seems to think that the health of the teacher needs supervision rather more than that of the scholar.

"The Cost of It," by Elenor Mordaunt (Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.35 net), is a novel based on a well-worn theme, but one likely to reappear from time to time so long as it represents facts in our social scheme. The hero is the son of an English baronet who discovers that his mother is of mixed blood. The son determines to throw in his lot with his mother, who has been deserted on a British island possession, and his vicissitudes and adventures form the substance of the story. The author evidently knows the ground and writes with sympathy and imagination.

New Books Received.

The Blindness of Virtue. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1 net.

A play in four acts.

Across the Andes. By Charles Johnston Post. New York: Outing Publishing Company; $2 net.

A tale of wandering days among the mountains of Bolivia and the jungles of the upper Amazon.

The Book of Judges. By Edward Lewis Curtis, Ph. D., D. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

Issued in the Bible for Home and School.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Edited by Fred P. Emery, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare, edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike.

Lucian. In eight volumes. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library, edited by T. E. Page, M. A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D.

British Pictures and Their Painters. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

An anecdotal guide to the British section of the National Gallery.

Modern Problems. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2 net.

Twenty-one essays on modern controversies.

The Governments of Europe. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3 net.

A survey of governmental systems, past and present.

Windyridge. By W. Riley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Subordinate Latin Clause Syntax. By M. A. Leiper. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents.

For second-year high school students.

The Maiden Manifest. By Della Campbell MacLeod. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Story of Stephen Compton. By J. E. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Simon Brandin. By B. Paul Newman. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

Success. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

Cleek: The Man of the Forty Faces. By T. W. Hanshew. New York: Cassell & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Elementary Biology, Plant, Animal, Human. By James Edward Peabody, A. M., and Arthur Ellsworth Hunt, Ph. B. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

For school use.

Why I Am Opposed to Socialism. Original papers by leading men and women. Sacramento: Edward Silvin; 50 cents.

The Lost Despatch. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A story of the Civil War.

New Lives for Old. By William Carleton. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20.

A review of changes in country life and in ownership of land.

The Return of Odysseus. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Brentano's; $1.50 net.

A poetic drama in four acts.

Mrs. Fiske. By Frank Carlos Griffith. New York: Neale Publishing Company; $1 net.

A biographical sketch.

Seven Keys to Baldpate. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

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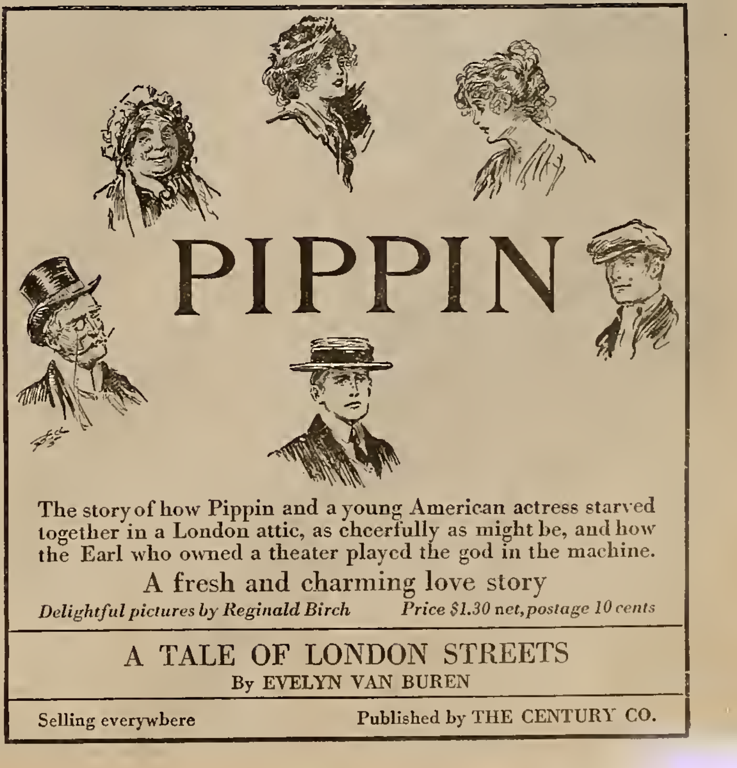

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"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE."

William H. Crane indicates, in his public appearances, a wonderfully undimmed vitality, an astonishing vigor of personality, and that sort of perennial survival of boyishness of feeling which is one of the most lovable attributes of the American male. Says sixteen-year-old Eva, as she coos over the boutonnière of the cosy old Senator whom she covets for a step-father, "Mother says you're the youngest of the bunch."

It is quite palpable that "The Senator Keeps House" was written for Crane, and, shallow little comedy though it is, there is a certain felicity and suitability not only in the conclusions drawn from the remark of Eva's, but from the general aspects of the character itself; the character, that is, of the Senator, as played by Crane.

Martha Morton is one of our playwrights who has studied the superficial tastes of the American public so closely, and has her playwriting technic so well in hand, that, given pen and ink, she could sit down on a coral reef in the middle of the South Pacific and turn out a play that would tickle the ribs of the public and persuade them that it was life. It is life of a kind, but it is the kind that has the mechanism and artificialized essence of the life imagined by a playwright who recognizes the national taste for pretty or amusing syllabubs.

The play is not up to the abilities either of Crane or his company, but so stimulating are the former, and so well-tempered the quality of the latter that, with the pleasant atmosphere of a domestically cheerful and humorous piece, we find at the end of the evening that we have enjoyed ourselves extremely. The play makes some pretense of being political, but it is really a farcical comedy of domesticity, with the usual sentimental interest freely diversified by irreverent American humor.

Senator Larkin, who, from rooted honest conviction, is opposing a worthless claim upon the government treasury, receives in his bachelor household as housekeeper the fair claimant, of whose identity he is ignorant. This state of things results from a little plot laid by a member of Congress who is backing, for private reasons, what he knows to be a worthless claim. He relies upon the gentle, domestic charm of the widowed claimant and her young daughter eventually to do away with the Senator's animosity to the bill. But, after the two fair interlopers have brought peace and grace into the senatorial household and have won the affections of the Senator and his nephew, discovery ensues, and the cat is out of the bag, the fat is in the fire. However, subsequent recognition of a lack of complicity on the part of the claimant and her daughter causes the curtain to fall on the cheerful prospect of the double wedding of the Senator and his nephew.

This very gauzy story begins rather lamely. The jokes, at first, are a little tame and fail to crackle. Nor do they at any time rise to meteoric splendor. Also there was, at first, a certain mechanical fixity about the way the minor characters uttered their lines that seemed to indicate a stage directorship that deprived players of their personality.

And then things began to warm up. We discovered Crane all over again. We always do. His mastery of the comedian's art is just as complete as ever. No other one of his kind can more aptly indicate in expressive comedy pantomime, the instinctive, bubbling humor that is at once lovable and laughable. None can so amply produce, in arid soil, the rich verdure of a genial, joyful, cheer-inspiring nature.

We began to be warmly attached to the Senator. We liked to see sixteen-year-old Eva and her pretty mother about. We became sympathetically match-making in our instincts. We discovered that the stage director is one of those blessed beings convinced that language on the stage is used for the purpose of being understood.

In fact, we eventually surrendered to the spell of a luminous star and a first-class company, and stopped criticizing the play. But, all the same, it is not up to the abilities either of Crane or the company. But it is one of those useful pieces that while it is in a way stage stereotype is so pleasant and wholesome in general sentiment that it cheers up the hard-working provider of the family, and sends him on his way rejoicing. Written by a woman, it appeals more particularly to the taste of a man. The cigar incident shows, partly, how light is the fibre of the piece, since its general current can be stemmed for a few moments to admit of this amusing bit of by-play; and, partly, it shows how thoroughly Martha Morton has studied pleasing male auditors.

During the incident referred to the Senator, much perturbed in his mind over his painful discovery, pines for a soothing cigar. But his cigar-box is empty, and his nephew and other male visitors chance to be unprovided. In vain every masculine pocket is rummaged. At the psychological moment, however, when the entire audience is palpitating with nicotinic sympathy, enters Sam, the Senator's colored boy. Sam, entirely to be agreeable to his accusatory Delilah, has acknowledged to a theft of two cigars he never committed, and has bought two propitiatory substitutes as atonement. The Senator seizes upon one as the drinker clutches his dram, lights it feverishly, and calmed and soothed by the pleasant poison, puffs out volumes of smoky oblation to his teased and tormented nerves. Just as we are all hearing a concerted sigh of sympathetic relief we are suddenly conscious that there is something wrong. The cigar is tilted at a frenzied angle. A wild look appears in the Senator's eye. A hideous suspicion has come to birth. We see it all! Sam is the purchaser of two grocery-store cigars, and the offending weed is rejected by a saddened and disillusionized smoker.

There ensues another psychologically timed appearance. The political intriguer who is responsible for the bruised and disillusionized state of the Senator's affections enters, and an old war veteran who is present urges a duel as the only means of wiping out animosities. But a light of joy appears in the Senator's eye, and a faint, fugitive smile of vengeful satisfaction comes and goes. He has suddenly remembered the other cigar. It is courteously pressed upon the enemy, who accepts it as being given in the spirit of a pipe-of-peace offering. He, too, clutches it feverishly and lights it impatiently. He, too, pours forth votive clouds to appease deranged and disturbed nerves. And he, too, falls in the clutch of a dread suspicion and awful uncertainty. He totters from the scene, and the duel fades peacefully away with his disappearance.

This ridiculous and highly amusing scene was played almost in pure pantomime, and both men were so intensely funny that, although there was an anti-climax, since Crane's scene came first, the audience was in the highest good humor. And I noticed that a sympathetically quickened tobacco appetite caused a premature lighting of men's cigars as we were leaving the theatre.

The company supporting Crane includes several familiar figures. Mabel Bert, whom we may regard as a Californian, since so many of her years as a beginner were spent on a local stage, plays the part of the claimant whose soothing charm and administrative ability brought peace into the Senator's unregulated household. That pretty precision of manner, which always prevented Mabel Bert from rising to emotional heights when she used to be McKee Rankin's leading lady, is still a part of herself. Indeed it particularly fits her for the part, and was, no doubt, instrumental in her being chosen for it. She is still pretty and pleasing and has retained her beautiful figure.

Harry Harwood gives a full-bodied and unctuous impersonation of the genial politician who knows how to get his own way, and Charles Riegel, an actor of fine appearance and commanding figure, is very choice and imposing in a small but effective rôle, that of Colonel Seely, a soft-hearted, fire-eating old war veteran.

A nice-looking young actor named Jack Devercaux plays, on conventional lines, the part of the nephew who falls a victim to the youthful fascinations of Eva; and totally forgets to look delighted and shining-eyed with happy sympathy when his uncle folds his little bride-to-be in a welcoming avuncular embrace. One of those little omissions that are always surprising us in the minor players of a cast.

Lorraine Frost, at present, is just pretty girl and conscientious training. But she is attractive, responsive, and very trainable.

Zeffie Tilbury, whom we see regularly at periodical intervals, is in the cast, in a rather cattish rôle. She is not at her best. Experienced actress though she is, it is difficult, almost impossible, to cause Mrs. Wallace to emerge from the cloud of artificiality and petty spite in which that lady has her being. The character is not happily conceived, and struck me as being a mistake. She is introduced, apparently, to be the instrument in causing Eva Flower, through pique, to enter into the deception. But the device was not a happy one, and prevented us from seeing the better side of Zeffie Tilbury's acting.

Except for a momentarily appearing reporter, played neatly by Bud Woodthorpe, two darkey characters complete the list. Sam, the Senator's man, is well played by Raymond Walburn, and the rôle of Honeysuckle is so excellently represented by Marion Kerhy that, comparatively slight though the part is,. we recognized almost immediately that we have a first-class specialist in darkey impersonation in our midst.

All three dialects—the Southern accent of Charles Riegel, and the darkey speech and intonations of Raymond Walburn and Marion Kerby—are first-class; but added to that, Miss Kerby puts so much clever detail into her impersonation and throws into her careless crooning of the song a voice and spirit so markedly exceptional that I have a suspicion that she has had experiences in being specially featured as a coon singer and impersonator. There is such a depth and vigor to her voice, and such a rhythmic swing to her song that the audience no doubt would have liked its suppressed modulations to burst out into fuller expression. But, just as it is, it amounted to a very neat little bit of artistry.

But it is Crane who lingers in the mind; Crane who, after celebrating the golden wedding of his union with the ever-favorite muse, still possesses the physical buoyancy, the mental alertness, the temperamental geniality, and the artistic mastery of his resources which enable him to stamp his work into our consciousness with just as much vigor and persuasiveness as he did two or three decades ago.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

DRAMA FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The eminently successful engagement of Mme. Bernhardt on the vaudeville circuit, which has just ended in this city, has been marked by several interesting incidents indicative of the warm personal regard existing between Mme. Bernhardt and her San Francisco audiences. One was her appearance at the second public meeting of the local Drama League, at which the many acclaiming thousands assembled saw the artist crowned by Mayor Rolph with a laurel wreath.

Mme. Bernhardt's womanly sympathy also impelled her to volunteer a representation of her son's play, "One Christmas Night," by herself and company before the inmates of San Quentin. The performance was given on an improvised stage in the prison yard on Washington's Birthday, and at its close the cheering and cap-waving of the men in stripes attested their intense enthusiasm.

A gracious desire to encourage the commendable enterprise of a compatriot caused Mme. Bernhardt to visit the lecture room at the St. Francis Hotel of M. André Ferrier, during the second week of her engagement, and there listen to a representation of "Ruy Blas" by M. Ferrier and his company. The audience rose spontaneously, with every mark of respect, at the appearance of the famous actress, and at the close of the performance formed a lane through which she passed as might a queen at a levée, bowing and smiling graciously to her loyal subjects.

Although the infant enterprise undertaken by the manager and director of the Théatre Français is not yet a year old, its success is giving much encouragement both to its French and American patrons. Its existence here in our cosmopolitan community is a feather in San Francisco's cap, but although M. Ferrier has been congratulated by MM. Brieux, Jean Aicaire of the Académie Française, and Monet-Sully, dean of the Comédie Française, he and his company felt particularly honored by the gracious appreciation accorded them by Mme. Bernhardt.

A recent performance of Paul Gavault's "La Chocolatière," an up-to-date comedy which has had a phenomenal run in Paris, went with so much lightness, gayety, and charm at the most recent once-a-month performance of the local Théâtre Française that a brilliant contingent of our best society which was present felt that the occasion marked a red-letter day in the dramatic history of San Francisco.

Theatrical representations in English, French, and Chinese! Not so bad for a city as young as ours.

We can, indeed, almost lay claim to presenting drama in a fourth language, as Mrs. Emil Pohli, a local dramatic reader, interprets, in their native German, plays hot from the Berlin press, often reading them to San Francisco audiences within a month of their *première* in Germany.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

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It may well be doubted whether the world will ever see Wagner's equal in the triple rôle he played (says Edgar Stillman Kelley), but when kindred talents unite, they may yet produce music-dramas of merit and magnitude. Thus the libretto of "Carmen" involved the labors of four men, Prosper Mérimée, Meilhac, Halévy, and Bizet himself. Nevertheless the result was worth the effort, for, combined with the rare music of Bizet, it has become one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the stage. By preserving a greater proportion of purely musical features—lyric forms, subtle returns from foreign tonalities to the main key, refined orchestration so humanely planned that the singer has a living chance—Bizet has done the world of art a service of inestimable value. Its influence is heard in the charming "Lakme" of Delibes, "Pique Dame," and "Eugene Onegin" by Tschaikovsky, and many of the more refined works of the French, Italians, and Russians.

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Electricity is the means which is changing the old order of things and driving drudgery and gloom from the country. To what uses it can be put is well illustrated by *Leslie's Weekly*, in speaking of the Miner farm, Oriskany Falls, New York: "Here by a private turbine an electric generator of seventeen horsepower is employed, and all the buildings, even to the pigstye, are electrically lighted. The firewood is cut by a circular saw; water is forced by a vacuum pump into all the buildings; all the domestic machines that were formerly operated by cranks are now 'on the circuit'; even the cooking is done by electricity, and the farmhouse is heated by it. . . . Among other devices in the Miner farmhouse are electric fans, one in the attic insuring good ventilation in hot weather; in the kitchen cooking is done for ten on an electric range, and an electric iron is used for ironing. A small motor operates the egg-beater and cream-whipper, while another drives the sewing-machine. An electric heater in the kitchen heats water for kitchen use and for the bath."

These are only a few of the uses to which electricity can be put on the modern farm. There is no reason why enterprising farmers should not enjoy the same comforts which their city brethren derive from the use of electricity in every department of the home. Indeed they are fast finding this out, and the demand for electric power is increasing in every section of the state. Dairymen are putting it to use in the shape of electric milking machines, insuring greater cleanliness, quicker work, and a less irksome time for the cattle: poultry fanciers find that electrically heated incubators give great satisfaction, the heat never varying; and wherever colonies are located, or the small farmer has taken up his abode, irrigation canals not being at hand, electrically driven pumps have been installed, insuring a never-failing supply of water. This system of irrigation, at small cost, has enabled many land-owners to become independent, whereas, without it, their properties would have been of little value, for they would have been niggardly producers. And a barren-looking country home is the most God-forsaken sight in the world.

To supply the great, growing demand for electric power is a big question, but the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is solving it by the erection of gigantic power plants, at a cost of over $6,000,000, which will furnish 100,000 additional horsepower to be distributed over its vast territory, which already comprises thirty of California's fifty-eight counties, containing two-thirds of the state's population. It is carrying its lines to remote districts, that the small towns and the farms may have electricity for light and power at a minimum cost, and the response to its untiring energy, directed toward making California a more attractive place in which to live, is meeting with hearty response up and down its immense territory. It maintains a department whose services are gratis to the man contemplating the use of electricity for any purpose, and all problems are cheerfully worked out.

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GENEE, THE JOYOUS.

It is impossible to think of Genee's dancing, the perfection of the art, without realizing that it is the spirit of joyousness that makes it so beautiful in all its grace and swiftness. Youth, and spring, and sunshine, and a merry heart, are in all her dances, from the elegant passepied to the rollicking hunting scene. Each figure is as clearly cut, as delicately finished as a rare cameo, and all are radiant with a magic fire like that imprisoned in the opal. They are to the eye what the songs of the lark and the bobolink or the laughter of little children are to the ear. With all their art, they express the innocent gayety of young lives that know nothing of effort or sorrow.

Not many know the history of stage dancing and of great dancers, though some of the traditions are familiar. The programmes arranged for Genee are of particular interest in this respect. In their historical notes and incidents they recall a past which held more of courtly charm than is often adequately interpreted in the theatre. "La Danse, an authentic record by Mlle. Adeline Genee, of dancing and dancers between the years 1710 and 1845," follows and illustrates the development of the art and offers impersonations of five eminent artistes. It does not matter whether the impersonations give any suggestion of the actual Prevost, Camargo, or Taglioni, or not; it is certain that they are all most handsomely and appropriately costumed, that the dance, whether passepied, gavotte, rigaudon, or colinette, is executed in the style that the ballet schools have preserved, and that Genee adds to each one the piquant flavor of her personality.

Genee's dramatic gifts are in evidence throughout, though there is, of course, wider scope in the pantomime ballet, "La Camargo," than in the shorter offerings. But no dance is given with a lack of continued interest in the present moment, or with the set, mechanical smile of perfunctory artistry. She proves that each conveys its message, of simulated gravity and precise elegance, of teasing coquetry, of mischief and fun, of tender shyness, of poise and daring with thistle-down lightness and bird-like sureness. And the sparkle of her eyes, the quick changes of her saucy face, are illuminations that make each one an intimate and confidential communication from this little blonde woman, whose rounded slenderness and tense vivacity seem the only fitting accompaniments for such expressions.

In the progress of her entertainment—she has many skilled assistants, but the interest never wanders far from her appearances—there are all varieties of the dance and the costumes that suit them. From the looped and laced expansiveness of Empire modes to the conventional ballet skirt, each is worn with unconscious grace. They are in the picture, but they never impede the dancer's movements or seemingly require even her momentary attention. The closing number, the famous "Hunting Scene," is given in a complete riding habit—long skirt, shining high boots, and stiff silk hat—but it is no embarrassment to Genee. She romps, she skips, she pictures steed and rider in poses and erratic hounds, and all with such dashing speed aud perfect harmony with tbe music, such inimitable vigor and studied carelessness, that it stirs the spectator more than any other passage of sheer virtuosity in the entire series. It is a creation that will leave a vivid impression on the memories of all who see it.

Mlle. Genee's chief assistant, M. Volinin, is a worthy mate in all the dances for two. He is symmetrical, muscular, handsome, and graceful. The results of long training and many expositions of his skill are apparent in his work. In facial expression he is almost as apt as Genee, and in the humorous bits, such as the Polka Comique, he fully sustains the dramatic side of the characterization. There can be but few ideal partners for Genee, but M. Volinin is one of them.

The supporting corps de ballet is an added attraction. Mlle. Schmolz, most prominent in the group, having solo dances and with M. Volinin, might safely be presented as principal in a long and pretentious programme. The others are all artists of technic and ability.

To sum up in a sentence—the Genee season is a unique and most pleasurable experience. It will never be surpassed by any offering of its kind. A kind fortune has extended its length to cover another week, for which there should be general applause.

George L. Shoals.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Adeline Genee Season.

This Saturday afternoon at the Valencia Theatre that superb artist, Adeline Genee, whose exquisite art and splendid company have been the sensation of the week, will give her first matinée. The programme will consist of "La Danse" and the miscellaneous numbers which follow it. The night programme will consist of "La Camargo" and a list of special features.

The second and farewell week of Genee and her company will open Monday night. "La Camargo" will be given Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinée, and "La Danse" will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights.

The seats are now on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Valencia Theatre.

Manager Greenbaum has every reason to be proud of having brought such a magnificent and in every way artistic series of performances to this city.

Following the engagement here Genee will make a short tour of the state, and if possible a single performance will be given in Oakland, at the Macdonough Theatre, during the week of March 11.

San Francisco Orchestra Concerts.

Louis Persinger, the young American violinist, will come here fresh from a series of triumphs in New York, Chicago, and the West, and will appear with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at their fourth supplementary symphony concert, at the Cort Theatre on next Friday afternoon, March 7, at 3:15. Persinger is on his first tour of the Pacific Coast, after his exceptional triumphs in the leading European cities, including Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and London. He is but twenty-five years old, was born at Rochester, Illinois, and spent his early life in Oklahoma and Colorado. In Colorado Springs, when he was eleven years old, he began the study of the violin. He graduated from the Conservatory at Leipzig at the age of sixteen. Later he studied for two years under Ysaye, and was considered by the great Belgian master as his foremost pupil, of whom he wrote: "Louis Persinger is today a virtuoso of a superior order, and I can say with all sincerity that he is one of my best pupils. An excellent musician, in love with his art, Persinger can aspire to a brilliant career."

Conductor Hadley has prepared a most attractive programme for tbe concert of next Friday afternoon, which will be the last but one of the supplementary series, and which includes the following numbers:

Gustave Strube................Overture, "Puck"
(First time in San Francisco)
Lalo..............Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 20
Louis Persinger
Richard Strauss....Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan"

The last concert of the supplementary season will be given at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 9, and the programme arranged is as follows:

Weber.............Overture, "Der Freischuetz"
Tschaikowsky.......Symphony No. 4 in F Minor
Lalo ....Norwegian Rhapsody

New Tivoli Opening Week After Next.

The one big topic of conversation in musical and theatrical circles is that of the opening of the new Tivoli Opera House, a week from Wednesday night, March 12, with Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto," and Mario Sammarco in the title-rôle. Aside from the fact that the rebuilding of the Tivoli is a cause for rejoicing among the tens of thousands of lovers of that musical landmark, the advent of the Chicago Grand Opera Company with its three hundred people, thirty-seven principals, ballet of thirty-six, and orchestra of seventy-five, is the most important event of the kind in San Francisco since the fire.

Not including the opening night, sixteen subscription performances will be given, including "Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Louise," "Natoma," and "Carmen," in all of which Mary Garden will be heard. "La Traviata," "Crispino e la Comare," and "Lucia," in addition to "Rigoletto," will serve as the mediums in which Mme. Tetrazzini will be heard. Andreas Dippel, general manager of the organization, points with pride to the number of Americans in his company, and also to the fact that the two California singers, Edna Darch and Mahel Riegelman, have made pronounced impressions. Impresario Dippel names as Americans in his company Mary Garden, Clarence Whitehill, George Hamlin, Eleanora de Cisneros, Carolina White, Henri Scott, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Frank Preisch, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Helen Stanley, Marie Cavan, Helen Warrum, Margaret Keyes, Minnie Egener, and the two Californians above mentioned. The French artists include Dalmores, Louise Berat, Dufranne, Huherdeau, Crahbe, Edmond Varnery, Nicolay, and others. Cleofonte Campanini is the general musical director and he will have among his assistants Marcel Charlier, who was long with him at the Manhattan Opera House, and Ettore Perosio, an Italian conductor.

The subscription sale of seats for the two series of eight performances will conclude at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s this Saturday evening, and the result has been very satisfactory to the management. Monday morning the sale of seats for single operas will begin at nine o'clock at the box-office of the Tivoli Opera House, the prices being $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, and $7. Mail orders enclosing check payable to W. H. Leahy will be filled at the close of the subscription sale, seats being reserved as near as possible to the desired location.

Clara Butt and Kennerly Rumford.

In London there is an auditorium called Albert Hall which seats over seven thousand people. It is occasionally used for concerts, but there are not more than three or four artists living who dare attempt a concert in a hall of that capacity. One of these is the celebrated contralto, Mme. Clara Butt, who is fairly worshiped by the English people, and who is a singer of a type we rarely hear in America.

This summer Mme. Butt is under contract to appear in Australia in conjunction with the eminent English baritone, Kennerly Rumford, at the highest fee ever paid a concert artist, with perhaps the single exception of Melba, who is a native of that country.

Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will sail from Vancouver in April, and as their course takes them through this city our music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing these world-famous artists at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 30. Applications for seats are already coming in to Manager Greenbaum from many who have heard Mme. Butt in Europe.

The Beel Quartet will give its final concert of the season at the St. Francis Hotel this Sunday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30. The programme will be one of exceptional interest. Miss Virginie de Fremery and Mr. Beel will play Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Mr. Charles Schmidt, viola, and Mr. Victor de Gomez, violoncello, will assist in the rendition of the Quintet by Schubert and Sextet by Brahms. Tickets may be secured at the usual Greenbaum box-offices.

Music lovers are to have the privilege of hearing one more of the world's greatest pianists before the close of the season. Manager Will Greenbaum announces a series of three concerts by the Russian virtuoso, Josef Lhevinne, the first of which is anounced for Sunday afternoon, March 23.

Another important engagement by Manager Greenbaum is that of Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, who is the sensational success of the music season in New York. Coenraad V Bos, the master-accompanist, will add to the interest of the Culp programmes.

Eugen Ysaye, the master of all the master-violinists, of whom Fritz Kreisler said "we must all take off our hats and bow low before Ysaye when he plays," will be the last of the violin virtuosi to play here under the Greenbaum direction this season.

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, for many years the head of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States government, and who is known as "the father of our pure food laws," will speak at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday and Friday nights, March 19 and 21. His subject will be "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset."

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Programme Friday afternoon, March 7, 1913:
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Lalo.................Violin Concerto, No. 1, Op. 20
Louis Persinger.
Richard Strauss..Symphonic Poem, "Don Jaun"
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VANITY FAIR.

An indignant correspondent—of course a woman—takes us to task for our quotation from Miss Ida Tarbell to the effect that the only branch of labor undignified by the spirit of the day is the labor that is done by women for women—that is to say, domestic labor. Now it is not a part of our mission to defend Miss Tarbell. That lady has been well equipped by nature for the task of self-protection, and unless we are mistaken this is not the first occasion upon which her remarks on various topics have called forth opposition. Therefore we respectfully suggest that our correspondent communicate with Miss Tarbell direct.

And yet we are tempted to heap a little more damnation upon our own devoted heads. There is so much there already that an extra shovelful will not matter. In front of us is a Milwaukee newspaper containing a letter from an irate housewife. She wants to know what is coming next. Having advertised for domestic help, one of the applicants asks: "May I use the piano an hour a day; as I am saving money to learn to be a music-teacher." Now what do you think of that? Can impudence go farther? A domestic servant wishing to be a music-teacher, wanting to play the piano! The hussy!

Now there we have a case precisely in point. To play the piano is incompatible with that sense of caste superiority which is the dearest possession of the mistress. She is not content to purchase a certain amount of service just as she buys cheese and butter. She must also have her heel on the neck of the servant. Why should it be presumptuous for a servant to wish to play the piano? To the mere man it seems quite laudable, if it is ever laudable to play the piano, which is somewhat open to doubt.

Now let us take an analagous case. Let us suppose an office boy who asks permission of his chief to practice on the typewriter, as he wishes to become a stenographer. Ninety-nine out of a hundred employers would grant the permission not only willingly but gladly, and with a word of commendation for a proper ambition. The average man has a disgust for social distinctions, at least of the cruder kind. The average woman worships them, and she worships them all the more when they occasion humiliation to another.

◆

Here is another illustration, and this time from an English source. An educator expresses the hope that the schools may do something to overcome "middle-class snobbishness," and remarks that there is a mistress problem as well as a servant problem. Housework is regarded as menial, she says, and if the maid leaves, the daughter of the house will not clean their own doorbell until after dark, for fear of being seen. In these snobbish homes women may carry or lead pet dogs, but to appear with their own baby carriage is to risk social ostracism. Miss Tarbell, as has been said, is quite able to defend herself, but if she needs examples she can find them in abundance in the daily newspapers.

◆

The New York *Sun* must indeed be sanguine if it believes that the dirty dances of today can be discouraged by an editorial. Nothing short of a jail sentence can do that. The modern ball-room has become a centre of coarse and ugly vice, and if the Barbary Coast should be regulated by the police there is no conceivable reason why its gilded and fashionable imitations should be immune. On the whole the modern ball-room is probably more pernicious than the Barbary Coast, because while it is just as lewd it adds the crime of hypocrisy.

But argument is of no avail. You can't argue with a demimondaine that her actions are lacking in those delicate proprieties that were once of some esteem. She is already well aware of that. She prefers indecency. Her actions are governed by a preference for the abominable. And so with the turkey-trotters and the bunny-huggers. It is of no use to remind the advocates of these dances, as does the *Sun*, of "their brothel origin and their inevitably abominable associations." It is because of this same origin and these same associations that they are favored by the fashionable. It is of no avail for the *Sun* to speak of the defilement that they cause. They are liked, not in spite of the defilement, but because of it. Nor need it be pointed out that "no observant person can have failed to see in numerous places of public resort the unblushing intermingling of courtesans and ladies on terms which involve no concealment of the courtesan's moral obliquity and professional purpose." For why should they not mingle? There is no conceivable reason why the bunny-hugger should draw the line anywhere. It is not for her to point the finger of scorn. The mere fact of professionalism can hardly be considered a bar.

◆

In Europe we find that the police have already taken a hand in the suppression of fashionable lasciviousness. A dispatch from Munich to the New York *Tribune* gives an account of the famous press ball, which is one of the principal features of city life and always attended by the best-known people of society. Four policemen in uniforms took prominent positions in the ball-room, while a fifth man stood in the centre of the floor as master of ceremonies. He wore evening dress as a slight concession to some of the dignitaries present, but as soon as dancing began the policeman master of ceremonies informed the guests that certain forms of two-step had been forbidden by the police. From time to time he said to various couples, "Don't dance like that or I'll have you arrested." Some of the best-known ladies in Munich society were held up by the police for alleged immodest dancing, while men were in many cases very roughly handled.

◆

Mme. Simone, the French actress, has been the recipient of various remonstrances because of her expression of surprise when she heard some one refer to American styles of dress. She said: "I am surprised to know that they exist."

Well, madame, they don't exist. There are lots of fashions, but no styles. You can't throw a rock in any direction without hitting some fashionable freak, and it is a marvel of male restraint that so few rocks are actually thrown. It may come to that yet unless there is some improvement. But there are no styles, only imitations of other people's styles. There is in America no style in dress, in art, in literature, or in architecture. We alter, but we do not originate.

There can be no national styles anywhere so long as nations are young and wealthy. A style is the outward and visible expression of some inner faculty or character, and this takes a long time to develop. A society leader may originate a fashion, but not a style, which must come from the national character and, in a sense, be a revelation of that character.

The styles of the directory and of the regency, of the English commonwealth and restoration, of the peasantry of Europe today, were not dictated by autocrats of dress, none of them. They were the natural expression of habits of thought which created distinctive ideas of beauty and utility. Great political changes among a homogeneous people produce new ideas, and the prevailing dress will follow suit. A new nation that is not homogeneous must borrow its styles because there is no great community of thought to produce them anew.

The possession of wealth is equally inimical to distinctive style because it is easier to buy than to originate, and because the fact of purchase is allowed to acquire in itself a certain spurious merit. If the people who built the great cathedrals of Europe had been rich they would have borrowed their architecture and hired skilled workmen who were saturated with ideas of the past. But they were poor, and they laid the stones with their own hands and after a plan originated by themselves. Therefore when we look at a mediæval cathedral we know just what the people believed who built it. The literature of a time reveals no more of the national thought than does its architecture. The dress fashions of today and most of the other fashions of the day, simply because they are purchased and imitative, are eloquent of an age that buys but never thinks and of a time when our highest conception of wisdom is a classification of facts.

◆

Some time ago it was suggested that the people who ought to be exterminated by the eugenists, preparatory to their own suicide, are not the diseased, but the bores. We would now like to amend this list by the addition of those sons of Belial who make demonstrations with their handkerchiefs in a restaurant. The habit is on the increase and it ought to be gently but effectively checked by flaying alive, boiling in oil, or crucifixion. To produce a handkerchief, to trumpet explosively and disgustingly into its recesses, is now becoming one of the most common of all preludes to a meal in public, and the savages who commit this crime seem to be unaware that their appropriate dining-room is a stable or a hogyard, with apologies to the horses and the pigs.

◆

It is against the law in France to make derogatory statements about a servant, even although those statements may happen to be true. An employer who refused to recommend a cook "by reason of her extravagance, impertinence, and predilection to drink" was prosecuted by said cook and fined for libel. the court informing her that the truth of the charges had nothing to do with the matter. Henceforth French housekeepers, says the New York *Sun*, in order to evade the responsibilities placed upon them by the law have issued certificates of character in form something like the following: "This certifies that Mme. Marie, late nurse to my daughter, aged one year, did not leave her on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes and go away and forget her on October 12 last."

◆

Mr. Young—My little girl is nearly two years old, and hasn't learned to talk yet. *Mr. Peck*—Don't let that worry you. My wife says she didn't learn to talk until she was nearly three, and now—— But Mr. Peck's voice at this point was choked with sobs.—*Stray Stories.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

The guide, in referring to the Egyptian pyramids, remarked: "It took hundreds of years to build them." "Then it was a government job—eh?" replied the wealthy contractor.

◆

A month-old Jersey calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and the summer girl eyed it doubtfully. "Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay to keep as small a cow as that?"

◆

A child who had been taught that Socrates had a wife who was unpleasant to him, and that the great philosopher drank hemlock, when asked the cause of his death replied: "Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."

◆

A taxicab caught fire in New York. The flames reached the gasoline tank. The two passengers, who had come a long way, tumbled out. The fire department was summoned. "Play on the meter!" shrieked the distracted driver to the firemen. "Never mind the cab—play on the meter!"

◆

An English tourist was sight-seeing in Ireland, and the guide had pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak, and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat," he said, "the Devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district!" "He has, sir," replied the guide, "but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England!"

◆

A commercial traveler on arriving at a wayside station between Sligo and Enniskillen, remarked to the chief official: "I observe your service has improved latterly." "Can't see it," replied the stationmaster stoically. "Oh! I can," said the "commercial," "your trains are able to whistle without stopping now."

◆

The benevolent citizen while walking along Park Place spied a little tot weeping. So he walked up to it and said: "Now be a good boy and stop your crying." The child replied: "I can't." "But why can't you?" "I can't." "Well, here's a cent; tell me why you can't be a good boy and stop crying." "'Cause I'm a girl."

◆

A volunteer Sunday-school teacher had a lot of trouble in explaining the joys of the future life to his young charges. To a little girl he said: "Don't you want to go to heaven?" "Of course I do," answered the child. "But why do you want to go to heaven?" "Well," she answered, "I got to go somewheres, aint I?"

◆

Not the actual figure of Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the king's charmer, but her attire, was responsible for a recent description. As it is the fashion to be thin nowadays, Mlle. Gaby is ultra fashionable. Not only do her clothes forbid navigation, but they handicap emotion. A spectator looked at her: "If she'd close one eye," said he, "she'd look like a needle."

◆

One very well-known character at Oxford used to say that modern undergraduates were sadly inferior to their predecessors, who had constantly employed him when they went out with gun or rod. "There's a very idle set of gentlemen at the university nowadays. They never shoots; they never goes a-fishing. They does nothing—nothing but read, read, read, from morning till night."

◆

New Yorkers have heard that Maine is a "dry" state. Perhaps they do not know that parts of it are only theoretically dry, as witness the following story. A New York bartender went to the Pine Tree State for his health. In Portland there blew up a hailstorm and the hail came down in stones as big as small eggs. The proprietor of the hotel, seeing him shedding tears, solicitously asked the cause of his sorrow. "Oh, nothing," the New Yorker replied, "except that it is a shame to see so much cracked ice going to waste in a dry state."

◆

When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the young woman's approbation, she of course referred him to her father. Having stated his case, the younger gentleman was asked to bid the young lady to come to her father. Her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him for review a ponderous volume, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this fly-leaf out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the anxious lover—and went back to his work.

◆

A group of tramps waiting for their coffee to boil in a tomato can were telling of their hard luck experiences. "I've had worse luck than anybody," said one of them, challengingly, after listening to the others' tales of woe. "Once I had to sleep from Wilkes-Barre to Perth Amboy on top of a flatcar loaded with hard coal. And what do you think?" he went on. "Every car on the next train that pulled in from the same direction was loaded with soft coal!"

◆

An Irish contractor had the misfortune to run his car over an old man who had a bottle of bluing inside his coat. Jumping from his car and seeing the fluid rapidly staining the old fellow's breast, he cried to his friend, "Finnegan, it'll go harrud wid us! We've killed wan o' thim blue-blooded Yankees!"

◆

A witty judge of the municipal court of Boston stoutly declared that "a patriot was a man who refused to button his wife's lingerie waist." "A martyr," he went on, "is one who attempts and fails, while a hero tries and succeeds." "Then what is a coward?" asked a curious bystander. "Oh, a coward," replied the judge, "is a man who remains single so he won't have to try."

◆

Governor Oddie of Nevada is famous for his quick way with office-seekers and professional politicians. They say in Carson City that he has invented a greeting for this type of visitor that is magical in its time-saving properties. Whenever an office-seeker or professional politician manages to secure an audience Governor Oddie advances swiftly upon him with outstretched hand and the words: "How are you? What do you want? No!"

◆

A group of brokers were talking about the late James R. Keene. "Keene," said one, "had a cynical humor. He was also mistrustful—especially mistrustful of his associates in pools. Keene once pointed out to me an action on the part of a pool associate that he deemed suspicious. I said there was nothing suspicious about it. But Keene said: 'I'll tell you the kind of man I am in these pool deals. I'm the kind of a man who, when he finds a spoon in the hall after he has given a dinner party, says: "Aha, one of my guests had a hole in his pocket."'"

◆

Professor Wilson once said in his quaint way that the old idea about a college education unfitting a lad for work had quite died out. "We no longer hear," he declared, "stories like that of Gobsa Golde. When Gobsa Golde's son Scattergood desired to go to Princeton, he said to the old man: 'Pater, is it true that boys who go to college are unfit for work afterward?' 'Of course it aint true!' snorted the old man indignantly. 'Why, I've got a Princeton graduate runnin' my freight elevator, two of my best coal heavers are Harvard A. B.'s and a Yale B. S. is my star truck driver.'"

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

"De Gustibus."

I'm sure I don't want to be finical,
And pose on a virtuous pinnacle;
  But I really can't marshal
  A feeling that's partial
To romances Elinorglynical!
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

◆

Glazier's Song.

Oh, deep is my debt to the suffragettes,
  As she storms the castle keep,
And smashes the panes of the ancient thanes
  And makes the wardors weep.
The light of the queen's in smithereens,
  The lattice yawning free,
The totals swell with each oriel—
  And they all mean jobs for me!
—*New York Sun.*

◆

Loyal.

Sister Kittie's home from college with a host of modern kinks
In the way of hygienics, sanitation, food, and drinks.
Proteids and carbohydrates she combines exactly right
For the strictly balanced ration she identifies at sight.
She knows all about digestion, what is best for us to eat,
What we need for body-building, growth and force, repair and heat;
And the dinner-table's lovely when my sister has it set;
But we haven't lost our confidence in Mother's cooking yet!
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

◆

A Frenchman, who was visiting this country, was kidnaped last summer by some of his admirers in Maryland and sentenced to go through with an all-day picnic in the woods, where there was plenty of cold food and a lot of chiggers. The food that was handed to him crucified his palate. The ham was tar flavored, the pastry was soggy, and the cake was moist and heavy—and in as polite a manner as he could he lifted up his voice to heaven and wept bitterly that such things should be. "Why, monsier," one of the young women answered his lamentation, "I thought we Americans had improved immensely in our cuisine. Look at our fashionable restaurants. Even their menus are now printed in French." "Yes," retorted the witty Frenchman, "but they are still cooked in American."

◆

"What a pity we have no artists who can paint like the old masters!" said the sincere lover of pictures. "But," replied Mr. Cumrox, who had just acquired a spurious signature, "the great trouble is that we have."—*Washington Star.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. William Wood announces the engagement of his sister, Miss Anna Miller Wood, of Boston, to Mr. Frederick H. Harvey of Galt.

Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin has announced her engagement to Mr. Lee Sypher. The wedding will take place next week at the home on Jackson Street of Mrs. Bothin's father, Mr. William F. Whittier.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Gladys Jones, and Mr. Kent Mercer Weaver, Tuesday, March 4, at St. Paul's Church in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanton have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Stanton, and Mr. Arnold Weher, Wednesday, March 12, at the family residence on Vallejo Street.

Miss Marian Newhall gave a dinner Thursday evening at her home on Green Street in honor of Miss Beatrice Nickel.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess last week at a dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of the birthday anniversary of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Cadwalader.

Miss Katie-hel McGregor entertained her friends at a bridge-tea.

Mrs. M. C. Sloss was hostess at a musical recital Thursday, when her guests were entertained by the Minetti Quartet.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington has issued invitations to a musicale by the Minetti Quartet March 13.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe has sent out cards to a tea Tuesday, March 4, at the Century Club. Mrs. Ashe will give a reading of Tennyson's poem, "Enoch Arden," for which Strauss wrote a tonal description, and Miss Ingeborg Peterson will be the accompanist. M. Gaston Garrone will be heard in a song recital.

Mrs. Anna Tilghmau was hostess at a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Sidney Cloman.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels gave a luncheon Sunday at Coronado in honor of Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair. Miss Gertrude Nelson later entertained the same guests at a tea after the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Prince Schoenhurg and Baron Uxull.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis were hostesses at a bridge-tea complimentary to the Misses Evelyn Carey and Isahella Tyson.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a luncheon recently at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. John Hope of Vancouver.

Mrs. Charles Ewald Grunsky was hostess at a kaffee-klatsch complimentary to Mrs. Edwin D. Stadtmuller.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman was hostess Tuesday at a bridge-tea at the Francisca Club.

Miss Gertrude Partington gave a tea in her studio on Post Street complimentary to Miss Phyllis Partington.

Mrs. Garrett McEnerney was hostess Tuesday at a bridge-tea at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Minnie Clarke Porter entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of Mrs. Frederick Birdsall of Sacramento.

Mrs. G. W. Van Densen, wife of Colonel Van Densen, U. S. A., was hostess at a matinée party in honor of Mrs. Francis Davis.

Miss Virginia Tobin gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the home in the Presidio of her father, Captain William Tohin, U. S. A.

Mrs. William Ashburner was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Edwin D. Stadtmuller.

Mrs. Sands Forman entertained at dinner on Saturday evening preceding the Colonial Ball at Hotel del Coronado. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brander and Mr. Barbour Lathrop.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham have returned from New York. The Misses Cunningham went East to attend their cousin, Miss Mary Cunningham, who was married in January to Mr. Murray Sargeot.

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BAKING
POWDER
A Pure, Grape Cream
Tartar Baking Powder

Royal Baking Powder improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford (formerly Miss Marian Miller) have rented the apartment on Devisadero Street of Mr. and Mrs. W. Germaine Vincent, Jr., who will spend the next six months in San Mateo with Mrs. Vincent's mother, Mrs. Barry Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott (formerly Miss Bessie Ashton) will give up their cottage in San Rafael May 1 and will come to town to reside.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Miss Isahel Beaver, and Mr. Frederick Beaver, Jr., have returned from Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Pierson have moved into their new home on Baker and Green Streets.

Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Warren, will leave shortly for a trip to Panama.

Miss Marian Huntington has recently purchased the country home near Cupertino of Mr. William Fisher.

Mr. R. P. Schwerin has returned from the East.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland has been spending the past two weeks in Los Angeles as the guest of Judge Ross and Mrs. Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright and their daughter, Miss Helen Wright, have gone to Coronado for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor have gone East to remain several months.

Mrs. Charles G. Hickox has arrived from Cleveland, Ohio, and will spend several weeks in California.

Mrs. Horace Hill, Miss Jeanne Gallois, and Mr. Horace Hill, Jr., have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour have returned from a few months' visit in the East.

Miss Ila Sonntag has returned from Sacramento, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dillman.

Miss Gene Gannon of New Orleans is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. Haskett Derby at their home on Gough Street.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah and Elizaheth Cunningham, will come from New York to spend the summer in California. They will divide their time between their country home in Woodside and their town house on Broadway, which is at present being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sargent (formerly Miss Mary Cunningham), who are traveling in England, are contemplating visiting Mrs. Cunningham during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker are contemplating spending the summer at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo.

Mr. Adolph Mack of this city has just returned from a journey which carried him to pretty much all the regions of the civilized world. In the two years of his absence from home he has visited all parts of Europe, crossed Asia by the Siberian Railway, traveled through Japan, China, and India, through Africa, and through South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and their daughter, Miss Margaret Carrigan, are at present in New York, where they will remain until after the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have returned from a brief visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen has arrived in Munich and is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman, Mrs. Blakeman, and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney will spend the summer at the Hotel Peninsula.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson has returned to his home in Burlingame after having spent two months in town. Mrs. Wilson is expected home next week from the East, where she has been visiting her sons, Messrs. Mountford and Russell Wilson, who are attending preparatory schools.

Miss Gladys Sullivan has returned from the East.

Mrs. E. S. Rothchild of New York City is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lewis Meyerstein.

Hon. Charles Page Bryan spent the week-end in Monterey.

Miss Florence Boyere and Miss Lillian Boyere are registered at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin will move today to San Mateo, where they have leased a home for a year.

Mr. Barhour Lathrop has arrived at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman have leased the country home on Long Island of Mr. and Mrs. George Wickersham. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman are contemplating a visit during the summer to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Schilling, Miss Schilling, and Miss Simpson are recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado.

Count Lowenkaupt Faulkenstein and Countess Faulkenstein left last week for Southern California en route to New Orleans, where Countess Faulkenstein will be matron of honor at the wedding of Miss Mollie Dutton and Mr. Douglas Waterman, who will be married March 15.

Mrs. Paul Isenherg of Honolulu and Mrs. McGanley of Oakland are at Hotel del Coronado.

Arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco include Mr. E. Weymouth, Miss Alice Weymouth, Miss J. A. Munfrey, Mr. Samuel McMurtrie, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lucore, Mrs. Stafford Parker, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Wright, Miss Helen C. Wright.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. St. George Holden has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Holden was formerly Miss Betty Angus.

◆

"Years of Discretion," a comedy of age, is one of the big New York successes.

◆

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CURRENT VERSE.

Charms.

I hold to a cup my mother gave me
Of tears, bright tears, glad tears to save me,
Shed at my birth and ofttimes after—
Tears of pain and tears of laughter.
I lift against the shadowing years
The brilliance of her cup of tears.

Around my neck I wear forever
A chain no mortal hand may sever.
The links are pride, with honors clasping
That mocks each tempter's evil grasping.
Against all fear enheartening me,
My father's bright integrity.

Last is this scroll my true-love proffered
When all the love her deep heart offered
Was sealed therein, its seal commanding
All truth, all trust, all understanding.
Bound fast forever on my brows
Is this phylactery of our vows.
—*William Rose Benét, in Century Magazine.*

Men Never Know.

Men mourn the lies that women tell—
  The cunning, heartless lies—
Her Judas-lips which hide so well
  The narrowing of her eyes,
A heart is hers—she seeks to play it;
A soul is hers—she will not weigh it;
The game is called—too well she'll play it.
A debt is there—she does not pay it.
Men mourn the lies that women tell—
  The cunning, heartless lies.

Men do not know the lies they hear—
  The brave, heart-broken lies.
Her smiling lips, they hide from fear
  The sorrow in her eyes.
A heart is hers—for just a while;
A soul is hers—it hears defile;
The game is called—her wit on trial;
Her debt is there—dear God, her smile!
Men never know the lies they hear—
  The brave, heart-broken lies.
—*Jeannette L. Morrison, in Columbus Dispatch.*

The Butterfly.

On wings that flash upon the breeze
  Like spots of light, or shattered beams,
On many colored glories such
  As mortals see in dreams,
This fragile wanderer of the air
  Flits here and there, flits here and there.

So flit the wanton joys of life,
  From pink to pink, from rose to rose,
Frail lives that faint and pass away
  When summer goes:
Touch lightly, they are fragile things,
  Nor break their wings, nor break their wings.
—*James W. Patterson, Jr., in Neale's Monthly.*

The Long Road Home.

There's a wind-up and a sighing along the water-side,
And we're homeward bound at last upon tonight's full tide;
Round the world and back again is very far to roam, . . .
And San Juan Strait to England, it's a long road home!

We'll tow out to Flattery before the sun is high:
We'll shake the harbor dust away and give the land good-by:
And singing in her topsails O, the deep-sea wind'll come
And lift us through it lively on the long road home.

The old man he goes smiling, for he's gathered in a crew;
We've various Turks and infidels, we've most things but a Jew:
He's got the pick of all the stiffs from Panama to Nome . . .
And we'll make 'em into sailors on the long road home.

The leaves that just are open now, they'll have to fade and fall,
There'll be reaping-time and threshing-time and plowing-time, and all;
But we'll not see the harvest-fields nor smell the fresh-cut loam;
We'll be rolling gunwale under on the long road home.

We've waited for a cargo and we've waited for a crew,
And last we've waited for a tide, and now the waiting's through;
O don't you hear the deep-sea wind and smell the deep-sea foam
Out beyond the harbor on the long road home?

And it's "home, dearie, home," when the anchor rattles down
In the reek of a good old Mersey fog a-rolling rich and brown. . . .
Round the world and back again is very far to roam,
And all the way to England it's a long road home!
—*C. Fox Smith, in London Spectator.*

◆

Society is taking a keen interest in the coming season of grand opera, to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the new Tivoli Opera House, commencing Wednesday evening, March 12, and the audiences will be the most brilliant seen in any theatre here since the fire. Among those who have taken boxes for the sixteen performances are Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. William H. Tevis, Mrs. Jeannette A. Jordon, Mr. Anton Borel, Mr. J. Henry Meyer, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. William G. Irwin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. John Martin, Mr. William P. Sproule, Mr. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. C. W. Clarke, Mrs. Edith Pope, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. William Graham, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

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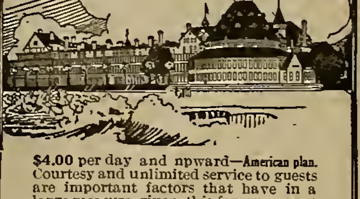

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

San Francisco's public school children have turned financiers, and have on deposit to their credit the amount of $92,000. This amount was saved since August 1, 1911, when the School Children's Savings Bank system was inaugurated by the board of education. Nearly 9000 accounts have been opened. The deposits draw 4 per cent interest.

Taking with them an address of congratulation and endorsement as a gift to President-elect Woodrow Wilson a committee of the Iroquois Club of San Francisco, consisting of President Arthur H. Barendt, James J. Flynn, and Thomas E. Hayden left Wednesday morning for Washington.

Elmer Carlson, one of the contractors for the completion of the Lowell High School building, made thousands of extra drawers, shelves, and other nooks and corners of convenience just to comply with the suggestions of teachers. He has been told that he must get the board of public works to approve the extra expense, some $4500, or the building committee could not authorize payment.

Investigation of the affairs of the Western Fuel Company, whose officers and directors are under indictment by the federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy to defraud the government, is being carried back by Special Agent W. H. Tidwell to the period before 1906, to the time of the arrest of Edward J. Smith, who, while city tax collector, was suspected of permitting the company to use funds belonging to the city and county of San Francisco.

By a decision of Superior Judge Seawell John Donohoe, former fire commissioner, appointed by ex-Mayor McCarthy, has no claim upon the office from which he was ousted five months ago by Mayor Rolph, after a trial on charges arising from a report made by the present grand jury.

The building committee of the supervisors has instructed the board of public works to remove all frame buildings from the Civic Center. A report showed that the city is receiving from such buildings $8200 per month rent, but the committee decided that it was too small to interfere with a general order for clearing the site.

Secretary to the Mayor Rainey this week sold at auction two buildings at the intersection of Fulton Street and Van Ness Avenue. One known as the Firestone Building brought $1625, and the other, known as the Pierce-Arrow Building, sold for $800.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Little Miss Brown" at the Cort Theatre.

"Little Miss Brown," with Madge Kennedy in the title-rôle and William Morris in the leading male part, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre Sunday evening. "Little Miss Brown" is a farce of the rapid-fire order, with a series of complications that involves little Miss Brown and Philip Dennison in three acts of trouble, threatens family scandal, the possible loss of a fortune for Dennison to result in the breaking of Miss Brown's engagement, and affords the audience an evening of hilarity.

When it was decided, on short notice, to send "Little Miss Brown" from the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York, to the Coast William A. Brady kept with it the same cast that had made it a success on Broadway. From Miss Kennedy and Mr. Morris, through all the parts to the maid, not a change was made in the company. The trip across the continent was made in almost record time.

The farce was written by Philip H. Bartholomae on typical American lines, with American characters and American humor. He found no necessity to go to Germany or France for material of a questionable kind with which to provoke laughter. The fun is clean and wholesome, the situations are plausible, and the character drawing has been compared with that found in the most pretentious dramatic offerings. The plot centres about little Miss Brown and her effort to obtain a room for the night in a hotel. A pickpocket had stolen her money and none of the hotels would admit her. As a last resort she permits herself to be mistaken for a married woman whose husband has reserved apartments at the Wendel.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be given at the Cort for the last time Saturday night.

"The Siren" at the Columbia Theatre.

With its charming music, delightfully intoxicating dances, elaborate and accurate stage direction, and throughout pervaded with the buoyancy and charm of youth and happiness, "The Siren," Charles Frohman's presentation of the Viennese romantic operetta and with Donald Brian as the star, comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, March 3, for one week only. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

It is doubtful if there is a musical attraction on tour this season that is more delightful than "The Siren." In it Donald Brian is making his first extensive tour of the country. This unusually graceful and clever young man became famous in a single night when he danced the original rôle of Prince Danilo in the first production of "The Merry Widow." Mr. Frohman elevated him to stardom and presented him in "The Siren," which has proved one of the most successful of all musical comedies in recent years. Brian played this for almost a year in New York and is now making his bow in the same vehicle and supported by the original company of well-known artists seen with him during the long run of the piece at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York.

Brian has a rôle that suits him and he has in winsome little Carroll McComas a partner highly worthy of the honor. Other well-known principals in the supporting cast are Will West, Ethel Cadman, an English prima donna with a golden voice; Harry Delf, Florence Morrison, John Morgan, Cissy Sewell, Cyril Biddulph, Gene Cole, Victor LeRoy, and Edith Burch. The famous array of sirens and the chorus ensemble represent the very pick of Mr. Frohman's leading musical organization in London and New York.

The book of the piece is originally the work of Leo Stein and A. M. Willner. The American version has been made by Harry B. Smith. The music is by Leo Fall.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Rube Marquard, the record-breaking pitcher of the New York National League, whose nineteen straight wins at the opening of last season put the Giants in the lead, while his pitching helped to keep them there, and Blossom Seeley, the musical comedy favorite, will begin a brief engagement at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon in the musical comedy skit, "Breaking the Record or Nineteen Straight," the book and lyrics of which are by Thomas J. Gray and the music by Maurice Levi. Marquard now writes songs, and in his musical comedy sketch proves to be a clever and versatile comedian. His partner, Blossom Seeley, was the featured hit in the recent run of "The Charity Girl" in Chicago.

Lida McMillan, the original "College Widow" in New York and London, and the original Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., in "The Third Degree," will appear in "The Late Mr. Allen," a comedy sketch by Bozeman Bulger and May Tully. She will have the support of S. T. Leaning and a capable company.

Eddy Howard, late of Howard and North, will appear next week in the skit, "Those Were Happy Days." He will have the assistance of Bert Snow, a capable comedian.

Wotpert and Paulan, novelty acrobats, will display their skill with their own specially constructed pedestal catapult.

Next week will be the last of Diamond and Brennan, Apdale's Zoological Circus, and B. A. Rolfe's English Americanized pantomime, "Puss in Boots."

Vaudeville at Pantages.

Another strong bill of the cream of Pantages vaudeville acts will open at the local theatre on Sunday afternoon. Menlo Moore, one of the best-known musical comedy producers on Broadway, has entered into a contract with Alexander Pantages to show all of his tabloid musicals. The first of Moore's pieces will be shown as the feature on the next week's bill in "Rah, Rah, Boys!" Lorna Jackson, a stunning show girl with last season's "Broadway Jones," has the leading rôle in the college comedy. She has the assistance of a sextet of athletic lads who can sing and dance. The production is mounted in splendid style and Miss Jackson wears a number of swell gowns. The added attraction with the new bill is a musical offering to be presented by the Seven Parisian Violets. They are all talented musicians playing reed and brass instruments. The girls also sing the latest ragtime selections. "The Long and Short of Vaudeville" is what dainty little Clara Keating and Claude Golding term their act. The real "scream" of the bill is Craig and Williams, a couple of curbstone comedians. They have a talking specialty that keeps an audience in a continual uproar. Marr and Evans have a "rough-house" acrobatic act that opens the show with a rush. The men do some falls from a height of several tables that are daring and exciting. The Neapolitan Trio of operatic vocalists will present scenes from "Il Trovatore" in costume with special scenery. Comedy motion pictures will finish the bill.

David Belasco's production of "The Concert" will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday, March 10. The story of "The Concert" is built around the doings of a musical genius, very fond of the adoration of women, but his sensible wife keeps him out of trouble. Leo Ditrichstein, Isabel Irving, and other notable players are in the cast.

"Everywoman," the famous Walter Browne morality play, is coming to the Cort soon, under the wing of Henry W. Savage, as is "Little Boy Blue," another success.

"The Prince of Pilsen," its popularity undiminished, is headed toward the Cort Theatre, where it is scheduled to disclose its funcorralling self immediately following the engagement of "Little Miss Brown," the Bartholomae farce. Henry W. Savage is the producer, which is sufficient guaranty of the character of the presentation. The principal laughs will be dispensed by Jess Dandy, as of yore.

Rose Stahl, Maude Adams, Mme. Nazimova are a trio of feminine stars coming to the Columbia Theatre this spring.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Have you a good cook?" "A very pious one, but her cooking's diabolical."—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Beck—What party does your husband belong to? *Mrs. Peck*—I'm the party.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hogan—Did Clancy's wife get a separation? *Grogan*—She did; four cops tore her off him. —*Brooklyn Life.*

Wigg—Is it unlucky to postpone a wedding day? *Wagg*—Not if you keep on doing it.—*Town Topics.*

Crawford—How is it you let your wife have her own way? *Crabshaw*—I once tried to stop her.—*Life.*

"He's a deep thinker." "I guess so. None of his ideas ever get to the surface."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ever see Mantell?" "Yes, once." "In what part?" "Sherlock in 'The Merchant of Venus.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

"The Joneses go in for a lot of fuss and feathers." "Yes, Jones gets the fuss and his wife the feathers."—*Town Topics.*

"Rigsby never discusses the tariff." "That's remarkable." "Why so?" "Rigsby knows nothing about the tariff."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Muggins—Whatever became of that friend of yours who used to have money to burn? *Buggins*—He's sifting the ashes.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Woodchopper—I seen a lot o' bear tracks 'bout a mile north o' here—big ones, too! *Hunter*—Good! Which way is south?—*Chicago Daily News.*

Hipson—I've nearly fourteen thousand dollars saved. *Nipier*—What are you saving for? *Hipson*—I'm going to build a ten-thousand-dollar house.—*Judge.*

Woman—How did you get that Carnegie medal? *Tramp*—Heroism, lady. I took it away from a guy that was twice my size.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"Mam, can you do something for a sufferer in the war in the Balkans?" "In what manner did you suffer?" "I was a proofreader on a daily paper."—*Houston Post.*

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?" "It would depend on where the term was to be served."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Pa, what is meant by idle curiosity?" "A very good example of idle curiosity, my son, is a twelve-dollar-a-week shoe clerk asking the price of automobile tires."—*Burlington Age-Herald.*

Mandy—Yessah; after de shot was fired, mah Rastus dun run seben blocks as de crow flies. *Judge*—As the crow flies? *Mandy*—Yessah; all yo' could see was jes' one black streak.—*Puck.*

Hamlin—Wifey told me to be home early, as she has something she wants to talk to me about. *Buggs*—My wife generally wants to talk to me about the things she hasn't got.—*Chicago News.*

Griggs—Your wife no longer objects to your staying out nights. How did you manage it? *Briggs*—I began smoking in the house the cigars she bought to keep me at home.—*Boston Transcript.*

"How's your husband this morning, Mrs. Finnigan?" "Oh, he's very poorly, yer riverence! And it's a mighty expensive disease he's got. The docthor says I've to kape him in good spirits."—*P. I. P.*

"What are your views on the great public problems?" "I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."—*Washington Star.*

"Dropped a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice man. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man. "Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."—*Washington Herald.*

Benevolent Old Lady—What is your son doing now? *Auntie Washington*—Him? Oh, jest talkin' about what he's gwine ter do. *B. O. L.*—But your husband—what is he doing? *A. W.*—Him? Oh, he's jest talkin' what he's done.—*Puck.*

Magistrate—And what was the prisoner doing? *Constable*—'E were 'avin' a very 'eated argument with a cabdriver, yer worship. *Magistrate*—But that doesn't 'prove he was drunk. *Constable*—Ah! But there worn't no cabdriver there, yer worship.—*London Opinion.*

"What's doing?" asked the tall plumber. "You're all dolled up." "Had a date with my best girl," explained the short bricklayer. "But aren't you going to keep it?" "I showed up all right, but she wasn't there." "That was pretty tough." "I wouldn't care," said the short bricklayer, "only I went and had my shoes shined all for nothing."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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Discouraging the War Correspondent.

The appeal of Mrs. John K. Turner of Carmel, California, in behalf of her husband, a citizen of the United States and a newspaper correspondent now under "detention" at Mexico City, has the interest which attaches to all manifestations of domestic sentiment. But according to Mrs. Turner's own story her husband has been "observing the situation from a writer's point of view, as a correspondent would observe it." Now it may easily be conceived that the Mexican authorities do not wish their affairs to be subject to a "correspondent's observation"; and if this be so it is certainly their right to restrain by any methods short of personal outrage the activities of "observance." The universal practice in recent times has been to prohibit or discourage the outside observer, particularly the observer whose business it is to write for foreign newspapers. Both Russia and Japan put the correspondents out of business in their war some years ago and now the same rule is being enforced in the Balkans. The truth is that the war correspondent, viewed from the military standpoint, is a nuisance. Furthermore, the theory that any man has a right to go to another country and there be protected in any impertinence or meddling which may suit his fancy or his interest is one which should be gotten rid of here and elsewhere. The authorities of each country have a right to determine whether or not they wish to be "observed," and perhaps the Mexicans in the case of Mr. Turner have taken the best way to discourage this kind of activity.

Reforming the Coast.

The average citizen who wants to know what has been done with regard to the Barbary Coast will have some difficulty in satisfying his curiosity. He can easily find the record of an intolerable amount of talk, nine-tenths of it insincere and misleading, but when it comes to deeds he will find himself still in darkness. If a somewhat sad experience leads him to the presumption that nothing has been done and that nothing was intended to be done he can easily find chapter and verse for his faith, or rather for his lack of faith. For example, he can point to the published opinion of Police Commissioner Kuhl, who says that the new rules are "an absolute failure in practical results." If he prefers the opinions of a clergyman to those of a police commissioner—and tastes are proverbially hard to explain—he can turn to the speech of the Rev. F. D. Bovard, who is among the later clerical arrivals in the red spotlight. Dr. Bovard says that "the cleaning up of the Barbary Coast is a mere joke that has no significance at all." And finally the interested citizen may avail himself of the accounts of various newspaper reporters, who give us pictures as lurid as ever, and that leave the impression that the notorious Coast is making bay in the sunlight of free advertisement. The only audible voice on the other side is that of Police Commissioner Roche, who seems to think that his own activities have brought us measurably closer to the kingdom of heaven, an opinion in which he stands alone. Commissioner Roche's views are worthy of some attention, even though such attention does not add measurably to their value. He says that the new rules have "worked a great reform," although he seems to have some doubt upon this point, since he admits that there will be "further changes within the next two or three weeks." In further defense of recent interferences Mr. Roche says that "the present rules have served to keep respectable women separate from the lure of the night-life of the Coast." Now here Mr. Roche is under a distinct misapprehension. Respectable women do not go to the Barbary Coast. At least they never go a second time. The idea of a cordon of police surrounding the Barbary Coast in order to repel the invasion of "respectable women" must surely be a display of humor hardly to be expected from a police commissioner.

But Mr. Roche goes further still, and here we seem to discover how the milk actually got into the cocoanut. He tells us that he has read the "attack on conditions here made by Eastern periodicals," but he believes that what has now been done will counteract the effect of those attacks. Now we know those Eastern periodicals. They cater to a Puritanic sensationalism, the worst of all forms of sensationalism, and their home is in New York. Now we have our faults in San Francisco, but what may be called Beckerism is at its minimum here. Our police are not immaculate, but they do not commit wanton murders in the street in order to protect the most monstrous organization of official criminality ever seen upon earth. Therefore we are not in a mood to receive in chastened spirit the reproofs of New York periodicals, which would do well to cast out the somewhat enormous beam in their own eyes before criticizing the mote in the eyes of their neighbors. When Mayor Rolph was informed by an unctuous Chicago policeman that there were some people in San Francisco not entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life the mayor deferentially knocked his forehead three times upon the floor and promised to look into the matter. Now it seems that our police commissioners are doing the same thing, and we all wish they would cease. What Mr. Roche should have said is that San Francisco is already the most moral city of its size in the whole country, and that it keeps its streets exceptionally clean with a heedful eye that temptations shall not be needlessly offered to the immature. He might then have gone on to say that since perfection is always an ideal rather than an attainment the police department will continue its solicitude for the moral welfare of the city in order that it may be still more ahead of the unutterable conditions prevailing in Chicago and New York. That the city should be placed in a position of obsequious humility to reproofs from New York—of all places in the world—is not representative of public opinion and it is foreign to traditional sentiment. If anything can be done to abate a nuisance, by all means let it be done for the sake of morality, and not because some absurd Pharisees in New York have threatened to "hurt business." And in the meantime we may continue to wonder what has been actually done at the Barbary Coast.

Suffrage and Crime.

The British authorities are likely soon to be confronted once more with the problem of the suffragette prisoner who refuses to eat her dinner. Mrs. Pankhurst, arrested for one of the gravest crimes known to the criminal law, the crime of arson, announces that in the event of her conviction she will starve herself to death or liberty. In these degenerate days it is easier to win liberty than to win death, and Mrs. Pankhurst has good precedents for her belief that she can defy the law. But there was a time when punishment in England was not evaded so easily. In John Evelyn's famous diary he says that in 1656 he found certain prisoners in Ipswich jail who were engaged in the very same kind of hunger strike now popular among the suffragettes. "I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison," he writes. "a new fanatic set, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate or other. * * * One of these men was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavoring to do the like, perished on the tenth, when he would have eaten, but could not." Presumably these Quaker prisoners were men and therefore not fit subjects for compassionate sentiment, but there seems to have been no talk of forcible feeding and certainly none of liberation.

Such complete indifference to the lives of prisoners, however useless their lives may be, is of course opposed to the spirit of a softer day. Suicide is as much against the law as arson, and suicide must be prevented. whether in prison or out of it. Moreover, it seems that the English law lays a special responsibility upon prison officials. It was decided by the courts in 1899 that it was their duty to take such measures as might be necessary for preserving the health and lives of prisoners in their custody. Forcible feeding seems to be almost as dangerous to health as starvation, and especially in the case of elderly women, but it does not say much for the resources of civilization if murderous criminals like Mrs. Pankhurst are allowed to impose such an alternative as starvation or liberation. Surely some way can be found to defeat a project that would certainly not be allowed to succeed in the case of men. For example, it might be possible to bring these troublesome ladies to terms by placing an abundant supply of fresh milk always within reach and depriving them of the use of water. It is comparatively easy to resist the pangs of hunger, but it is not within the compass of human nature voluntarily to abstain from drinking. Self-denial has its limits, and those limits would be speedily reached with thirst for a stimulus. In this way the problem would solve itself without violence and without any pretense of that kind of martyrdom that is always suggested by force and that is so stimulating to "causes" of all kinds. It is certain that [illegible] effective expedient will have to be found if the criminal law is to be saved from derision. Perhaps a hunger strike among male prisoners whose liberation would be out of the question might be a useful aid toward a general settlement. At least it would put the equality of the sexes to the test, an equality that is actually the last thing in the world desired by the suffragette.

The crime charged against Mrs. Pankhurst removes the last element of farce that might be supposed to exist in the breaking of windows and the pinching and scratching of policemen. To burn the house of Mr. Lloyd George, to burn any house, is an offense of the first magnitude, and one that might easily result in a charge of murder. That Mr. Lloyd George is himself one of the foremost champions of the suffragette cause seems to indicate a state of hysterical insanity, and in this case the lunatic asylum might be more appropriate than the prison.

If there are any considerable number of women in England who actually want the franchise—and we may doubt if there are very many in England or anywhere else—they would do well to dissociate themselves from the wildcats of the Pankhurst breed. Until recently there has been a general opinion that the consensus of feminine wishes in the matter of the vote ought to prevail, if only on the theory that women never continue to want what is given without stint. But this opinion will be revised if the Pankhurst contingent is allowed to claim a representative function. Women who will burn the house of one of their ablest supporters, who are ready to resort to petroleum and dynamite, are certainly not fit to vote. They are not fit to be at large. And women who by their silence give consent to such crimes must be put in the same category. To surrender to violence of this kind would not only be fatal to good government. It would actually perpetuate the mischief, for we may be sure that women who will descend to the level of the hags of the Paris Commune because they are not allowed to vote would continue the same tactics if they should find at any time that their votes are ineffective.

The New Administration.

From whatever angle it may be regarded the situation as it confronts President Wilson bristles with difficulties. He will not find, as did his predecessor in office, a demoralized internal administrative situation; nor will he meet with covert and resentful disloyalty in the administrative organization of the government. Mr. Taft has laid no ambushes, he has set no traps, for the confusion and destruction of his successor. Nevertheless it remains to be said that Mr. Wilson must for a time carry forward the government through administrative agents selected by another judgment than his own and from a political party whose animating ideas and motives are contrary to his own. This, of course, does not apply to the President's Cabinet, for here the change will be immediate, but it will take time to bring round the general internal organization of the administrative department to sympathy with the President's policies and coöperation with his purposes.

It is perhaps at this point that the President will come upon one of his most vexatious trials. Nationally, the country has so long been in the hands of the Republican party as to have afforded small opportunity for the education of Democrats in administrative duties; and pretty much everywhere, excepting in the South, the state situation is the same. Only in comparatively few states is there a group of Democrats trained to official responsibilities and to the duties of administrative life, from which the President may draw definitely expert and qualified men. Applicants for preferment will indeed crowd upon him in embarassing numbers, but they will for the most part be men more qualified by the wish to get government jobs than by experience in the work to be done. In the nature of things the President is bound to make mistakes in the selection of subordinate officials. This has been the experience of every President since Jackson whose incoming has involved a change from one party to another with consequent reorganization of the administrative service. Mr. Cleveland, imbued as he was with elevated theories of official responsibility, excellent judge as he was of the temper and powers of men, strong man as he was at the points of character and industry, found the problem too much for him. His career in the presidency, especially during his first term. was embarrassed and marred by mistakes impossible to be avoided under circumstances analogous to those which now present themselves to Mr. Wilson in connection with the appointing power. The extensions of the civil service rules in recent years have done something to mitigate the difficulties and hazards of this phase of presidential duty, but there has likewise been a large growth of the public service, and in the aggregate the President has probably as many posts to fill by direct appointment as Mr. Cleveland had in 1885.

Another kind of vexation must speedily confront Mr. Wilson in the ambitions and resentments, or both, of certain prominent men in his own party. Mr. Bryan is reckoned as "with him," but his loyalty must be interpreted with a knowledge of his temperamental qualities and still profoundly cherished personal ambition. Human nature being what it is, and Mr. Bryan's personal equation being what we know it to be, that gentleman is hardly likely to prove a submissive and efficient coöperative agent of Mr. Wilson's purposes. An ideal Cabinet minister would be a man of large powers and absolute loyalty, dependent for his own position and repute upon the success of his chief. Now, without any reflections upon the character of Mr. Bryan, it must be said that he imperfectly fills this requirement. Mr. Wilson has not made him, but he in a sense has made Mr. Wilson. His prestige as a party leader is far higher than Mr. Wilson's own. His temperament and his habits of mind and action have been those of independence of any motives excepting his own. His life has been spent in opposition and in agitation. Administration, including the formulation and carrying forward of executive policies, will be to him a wholly new phase of activity; and he will come to it at a time of life when men do not readily change their impulses and practices. Then Mr. Bryan, for all his friendship for Mr. Wilson, would like to be President himself. In the Cabinet or out of it, first or last Mr. Bryan is almost certain to be an embarrassment to Mr. Wilson. Those who have declared Mr. Bryan to be an inevitable load upon Mr. Wilson's back are probably not far from the truth.

Mr. Bryan is not the only prominent man in the President's party who will have to be reckoned with. There is Champ Clark, holding the great office of the Speakership of the House of Representatives—an office second only in its powers to the presidency itself—deeply infected with wounded pride and sullenly cherished resentment. In Mr. Clark's view, he was cheated of the nomination at Baltimore; Mr. Wilson has the place which in his mind belongs by rights to himself; there is for him no inspiration to good humor in the fact that Mr. Bryan, contriver and agent of his own undoing, is to be close in the counsels of the White House. It is not given to man, much less to a man of Mr. Clark's mental and moral qualities, to regard the situation wholly free from the passions of envy and bitterness. Mr. Clark is indeed a Democrat; he will coöperate in Democratic policies, but he will wish to have a hand in the making of these policies, and his position is such that he will have to be considered. Partisan of the administration he will be, in a sense; but no friend to it. Withal, his eye will remain firmly fixed upon the year 1916, and he will hope for a situation that will right what he believes to be the great wrong done to Champ Clark in 1912. Embarrassments to the Wilson administration, mistakes, even failure, should it come, will be borne with philosophy by Mr. Clark. Then there is Mr. Underwood, too much of a gentleman, too loyal a party soldier, too manly a man to enter into schemes or plots, yet not unmindful of advantages likely to accrue to himself through possible delinquencies on the part of the President. Three men, therefore, highly placed in the party and in the government, each, in the nature of things, hopeful on his own account, must stand prominently before Mr. Wilson's vision, sleeping or waking. They are men radically different at points of temperament and political purpose; and each will have suggestions to offer. Mr. Wilson will wish to conciliate all of them; and it will be no easy job.

A man of Mr. Wilson's instincts and training may be expected to take seriously the written platform—the definite pledges upon which he was elected. Indeed he has, both before and since election, declared his acceptance of the party platform. It is a comprehensive document. It promises, among other things, to stiffen up the Sherman anti-trust law, to enact an income tax, to limit presidential service to a single term, to provide an adequate financial system, to revise the tariff schedules downward, to free the Filipinos, to sustain exemption of American coastwise trade from canal tolls—these and a multitude of other specific things, all of which is much easier said than done. The income tax will come easy. Modification of the Sherman law will be more serious. Limitation of the presidential term will be a distinct personal embarrassment. The Philippine pledge may easily be evaded through the device of an investigating commission. A law governing finances need not trouble the President, who knows nothing about such matters and will not immediately be embarrassed by mistake. The foolish promise of exemption from Panama tolls may be minimized in its effect by submitting the issue to arbitration under pressure. But there remains for immediate attention the tariff bugaboo.

And bugaboo it is, without any doubt. Mr. Wilson's party has declared that the "right or power to impose or collect tariff duties excepting for the purpose of revenue" is not found in the Federal Constitution. It denounced the existing tariff system as "the principal cause of the unequal distribution of wealth." It arraigns this system as a means by which "the rich are made richer and the poor are made poorer," and it promises "immediate downward revision," with immediate transfer to the free list of all trust-controlled products which "are sold abroad more cheaply than at home," which includes iron and steel products, certain kinds of machinery, and many other things. In brief, the first clause in the Democratic platform of 1912 and its main appeal for the support of the country, was upon a pledge to immediately and radically right the wrongs involved in existing tariff laws.

Now it is vastly easier to rewrite the tariff laws in a political convention than in Congress. Mr. Wilson, in his fine academic way, will no doubt wish to go at the job in the spirit and letter of the promise. And since both branches of Congress are dominated by the Democratic party he ought to find instant and cordial coöperation. But—there is a sugar industry in Louisiana, duly represented in Congress, which will wish to be exempt from any radical modification of the law. There is, likewise, a coal and iron industry in Alabama, which will identify itself with the cause of industrial righteousness, so long cherished under the tariff laws. There are some Democratic congressmen from Pennsylvania, where, as yet, enthusiasm for free trade is not high. Virginia has certain forms of manufacture which do not yet wish to stand alone. And the Carolinas are not quite ready to have cotton goods placed on the free list. There are lumber industries in the Alleghanies and in the hardwood swamps of the Southern States, duly represented by Democrats in Congress.

Now it may be that there resides in the spirit and powers of Mr. Wilson a magic to nullify the suggestions of sectional interest—to destroy the impulses of human nature—but we doubt it. Each of the industries named, with others not named, are more than likely to find champions even among Mr. Wilson's fellow-Democrats in Congress. There will be plans under the party pledge; there will be protests; there will be discussion: there will be concessions; there will be much talk, and loud talk; and when at last a bill shall get through Congress it will be very different from anything which Mr. Wilson now has in mind.

Of all the suggestions made, that by Senator Newlands of Nevada for a horizontal cut in all schedules aggregating, say 25 per cent, in yearly impositions of 5 per cent, is most practicable. If this were done, then the manufacturers and traders of the country would know what to expect and could adjust their operations to it. It would not precisely answer the pledge, but it would be accepted as an act in good faith. It would not seriously confuse business. But it is objected to as "unscientific": just as if there were anything or could ever be anything scientific about any tariff scheme. Senator Newlands's plan will not be accepted. There will be a ruck of conflicting proposals, tending to alarm the country and demoralize business, and in the end the mountain will bring forth a mouse. The promise will not be kept; nobody will be satisfied; prosperity will be disturbed, if not brought to a halt. This is what has happened before; this is what will happen again. What effect such failure, such disappointment, such confusion, will have upon the political fortunes of the President is a matter of speculation. One man's guess is probably as good as another's. The guess of the *Argonaut* is that it will leave him personally disappointed and disgusted, officially discredited, and pretty well hated in his own party, as well as by the business interests of the country in general.

Then, just above the horizon there is Mexico. What the new administration needs above all things is that Felix Diaz, or somebody else, shall so control the situation as to establish order. But that failing, there will be nothing to do but to send to Mexico by land and sea forces sufficient to establish order, with security for life and property. We have postponed and delayed in this case full up to the limit and, in the language of the street, we are up against it. If Mexico can not immediately find within herself means to maintain social order, then the job is for us. That it will be a big job every statesman and every soldier knows. In this instance we suspect the chief embarrassment to the President will be in making up his mind. Once committed to the Mexican business, the spirit of the country will rally in support, and so far as public favor is concerned, the President is more likely to win than to lose by positive and energetic policies.

Mr. Wilson's character, under the responsibilities of administration, is yet to be made known—perhaps is yet even to be formed. His life as a teacher, scholar, doctrinaire, has not afforded adequate illustration of his real powers or his adroitness of mind under responsibility. It is yet to be determined if he has the qualities of resolution, compromise, and conciliation which his new responsibilities call for.

Mr. Wilson is the first man of the academic kind to assume the high duties of the presidential office. Every other President has been a man of more or less wide experience in practical life. Mr. Wilson comes immediately indeed from the governorship of a state, but he is essentially a man of the library and the lecture room; in other words, he is a man of theory, rather than a practical man. Now we shall see if such experiences as have made up the life of Mr. Wilson can create a spirit and character competent for the office of President of the United States.

The Weller Recall.

There seems to have been no small difficulty in securing the requisite number of signatures to the Weller recall petition. Persistent canvassing, mainly by women, has at length achieved the desired result, and we may be pardoned for believing that even the most preposterous proposal would be similarly successful if promoted in the same way. The average citizen dearly loves to sign his name, especially when his little vanities are stimulated by feminine solicitations, but how many signatures would have been obtained if this petition had been placed in the City Hall and if every name had represented some personal exertion or inconvenience to the signatory?

The difficulty is therefore a significant one, but one that need not be attributed wholly to public apathy. There is a general recognition that Judge Weller is the representative of a system, a system that may be as iniquitous, that probably is as iniquitous, as its worst enemies maintain, but none the less a system created and sustained by popular votes. Judge Weller was not detected in a secret offense, as a cashier may be detected in robbing a till. At the worst he did no more than has been done openly and impudently by generations of police judges who may almost be said to have been elected for the very purpose of protecting vice and persecuting virtue. Public opinion makes no pretense to logic, but often it "gets there" just the same, and public opinion is dimly aware at last that the evil is with itself and with the system and that it can not be cured by the scalp of a single individual.

It may be that public opinion goes even further than this. There may be a recognition that the recall of Judge Weller would be hailed so ecstatically as a triumph of decency as to lead to the impression that some great reform had actually been achieved and that we might now rest upon our laurels in the full assurance that police court reform had been placed among the things accomplished. That, of course, is exactly what would happen, and so our last state would be worse than our first. The recall of Judge Weller will act as a narcotic, and a narcotic is exactly what ought not to be administered.

General Woodford's Success.

A true political wisdom will hardly endorse the opinion of an Eastern newspaper that the late General Stewart L. Woodford will be remembered chiefly for what he tried to do, but failed utterly to do. General Woodford was American minister to Madrid during the time preceding the Spanish war. He believed that the conflict could be averted and he moved heaven and earth to avert it. His last dispatch to the President was so trenchant, so unanswerable, that it was withheld from Congress and from the public for three years, and when at last it was published it satisfied most thinking people that the war was one that ought not to have been waged. In their immediate purpose we may regard General Woodford's efforts for peace as a failure, since there was no peace. But in a wider sense those efforts were successful, as all efforts for good are successful. General Woodford succeeded in bringing home to large numbers of people the sobering fact that the nation had been forced into war, not by stern necessity, but by the yelpings of a few disreputable newspapers determined to create human hatreds and to coin them into dollars for their own pockets. The newspapers had their way. They created the hatreds and they coined the dollars, as they expected. But at the same time they discounted all their future efforts in the same direction. Within the last few months we have seen those same newspapers beating the drum as loudly as ever. Nothing could satisfy the honor of the nation but an immediate invasion of Mexico. But the public at large has remained unmoved. There has been no response to the frothings of a remunerative patriotism that knows nothing of national honor because it knows nothing of any kind of honor. If circumstances should compel a Mexican intervention it will be in spite of the gutter newspapers and not because of them, for there is now a general disposition on the part of the public to feel that any policy advocated by these particular newspapers is presumably the wrong policy. To say that this desirable condition is due to General Woodford would probably be an exaggeration, but it would be equally erroneous to overlook the large part that he probably played in its production. And it is incompatible with any idea of failure if we have but the wisdom to take a wide-angle view of what he did. Every large-minded effort in the direction of public duty and of humanity is essentially a success, even though it may seem immediately to fail, because it makes all future efforts of the kind somewhat easier than they would have been. It disposes the public to listen to reason where previously it would listen only to passion. When time has removed the Spanish war beyond the region of heat—and it is almost there now—it will be found that General Woodford's effort for peace occupies a larger place in the record than the efforts of the lesser men for war.

Harry Thaw and the Thaw Family.

It is among the penalties that we must pay for our false standard of social values—a standard now happily waning—that we are never allowed for long to forget the detestable Thaw case. No one questions for a moment that if Thaw had belonged to the lower strata of society his crime would have been expiated at once and in such a way as to place it forever beyond the reach of human interference. But he had money and influence. He belonged to a caste, and we all know what that means. His trial was reduced to the level of a circus. It became a veritable orgy of sensationalism and of expert quackery. It degraded the whole administration of the criminal law and set for it an evil precedent from which it has not yet recovered. And in the end we saw the triumph of a debased ideal in the consignment of Thaw to a criminal lunatic asylum, where his poisonous wealth could continue its evil work and lengthen the trail of debauchery and corruption that seems to be endless. Certainly we have paid a heavy price for the false standard of social values that was allowed to save Thaw from his proper punishment. That he himself has become a sort of institution is but a small part of it.

It is easy to believe the latest story that he tried to corrupt Dr. J. R. Russell, the medical superintendent of the Matteawan asylum, and that he succeeded. Thaw would naturally be willing to pay $25,000 for his liberty, or even ten times that amount, and it is at least satisfactory to note that there was a hitch in the proceedings somewhere and that the vigilance of some one was found to stand between a criminal and his freedom. If Thaw should ever now be set at liberty it will be impossible to persuade the public that he did not buy that liberty by debauching some public servant.

It is easy to believe that Thaw's failure to purchase his freedom has been a surprise to himself and to his family. For the first time in their worthless lives they have found something that is not for sale, and they had supposed that there was no such thing in heaven or upon earth. For them, every desirable thing in life had its attached price tag. It was simply a matter of cash down and delivery. Social position through marriage with the Earl of Yarmouth was a mere matter of the market, like everything else. Thaw himself would be assured of status and of character if only his pockets were sufficiently filled with money. The earth and the fullness thereof bore a vast C. O. D. label. Nothing was beyond the reach of coin. No more was necessary than to ask the price and to pay it. It was the incarnated spirit of Carnegieism, insolent, arrogant, contemptuous of human rights, a flout and a menace to the decencies of national life.

It has been a peculiarity of the Thaw fortune—for all the persistent delusions of the Thaw family—that it has never yet been able to buy any of the things for which it was expended. It has been dogged by a sort of malign fate that has transmuted every desirable thing into ashes and tears. If social honors were upon the order-form it was always social disgrace that was delivered. Magnificent ease became a mountain of misery, character was turned upside down into criminality, a luxurious indolence found its only expression in a prison cell. The Thaw family has expended millions upon millions in the purchase of sorrowful infamies that would be dreaded by a dock rat. Its wealth has been exactly matched by its calamities.

And yet the Thaw family was an integral and harmonious part of the social fabric of its day. Its ideals were not peculiar. They grew from a congenial soil or they could not have grown at all. They were so visible because they were so large, but their lesser counterparts were, and are, to be found everywhere. There is still no lack of those who look upon life in its totality as a vast bargain sale, who never conceive of any desirable thing as being beyond the reach of money or without its cash price tag. And if we knew the whole truth, if we could see all the disappointments that are hidden, all the tragedies that are none the less real because they are not blood-stained, we should know that the retributive hand of fate had made no isolated scapegoat of the Thaw family.

Editorial Notes.

Reports from Washington made merry over a "dilemma" in which the members of Congress from California found themselves with respect to the suffragette parade planned for the evening preceding the inauguration. None of these gentlemen, according to the correspondents, wished to join in this demonstration, but they were afraid not to do so for fear of "getting in bad" with a certain element at home. This is the kind of dilemma which is never felt by anybody but a cheap and small man. A member of Congress who has so little real dignity as to be embarrassed by such a situation is not likely to suffer in his dignity by any exhibition of subserviency which he can possibly make. Of course a member of Congress, reluctant but consenting, marching down Pennsylvania Avenue in the character of a sandwich-man labeled "votes for women" must be a ridiculous sight. But most of our members of Congress are ridiculous anyway, so it doesn't matter much what they do. All the same we suspect that even the most passionate suffragette will have a higher respect for members of Congress who declined to participate in this demonstration than for those who accepted. No woman has yet been found who admires—much less loves—a cringing coward.

One Henry Gannett, described as chairman of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, announces oracularly that it is "with the people of California to say" what name shall attach to Yerba Buena Island—familiarly Goat Island. Thanks, dear Mr. Gannett, for this gracious assurance. All the same, you should know that the names of this island and of all other natural objects and places hereabout have always been "with the people of California" and always will be. It does not lie within the province of any petty bureaucrat to rechristen anything or any place in the sovereign state of California. In the meantime, quite among ourselves, we shall call Yerba Buena Island by any name, formal or familiar, that may happen to suit us. And no thanks to you, dear Mr. Gannett.

Let us hope that telegraphic gossip from New York to the effect that Clarence Mackay and his wife have "arranged" to live apart is gossip merely. But it must be admitted that this would be a natural climax of the kind of agitation which has centred about the Mackay name during the past two years. Why it should be so we will not undertake to say, but it is a fact duly observed that a husbandette invariably comes more and more to find comfort in that Eveless Eden—his club.

The first territorial legislature of Alaska met in Juneau this week. The body is composed of eight senators and sixteen representatives, and is remarkable for the scarcity of its lawyers.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Visitors to the House of Commons are said often to be disappointed with the appearance and bearing of Mr. Lloyd George. Expecting to find a rather boisterous demagogue with a hectoring contempt of his opponents, they see a dandified, pale, and delicate looking man who wears a monocle and speaks with the soft voice that is said to be so excellent a thing in women. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* reminds us of the old lady who was informed, at a certain royal funeral, that Gladstone had just entered the church. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "I hope he won't make a disturbance." In the same way the uninformed visitor to London is apt to suppose that Mr. George's political stock in trade is to make disturbances. One of the famous chancellor's characteristics is an intense appreciation of a joke that is against himself. At the recent unveiling of his portrait, the gift of some Welsh admirers, no one enjoyed more than himself the artless statement of the chairman that for some weeks past the attention of the subscribers had been occupied by the problem, "Where shall we hang Lloyd George?" He himself tells another beautiful story of a man who was presented with a testimonial for saving some one from drowning. The hero modestly deprecated the praises showered upon him and remarked: "Really, I have done nothing to deserve this reward. I saw the man struggling in the water, and, as no one else was by, I saw he would be drowned if I didn't save him. So I jumped in, swam to him, turned him over to see that he wasn't Lloyd George, and then pulled him out."

The decision of Judge Noyes that Mylius is entitled to enter the United States because the offense for which he was punished—a libel on King George—does not necessarily imply moral turpitude has occasioned some surprise. If Judge Noyes had ruled that lying about our fellow-men is so common an offense that to exclude all the guilty ones would entirely put a stop to immigration, there would be much to be said for it. We have all indulged in a little slander now and again. But to say that slander does not imply moral turpitude merely because it is directed against a king seems to be carrying our anti-monarchical principles a little far. It is usually agreed that to lie about the moral character of an opponent is not among the political methods to which honorable men may resort. If we do not like kings we may conspire for their overthrow, we may fight against them by physical means, but we may not lie about them nor say that they have two wives when as a matter of fact they have only one. To fight in this way is to be guilty of "moral turpitude" according to the code. At the same time it seems a little of an anachronism that an attempt should be made to expel Mylius from the United States while no one in England has suggested that he be expelled from that country, where the offense was actually committed. It seems to be one more instance of much ado about nothing.

And speaking of immigration, we may as well thank Congressman Moore of Pennsylvania for reading to the House some verses written by one of his constituents on the literary test sought to be imposed upon new arrivals:

We've dug your million ditches,
We've built your endless roads;
We've fetched your wood and water,
And bent beneath your loads,
We've done the lowly labor,
Despised by your own breed—
And now you won't admit us
Because we can not read.

Your farms are half deserted;
Up goes the price of bread;
Your boasted education
Turns men to clerks instead;
We bring our picks and shovels
To meet your greatest need;
Don't shut the gates upon us
Because we can not read.

The verses may not have had much effect, but, like Mr. Wegg, we like to drop into poetry sometimes.

We are hearing a good deal of Roumania nowadays, chiefly because she wants to be paid for not fighting, which, perhaps, is somewhat better than wanting to be paid to fight. But it was not always so, and we are reminded that the royal crown of Roumania is made from the iron of a captured Turkish cannon. This crown was assumed by King Charles in 1881 with the words: "I assume with pride this crown, wrought from a cannon sprinkled with the blood of our heroes and consecrated by the church." It is strange how ready the church has always been to lay her barren benedictions upon anything associated with cannon and human blood.

Californians will note with interest that Professor Josiah Royce is to receive the degree of Doctor of Science from Manchester College, Oxford. At the present time Professor Royce is delivering the Hibbert lectures at Oxford, and it will be remembered that in 1900 he gave the Gifford lectures at Aberdeen. At a time when we are hearing so much more than we want to about pragmatism it is interesting to note that English universities still reserve their chief honors for the idealist.

The following piece of evidence as to the atrocities committed during the Balkan war is printed by the London *Daily Express*. It was furnished by an old Mohammedan woman and it is interesting as showing the village friendliness previously existing between Mohammedans and Christians and also as proof that the followers of the Cross can rival in cruelty those of the Crescent. The old woman is reported as saying:

"After the Bulgarians had taken Rodosto, and were coming through the country towards Gallipoli, there was a meeting of the Christians, headed by the Greek priest, with the Mohammedan notables of the village. Their papers were signed, and the Christians promised that if Bulgars or comitadjis should come to Sarichahan, the Christians would protect the Mohammedans against them. And the Mohammedans agreed to protect Christians against the Turkish troops. But when comitadjis attacked the village, the Christian men at once sided with them, and began to kill all the Moslems (from the biggest to the smallest), and, taking sixty-seven of them alive, they bound them, and led them to the bank of a stream that runs through the woods. Then they killed them with bayonets, all but one."

At this point in her story the old woman clutched her hair with both hands, and began to lament, swaying to and fro as she wept.

"Him whom they did not kill with bayonets," she continued, "they cut into pieces with an axe. He was the husband of my daughter. He was a beautiful man, big and strong, and he had 'Padishah's eyes.' He had fought hard, and resisted very bravely. They bound him with ropes, and cut him into pieces with an axe on the bank of the stream."

Evidently the virtues are not all upon one side, nor the vices upon the other. They seldom are.

The *Mexican Herald* tells us that the latest revolution in Mexico was surprisingly like that of 1840. We are reminded that at that time "the government group supporting President Bustamente were in possession of the Ciudadela and the pronunciados headed by José Urrea and Valentin Gomez Farias were in possession of the palace, the reverse of conditions in the present revolt." How time does fly, to be sure. We had forgotten all about President Bustamente, but what an appropriate name for a Mexican president. It might be adopted as a sort of official designation, like the Pharaohs in old Egypt.

We were certain to hear eventually from Marshal von der Goltz, the German strategist, whose shoulders are broad, but not quite broad enough to assume the whole responsibility for Turkish reverses. Now we have an article from the marshal in the *Deutsche Rundschau,* from which we learn that he left the Turkish service seventeen years ago, which seems a fairly inclusive answer to those who would make him responsible for the present *debâcle.* But the marshal has something more to say. The old Sultan would not allow sham battles or military manœuvres. It made him nervous to see so many men all in one place. At one time the marshal had planned a sham fight outside Adrianople, just such a fight as has now happened in earnest. But the commanders of both armies were arrested by the Sultan, who was fully satisfied that military manœuvres must mean a conspiracy. The marshal secured the release of his officers with their heads still in their routine position, but he took the hint and henceforth taught the art of war by theory rather than by practice.

Dr. Edward H. Hartwell, secretary of the statistical department of the city of Boston, has evidently embarked on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. Apparently he does not know enough to suppress unpopular statistics, for he tells us that the woman's vote for the school committee has fallen off in proportion to the demand for the more important vote. The Massachusetts returns for 1910 show that in 29.7 per cent of the municipalities of the state not a woman voted, and that there were sixty-nine towns in which no woman either registered or voted. An analysis of the Boston returns shows that in every one of the twenty-six wards fewer women registered and fewer voted than in the year previous.

We may well believe that cant is one of those human characteristics that will outlive all the reformers, policies, and measures that now plague mankind. When women, and men, too, have abandoned the curious imbecility that voting can ever do anything except minister to our greeds at the expense of others we shall still find something to cant about. Thus we find a prominent English scientist saying that the woman in politics "will prove the salvation of England if England is to be saved." If England is relying upon politics then England must indeed be in a parlous state. Gladstone may be assumed to have known something about politics, and at the end of his life he said he was convinced that the regeneration of mankind could not be attained through political action. Nothing could do this except a change in human character, except a resolution on the part of a sufficiently large number of persons that henceforth they would govern their personal lives on some other principle than that of selfishness and materialism. Therefore it is to be feared that the English scientist was canting. We may fear further that he knew himself to be canting and that we have reached a point where the popular ear is not open to anything except cant.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

◆

After seventy years Rear-Admiral Charles Wilkes has been further vindicated in the claim which he made that he had discovered an Antarctic continent. No less authority than Sir Ernest Shackleton now flatly declares that Wilkes was right in the reports of his expedition of 1838 to 1842. The Mawson expedition further substantiates Shackleton's own discoveries. Leaving Sydney in December, 1839, Wilkes discovered what he thought to be an Antarctic continent, and sailed along icefields for several weeks. Although his court-martial resulted in his acquittal upon the charge of having fabricated this discovery and in his being reprimanded only for the illegal punishment of men in his squadron, the discovery was long doubted.

◆

Beginning as a girl of five years, Mrs. James, a London woman, has accumulated a fortune through the sale of watercress. She started with a basket, and now has practically a monopoly of the trade in the city. She supplies nearly every large London hotel and restaurant, in addition to the many barrow-merchants, who do a wonderful retail trade. She owns a watercress farm, a country house, keeps a river motor launch, and has a house in Kensington.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood!
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there!
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Look'd on it in despair!

The breath of the World came and went,
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon;
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field,
Its touch was cold as ice;
And the ivory teeth within the jaw,
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill;
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill:

A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a Cross on either side—
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified;

And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white dove slumbering—
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing;

And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawn'd wide and vast—
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread;
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim;
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turn'd from the Brig of Dread;
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splash'd the body red.

For days and nights he wander'd on
Upon an open plain;
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wander'd on
All through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face,
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place!

He wander'd East, he wander'd West,
And heard no human sound:
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wander'd round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walk'd the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went, like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wander'd on
Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp;
And the ghost of the silvern Moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white;
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go;
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole
Glideth the lean, white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burn'd bright and clear;
"O, who is that," the Bridegroom said—
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd soft and slow—
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow!"

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head;
"O, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low—
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand;
And saw the Bridegroom at the door,
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door;
And he was clad in white;
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare:
"I have wandered many nights and days—
There is no light elsewhere!"

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow;
And the third time that he waved his hands,
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I pour'd the wine!"

The supper wine is pour'd at last,
The lights burn bright and fair:
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet
And dries them with his hair.

—*Robert Buchanan.*

A BANQUET FOR ART EDITOR DRAKE.

New York Artists and Clubmen Honor a Veteran of the Century Magazine Staff.

For forty years, nearly, Mr. Alexander W. Drake has been art editor of the *Century Magazine*, and there are few men who have as many friends among the workers with brush or crayon; but his acquaintance and good fellowship are shared by a larger host, whose relations with canvas or drawing-board come through interest in reproductions rather than creations. He has been much more than a critical patron of artists. To the development of the highest art in the printing of half-tone engravings he has given long and patient study and experiment, and the results are well known and duly credited in the publishing world. In spite of this, Mr. Drake has never faltered in his devotion to that older and better loved mode of expression, wood engraving, and many of the choicest later-day specimens of that neglected art have come into being through his continued encouragement. Engravers, printers, and publishers consistently hold him in high esteem. Naturally, with such a life enthusiasm, the veteran editor has been an indefatigable collector of prints, but that is a chapter which may be only mentioned in passing.

Three hundred artists and clubmen gave Mr. Drake a dinner at the Aldine Club last night, and the event was of the sort that is irresistibly attractive to the letter-writer. The subject and the setting are sympathetic, and there is such a list of famous names to fill space that might otherwise be given to less important matters. During the past two weeks I have faithfully, even painfully, diverted my attention to three art exhibitions—the term is used without prejudice—with the hope that I should be inspired to write a column and a half of discriminating, interpretative, uplifting criticism, but all in vain. I am too old to assimilate the mental provender so proudly and positively urged by the new apostles of art. There is much to be said, undoubtedly, of the Impressionists and Cubists, and of their output, but ink and good, cream-white *Argonaut* paper are valuable. Hence the pleasure with which I hailed the Drake banquet.

There were, as I have said, three hundred at the dinner. The affair was really planned and carried out by ten different clubs, and each organization was present in force, the members marching in with banners that were afterward placed permanently on the walls. The Aldine Club, the Authors' Club, the Century Club, the Architectural League, the Grolier Club, the Players' Club, the Salmagundi Club, the Illustrators' Club, the National Arts Club, and the Periodical Publishers' Association, were represented officially, and the tables were surrounded by men whose names are familiar wherever American books and periodicals are read. F. Hopkinson Smith was toastmaster, and he called upon Theodore L. De Vinne, the publisher; Cass Gilbert, the architect; Charles Dana Gibson, Francis W. Crowninshield, and N. F. Hoggson, to express the sentiments appropriate. All responded heartily. Mr. Gilbert said, among other things, that amid all the feverish affairs of earth, as they are depicted in the daily press, the life of Mr. Drake was an inspiration to the world standing for high ideals. He said something that must have been meant for the Cubists when he averred that in his day and age, when art is supposed to express not what you see, but the way you feel when you see it, the accomplishments of a man like Alexander Wilson Drake were worth while.

Two interesting souvenirs of the occasion will be preserved by those present. One was a menu illustrated by grave, fanciful, and humorous drawings made especially for it by John W. Alexander, Reginald Birch, Edwin H. Blashfield, Alfred Brennan, F. S. Church, Timothy Cole, Kenyon Cox, F. V. Du Mond, Charles Dana Gibson, Jules Guerin, Jay Hambidge, Oliver Herford, A. I. Keller, E. W. Kemble, Will H. Low, Maxfield Parrish, W. A. Rogers, F. Hopkinson Smith, Albert Sterner, and Irving R. Wiles. Timothy Cole, the wood engraver, added an original verse to his contribution. While the dinner was being served, half-tone portraits of Mr. Drake were printed, on a press which had been brought up into the banquet-room, and given to the guests.

The reception committee of the evening included Edwin Howland Blashfield, vice-president of the Century Association; John G. Agar, president of the National Arts Club; Charles L. Patton, president of the Aldine Club; Breck Trowbridge, president of the Architectural League; Carleton Wiggins, president of the Salmagundi Club; Edward G. Kennedy, president of the Grolier Club; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, president of the Periodical Publishers' Association; Arthur I. Keller, of the Society of American Illustrators; Jules Guerin, of the Players' Club, and James Herbert Morse, of the Authors' Club.

Among those present were D. C. A. Beard, W. T. Benda, Edward Bok, G. Berglam, V. D. Brenner, W. B. Davenport, Charles de Kay, F. S. Dellenbaugh, C. D. de Vinne, T. B. de Vinne, W. G. Dodge, R. Doubleday, A. S. Frissel, William Funk, Howard Godwin, L. C. Harper, R. D. Heinl, Henry Holt, Ellis O. Jones, Robert Underwood Johnson, A. F. Keller, Tom L. Masson, Brander Matthews, G. H. Mifflin, Jr., J. G. Milburn, J. S. Millet, J. A. Mitchell, George Haven Putnam, A. H. Scribner, F. A. Stokes, L. C. Tiffany, L. F. Vosburgh, and F. C. Yohn. Letters of regret were read from George W. Cable, Joseph Pennell, Dr. Lyman Abbot, Rear-Admiral Chadwick, Hamlin Garland, Thomas Nelson Page, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and others.

It is not necessary to add a line of description to the lists given above. There may have been gatherings as brilliant, there has been none more genial and informally agreeable. Personally, I am glad to assist in celebrating the popularity of an editor whose ability and sincerity are equaled only by the modesty which has kept his name almost unknown to the unnumbered thousands who have read the *Century* since the day it assumed its present title. Flaneur.

New York, February 26, 1913.

◆

According to the censuses and estimates made in 1910 the globe contains nearly 2,000,000,000 inhabitants, an average of forty to the square mile. Leaving out of account the mountains, the desert, and the ice-covered land about the poles, there must be at least 30,000,000 square miles capable of supporting a dense population, especially with the aid of modern scientific methods and modern machinery for the cultivation of the soil. If the whole 30,000,000 square miles could be made to sustain a population as dense as that of Belgium the earth would have about 20,000,000,000 inhabitants. There can not be the slightest doubt that the population of the United States could be increased to an average of 200 to the square mile, making a population for the United States of more than 700,000,000. It is probable that Africa could maintain more than 1,000,000,000 of people, if it were thoroughly civilized. South America covers 7,000,000 square miles, and is rich enough to have at least 500,000,000 inhabitants.

◆

Lieutenant Francis L. Harris, the last survivor of the Hayes Arctic expedition, which went north in search of Sir John Franklin, died recently at his home in Roxbury, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-eight. He was a middy on the *St. Louis* when she sailed around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast. When off California the vessel was in need of fresh water and Harris with others went ashore and planted the American flag, this being the first time, it is believed, that the Stars and Stripes were set on California soil. On his return home Harris and twelve others volunteered to go with an expedition in search of Franklin. The ship, the *United States*, sailed from Boston on July 10, 1860, and was absent about two years. The vessel got as far north as latitude 84. The expedition brought back many curiosities and relics, which later were sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

◆

Buried hundreds of miles from civilization, its nearest source of supplies 1500 miles away, the Madeira-Mamore Railway, connecting Brazil and Bolivia, is to that part of the world what the Panama Canal will be to the East and the West. It was built to overcome 200 miles of falls, rapids, rocks, and shoals in the Madeira River, which had compelled rubber handlers to make use of a costly and unsatisfactory method of portage. Although built through a tropical forest, the ties on which the rails are laid came from Australia, because it was time and again proved cheaper to import them than to try to hew down for that purpose the hard but resistant woods close at hand. Trains are run regularly between the terminals of Porto Velho and Guajara-Mirim.

◆

On the beautiful island of Trinidad, chief source of the world's supply of pitch, the article has been put to every possible use by the natives. Formerly the streets of the Port of Spain were lighted by torches of pitch, but the people objected to the odor. Nothing, however, was done to develop the pitch and oil industry until recent years. This indifference to its value has been credited to the fact that the Trinidadians had so many other resources, such as their cocoa, coffee, and sugar, from which to gain an abundant living that they were content to leave Pitch Lake alone. Americans now control its output.

◆

The suggestion is made that a law be passed compelling all manufacturers of explosives, especially nitroglycerin, dynamite, and others of this class used for bombs, to impregnate these materials with some strong-smelling substance. It is believed that the presence of the explosive would be revealed to everybody near it and that it would be impossible to store, manufacture, transport, or manipulate it in any way secretly. It would be its own detective in case of crime committed with it. It is suggested that something of the nature of iodoform would answer.

◆

Brazilian law, it is claimed, prohibits the establishment of any university, because "the conferring of academic distinctions is contrary to the principles of true democracy." There are many institutions in Brazil where medicine and law are taught, and these grant certificates of proficiency to pupils who complete the course in a satisfactory manner. But however well qualified he may be, no Brazilian can legally get a degree in his own country of a doctor of medicine or of law.

◆

As far back as 1717 attempts were made to subdue the Mississippi. About that time M. Le Blond de la Tour built a mile of levee to protect the infant city of Nouvelle-Orleans. The federal government has already expended $70,000,000 in its attempts to confine the flood waters to the channel, and the states chiefly concerned have, in one way and another, contributed probably as much more.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Walter Davidson, for eight years governor of the Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean, has taken his seat as governor of Newfoundland.

Jonkheer Beelaerts Van Blokland, the Dutch minister to China, is leaving Peking for Europe on furlough. Before returning to his native land he will visit the Dutch East Indies in order to confer with the government on a number of Chinese questions.

Dr. James Monroe Taylor, who has tendered his resignation as president of Vassar College, has been at the head of that institution since 1886. Dr. Taylor was a prominent Baptist clergyman prior to going to Vassar as a faculty member in 1882. His last charge was at Providence, Rhode Island.

Professor S. W. Sykes of Columbia University, who has accepted the presidency of the women's college to be established at Hartford, Connecticut, is a Canadian by birth, and held a chair in Western University in London, Ontario, before being called to Columbia. His ability is not confined to instructing, for he has written a number of text-books.

The Right Reverend Charles Perry Scott, bishop of North China, has resigned his place, and will leave next autumn. Bishop Scott was ordained in 1870, and has held his present position since 1880. Practically his entire clerical life has been spent in China, as he went to Chefoo as a missionary soon after being ordained. He is an Englishman, the son of a minister, and is a graduate of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, who has taken the chair in the geology department at Harvard, was recently presented with the Culver gold medal by the American Geographic Society. He is recognized as the highest authority on physiography in America. For several years he has been a member of the United States Geological Survey, his most important work being the survey and mapping of the Alaskan coal fields.

Lord Haldane, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, has been granted permission by King George to cross the ocean and attend the meeting of the American Bar Association, which will be held next September in Montreal. He will be the guest of honor as well as the principal speaker of the association, and in deciding to make the long journey is departing from the time-honored custom of his high office.

J. O. Francis, who has been awarded the prize of $500 offered by Lord Howard de Walden for an original Welsh drama, is a young London Welshman of Wandsworth. He is thirty years of age, and a native of Aberlare. He took for his theme the conflict of ideas existing in the industrial districts of Wales at the present day, the sturdy nonconformist liberalism, and the socialistic tendency of the younger generation.

General Huerta, provisional head of the Mexican republic, has practically been reared in the army. At the age of seventeen he entered the military academy at Chapultepec. After his graduation he entered the line of the army and served through successive ranks until he attained a generalship under Porfirio Diaz. He was a full general at the time of Madero's revolution, and it was he who counseled Don Porfirio against resigning and offered to retake Juarez with 3000 men. He is about fifty-six years old.

Ronald Montagu Burrows, the new lay principal of King's College, which recently became affiliated with London University, is one of the most distinguished Greek scholars in England. He is professor of Greek at the University of Manchester, where he has also been dean of the faculty of arts. He was born at Rugby in 1867, was educated at Charterhouse and at Christchurch, Oxford, where he took a first class in classical moderations in 1888 and first-class honors in the School of Literae Humaniores in 1890. He has held chairs in the University of Glasgow and University College, Cardiff.

Shelby M. Cullom, who retired to private life on March 4, has been a United States senator since 1883 a record which has been exceeded but twice in the history of the country. Politically he has been active since 1852, when he was an elector on the Fillmore ticket. He went to Illinois in 1853, and has lived there ever since. He served several terms in the Illinois house of representatives, was in Congress from 1865 until 1871, served seven years as governor of his state, and then entered on his long career in the upper house at Washington. Senator Cullom is eighty-four years old, being ranked in point of age only by Senator Isaac Stephenson, who is five months older.

The Reverend Dr. Joseph H. Hertz, who has been elected chief rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregation of the British Empire by a vote of 298 to 56, is a resident of New York. The vote represents the orthodox Jews of the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other parts of the empire. Dr. Hertz came to this country in 1884, at the age of twelve, and was educated at Columbia and the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in New York. He has been a rabbi of Jewish congregations in Syracuse, New York, and Johannesburg, South Africa, and since September, 1911, of the congregation of Orach Chaim Synagogue, Ninety-Fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City.

OUSTING MAIZIE MADGE.

A Genial Story of Hate.

Be forewarned, before you read further, that this is not a love story. It's a bate story. It recounts the malicious trickery of a veteran newspaper man to rid the press room at police headquarters of the presence of Maizie Madge Devoe, a sob-squad reporter. Right here and now let it be set down that in the last paragraph nobody takes Maizie in his arms and kisses her a fond good-by or anything of that sort. This is, instead, the tale of how Albert Horner, dean of police reporters, laid a rash bet with two other disgruntled writers that he could eradicate Maizie Madge from police headquarters within twenty-four hours, and of how he copped the money.

What none of the bunch at police headquarters could see was why the *Record* ever assigned that tousled-haired girl to come down and break up our friendly little poker games, put a damper on free speech, and make the swigging of an occasional bottle of beer or two seem like a crime against society. It was against all precedent to have a sob-squad lady doing police routine. For murder trials, and divorce cases, and an occasional interview with the unfortunate wife or the eloping daughter, the assignment of a Maizie Madge seemed warranted enough, but to have one of her tribe ever present in the press room was against all the laws of nature. For that matter, Maizie Madge didn't seem to fit well into any scheme of the universe that our three minds could conceive. We liked to put our women on a pedestal, or else be on the pedestal ourselves. This girl, working right in the same office with us, had no glamour of romance in looking at us, and we looked back at her and didn't like the frowsy way she did her hair. Another thing that complicated matters a lot was that Maizie Madge was neither a pretty girl nor a homely one. She was almost either of them at various times without ever attaining permanent distinction. In short, she stood for endless worriment.

Two days we stood it, too puzzled to come to a decision. On the noon of the third day Albert and Bingham and I all happened to drop in at the Greasy Spoon for breakfast. It must have been a sort of telepathy affair, for we didn't get together in that place, unless by appointment, more than once in three months. Albert said the meeting seemed propitious.

"I'm a fatalist," he argued, "and it strikes me we must have been called together this way to lay plans."

Bingham, an amateur poet, rather liked this idea. "——to talk about that woman," he decided.

Albert was inclined to think so. Tapping a cigarette on the table to make the tobacco settle, he added: "And it ought to be easy enough to get rid of her."

Then, of course, we both lit into him. With the calm of a reporter of ten years' experience rebuffing two cubs, he said he would show us. And we ended by betting him twenty dollars to ten he couldn't make good. He said if we'd raise it to twenty-five, he'd have Maizie Madge removed in less than twenty-four hours.

I never saw a poet show such a fine and inexplicable insight for business as Bingham suddenly exhibited. "Let's put the money up with this cashier," he suggested. "It makes the thing seem more regular-like. Yesterday being pay day, we all can produce."

With a shade less confidence, Albert agreed. He must have seen then that he was in for it. He looked pretty thoughtful while he finished the cigarette, and he said hardly a word on the way from the eating-place to the press room.

Maizie Madge was sitting in one corner of the room reading a magazine. "I've run through the one o'clock bulletins," she said. "There's nothing that looks good for a story."

Albert looked through them. He couldn't see anything either. Bingham and I had an agreement with him that nobody should attempt to score any beats. "What comes to one, comes to all," was our motto. It made life a lot less restless on the police run. When Albert couldn't see anything in the report, Bingham and I knew we were safe, for Albert wouldn't try to slip by us, but just as a matter of form, engendered by the restlessness that girl created, we also ran through the list. And there wasn't a live tip on the page.

It's a fact that there was a sort of tension in the air and we were acting like three automatons. We who had the bet with Albert knew he was going to start something and without much delay. We watched him intently for some sort of signal.

He got up, sauntered out to the desk sergeant, had a few minutes of earnest conversation, and sauntered back. I guessed he'd given the sergeant some instructions. And right away it became evident that he had.

Bingham jumped at the same conclusion and beat me to the question. "What's new, Al?"

"Stabbing scrape, Twenty-Third and Maple," Albert read from his memorandum. "Low-lifers, I guess. An affinity case in a shanty. I'll call my office and let some one else cover it. Looks like an ordinary sort of sob story."

The way Maizie Madge lunged for that bait would have hurt any conscience less callous than a police reporter's. She had her outlandish bonnet down on her tousled hair in two motions, had Albert's memorandum copied in two more, and at the door, with a loose artificial rose bobbing over her left ear as she talked, she only paused to say: "I'll get that story and hop right back with the facts—goo'by!"

It seemed cruel to snicker the minute the door slammed, but we couldn't help it. Maizie Madge was the enemy of our press office bliss. If she wrote like a man, talked like a man, and sometimes looked almost as ugly as one, why shouldn't she take a man's medicine?

Albert explained that the first part of the afternoon was to be spent in harassing her. Then in the evening he figured on turning up some exclusive stories. All his police friends would be glad to help in the good cause.

A little after three o'clock Maizie Madge was back, the loose rose on her bonnet bobbing more wildly than ever and her eyes half hidden in stray strands of hair. Actually, we couldn't tell what the expression of her face was. But the tone of her voice very certainly was excitement's. "Boys!" she gasped, "that wasn't a shooting scrape! It was the funniest little mystery of a safe-robbing you'd ever hope to bump into. You must have given me the wrong address. This was half a block farther uptown, in the Blabst Lumber Yard. There's a lovely chance the cashier was trying to cover up a $20,000 shortage. Want the names?"

We sat petrified a moment. In another two minutes we all jumped to telephones to get substitutes to take our places on the police headquarters' posts while we went out to look up that story. That's the kind of yarn a fellow doesn't care to neglect.

I don't want to expand this painful incident. It's a long disagreeable ride to Twenty-Third and Maple, with two transfers on the way and street-cars that simply crawl. And when we got there we found that Maizie Madge had only returned us as bad as we'd given her. In fact, even the name "Blabst Lumber Company" was out of that sob-squad girl's imagination. And we hadn't even suspected her!

It was close to five o'clock when we got back, and Albert was so wroth he was pale. Maizie Madge was reading her magazine again when we came in. She looked up and arched her eyebrows, simulating innocence. Then she giggled. If she'd been a man, we'd have pitched her through a window.

Albert strode across the room, and I never heard him speak in more deadly earnest than when he began to lay down the law to that tousled-haired sob artist. "I hate to do this——" he began.

Maizie Madge waved a limp hand frivolously. "It seems more like a compliment just now than a threat," she answered. "But get it out of your system."

"It's this, young lady—we're going to tell you where we all stand," said Albert. "I certainly hope you don't want to work here as much as we want you to leave. I'm sorry to have to say this, but it's the way we feel about it and you may as well know now as later."

"Oh, I know," she returned, lightly. You would have called her tone snippy, or aloof.

"You may as well tell your boss we're going to make things so hot for the *Record*, if he keeps women on this job, that he'll be blamed lucky to save his own hide," Albert solemnly continued. "We're going to start in this blessed minute and scoop you right and left. I personally know every cop, plain clothes man, and detective in town. I'm going to start in to stuff my paper and two others with a score of good stories that are half-hidden in the reports or are never bulletined at all. Get me?"

"I've got you once today," came the flippant reply. "Show me how to repeat."

Albert sat meditative a minute. "What you want is a demonstration," he decided. "I'll show you what a wide acquaintance is worth on this job. Remember the story of how a careless motorman ran down an old man on South Grand Avenue a week ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody's been able to get the number of the car or of the motorman, and there's a small-sized scandal because no arrests are being made."

Maizie Madge nodded, doubtfully. She said she never read editorials, so maybe Albert knew.

"I've got the number of that car," Albert continued, "also the motorman's, and the conductor's, with names and addresses. A detective friend of mine slipped them to me this afternoon and will arrest the motorman for manslaughter in time for our city edition. You'll be scooped by three papers."

Maizie Madge grew sober as she listened. "You make a good point," she answered. "I'll have to take special pains to cover that feature."

Hang such a girl! Except that she had a sweet sort of voice, she talked like a man.

And then most manfully she set to work. That is to say, she drew a desk telephone over to her elbow, opened the directory, and after writing down a number, sat a long while biting her nails. All in a flash a fine glow came into her cheeks, her eyes got bright, and she looked as nearly pretty as a plain girl could look without quite succeeding.

"Give me Grand 50, please," she began, apparently glad to let us hear what she was saying.

"Grand 50? Give me the superintendent of the Grand Avenue barn, please."

Then suddenly her voice changed to a lisp. It was a perfect imitation of a voice we'd heard many a time before, but for half a second no one saw what the game was.

"Thith the thuperintendent of the Grand Avenue barnth? Well, thith ith Mith Cooper talking, in the general manager's offith, and he wants to know again the name of the motorman who ran down the old man on Thouth Grand Monday morning. And the number of the car? And the conductor's name and addreth? Thank you ever tho much! Good-by."

Can you beat it? There she had them, every one, and by a trick so simple it left us gasping.

She didn't stop to indulge in any glorying, either. With a look at the dumfounded Albert that was better than words—it was scorn, concentrated and intense—she took up the bulletins and announced that her next business would be developing some of the half-hidden news tips in the bulletins into "big human interest stories."

We knew she would keep her word. That girl knew how to write. Our only contention was that we had a lot better chance to squeeze the uttermost essence of news out of those bulletins than she had. We were three to one and had all of Albert's wide circle of acquaintances in league with us.

Albert immediately got into a booth and called numbers for half an hour. When he emerged Maizie Madge was still sitting at her typewriter desk and hadn't turned over page one of the day's bulletins. Not for us to worry! We knew everything on page one: a "trusty" of the West Bottoms district had walked off, as "trusties" at police stations have done since the flood; a purse had been snatched in Petticoat Lane, where many a purse had been snatched before; a negro boy had been paroled by the judge of the police court; a motor car had bumped a laborer.

And here it was getting near dinner time, but everybody too much interested to think of going out to eat.

Maizie Madge went to the telephone—a booth this time—and after half a minute was back again, still staring dreamily at that bulletin's first page. The telephone rang for Albert a few times in the next half-hour and he got little notices and passed them around without offering anything to Maizie Madge. Albert's theory was all right on the little stuff—that was evident; and this little stuff was mighty welcome at this season of the year, for the papers weren't carrying much advertising and didn't care to have anything run at much length unless it was some really extraordinary feature, or particularly strong in comedy or pathos. I think both Bingham and I were beginning to squirm as we watched the rather crass way Albert scored these little triumphs. It was too much like starving the enemy to death instead of coming out into the open and giving battle.

But the odd thing was that Maizie Madge didn't seem to mind. She still sat there staring at that bulletin, page one. After a while she surprised us by beginning to write. Slowly—tick! tick!—as if she didn't know the keyboard well, she started. Once she almost stopped. Then she went faster, faster, shaking her bangs loose as she bent over the machine.

With a sudden motion she threw back her head, back the whole tousled mass of hair and pinned it tight. When she looked up, apparently unseeing, a tear trickled down one cheek.

Albert looked around uneasily; Bingham, striving hard to crush a poet's natural sympathy for lovely woman in distress, fidgeted in his chair.

Faster, faster, flew Maizie Madge's fingers; faster dropped the tears. She was every whit a woman now, and would have been undeniably pretty if her eyes hadn't been so red. And any one of us would have liked to drop through the floor for shame.

Bingham exploded, and Albert and I were madly glad. He gave a couple of bounds across the floor and extended to Maizie Madge the hand of sympathy.

But what did the creature do but refuse to notice him! Pulling the last sheet of her story out of the typewriter, she gestured Bingham away, read her story and corrected it, folded the manuscript, put it in an envelope, and telephoned for a messenger boy.

A rather glum trio of reporters sat on typewriter desks in the press room at police headquarters the next afternoon at one o'clock, waiting for Maizie to come on duty and be felicitated by us on an A1 "sob story." The most jealous rival could not have withheld praise for that story—the account of how an aged mother came to the judge of the police court to ask a pardon for her boy on his nineteenth birthday. And of how the judge, as it happened, was sitting in his study at the time reading a novel by Balzac (or somebody of that sort), telling how a judge had heartlessly in ignorance sent a poor mother's innocent boy to die in prison. And Maizie Madge told how the judge of the police court bethought him of the mother in the novel and relented to the mother who now stood beseeching. Maizie Madge's account featured the birthday gift idea. She said it happened two evenings ago, but that only a few of the judge's friends had heard about it.

The facts were, of course, that Maizie Madge simply had got the judge's promise to stand back of any feature she decided to write. She had used a real name from the police report for the sake of realism. The fact that it was a negro boy would have hurt the value of the story somewhat if Maizie Madge hadn't thoughtfully forgotten to mention the matter of complexion.

We were all ready to congratulate Maizie Madge, as I was saying—but she didn't appear. Instead the *Record* sent down to headquarters some cub of a boy nobody had ever heard of before, and he gave us a note from Maizie Madge explaining her city editor's philosophy. It ran:

Dear, Delightful Boys: I hope that after all there are no hard feelings, for life's just a funny little game. The boss says we ought to have *all* the short stuff, and that it's clear a woman can't mix in and get the grist of the routine as well as a man can. The fledgling who hears this note will take my place in picking up the little odds and ends while I'm promoted to inside rewrite man to handle the big stuff.

Maizie Madge.

P. S.—Sorry you muffed my meaning when I got the weeps last night. I'm a regular female sentimental Tommy, and this was such a sad, sad story that I just *had* to. M. M.

P. S.—And you're all perfect dears for helping me to get this promotion. Next pay-day, when I get that raise the boss promises, I'm going to buy a new hat and you'll all like me better. M. M.

In silence we passed the letter round.

Albert was the first to say anything, and he had a thought that was utterly low-brow and selfish: "Well, boys, much as I hate to do this, I must remind you that a bet's a bet—I cop the money!"

Charles Phelps Cushing.

San Francisco, March, 1913.

◆

By means of balloons the upper air has been tested to a height of nearly nineteen miles in this country by the weather observers. During a recent remarkable flight the instruments used recorded a temperature of 70.4 degrees below zero at a distance of twelve and one-half miles above the earth. Wherever the sounding balloons have been used, whether near the equator or in northern latitudes, the records have shown that after six miles above the earth the temperature no longer drops rapidly as the instrument ascends, but at times becomes stationary. The balloons used are usually about six feet in diameter, and are filled with free hydrogen gas. They carry an instrument called a meteorograph, which registers and records the altitude, temperature, humidity, and wind velocity. Since the balloons rise with great speed and almost in a vertical line, the ascents resemble somewhat the descent of a leadline from a ship in the ocean, and this resemblance accounts for the name "sounding balloon." Eventually, the balloon reaches a height above which it can not go. If the gas bag is of silk, it collapses; if it is of India rubber, it explodes. In either case, a parachute descends, bringing the recording apparatus with it.

◆

Chinese scholars have formulated a new alphabet, after a study of all the alphabets of the world, which will supersede, it is said, the cumbersome ideograms which were the pride of the ancient Chinese, as well as the puzzle of the modern world. Five vowels have been taken from the Latin, four from the Greek, four from the Russian, one from the Chinese, and two are elongated signs and seven are reversed ideograms. Fourteen consonants are Latin, three Russian, and two Greek. With these it is declared to be possible to write all the words used in any part of China. An effort is to be made at once to introduce the new alphabet into official circles.

◆

Breeding and raising foxes for the fur market has become such a prominent industry on Prince Edward Island, Dominion of Canada, that agitation is manifesting itself in favor of some arrangement for the registration of pure-bred island foxes. The movement in its present form looks toward an association of the better fox owners to record the pedigrees of the finest foxes in a species of "herd book," which would be evidence of valuable blood. That the undertaking is feasible, though unique, is attested by the fact that four-fifths of Canada's fox industry is centred on Prince Edward Island.

◆

There was an ancient Norse custom when an oath was imposed that the person by whom it was pledged passed his hand through a silver ring, which was held sacred to the ceremony; and in Iceland the bridegroom when plighting his troth used to pass his four fingers and thumb through a large ring, and in this manner receive the hand of his bride. And even as lately as the end of the eighteenth century the practice existed in Orkney of a man and woman pledging their faith at the Standing Stones of Stennis by joining their hands through the perforated stone of Odin.

◆

Captain J. A. M. Earle, who in 1883 made the largest catch of ambergris ever recorded, yielding returns of $125,000, has retired from whaling, and lives in retirement at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. He is a native of Martha's Vineyard, but at the time of his wonderful find he was commanding the bark *Splendid*, hailing from Dunedin, New Zealand. The whale, which he speared himself, yielded 872 pounds of the precious composition, and on receipt of news of the extraordinary catch the markets flattened. Ten years elapsed before the last of the lump was disposed of.

◆

Henceforth honor graduates from the University of Buenos Ayres will come to this country to continue their studies. Up to this time it has been the custom of the government of Argentina to send such students to Europe, and the change has been made through the influence of Dr. Romulo S. Naon, minister to the United States from the Argentine republic. Six students are to be sent this year. One will enter Harvard, another the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the others will go to Yale, Princeton, and Columbia.

◆

In 1527 and 1528 Señor de la Serna made a survey of the Isthmus of Panama, having in mind a canal, and records extant in Madrid show that the work was done pretty thoroughly. At that time Charles V was emperor, but his hands were tied by complications of many kinds and he gave this scheme but little attention.

IBSEN OUT OF CHARACTER.

London Enjoys a Production of "The Pretenders," Exhibiting an Unfamiliar Phase of the Dramatist.

Ibsen of "The Doll's House," Ibsen of "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen as the dissector of humanity, Ibsen with his acrimonious gospel that leaves a taste in the mouth as bitter as aloes, the Ibsen who was so hard-hearted in his exposition of human weakness, is so well known that there is nothing more to be said of him in that character. But there was another Ibsen, and it was only the other night that, in the Haymarket Theatre, Londoners had an opportunity to make his acquaintance. American playgoers, especially those of the academic type, have been more fortunate, for the play which was new to London was performed some six years ago by the Dramatic Association of Yale. The readers of Ibsen, too, have for a full quarter of a century had it within their power to widen their knowledge of the Norwegian dramatist, for it is that distance of time since William Archer made an English version of the drama which has had no performance in London until a few nights ago.

Named by Ibsen "Kongsemnerne," the English title of "The Pretenders" is not an adequate or explanatory translation. The exact meaning of the word used by Ibsen is "the stuff out of which kings are made," but unfortunately there is no English word which corresponds with that. The theme is a kind of blend of Hamlet and Macbeth, plus a third character typical of the force of evil. And to a certain extent the drama has a biographical value. It was written at a critical period of Ibsen's life, at a period, that is, when, although conscious of his gifts, he was driven to sore straits for the very necessaries of life. It was a time, in fact, when he was constantly addressing petitions to his king and to statesmen imploring the granting of such a small pension as would find him in food and lodging while he wrote his message to his age. And at that crisis in his affairs he could not help contrasting his situation with the triumphant career of Björnson, who was reveling in fame and prosperity.

Out of that mood "Kongsemnerne" took shape. He had found a parallel to himself and Björnson in the pages of thirteenth-century Norwegian history. For in its objective form "The Pretenders" is a historical play, having to do with an old-time rivalry between Hakon and Skule, two aspirants to the throne of Norway whose struggle for supremacy was complicated by the thwarted ambition of the Bishop of Oslo. In the parable of his own life Ibsen no doubt intended that the Bishop should stand for the sport of circumstance, or destiny, or the spirit of evil. For this, in brief, is the story of the Bishop. He, like Hakon and Skule, was a man who nursed ambition, but when he discovered that he was a physical coward and as such unable to become a leader of warlike men, he took refuge in the church, hoping thereby, like many another semi-saintly plotter of the middle ages, to sway the fortunes of his country without danger to his own skin. As he could not be king himself, he would pit rival against rival, and so hold the balance of power.

Hakon and Skule are characters just as sharply defined. There was not a pin to choose between their claims on the throne, but while Hakon has the kingly nature, is, in short, compact of the stuff out of which kings are made, Skule is burdened with the Hamlet temperament. He is never sure of himself; he is the eternal doubter; he is sick of conscience; all his resolutions end in lack of action; when opportunity comes his way he can not seize it. On the other hand Hakon is the type of complete self-confidence; he is sure of himself at every crisis; to him kingly thoughts come naturally.

For three out of the five acts, then, these two are pitted against each other by the scheming Bishop. And given such natures as those of Hakon and Skule his task was not difficult. It is true Skule was for the time triumphant over his rival and wore the coveted crown, but there came an hour of testing when Hakon proved the stronger man. The very test was the outcome of a plot by the Bishop: it was essential to his intrigue that neither the one nor the other should be supreme for long. So through those three acts he is ever busy implanting hate of Skule in Hakon, and hate of Hakon in Skule. All this he is the better able to accomplish because there is a doubt as to Hakon's legitimacy.

One of the surprises of the drama as acted was the discovery that Ibsen had made no mistake in killing off his Bishop in the third act. Henry Irving was once strongly tempted to produce this play just for the sake of giving his own reading of the Bishop, but was deterred by the fact that his work is ended so early in the story. He overlooked the further fact that the spirit of the Bishop dominates the drama to the end. For when his hour comes he declares he will have no peace in his coffin, and that if the two rivals do not share the kingdom between them he will rise again to torment them. And so he relents of his action in giving Skule a document which will prove his right to the throne, and persuades him to burn it by assuring him that it is nothing more than a list of men whom he wished him to kill. Such is the device by which the rivalry of the two is to be perpetuated when the mischief-maker is in his grave.

After all, however, the mere details of the story are not of the essence of the matter. The chief theme of the drama is the clash of will power, the opposition of character to character. Hence the austerity of the atmosphere in which the bulk of the action is passed. One is surprised, indeed, at the length of the cast; only three characters are of importance out of the total of eighteen. Four of the cast are women, but they seem mere shadows among these virile men. Happily they are not typical Ibsen women; they belong to his romantic period and have not learned the jargon of Nora or Hedda. Rarely, too, is the development of the story relieved by those flights into the worlds of poetry which lighten the tension of Macbeth, though there came one such gleam of imagination in the conversation of Skule with the poet Skald, who told how he had learned song from sorrow. But in the main the three men held the stage, and so well and diversely were they played by Basil Gill, Laurence Irving, and William Haviland that for once it was possible to forget the actor in his rôle. As the Bishop Mr. Haviland gave a thrilling picture of a saturnine, superstitious, irreligious old rascal, the horror of whose death he depicted with overwhelming terror. Mr. Irving's interpretation of Skule vividly brought out the flaw in that doubter's soul. There was not lacking the subtle suggestion of the man's possibility, for he cleverly underlined those traits of his nature which hinted that he had in him some of the stuff from which kings are made; but with all this the lack of confidence was ever in evidence, that weakness which made Skule so little master of himself or his destiny. On the other hand Mr. Gill's version of Hakon erred perhaps a little too much on the other side, for his self-sufficient aplomb had a tendency to become somewhat colorless and tedious.

Rarely has a historical drama been mounted and costumed with such thoroughness and reticence. The scenes appeared to be redolent of the life of ancient Norway, from the rude church amid the pines to the rough-hewn palace halls of the rival kings. Here one had a dreamy vista of fjord and mountain; there a vision of a fir wood clothing a wintry hill. And for final picture there came the cloistered courtyard of the convent from whence Skule, defeated at last, goes forth to his doom. All through the setting of the drama was in harmony with that barbaric magnificence which one associates with the period of the story; it was as though the age of Beowulf had been made to live again, with its fierce warriors and din of conflict. Nor was there lacking that suggestion of shadowy mystery which was part of the life of that superstitious age. To support all this there was incidental music in perfect harmony with the spirit of the drama. The reception given the production was enthusiastic, but whether the experiment will prove a box-office success is another matter. Ibsen was doubtful of the fortune of the play in his native land, fearing that Norwegians were not greatly interested in their own historical memories. But perhaps the kinship to Hamlet and Macbeth may give it success with a London audience. And there is the added attraction that it represents Ibsen in an out of character mood. Henry C. Shelley.

London, February 18, 1913.

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A manufacturer in the north of Russia claims to be making a fabric from a gray stone of Siberian origin. This stone is susceptible, it seems, of being drawn into a fibre, and the cloth woven from it is said to be soft, durable, and presentable. One report has it that the peasants of the district are generally wearing clothes made from it. This necessarily calls attention to the glass cloth industry. The fabrics woven from spun glass, however, are more costly than the fine silks they resemble so much. An English manufacturer is doing something more to the point in weaving cloth from old ropes. In the Sandwich Islands a fabric in common use is made from the mulberry plant. More interesting still, in India and Jamaica the natives understand a process by which banana skins may be reduced to a fibre that may afterward be woven into cloth.

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Gettysburg, often referred to as the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, takes second place to the battle at Olustee, Florida. There General Gilmore with 5500 men engaged General Finnegan, Confederate, with 5400 men. Neither side had any protection, natural or artificial. Both lines were at all times in full view of each other, and the fight was continued until nightfall. The Federal losses aggregated in killed and wounded 1861, which was a little over 33 per cent of their force. They also lost 120 horses. The Confederate casualties totaled 800. Seymour retreated to Jacksonville and returned on board the transports. Thus terminated the expedition to bring Florida back into the Union. Lee and Meade each sustained a loss of 20 per cent at Gettysburg, as against the 33 per cent suffered by Seymour at Olustee.

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Subway builders recently uncovered an old well in the heart of New York, near Wall Street and Trinity Church, which is thought to be one of the six wells that the Dutch burgomaster authorized as the city's first water supply. The well, four feet in diameter, was lined with stones. Near it was the wall of some ancient building bearing the faint trace of whitewash, and two skeletons, which it is believed may be those of British soldiers. It is supposed the well was dug as early as 1677.

◆

In sensitizing film and paper for use in photography pure silver bullion is treated with nitric acid, and so large has the business grown that the leading producing firm in this country uses one-thirtieth of the silver output of American mines, or five tons a month.

STORIES AND STORY-TELLING.

From Strath Naver.

[From a recent new edition of "Adventures Among Books," by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.25 net), the following essay is taken. The book was first issued in 1905 and had a favorable reception, hut the death of the author has again brought it forward with accruing interest in the certainty that it will not be revised. There are seventeen essays in the volume, and each is characteristic of the eminent and distinctive personality that created it.]

We have had a drought for three weeks. During a whole week this northern strath has been as sunny as the Riviera is expected to be. The streams can be crossed dry-shod, kelts are plunging in the pools, but even kelts will not look at a fly. Now, by way of a pleasant change, an icy north wind is blowing, with gusts of snow, not snow enough to swell the loch that feeds the river, but just enough snow (as the tourist said of the water in the River Styx) "to swear by," or at! The *Field* announces that a duke, who rents three rods on a neighboring river, has not yet caught one salmon. The acrimoniously democratic mind may take comfort in that intelligence, but, if the weather will not improve for a duke, it is not likely to change for a mere person of letters. Thus the devotee of the Muses is driven back, by stress of climate, upon literature, and as there is nothing in the lodge to read he is compelled to write.

Now certainly one would not lack material, if only one were capable of the art of fiction. The genesis of novels and stories is a topic little studied, but I am inclined to believe that, like the pearls in the mussels of the river, fiction is a beautiful disease of the brain. Something, an incident or an experience, or a reflection, gets imbedded, incrusted, in the properly constituted mind, and becomes the nucleus of a pearl of romance. Mr. Marion Crawford, in a recent work, describes his hero, who is a novelist, at work. This young gentleman, by a series of faults or misfortunes, has himself become a centre of harrowing emotion. Two young ladies, to each of whom he has been betrothed, are weeping out their eyes for him, or are kneeling to heaven with despairing cries, or are hardening their hearts to marry men for whom they "do not care a bawbee." The hero's aunt has committed a crime; everybody, in fact, is in despair, when an idea occurs to the hero. Indifferent to the sorrows of his nearest and dearest, he sits down with his notion and writes a novel—writes like a person possessed.

He has the proper kind of brain, the nucleus has been dropped into it, the pearl begins to grow, and to assume prismatic hues. So he is happy, and even the frozen-out angler might be happy if he could write a novel in the absence of salmon. Unluckily, my brain is not capable of this æsthetic malady, and to save my life, or to "milk a fine warm cow rain," as the Zulus say, I could not write a novel, or even a short story. About The Short Story, as they call it, with capital letters, our critical American cousins have much to say. Its germ, one fancies, is usually an incident, or a mere anecdote, according to the nature of the author's brain; this germ becomes either the pearl of a brief *conte,* or the seed of a stately tree, in three volumes. An author of experience soon finds out how he should treat his material. One writer informs me that, given the idea, the germinal idea, it is as easy for him to make a novel out of it as a tale—as easy, and much more satisfactory and remunerative. Others, like M. Guy de Maupassant, for example, seem to find their strength in brevity, in cutting down, not in amplifying; in selecting and reducing, not in allowing other ideas to group themselves round the first, other characters to assemble about those who are essential. That seems to be really the whole philosophy of this matter, concerning which so many words are expended. The growth of the germinal idea depends on the nature of an author's talent—he may excel in expansion, or in reduction; he may be economical, and out of an anecdote may spin the whole cocoon of a romance; or he may be extravagant, and give a capable idea away in the briefest form possible.

These ideas may come to a man in many ways, as we said, from a dream, from a fragmentary experience (as most experiences in life are fragmentary), from a hint in a newspaper, from a tale told in conversation. Not long ago, for example, I heard an anecdote out of which M. Guy de Maupassant could have made the most ghastly, the most squalid, and the most supernaturally moving of all his *contes.* Indeed, that is not saying much, as he did not excel in the supernatural. Were it written in French, it might lie in my lady's chamber, and, as times go, nobody would be shocked. But, by our curious British conventions, this tale can not be told in an English book or magazine. It was not, in its tendency, immoral; those terrible tales never are. The events were rather calculated to frighten the hearer into the paths of virtue. When Mr. Richard Cameron, the founder of the Cameronians, and the godfather of the Cameronian Regiment, was sent to his parish, he was bidden by Mr. Peden to "put hell-fire to the tails" of his congregation. This vigorous expression was well fitted to describe the *conte* which I have in my mind (I rather wish I had it not), and which is not to be narrated here, nor in English.

For a combination of pity and terror, it seemed to me unmatched in the works of the modern fancy, or in the horrors of modern experience; whether in experience or in imagination it had its original source. But even the English authors, who plume themselves on their audacity, or their realism, or their contempt for "the young person," would not venture this little romance, much less, then, is a timidly uncorrect penman likely to tempt Mr. Mudie with the *conte.* It is one of two tales, both told as true, which one would like to be able to narrate in the language of Molière. The other is also very good, and has a wonderful scene with a corpse and a *chapelle ardente,* and a young lady; it is historical, and of the last generation but one.

Even our frozen strath here has its modern legend, which may be told in English, and out of which, I am sure, a novelist could make a good short story, or a pleasant opening chapter of a romance. What is the mysterious art by which these things are done? What makes the well-told story seem real, rich with life, actual, engrossing? It is the secret of genius, of the novelist's art, and the writer who can not practice the art might as well try to discover the Philosopher's Stone, or to "harp fish out of the water." However, let me tell the legend as simply as may be, and as it was told to me.

The strath runs due north, the river flowing from a great loch to the Northern Sea. All around are low, undulating hills, brown with heather, and as lonely almost as the Sahara. On the horizon to the south rise the mountains, Ben this and Ben that, real mountains of beautiful outline, though no higher than some three thousand feet. Before the country was divided into moors and forests, tenanted by makers of patent corkscrews, and boilers of patent soap, before the rivers were distributed into beats, marked off by white and red posts, there lived over to the south, under the mountains, a sportsman of athletic frame and adventurous disposition. His name I have forgotten, but we may call him Dick Lindsay. It is told of him that he once found a poacher in the forest, and, being unable to catch the intruder, fired his rifle, not at him, but in his neighborhood, whereon the poacher, deliberately kneeling down, took a long shot at Dick. How the duel ended, and whether either party flew a flag of truce, history does not record.

At all events, one stormy day in late September, Dick had stalked and wounded a stag on the hills to the south-east of the strath. Here, if only one were a novelist, one could weave several pages of valuable copy out of the stalk. The stag made for the strath here, and Dick, who had no gillie, but was an independent sportsman of the old school, pursued on foot. Plunging down the low, birch-clad hills, the stag found the flooded river before him, black and swollen with rain. He took the water, crossing by the big pool, which looked almost like a little loch, tempestuous under a north wind blowing up stream, and covered with small white, vicious crests. The stag crossed and staggered up the bank, where he stood panting. It is not a humane thing to leave a deer to die slowly of a rifle bullet, and Dick, reaching the pool, hesitated not, but threw off his clothes, took his skene between his teeth, plunged in, and swam the river.

All naked as he was he cut the stag's throat in the usual manner, and gralloched him with all the skill of Bucklaw. This was very well, and very well it would be to add a description of the stag at bay; but as I never happened to see a stag at bay, I omit all that. Dick had achieved success, but his clothes were on one side of a roaring river in spate, and he and the dead stag were on the other. There was no chance of fording the stream, and there was then no bridge. He did not care to swim back, for the excitement was out of him. He was trembling with cold, and afraid of cramp. "A mother-naked man," in a wilderness, with a flood between him and his raiment, was in a pitiable position. It did not occur to him to flay the stag, and dress in the hide, and, indeed, he would have been frozen before he could have accomplished that task. So he reconnoitred.

There was nobody within sight but one girl, who was herding cows. Now for a naked man, with a knife, and bedabbled with blood, to address a young woman on a lonely moor is a delicate business. The chances were that the girl would flee like a startled fawn, and leave Dick to walk, just as he was, to the nearest farmhouse, about a mile away. However, Dick had to risk it; he lay down so that only his face appeared above the bank, and he shouted to the maiden. When he had caught her attention he briefly explained the unusual situation. Then the young woman behaved like a trump, or like a Highland Nausicaa, for students of the "Odyssey" will remember how Odysseus, simply clad in a leafy bough of a tree, made supplication to the sea-king's daughter, and how she befriended him. Even if Dick had been a reader of Homer, which is not probable, there were no trees within convenient reach, and he could not adopt the leafy covering of Odysseus.

"You sit still; if you move an inch before I give you the word, I'll leave you where you are!" said Miss Mary. She then cast her plaid over her face, marched up to the bank where Dick was crouching and shivering, dropped her ample plaid over him, and sped away towards the farmhouse. When she had reached its shelter, and was giving an account of the adventure, Dick set forth, like a primeval Highlander, the covering doing duty both for plaid and kilt. Clothes of some kind were provided for him at the cottage, a rickety old boat was fetched, and he and his stag were rowed across the river to the place where his clothes lay.

That is all, but if one were a dealer in romance, much play might be made with the future fortunes of the sportsman and the maiden, happy fortunes or unhappy. In real life, the lassie "drew up with" a shepherd la Miss Jenny Denison has it, married him, and helpe populate the strath. As for Dick, history tells no n of his adventures, nor is it alleged that he ever ag visited the distant valley, or beheld the face of his Highland Nausicaa.

Now, if one were a romancer, this mere anecdote probably would "rest, lovely pearl, in the brain, and slowly mature in the oyster," till it became a novel. Properly handled, the incident would make a very agreeable first chapter, with the aid of scenery, botany, climate, and remarks on the manners and customs of the red deer stolen from St. John, or the Stuarts d'Albanie. Then, probably, one would reflect on the characters of Mary and of Richard; Mary must have parents, of course, and one would make them talk in Scottish. Probably she already had a lover; how should she behave to that lover? There is plenty of room for speculation in that problem. As to Dick, is he to be a Lothario, or a lover *pour le bon motif?* What are his distinguished family to think of the love affair, which would certainly ensue in fiction, though in real life nobody thought of it at all? Are we to end happily, with a marriage or marriages, or are we to wind all up in the pleasant, pessimistic, realistic, fashionable modern way? Is Mary to drown the baby in the Muckle Pool? Is she to suffer the penalty of her crime at Inverness? Or, happy thought, shall we not make her discarded rival lover meet Dick in the hills on a sunny day and then—are they not (taking a hint from facts) to fight a duel with rifles? I see Dick lying, with a bullet in his brow, on the side of a corrie; his blood crimsons the snow, an eagle stoops from the sky. That makes a pretty picturesque conclusion to the unwritten romance of the strath.

Another anecdote occurs to me; good, I think, for a short story, but capable, also, of being dumped down in the middle of a long novel. It was in the old coaching days. A Border squire was going north, in the coach, alone. At a village he was joined by a man and a young lady: their purpose was manifest, they were a runaway couple, bound for Gretna Green. They had not traveled long together before the young lady, turning to the squire, said, *"Vous parlez français, monsieur?"* He did speak French—it was plain that the bridegroom did not—and, to the end of the journey, that remarkable lady conducted a lively and affectionate conversation with the squire in French! Manifestly, he had only to ask and receive, but, alas! he was an unadventurous, plain gentleman; he alighted at his own village; he drove home in his own dogcart; the fugitive pair went forward, and the Gretna blacksmith united them in holy matrimony. The rest is silence.

I would give much to know what that young person's previous history and adventures had been, to learn what befell her after her wedding, to understand, in brief, her conduct and her motives. Were I a novelist, a Maupassant, or a Meredith, the Muse, "from whatsoever quarter she chose," would enlighten me about all, and I would enlighten you. But I can only marvel, only throw out the hint, only deposit the grain of sand, the nucleus of romance, in some more fertile brain. Indeed the topic is much more puzzling than the right conclusion for my Highland romance. In that case fancy could find certain obvious channels, into one or other of which it must flow. But I see no channels for the lives of these three queerly met people in the coach.

As a rule, fancies are capable of being arranged in but a few familiar patterns, so that it seems hardly worth while to make the arrangement. But he who looks at things thus will never be a writer of stories. Nay, even of the slowly unfolding tale of his own existence he may weary, for the combinations therein have all occurred before; it is in a hackneyed old story that he is living, and you, and I. Yet to act on this knowledge is to make a bad affair of our little life: we must try our best to take it seriously. And so of story-writing. As Mr. Stevenson says, a man must view "his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play:"

That is true, that is the worst of it. The man, the writer, over whom the irresistible desire to mock at himself, his work, his puppets and their fortunes has power, will never be a novelist. The novelist must "make believe very much"; he must be in earnest with his characters. But how to be in earnest, how to keep the note of disbelief and derision "out of the memorial"? Ah, there is the difficulty, but it is a difficulty of which many authors appear to be insensible. Perhaps they suffer from no such temptations.

Upon completing their Oxford course and returning to their own countries a majority of Rhodes scholars take up teaching. During the last six years 123 scholars entered upon educational careers, eighty-four upon legal, and thirty-three went into the diplomatic or consular service. The ministry claimed twenty, medicine fifteen, and business fourteen.

Japan, which for centuries has controlled the camphor supply of the world, may find a successful rival in this country if the claims of New York and Boston capitalists prove true. They have announced the success of a large experimental camphor grove in Florida, which has been carefully watched for several years.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Blackberry Pickers.

In telling her story the author follows a well-established precedent by indicating the weakness of her chief character and allowing it to develop in the course of the narrative. Luke Lummond is compelled to leave the army because he resents a particular manifestation of the ragging spirit which consists of dipping him in treacle. Most people would resent it, but then there is a peculiar army code which requires that young officers shall play the game, and those who do not play the game are supposed to have a streak of yellow. Evidently, then, Lummond has a streak of yellow.

We see soon that it is more than a streak. In fact Lummond is yellow all over. When he becomes engaged to Rachel Cremayne he adopts a hectoring tone of proprietorship that should make that lady's blood boil, but does not, at least for a long time. It is said that women in love are like that. But at last Lummond gets as unbearable to Miss Cremayne as he always was to the reader and then we know that he will have to die. It is the only way to get rid of an undesirable, especially when a more suitable suitor is in sight.

The author has some really beautiful characters, notably Haskell and his paralyzed wife, to whom he gives the chivalry that belongs to fine natures. The story is eminently readable, although the hypercritical may be inclined to think that the men are a little too ladylike.

The Blackberry Pickers. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

Humanly Speaking.

Mr. Samuel M. Crothers writes good essays, their value apparently consisting in the fact that the author usually has something to say that appeals to the reader from a new angle and that diverts him from conventional thoughts. In this volume he gives us ten essays, one of the best being "The Unaccustomed Ears of Europe," in which he contrasts the political amenities of America with those of the Old World, to the disdvantage of the latter. Perhaps equally good is "The Spoiled Children of Civilization," in which we are asked to reconsider our sense of values. Civilization has done few of the things that were expected of it. Christianity has left the world an armed camp with small abatement of national and domestic hates. Democracy is leaving us at the mercy of a brutal and selfish mob. Education has increased discontent and created an army of quacks and demagogues. Science is bankrupt and so is faith, while we are in the midst of one of those rises in the moral temperature that have always presaged revolution. Another good essay is on "The American Temperament" and still another "To a Citizen of the Old School."

Humanly Speaking. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

Cynthia.

Mr. Leonard Merrick for once forsakes the stage and describes the literary and other adventures of a novelist who gets married on the strength of a first successful novel and finds that a second one is not so easy as he had supposed. The wife, Cynthia, is described as "a daughter of the Philistines," but Cynthia under the stress of adversity becomes a magnificent woman with whom we fall in love, but without the adversity we imagine that Cynthia would have become a commonplace and tiresome person. Mr. Merrick usually does well with his women. He has done particularly well with this one.

But Mr. Merrick is unduly severe with the magazine editors. When the novelist, Kent, is reduced to extremities he meets a lady story-writer who is so burdened with literary commissions that she thankfully farms some of them out to Kent, who under a full head of steam produces innumerable stories to which the lady signs her name. She tells him that "anything will do," and apparently anything will do so long as it bears the right signature. Kent's worst work is greedily accepted under the name of Mrs. Deane-Pitt and his best work is rejected under his own name. Nothing is too poor in the first place and nothing good enough in the second. A popular name certainly counts for much, but not for so much as all this, and if we were censoriously inclined, which we are not, we should be inclined to believe that Mr. Merrick had some old scores to settle.

Cynthia. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.20 net.

A Montessori Mother.

Our natural distrust of a new educational method is equaled only by our contempt for the old. The school system of America having been "standardized" so that all children of similar grades are doing precisely the same thing at the same time irrespective of capacity or aptitude, "with no stragglers and no advance guard allowed," we are now invited to reverse the procedure and to permit every child to do as it pleases. It seems at first sight to be a new fad, but after making all allowances for enthusiasm and for that sense of novelty which is too often an unanswerable recommendation we may concede that the author of this volume has something substantial to say for the Montessori system. Certainly Mrs. Fisher understands her topic and is able lucidly to transmit her own knowledge. Her object is to answer the questions that are most usually asked, and she does this in a way that is not necessarily convincing, but that is at least certain to arouse intelligent interest.

A Montessori Mother. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25 net.

The Puritan Fathers.

So long as we like to assume that the nation owes a debt of profound gratitude to the Puritan fathers there will be a continuance of interest in their story and their origin. That the term Puritan is now used almost as a term of reproach does not prevent us from attributing such virtues as we have to Puritan sources, and so for a long time to come there will continue to be audiences for such books as this.

Indeed it is admirably written and from an interesting standpoint. Selecting John Cotton as his central figure, the author devotes himself mainly to Cotton's life in England before the events that compelled him to seek an asylum in the new world. Many other figures come in for lesser mention, and among them Atherton Hough, Thomas Leverett, Harry Vane, Cotton Mather, and Oliver Cromwell. The picture of the English Boston is admirably done, and is of a kind to make us thank our stars that we are ruled by "higher ups" rather than by the pieties of the seventeenth century. The numerous and admirable illustrations are a further cause for congratulation.

The Romantic Story of the Puritan Fathers. By Albert C. Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $2.50 net.

The German Emperor and Peace.

The advent to the throne of the present German emperor was assumed to be a portent of war and of European convulsion. And yet for a quarter of a century Germany has not fired a shot in anger with the exception of the Chinese Boxer troubles, while her neighbors upon all sides have been indulging in the customary amusements of war and revolution. Germany, almost alone among the great powers of Europe, has maintained a consistent peace.

Mr. Alfred H. Fried is certainly justified in asking that we make due acknowledgments to the German emperor, that we cease to look upon him as a war lord, and that we give him credit for desiring peace and for preserving it. Thoroughly well informed upon current events, and with a certain dignity in their presentation, Mr. Fried shows us how largely the peace of the world is due to the man who is popularly supposed to be intent upon breaking it. But Mr. Fried goes further than this. He credits the emperor with a long-cherished plan to form a federation of the European states, not in the sense in which federation is to be found in America or in Switzerland and yet of so real a nature as to preclude hostilities. All that now remains is for him to declare himself openly and to take some definite step. Mr. Fried has written a weighty book and one that is worthy of the preface contributed by Mr. Norman Angell.

The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. By Alfred H. Fried (Nobel Peace Prize). New York: Hodder & Stoughton; $2 net.

Sally Castleton.

Mr. Crittenden Marriott shows a tendency to follow a certain model already established in Civil War stories, but the model is a good one, and the story itself is told with a fine energy that easily holds the attention. The model referred to is one that requires the heroine to be a beautiful Southerner and the hero a Northerner, and preferably a spy, whose splendid audacity is valued by the lady for its own sake and as compensating for the flag under which it fights. Sally Castleton is all that a Southern heroine ought to be, and Captain Radcliffe is the sort of hero with whom any lady would fall in love. But we should like to have had a description of the gallant captain's actual escape from Richmond, for he seemed to be in a particularly tight place. But this is certainly a story to be read.

Sally Castleton, Southerner. By Crittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Origin and Antiquity of Man," by G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL. D., F. G. S. A. (Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio; $2 net), is a labored effort to square the facts of science with the biblical chronology. Its value may be judged from the concluding summary, which tells us that the antiquity of man "need not be more than fifteen thousand years."

The ambitious boy, whose eyes are proverbially fixed upon the White House, will find not only a capital story but also some food for meditation in "Barry Wynn," by George Barton, who has already given abundant proof of his ability as a writer. The story relates the adventures of a page boy in the United States Congress and incidentally throws some light upon the legislative mechanism that is often too much out of sight. It is published by Small, Maynard & Co. Price, $1.20 net.

A newly issued volume from the publishing house of Stewart & Kidd Company contains an interesting selection from the works of August Strindberg as translated by Velma Swanston Howard. It is entitled "Easter" in deference to the drama that occupies more than half its pages, but in addition to the play in three acts there are nine short stories or sketches of marked power and interest. The price of the volume is $1.50 net.

Sui Sin Far (Edith Eaton) has done much to help us to understand the Chinese mind, and especially the Chinese mind that has been Americanized. Her sketches of Mr. and Mrs. Spring Fragrance have appeared in many magazines, and always acceptably, and now we have this handsome volume of collected sketches under the title of "Mrs. Spring Fragrance," published by A. C. McClurg & Co. ($1.40 net). The second half of the book, devoted to "Tales of Chinese Children," is particularly acceptable.

The annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1911 (Government Printing Office) is fully equal to its predecessors in value and interest. In addition to the usual reports—in themselves an important scientific record—we have no less than thirty-seven treatises upon current research, competently done, and in terminology free from excessive technicalities and within the range of the average reader. The compiler of this report, presumably Mr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the institution, deserves commendation for an excellent piece of work, and one that ought to be popular.

New Books Received.

W. A. G.'s Tale. Edited by Margaret Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net.
The story of a boy, by himself.

New Leaf Mills. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50 net.
A story of American country life shortly after the Mexican war.

The Combined Maze. By May Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35 net.
A novel.

Vanishing Points. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.
A novel.

The Madonna of Sacrifice. By William Dana Orcutt. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
A story of Florence.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.
Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

Princess Mary's Locked Door. Anonymous. New York: Cassell & Co.; $1 net.
A story.

The New Pacific. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Company; $2 net.
An economic survey of the Pacific, its shores, and its islands. Revised edition.

Concert Pitch. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.
A novel.

Socialism and Democracy in Europe. By Samuel P. Orth, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.
Tracing the growth of socialism in four leading European countries and determining the relation of economic and political socialism to democracy.

The Night Born. By Jack London. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.
A volume of short stories.

Pippin. By Evelyn Van Buren. New York: The Century Company; $1.30 net.
A story of London streets.

The Infancy of Animals. By W. P. Pycraft. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.75 net.
An examination of form and color and of the degrees of activity displayed by animals in their entry into the world.

Heroines of Modern Progress. By Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50 net.
Biographies of ten famous women.

The Lady Who Smoked Cigars. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.
A short story.

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"LITTLE MISS BROWN."

Farces are coming in more than ever. We confirmed theatre-goers can remember a time when they were in quite too numerously, and most of them adapted from the French. At that time the sense of humor appealed to was either cruel or unclean, and we became very weary of made-over plays about made-over people with whom we were not in sympathy, either in their original or their adapted form. But now it is different. The farce has become an American product. Its characters are American people, circling about American institutions, thinking American thoughts, following out the routine of American lives. In fact, with all their inherent and essential comic exaggeration, there is a sort of artistic realism about our American farces, which gives the best ones an enormous hold on popularity during the height of their bloom.

"Little Miss Brown" is one of this kind. The fact that that well-known and mighty producer, William Brady, united his interests in it with those of the author, Philip H. Bartholomae, shows very plainly the vantage point held by the latter, and the financially respectful opinion of it entertained by the former. It centres around hotel experiences. Now, in this land of restless and energetic people, every one travels more or less and every one puts up at hotels. So the picture of the first act, of the lobby of Hotel Wendel, and the portraits of the bored day-clerk and the snappish telephone girl have an almost homelike familiarity.

And what young woman, especially if she is pretty, and exercises, however innocently, the feminine power of attracting to herself the discerning masculine gaze, could fail to feel a thrill of sympathetic interest in the curious adventures of "little Miss Brown," storming, unchaperoned, and at midnight, the doors of inhospitable hostelries.

"Little Miss Brown," be it known, is "little" only caressingly. She is young, pretty, unsophisticated, babyish, delicious; the very essence of dainty American girlhood. She has big, brown, appealing eyes, that look as if they had scarcely ever peeped over the home walls, and a headful of the richly brown, manageable, fluffy hair that only girls possess, and that makes the prettiest and most becoming of frames to an enchanting countenance. She has a pretty, arched mouth that seems only yesterday to have lost its trick of making a baby's grieved pout. She has one of those convenient figures that lend themselves beautifully to the up-and-down slimness of our present styles, and yet, in short-sleeved, open-throated negligée, reveals itself all enchanting curves. In short, "little Miss Brown," as revealed to us through the agency of pretty Madge Kennedy, is what is popularly known as a Peach.

True, Philip Dennison rapturously apostrophized his fetching little inamorata, the daughter of the hotel proprietor, who is returning from a party at the psychological moment, as a peach. But, beside "little Miss Brown," Elsie Hitz, by the playwright's art, probably, or because of the superior setting afforded Madge Kennedy's appealing array of prettinesses, is a superior, nicely flavored apricot, or even a nectarine, partaking of, but not quite attaining to, the qualities of the full-flavored peach. Although I rather suspect that, given the same opportunities, Elsie Hitz could demonstrate her ability to rise to a state of sisterhood with the same delicious fruit.

Added to this attractive pair, Rae Bowden's telephone girl made up a trio of clever femininity. The telephone girl, however, is neither rounded peach, mild pear, nor competitive apricot. She might be likened to a nice, tart, enjoyable loganberry; a fruit that has a decided though pleasant acidity of taste, with some sharings of the more luscious flavors of its cousin, the strawberry. For, in spite of her slang, and her unconscious profanity, and her clippy snubs to the worn and weary day-clerk, the brisk personality of that decidedly likable young woman contains the essence of true womanliness, in that her love affair with the invisible suitor is wholesome, and she feels movings of womanly sympathy toward little Miss Brown, standing suitcase in hand, rejected alike by man and superman: meaning, in this case, the hotel clerk.

When, added to this trio of sirens, the very realistic maid of Mattie Ferguson walked in and we saw that she was an accomplished actress, expert in the art of representing the type of hotel servant matured in a knowledge of traveling human nature, and a shrewd appraiser of woman's social standing through quick, open-eyed estimates of her clothes, her luggage, and herself, we suddenly said to ourselves, "Why, of course! this is a William Brady production!" and we settled down to the contentment that comes with the realization of first-class entertainment.

For "Little Miss Brown" is presented by a company whose individual members were either previously expert in the farcical line or so well-trained and carefully rehearsed that the resulting effect is almost as good; which constitutes one of the merits of a first-class production.

A fifth actress, Olive Harper Thorne, proves to be a good selection, as this lady's build and appearance, and her farcically emphasized wrath make her particularly adapted to filling out the portrait of the absent wife, whose calamitous advent is so dreaded by an innocently involved husband.

The rôle of the husband is played by William Morris, an experienced actor, who gives to the last shade the brisk, competent personality of a prosperous, matter-of-fact, unself-conscious business man.

Sidney Macy's night-clerk is more highly touched up, from the farcical standpoint, than any of the other impersonations. It is a very clever take-off on the pallid, stony-faced, weary-of-the-world hotel clerk, who, in constantly facing a hurrying stream of unreasonable humanity, has exhausted all capacity for emotion. There is a quantity of amusing business in the part, particularly that in which the clerk automatically produces, without even looking up, the various articles enumerated by the fussy aunt, who belongs to that type of female traveler who has a terror of losing her belongings only equal to her genius for mislaying them.

The piece, which is constructed with considerable skill, in the way of dovetailing in a farcically probable manner rapid incidents and appearances which must not take place simultaneously, and in piling up the cumulative series of events which constitute the plot, hinges on the difficulty of a lone woman of attractive appearance securing hotel accommodation at night.

Little Miss Brown, who is the very pink of attractive inexperience and bewitching respectability, has not been met by her friends at the station, and, after previous repulses, arrives at the Hotel Wendel, chaperoned only by her suitcase, and pining for dinner and a bed. There the stone-faced clerk automatically refuses, accentuating his refusal by the expression of injurious suspicions, which innocent little Miss Brown rebuts like a non-comprehending child who has been accused of cheating at play. She drifts into the background of the lobby, and becomes an unobserved part of the hotel furniture. Here, while instinctively absorbing a meal from a stray lunch tray that wanders her way and weeping baby tears in a minute handkerchief, she learns from the sympathetic telephone girl, who is off for the night, that all she has to do is to claim an imaginary husband and she is provided for. The change from day to night-clerk occurring at the auspicious moment, little Miss Brown, half bewildered from a childish nap into which she has fallen, is whisked upstairs as Mrs. Richard Dennison, who expects her husband in the morning, and thus the complication begins.

Mr. Dennison, it is needless to say, arrives in the evening. But the author, entirely disregarding the opportunity for vulgar suggestion, adheres strictly to the atmosphere of clean, bright, legitimate humor. There is not a stain or a taint on this pleasant atmosphere throughout the play. Even the luckless husband of the high-tempered and jealous Mrs. Dennison is animated by a commendable zeal to spare his emotional partner's feelings, rather than a desire to follow out a line of adventure with the pretty creature who has temporarily snatched at the shelter of his name.

As to Miss Brown herself, everything she does seems to be by a sort of childish instinct, just as a sleepy, lost child would infallibly make for a pile of cushions and curl himself to sleep thereon.

The day-clerk is as stern a moralist as Cotton Mather himself, although his strictness is due primarily to a heedful regard for maintaining the permamency of his job. And I could not but think, as I watched the convolutions of the clever little piece unfolding themselves toward a successful *dénouement* that we are fortunate in the conditions of American life, and its multiform aspects, institutions, and phases, that permit the natural, almost instinctive, outgrowth of so many of these bright, harmless, amusing comedies and farces. We are, as a people, almost too apprehensive of seriousness. But the best part of our stage fun is that so much of it is intertwined with half realistic, half burlesque imitations of a healthy national life. It would, no doubt, be impossible to find on the stage of any other country so many of the lighter, laugh-producing pieces so essentially harmless yet so full of observation and pleasant humor.

Mr. Bartholomae calls "Little Miss Brown" a farcical comedy, probably because, even in the midst of its humorous mazes, its automatic inventions, and even occasional feebleness, it still maintains a certain fidelity to life. The piece certainly, for all its quick, clever action, does not rise to a marvel of merit. There are places which have to be worked over to carry on the action to the length prescribed for an evening's entertainment. But they are so skillfully done that one is almost persuaded they are essential to the plot.

That thoroughly farcical, yet delightfully probable incident, for example, of the six Manhattan cocktails! Little Miss Brown—I think her name is Dorothy—in her perturbed, swallow-like flights around the room runs up against a Manhattan cocktail ordered by the distressed gentleman who is figuring in the light of an involuntary bigamist. Dorothy abstractedly absorbs the maraschino cherry, the toothpick stem of which protrudes invitingly from the glass. She flits, in the same instinctive way, to the phone and calls out, "What's that you just sent up to room 507? A Manhattan cocktail? Well, send half a dozen more."

The cheerful bell-boy enters with *empressement* and deposits his groaning tray. In the same casual, baby way Dorothy skims lightly down the line of cocktails, abstracting from each its distinguishing cherry and goes her way rejoicing. Dorothy has acted entirely with the youthful instinct of a dear little round puppy who laps up a saucer of milk belonging to the cat. She wanted six of the alluring cherries, and she only knew one way to get them.

But now the acute author has a sequel to this incident. The rotund hotel maid has been an amazed spectator to Dorothy's absorption of her six sugar plums. She is left mistress of the scene, in the challenging society of six Manhattan cocktails unclaimed by man or devil. The hotel maid does not refuse the challenge. With a wary eye to the door she assimilates, one by one, the six rosy challengers, and departs with the carefully mastered gait of one whose proud perpendicularity has acquired an element of uncertainty. Nor is this all. In her subsequent exhilaration the hotel maid contributes information of considerable avail in the unraveling of the tangle, and thus the astute Mr. Bartholomae has made the utmost use of an incident that was really inserted in order to piece out a play that had a tendency to run short.

However, long or short, it is a capital farce-comedy, excellently played, and little Miss Brown remains from first to last a triumphant and most succulent species of Peach.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

The announcement that Wilton Lackaye is to play Iago to James K. Hackett's Othello next summer in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley recalls the former's meaningful reply when, some years ago, William A. Brady announced a plan to have Lackaye play the part to Robert Mantell's Moor. Lackaye was asked if he had any objection to "supporting" Mantell for some special performances of the tragedy. "Not in the least," he replied. "I never heard of an actor's refusing to play Iago to any other actor's Othello; but in this case I'm willing to go far, far beyond precedent, and to play Othello to Mr. Mantell's Iago." The sting which is traditionally supposed to reside in all of Mr. Lackaye's retorts can be made apparent to the layman when it is recalled that H. B. Irving a few years ago carried off as Iago all the honors of Lewis Waller's London revival of "Othello," with Waller as the Moor, and that even the other Irving, Laurence, did precisely the same thing when he played Iago to the Moor of Sir Herbert Tree.

◆

A recent book published in Berlin gives interesting figures in regard to the theatres of Germany. There are twenty-two court theatres—that is, theatres that are subsidized by the various governments. The number of theatres that remain open at least six months every year reaches a total of 196. There are 149 traveling companies and 148 summer theatres. Not counting the actors, the theatres of Germany give employment to 80,000 people. There are 108 publishing houses, which serve as authors' representatives. From September 1, 1911, until August 31, 1912, 511 new productions were given. The highest number of performances belong in drama to the play "Faith and Country," given 1623 times; in comic opera to the "Count of Luxemburg," 1794 times, and in opera to "Carmen," 492 times.

◆

Stage money, that is, money of no value off the stage, is first said to have been used by David Garrick in the eighteenth century. The money is said to have been made by the wealthy actor-manager so as to look actually like real money. There was little money, even of this counterfeit kind, used in the days of Shakespeare, because of the scarcity of any kind of money, particularly among actors.

◆

"The Geisha" is to be revived at Weber & Fields's Music Hall in New York by Arthur Hammerstein. Edwin Stevens will be the Marquis Mari, James T. Powers will play Wun Hi, Lina Abarbanelli will appear as Molly Seamore, and Pauline Hall will be seen as the Lady Constance.

4800 Efficient People

All phases and forms of public service are becoming more and more specialized, for this is an era of specialization. They depend for their success of operation more and more upon training and skill, as new and greater problems are encountered with growth of the country. To attempt to operate a public utility now without this trained intelligence in every department of that operation is to invite disaster.

The investing public is quick to recognize this fact. Securities in a company which has achieved success in its operations are always sought, and obtain ready sale at low rates of interest. Such securities are not salable at any price when the element of success in previous operations is lacking.

The watchword in production circles today is "efficiency." The higher the standard of efficiency, the more effective and valuable is the product, while the cost is correspondingly lower. To promote efficiency is the shortest road to a low cost of production, and this is the aim of every producer. Every producer of any commodity, in order to achieve success in this great competitive age, directs all energy to a high standard of quality with the lowest possible standard of cost.

Having started at the very beginning of such an enterprise in California, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, pioneer of the West, has devoted itself to a masterly study of all questions arising in its great sphere of action, and today "Pacific Service" is synonymous with highest standard of quality with lowest standard of cost. Having had its birth sixty years ago in San Francisco in a small company devoted to supplying a limited quantity of gas, it has grown, through careful business management and by applying the efficiency test at every step, from the little concern which could not produce gas at a profit for less than $15 a thousand feet—that was the price in 1854—to the widespreading organization of the present, which furnishes gas in this city for seventy-five cents a thousand, supplies water for thousands of acres of rich farming land, and has brought that mysterious fluid, electricity, from the power houses in the high Sierra to furnish light and power for scores of purposes.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

San Francisco Orchestra Last Concerts.

With the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 7, and Sunday afternoon, March 9, the season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will come to a close. Louis Persinger, American violinist, the feature of Friday's concert, and the excellent programme prepared by Conductor Hadley for Sunday's concert, combine to make a most fitting close for an unusually successful season. Considering that the San Francisco Orchestra is in but its second year, with the difficulties it has been obliged to overcome as a comparatively new organization, together with the work of educating the many to the appreciation of music in its higher forms, the results have been entirely satisfactory, and assure the continuation of the orchestra as a most important factor in the musical life of San Francisco.

The programme which has been arranged for Sunday afternoon is one of great interest to all music lovers. The overture to "Der Freischuetz," Weber's greatest work, which opened up a new epoch in German opera, and was the first step towards Wagnerism, will open the programme, the feature of which will be Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 in F Minor. Tremendous in conception, masterly in treatment, this symphony bears witness to the passion and morbidness of the composer's nature, and portrays graphically the struggles of the deeply wounded and sensitive soul. It is famous for its beautiful air and variations, and the master himself seems to have been partial to this piece of music.

The Prelude to Act III of "Natoma," the American grand opera in three acts, by Victor Herbert, the composer, and Joseph D. Redding of this city, the librettist, will follow. Its first production took place at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia on February 25, 1911. The third act takes place inside the old Mission Church, and portrays the emotions and despair of Natoma, the heart-broken princess of a vanishing Indian tribe.

The last number on the programme is Lalo's Norwegian Rhapsody, a beautiful composition of the ultra-modern, virtuoso order, with numerous brilliant and spirited passages.

Last Performances by Genee and Her Company.

Mlle. Adeline Genee, assisted by M. Volinin, her splendid ballet company and grand orchestra, will give her final performances at the Valencia Theatre this Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 2:30. The demand for seats at the matinées has been so large that Manager Greenbaum decided to omit the Saturday night performance and give the special Sunday afternoon one.

These productions have proved a revelation to our theatre-going public, for until Genee arrived the highest form of classical dancing had never been seen in this city. Genee is to the classic form of the art what Pavlowa is to the modern Russian school, just as Beethoven is to Tschaikowsky in music.

At the Saturday matinée the pantomime-ballet "La Camargo" will be given, and at the Sunday matinée "La Danse" will be the special feature.

Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the Valencia Theatre.

Next Thursday afternoon at 3 and again in the evening at 8:30 the complete Genee company will appear in Oakland at the Macdonough Theatre, when "La Danse" will be given at each performance. Seats will be ready at the Macdonough box-office Monday morning.

Grand Opera at the New Tivoli Opera House.

Next Wednesday evening will witness the opening of the new and magnificent Tivoli Opera House on Eddy Street, on exactly the same site where that home of music beloved by San Franciscans flourished for nearly a quarter of a century. The occasion is one for rejoicing, and it is made doubly interesting by the fact that our own Luisa Tetrazzini and the best organization traveling, the Chicago Grand Opera Company, under the management of Andreas Dippel, will dedicate the new house.

This city has not had such a season of grand opera since the fire, and the entire community, from the Italian quarter to Pacific Avenue, is eagerly discussing the engagement, which will end in a blaze of glory Saturday evening, March 29. The advance sale of seats is unprecedented and three hours after the box-office was opened on Monday morning there was not a seat left for the first performance.

"Rigoletto," the opera in which Tetrazzini first sang in San Francisco at the Tivoli on Mason and Eddy Streets, will be the opening bill, and in the cast with the diva will be Aristodeme Giorgini, a wonderful young Italian tenor; Mario Sammarco, the Sicilian baritone; Henri Scott, Margaret Keyes, Louise Berat, Constantin Nicolay, Nicolo Fossetta, Emilio Venturini, Vittorio Trevisan, and Minnie Egener. Cleofante Campanini will conduct.

Thursday afternoon there will be a triple bill, consisting of "The Secret of Suzanne," with Jenny Dufau, Giovanni Polese, and Francesco Daddi; "Hansel and Gretel," with Mabel Riegelman, a California girl, Marie Cavan, Adele Legard, Louise Berat, Armand Crabbe, and Helen Warrum, the orchestra under the direction of Marcel Carlier; and a grand ballet divertissement by Rosina Galli, Julie Hudak, Luigi Albertieri, and the large corps de ballet, Giacome Spadoni in the conductor's chair. Thursday evening Mary Garden will make her first appearance in "Thaïs," the others being Hector Dufranne, Edmond Warnery, Nicolay, Fossetta, Cavan, Egener, and Berat.

The first Wagnerian work sung here since the fire will be "Die Walküre," Friday night, with Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Eleonora de Cisneros, Charles Dalmores, Henri Scott, Clarence Whitehill, Egener, Ruby Heyl, Berat, Dufau, Cavan, Keyes, Legard, and Helen Stanley.

Saturday afternoon Tetrazzini will sing "La Traviata," with Giorgini, Poleso, Egener, Berat, Venturini, Fossetta, Trevisan, and Nicolay, and Saturday night the Victor Herbert-Joseph D. Redding opera, "Natoma" will be heard for the first time, with Mary Garden, Stanley, George Hamlin, Scott, Dufranne, Sammarco, Crabbe, Nicolay, Frank Preisch, Rosina Galli, Egener, and Desire Defrere.

The above will complete the first week's offerings and Sunday afternoon, March 16, there will be a symphony concert, under the direction of Campanini, with the leading operatic soloists and a ballet. The prices for this concert will be popular, ranging from 50 cents to $2.

Louis Persinger Violin Recital.

To the ever growing list of native violinists who begin to offer serious competition to the European invaders must be added the name of Louis Persinger, who was heard for the first time in this city at the symphony concert given by the San Francisco Orchestra on Friday afternoon of this week, and San Francisco music lovers will no doubt hail with delight the announcement that this talented American violinist is to appear in recital, on the evening of March 11, at the Knights of Columbus Hall, in this city.

The great Belgian master, Ysaye, under whom Persinger studied for two years, wrote of him: "Louis Persinger is today a virtuoso of a superior order, and I can say with all sincerity that he is one of my best pupils. An excellent musician, in love with his art, Persinger can aspire to a brilliant career."

Certainly this testimonial to the art of Louis Persinger has been more than justified by his performances, which prove him an artist of strong and vigorous fibre, of excellent musicianship that goes deeper than the externals of his art, and of fine musical feeling.

With the excellent programme prepared for his recital, and the enthusiasm he arouses in his audiences, it is assured that he will play to a capacity audience on next Tuesday evening, at the Knights of Columbus Concert Hall, Golden Gate Avenue, under the management of Frank W. Healy.

Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club has now reached the second half of its thirty-sixth season, the concert announced for the evening of Thursday, March 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium being the third of the present series.

On this occasion the club will submit to a San Francisco audience the first presentation of Horatio Parker's cantata for men's voices with piano and strings, entitled "The Norsemen's Raid." This is Mr. Parker's most recently published composition for men's voices, and is a work of intense interest and thrilling effect.

Another new important composition is an "Irish Battle Hymn," by Harvey B. Gaul, this being founded on an ancient Irish melody, and is for chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings, piano, and organ.

The programme also includes two folk-songs, one being the quaint old English "Widdicombe Fair," and the other the German "I'm Writing a Letter." A stirring "Hunting Song" by F. E. Sawyer, which will have the accompaniment of strings and piano, and John Hyatt Brewer's "Sing, Sing, Music Was Given," for chorus of men's voices with baritone solo, and accompaniment of strings, piano, and organ, will add strength to a programme of unusual interest.

The soloists will be Herman Martonne, solo violin, and Herbert Riley, solo violoncello. These artists, in addition to being heard in individual solo numbers, will join with Frederick Maurer in trios by Arensky and Brahms.

The concert will be under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin.

The Lhevinne Piano Recitals.

Three years ago the Russian piano virtuoso, Josef Lhevinne, visited this city and gave three concerts. The audience, which was small at the first event, went away so enthusiastic that the second concert drew a much larger crowd, and the third one taxed the capacity of the hall. Since then there has rarely been a piano recital in this city that has not brought out the remark, "Will you ever forget how Lhevinne played that number," or some similar remark demonstrating the deep impression that the young artist made. Today Josef Lhevinne stands in the front rank of pianists, and no less an authority than Henry T. Finck has hailed him as "Rubinstein the Second." It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Josef Lhevinne and Josef Hofmann are the two pianists who really play with the skill and understanding of that famous Russian master. This season in the East Lhevinne has attracted more attention than ever before and his tour has been one succession of triumphs.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces three concerts by Lhevinne, the dates being Sunday afternoon, March 23; Tuesday night, March 25; and Saturday afternoon, March 29; at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Prices will range from $2 down to $1, and mail orders will now be received.

Lhevinne will not play in Oakland this season, his time being limited on the Coast trip.

Clara Butt, the Great Contralto.

Clara Butt, the possessor of the most phenomenal contralto voice in the world, and who is recognized as one of the foremost concert singers living, is now making her second American tour. It is twelve years since Mme. Butt sang in this country, and at that time her tour was a very limited one and she sang in but a dozen or so cities. Various managements have been endeavoring to induce her to return, but she is so busy in Europe that until this year a second visit to America was impossible, and it is only the fact that she has been engaged to sing in Australia for a long season that has made a visit to the Coast possible.

In the East and in Canada Mme. Butt, who is accompanied on this tour by her husband, Mr. Kennerly Rumford, the eminent baritone, is meeting with a series of triumphs, and the largest auditoriums have proved too small to accommodate the throngs desirous of hearing her glorious voice.

Manager Loudon Charlton has wired Manager Greenbaum to secure the largest theatre in this city for the first appearance here of Clara Butt, and so the Cort Theatre has been engaged for Sunday afternoon, March 30, when our music lovers will at last have the opportunity of hearing this artist.

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley to Speak.

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, formerly head of the United States government's Bureau of Chemistry, and the father of our "Pure Food Laws," and who was seriously considered as the vice-presidential candidate with President Woodrow Wilson, but who has declined to again enter the political arena, feeling that he can accomplish far more good in writing for magazines and journals and lecturing, will deliver his famous lecture on "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset" at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday night, March 19, and again on Friday night, March 21.

Manager Greenbaum will have charge of the Wiley lectures, and the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Monday morning, March 17. The admission will be 50 cents, with a limited number of reserved seats at $1. Special rates will be made to societies, clubs, colleges, and schools desiring to attend in large parties.

On Thursday afternoon, March 20, at 5:30, Dr. Wiley will address the people of Alameda County at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, where the seats will be ready at the same date, viz, Monday, March 17.

For special rates for either event address Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco.

◆

Alice Nielsen has been engaged for Covent Garden. The prima donna sang recently in a performance of "The Barber of Seville" with the Montreal Opera Company, and among those who heard her on that occasion was Henry Higgins, the director of the famous London home of opera. Impressed by the beauty of Miss Nielsen's voice and her acting as Rosina, Mr. Higgins engaged the American soprano for the month of June during the coming London season.

◆

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PROGRAMME
Weber..................Overture, "Der Freischuetz"
Tschaikowsky.......Symphony No. 4, in F Minor
I. Andante sostenuto—Moderato con anima.
II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
III. Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato.
IV. Allegro con fuoco
Victor Herbert.....Prelude to Act III, "Natoma"
Lalo.......................Norwegian Rhapsody
Special Prices, 35c to $1.00. Seats on sale at the Cort Theatre.

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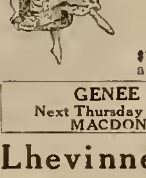

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Clara Butt Contralto Extraordinary and KENNERLY RUMFORD
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VANITY FAIR.

Louis Wain, who has been writing articles for London *Truth* on a "Vagabond in New York," says that he has at last discovered an example of pure democracy. At last he has found a class whose manners are the same to every one, whose demeanor is uninfluenced by wealth, social position, or any of the other factors that usually determine the angle at which our republican knees should be crooked. It was a great discovery, worthy to rank with that of the South Pole, of piety in a parson, or of intelligence in a university professor.

It is the elevator men of New York upon whose heads this crown of glory has been placed. They alone uphold the sacred traditions of equality, they alone sustain the drooping banner of those imperishable principles that need not be otherwise enumerated. For the New York elevator man is past master of an insolence that never varies to rich or poor, that is indifferent to rank or money, that scorns all social distinctions. It is a proud position.

Of course the elevator man has his imitators. Greatness always has. There are the "young duchesses" who condescend to minister to our disgusting physical needs in the lunch establishments. Certainly they are very rude and very haughty, but they have their moments of human weakness. They have been known to melt. They are not wholly beyond reach of the timid servilities of their customers. Of course they are only women, and therefore we can not expect from them the same fixity of purpose, the same continuity of insolence as from the elevator men. But they do their best, the dear creatures.

And then there is the hotel clerk, but he comes a long way in the rear. He is a pale and ineffective shadow of the true democracy of insolence. A special corner in a special hell has been reserved for the hotel clerk, and the flower of his torment will be the necessity of perpetually asking the dead and damned malefactors of his trade for information and for letters. If there are any flames that can blister like his evil tongue, any fire that can scorch like his wicked silence, we have yet to hear of them. For he measures his insolence precisely by the wealth of his client. His soul of a slave fawns upon money with a hideous and abject prostration, but for poverty he has the cool and calculated glance of contumely. In contemplating the hotel clerk of New York a subtle terror has sometimes seized us lest perchance he may repent and be saved. And yet no one ever heard of a penitent hotel clerk. There is no need of alarm. He has made his calling and election sure.

To provide solace and a remedy for baldheaded men has been one of the humbler ambitions of our life. While other philanthropists devote themselves to such lesser afflictions as insanity, politics and its companion crimes, bacteria, or piety, we feel that we ourselves go to the root of human sorrow when we seek to wrest from a reluctant nature, as the Sunday supplement says, the last secret of baldness. We have followed many false trails that have ended in disappointment. Once we found an embrocation from which we expected great things. We felt that we were on the verge of a triumph, but our wife declared that she would not tolerate such a horrible smell about the house, so we had to discontinue. And then there was that other lotion that caused our hair to explode as we were lighting a cigar just after getting into bed. And that's the way it goes.

And now comes M. Henri de Parville with his little plan. For the moment our hopes rose sky high and then they dropped to the ground like an aeroplane. Play the violin, says Henri, and keep your hair on. Make melody on the festive fiddle, says Henri, and grow a pelt like a grizzly bear. He does not know why the fiddle should have this surprising result, but he asks us triumphantly if we ever knew a violinist with a bald head, and echo answers no.

But don't labor under any misapprehension. It must be the fiddle or nothing. A concertina is no use, a jew's-harp is a snare and a delusion, and as for brass instruments they will leave you worse off than they found you. All instruments into which you blow, and especially the blighting trombone, will cause what little hair you have to fall off, and so M. de Parville once more asks triumphantly if we ever knew a trombonist who was not bald, and once more echo answers no, for some strange reason. The trombonist, to all intents and purposes, has blown his hair out by the roots, and if he had blown out his brains at the same time no one would have cared very much. Beastly things, trombones.

But the prospect of all baldheaded men starting to play the violin is a dreadful one. We shall have to arrange for concentration camps to accommodate them.

Frankly we don't understand how any thief could steal a diamond pendant from a lady's stocking. No modest thief would think of attempting such a thing. Much as he might love diamonds he would love virtue more, and he would search for wealth where it could be found without a shock to the proprieties. Men are bold and bad, but they do draw the line somewhere.

In general outline this was the defense of the National Surety Company when it was sued by a lady in New York for the value of her diamond pendant. The company contended that the lady carried her jewelry in her stocking, that she had said so herself, and therefore the theft under such conditions was impossible. Apart from a natural bashfulness on the part of thieves it seemed hard to believe that the pendant could have been extracted from such a hiding place without the lady's knowledge, and while we ourselves are without information upon this point, and would scorn to seek it, the argument appears to be a good one.

The lady's reply added a further complication to the problem. She admitted to the court that she usually carried her diamonds in her stocking, and very uncomfortable it must be to have diamonds in your stocking. Personally we prefer the pawnshop, but then tastes differ. But on this occasion the diamonds were not in her stocking or they could not have been lost, seeing that she always wore three garters upon each stocking, although she did not state why she favored so large a cargo of garters. She had put the diamonds into a jewel-box and put the jewel-box on the dresser in her hotel bedroom, and when she woke next morning they were gone. No one had been in the room except her husband, and he left before his wife awoke in order to attend to some of the silly things that men do down town.

It seems quite a hard case to decide, and our sympathies are with the judge. We can not see that the lady was under any compulsion to carry her diamonds in her stocking, and even a surety company could hardly expect her to wear her stockings in bed just for the sake of guarding her jewelry. But it might be well to find out how her husband spent the day. Personally we don't take much stock in husbands anyway.

The Empress Josephine is sometimes quoted as an example of reckless prodigality in dress, but Miss Ida Tarbell points out in "The Business of Being a Woman" that it has been left to American democracy to produce women who can rival the wife of Napoleon. She says:

> One woman in American society bought last summer in Europe a half-dozen night-gowns, for which she paid a thousand dollars apiece. There are women who will start on a journey with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pairs of shoes. There are others who bring back from Europe forty or fifty new gowns for a season. What can one think of a bill of $500 for stockings in one season, of $20,000 for a season's gowns, coats, and hats from one shop and as much more in the aggregate for the same articles in the same period from other shops; this showing was made in a recent divorce case.
>
> What can one think of duties of over $30,000 paid on personal articles by one woman who yearly brings back similar quantities of jewelry and clothes? This $30,000 in duties meant an expenditure of probably about $100,000. It included over $1200 for hats, over $3000 for corsets and lingerie. This was undoubtedly exceptional; that is, few women of even great wealth buy so lavishly. Yet good round sums, even if they are small in comparison, are spent by many women in their European outings. They will bring from six to twelve gowns which will average at least $150 apiece, and an occasional woman will have a half-dozen averaging from $450 to $500 apiece. One might say that eight to twelve hats, costing $25 to $50 apiece, was a fair average, though $800 to $1200 worth is not so rare as to cause a panic at the customhouse.

Men, says Miss Tarbell, have learned to bring their dress expenditure under control, to regard dress as subsidiary to other things. But with women there is no attempt at control. The stenographer and the fine lady live for dress and nothing but dress. Democracy has let loose a primitive instinct, it has reintroduced "the discarded aristocratic devices for proving you are better than your neighbor, at least in the one revered particular of having more money to spend":

> The comparative amounts which men and women spend affords an interesting comment on the relative importance which men and women attach to clothes. In one case of which I happen to know Mr. A brought in $840 worth of wearing apparel; Mrs. A nearly $10,000 worth, of which $7000 was for gowns. A man may have eight to ten suits of pajamas which cost him $10 apiece, a dozen or two waistcoats, a dozen or two shirts, a few dozen handkerchiefs and gloves, a dozen or two ties, eight or ten suits of clothes, but from $500 to $1000 will cover his wardrobe; his wife will often spend as much for hats alone as he does for an entire outfit.

We hear a good deal of the emancipation of women from the restraints that men are supposed to have put upon them. We hear nothing of the tyrannies that they have heaped upon themselves, the tyranny of the corset, of the hat, of the bobble, of the poisonous face compound, of the milliner, the beauty doctor, and the dressmaker.

Brookline, Massachusetts, said to be the richest town in the world per capita, does not permit moving pictures. The children of wealthy parents must find other amusement. They know nothing of the delights of the "movies."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The man from the West was visiting the nation's biggest town. "It is true," he said to the native, "that your taxes are high, but only see what a magnificent return you get for them! Your street service, your water supply, your fire department, your police protection." "Our police protection is an extra cost," replied the New Yorker gloomily.

Barney Oldfield was in a lawsuit the other day. In the trial the authorship of a certain newspaper article came up. It had been signed by his name. "I never wrote that," said Barney. "Why, there's words in here I never saw before." "Ah," said the other man's lawyer. "And will you point out one of them?" "Well," said Barney, running a thick finger down the page, "here's one of 'em. 'V-i-z.' "

Two lawyers met on the street. "I've been wondering about you," said one. "What were you wondering about me?" "Well, I've heard you address a jury and I thought that you were the most eloquent man in Cleveland. Then I've heard you make an after-dinner speech at a banquet and you were—pardon me—pretty rotten. Now, how is that?" "I'll tell you. When I'm talking to a jury my dinner depends on my speech. When I'm talking to a bunch of diners I've already had my dinner."

They who have ever flat-hunted in New York know well that, till a rental of $5000 or $6000 a year is reached, flats are incredibly cramped. Indeed, in a good neighborhood even a $5000 flat is apt to be a tiny one. Discussing this phenomenon, Professor Brander Matthews said at a luncheon: "I remarked to a lady the other day: 'Why, madam, your dog wags his tail up and down!' 'Yes,' she replied, 'he has to. We are comparatively poor, you see, and Fido was raised in a $5000 flat.' "

William F. Garcelon, chairman of the Harvard athletic committee, said recently, speaking of brevity, that the palm should be awarded to a marine who testified about the explosion of a gun on a war vessel. The marine testified at a hearing after he had passed some months in the hospital being patched up after the accident. "Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked. "Well," he replied, "I was standing beside the gun, there was an awful racket, and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.' "

The prisoner was 'out a slight man, and yet he struggled with almost superhuman strength. The Bertillon experts had bound him hand and foot, but he contorted himself to such a degree that it was impossible to get him in front of the camera. Finally, one of the plain clothes bruisers handed him a jolt hard enough to make him sit still a minute. "We aint a-goin' to murder youse," explained this minion of the law, "set still an' be mugged." "But what do you want my picture for?" gasped the prisoner. "Fer de rogues' gallery." "Oh, pardon me for resisting," said the poor wretch, relaxing immediately and assuming a $6-a-dozen smile, "I thought it was for a newspaper!"

Young Cornelius Husk was about to try his fortune in New York. "Now, Corny," his old grandmother said, "don't desert the narrow path of righteousness when you get to that rich city where money is so plentiful that they say the streets are even paved with gold." Husk promised his grandmother to behave himself, and in due course he reached New York. He got out at the Pennsylvania Station, and started down Seventh Avenue, when he saw glittering in the gutter a bright ten-dollar gold piece. He picked up the coin joyously, and was about to place it in his purse when a blind beggar caught his eye. A wave of generous sympathy surged through him and he handed the beggar the rich find. "Here, take it," he said, "I can see 'em; you can't."

Dr. J. G. Becht, secretary of the Pennsylvania state board of education, was asked by one of his little friends in Harrisburg to listen to the latter's rehearsal of a lesson in which there was a reference to Atlas. "Do you know who Atlas was?" asked Dr. Becht. "Ah, yes sir. He was a giant who supported the world." "Ah, supported the world, did he?" went on Professor Becht. "Well, tell me who supported Atlas." The little fellow looked as though he had not given the subject any particular attention, but showed immediate willingness to think it over. The doctor stood looking on, trying hard to repress a smile; but the youngster finally brightened up and answered: "Well, I guess he must have married a rich wife."

Years ago, just after "Fingy" Connors had first cinched success, he decided to go abroad. He called the foremen of his nine Buffalo docks to New York, clothed them amid wild outcries in conventional evening clothes, and began to pour wine for them at the Waldorf. Nothing more humorous—or more pathetic—has ever been seen than these nine two-fisted man-eaters, their thick muscles bulging through the thin black cloth, their enormous hands superheated in the white gloves "Fingy" insisted upon their wearing, sitting in the dining-room at the Waldorf, and religiously trying to blow the foam off each beaker of wine. Their necks were like the stems of redwood trees, and their embarrassed and unhappy eyes glanced piteously around a decorously staring room. "Fingy" was in his element. He loaded his nine dock tigers in taxicabs and took them to the pier to prolong the farewell. And in the violence of leave-taking they forgot to take leave. So that the ship sailed with them. And "Fingy," outraged by the fares he had to pay, refused to buy other clothes for them. So the nine, clad in evening clothes, fuming with rage, stalked the decks during the round trip, waiting—hoping—that some one would smile.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Things Unsaid.

No doubt, like all others, you've known circumstances
Where your honest opinions you'd gladly have hared,
Yet didn't speak out, for you wouldn't take chances—
For where is the fellow who always has dared?

That sharp, searching thrust about people with money—
What a keen thing it was!—and it should have been shared;
But your creditor, Smith, might have thought it unfunny,
Still, you thus would have crushed him—if you had but dared.

Bill Jones is a regular whale of a fellow;
To grant he's good looking you're also prepared;
But to judge by his chatter, his intellect's mellow—
And you'd tell him so quickly, if only you dared.

Were it not for the tongue of that kid of McPherson's
You'd have scored him long since and you wouldn't have spared;
You know though that he's no respecter of persons—
But what you would tell him if only you dared!

Oh, you've held in and swallowed and gurgled and spluttered—
With but one consolation; when all shall be squared
You'll be found better off for your not having uttered
The things you'd have said if you only had dared. —*New York Globe.*

Life's Formula.

Love a little, spurn a little, give a little, earn a little, laugh a little, cry a little, chaff a little, sigh a little, work a little, play a little, shirk a little, pray a little.

Grin a little, scowl a little, chin a little, howl a little, use a little, take a little, lose a little, make a little, run a little, lag a little, pun a little, brag a little.

Walk a little, roar a little, talk a little, soar a little, weep a little, breathe a little, sleep a little, grieve a little, mope a little, prate a little, hope a little, wait a little.

And future generations in our world of woe and love can do no more than follow "Life's Formula." —*New York Mail.*

The Story of Smith.

This is the story of Jim Smith. It's true, even if that name isn't very convincing (says Herbert Corey, in the New York *Globe).*

Two years ago Smith was forty years old, and acted like a patriarch with a boil between his shoulders. The stenographers in the office in which he was chief clerk used to pray every night for Smith's death. They always had tears in their eyes as they jabbed the last hairpin through. From two o'clock on each day his language would raise a blister on a steam boiler. His boss told him to consult a doctor. He said Smith wasn't fit to die. Smith saw a specialist and the specialist wanted to kiss him.

"You have the most beautiful complication of troubles I have ever seen," said he. "It is marvelous—marvelous. I regret that my opportunity to study you will be shortened by your death, which will occur in about two months. However, we may learn something from the autopsy."

Smith's language failed him. That day he resigned his clerkship, drew the $4000 he had saved a dime at a time, and started out to see the world. He had never been out of New York before. As soon as they opened the diner of the west-bound train Smith began opening wine. At Chicago the waiter offered to work for nothing if the company would let him accompany Smith to the Pacific Coast. He said he had never seen a man with such a marvelous natural thirst.

"That man never learned how to drink," said the waiter. "He was born that way."

Smith did everything that can be done, he ate everything that can be cooked, he drank everything that can be put in a bottle, and he didn't have a natural night's rest from the time he packed his money belt. In three months he was stone broke—and cured. His old boss wired him money to come home on. Three weeks ago he was taken into the firm.

Disgusting, isn't it? You couldn't find a moral in a carload of stories like that.

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
Officers:
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Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,079,373.37
Deposits........................... 26,882,124.40
Total Resources 45,791,813.97
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F. L. Lipman.........Vice-President
James K. Wilson   Vice-President
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Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
Capital...............................$1,000,000
Total Assets.......................... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders.............. 3,266,021
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
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Alaska Commercial Building - San Francisco

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Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund....... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors...............59,144
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United States Assets..................$2,464,562.05
Surplus.............................. 1,018,318.63
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
129 LEIDESDORFF STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
W. L. W. MILLER, Manager.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week-in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke have announced the engagement of their son, Mr. Fay Boericke, to Miss Nancy Cady, daughter of Judge Cady and Mrs. Cady of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Boericke is residing at Mineral Point, Wisconsin. The wedding will be an event of June.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Olga Temohovich of St. Petersburg to Mr. Isaac Upham of this city. Mr. Upham is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham and a brother of Mr. Benjamin Upham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gray Gormley of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Phyllis Gormley, to Mr. Warner Cope. Mr. Cope is the son of Mrs. George Cope and a brother of Mrs. Bernard Ryan and Miss Vera Cope.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Dean and Mr. Frederick B. Hussey took place Monday, February 24, at the home on Pine Street of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Simeon Wenban. Mr. and Mrs. Hussey have gone East to reside.

The wedding of Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin and Mr. Lee Sypher took place Monday evening at six o'clock at the residence on Jackson Street of the bride's father, Mr. William F. Whittier. Mr. and Mrs. Sypher are en route to Panama and will later go to Europe. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Sypher's daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Josephine Baldwin and Mr. Joseph Sterry Lamson of this city took place Wednesday evening, February 26, at the home in Sacramento of the bride's parents, Dr. William Hedges Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin. Mrs. Lamson is a cousin of Mrs. Cullen F. Welty and Mr. Baldwin Wood of this city.

The wedding of Miss Marie Bullard and Mr. James Towne will take place Wednesday, April 30, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Bullard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scort entertained their friends at a mi-careme dance Saturday evening at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. W. S. Porter was hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Beatrice Nickel and Miss Evelyn Carey of Portland.

Miss Marian Newhall gave a dinner Thursday evening complimentary to Miss Beatrice Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham gave a dinner at their home on Pierce Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. W. H. Crane.

Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess Thursday at a bridge-tea at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Lily O'Connor gave a luncheon recently at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a group of friends at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Among others who gave luncheons at the club were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mrs. Walter Dupee was hostess at a tea Saturday in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner Thursday evening in Coronado.

Miss Eliza McMullin entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea at the home in Oakland of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Norris. The affair was in honor of Miss Madeline Clay, who will be married April 22 to Mr. Warren Harrold.

Miss Florence Henshaw was hostess Wednesday at a similar affair, complimentary to Miss Clay.

Mrs. Gordon Bromfield has issued invitations to a bridge-tea Friday afternoon, March 14, at the Bella Vista.

General Walter Schuyler, U. S. A., was host at a dinner Saturday evening at his home in the Presidio in honor of Colonel George K. Hunter, U. S. A., Mrs. Hunter, and Mrs. Edward Sturgis.

Colonel Charles McKinstry, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKinstry entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship gave a dinner-dance last week at Hotel del Coronado, for which sixty invitations were issued.

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Not only for rich or fine food or for special times or service, Royal is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions. It makes the food more tasty, nutritious and wholesome.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall left Tuesday for Santa Barbara, where it is hoped the climate may benefit her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker and their little son are established for several months at the Hotel Perry in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson will leave shortly for the Orient and upon their return will open their home in San Rafael. During the winter they have been occupying the home on Jackson Street of Mrs. Alexander Garceau.

Hon. Charles Page Bryan left Monday for Southern California.

The Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile will spend the next two months in Paris with their aunt, Mrs. James Freeborn, and are planning to return home in June. They have recently been traveling in Egypt with Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers have moved into their new home on Jackson and Locust Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham have returned to Coronado after a visit in Monterey.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John P. Jones.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge will leave in April for a few months' visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher have returned from their wedding trip and are residing on Pacific Avenue near the Presidio. Mrs. Gallagher was formerly Miss Violet Crerar of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan has returned from Los Angeles and is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro, at their home in Pieómont.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Beckert and their little son have arrived from Seattle and will reside permanently in this city. Mrs. Beckert was formerly Miss Lutie Collier.

Mrs. Leon Greenbaum has gone to Coronado to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Ruth Winslow, who are visiting places of interest on the Riviera, recently spent a few days in Monte Carlo. They are planning to return home next month, when Mr. and Mrs. Oxnard will open their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have gone to Coronado and upon their return will occupy their country home in Ross.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander has moved from Pacific Avenue to an apartment on Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street. Miss Harriert Alexander returned Thursday from Chico, where she has been visiting Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scort Brooke of Portland have taken a cottage at Miramar, where they are already established. Mrs. Brooke was formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy of this city. Mrs. Pomeroy is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., has joined her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, in Coronado, where they will remain during the season.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick have returned from a trip to Panama.

Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett has returned from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Horace Hill and Mrs. Richard Bayne have been spending a few days in Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Anna Olney is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. James F. Barbour and Miss Marguerite Barbour have come from Washington, D. C., to spend several weeks in this city.

Dr. Carl Power Jones of Grass Valley spent a few days last week at the Hotel Bellevue. Dr. Jones has recently returned from a year's travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Marcus and Miss Marie Louise Bryant have returned from Europe.

Miss Alysse Warner has returned from a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Warner on their ranch in Santa Clara County.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigan have returned from Europe. where they have been spending the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle have returned to their home in San Mateo after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome in Oakland.

Mrs. William Boericke will leave in April for Brooklyn, New York, where she will visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Symmes (formerly Miss Dorothy Boericke).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, who have been residing in Carmel-by-the-Sea, will leave next month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann, Miss Johanna Volkmann, and Miss Edith Treanor will leave next Saturday for Europe.

Mr. Ray Bowers has gone to Hollister to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Charles Sutro and Mrs. William Knowles of Oakland will sail March 18 for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre have bought the country home in Menlo Park of Mrs. Abe Stern.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington has leased the Maynard place in Santa Clara County adjoining the country home which her daughter, Miss Marian Huntington, recently bought from Mr. William Fisher.

Mr. Charles E. Green has presented his three sons, the Messrs. Eldridge, Allen, and Arthur Green, with homes that are now in the course of construction on Jackson Street between Laurel and Walnut Streets.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have rented the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, who are contemplating spending the summer in Europe.

Lieutenant Junius Pierce, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pierce (formerly Miss Barbara Small) have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at Fort McDowell.

Major Guy H. Preston, U. S. A., will leave March 15 for Schofield Barracks, H. T., where he will join his regiment.

Major William G. Powell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Powell are established for the summer at Cloyne Court in Berkeley.

Mrs. K. Tyner Bristol is visiting Mrs. H. C. Pratt and her son, Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., at their home in the Presidio.

Mrs. Edward Sturgis left last week for Fort Apache, Arizona, where she has joined her husband, Captain Sturgis, U. S. A.

Colonel George K. Hunter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hunter have arrived from Manila and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Captain G. B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., of the *Charleston,* has been assigned to command the *Yorktown* March 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Smith Clinton are visiting Major Henry J. Roosevelt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Roosevelt at their home in Manila.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff have gone to Galveston, Texas, where Colonel Krauthoff has been appointed assistant to the chief quartermaster of the Second Division.

Captain William R. Smedberg, U. S. A., Mrs. Smedberg, and their children are established at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Until recently Captain Smedberg was stationed at the Presidio, Monterey.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston is at Hotel del Coronado for the polo season.

Arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Levy and Mr. V. S. Marsh.

◆

Ninety-nine per cent of the world's turquoise comes from the mines of Nishapur, in Khorassan, the Persian city, by the way, in which Omar Kháyyám was born and is buried. The mines are situated in a range of hills consisting entirely of porphyries, greenstone, limestone, and sandstone. The turquoise are found in veins in the rocks. This ridge of hills runs to a height of 6655 feet; the highest point at which turquoise have been found is 5800 feet above sea-level; the lowest point, 4800 feet. One mine is entered through a natural cave opening out on to the side of the mountain. and is worked by means of rough shafts and levels. The most highly prized turquoise are of a deep azure. A turquoise may have this color when it is first mined, but may fade after it has been exposed to light and air. For this reason, great care is necessary when buying stones on the spot, as some of apparently good color are often kept in damp earthenware pots until the moment of selling; then, of course, they fade later. The finest turquoise should have, in addition to its deep azure color, an indefinable property called the "zat," which may be likened to the so-called "water" of the diamond, or the "lustre" of the pearl. The superstitious may care to note that the turquoise is believed to wax and wane in color according to the degree of the beloved's affection retained by the lover.

◆

A meeting at the Broderick monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery in memory of California's historic dead who sleep there will be held by the Outdoor Art League of the California Club next Sunday, March 9, at 2 p. m. There will be appropriate music, and able speakers, some of whom will give personal recollections of these pioneers and the days they lived in—the deeds they did. Stories of these men of heroic mold—the pattern for which seems to be lost—will be the principal feature of this meeting, the programme for which will be announced as soon as complete.

◆

As soon as the run of "Fine Feathers" is concluded at the Astor Theatre, New York, the Eugene Walter play will be rushed across the continent to the Columbia Theatre in this city. It will be played here by the all-star cast, including Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, Max Figman, Lolita Robertson, and Amelia Summers. This is the greatest array of stars brought together in many a season.

◆

The home in Washington, D. C., of Lieutenant-Commander Arthur MacArthur, U. S. N., and Mrs. MacArthur has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. MacArthur was formerly Miss Mary McCalla.

◆

The home in Lancashire, England, of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermer-Hesketh has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fermer-Hesketh is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

◆

The home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Duncan was formerly Miss Myra Josselyn.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dean (formerly Miss Margaret Postlethwaite) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mastick Otis has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

◆

Unique Novelties to Celebrate St. Patrick's Day—Shamrocks, Harps of Erin, and dainty, green satin boxes filled with candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores.

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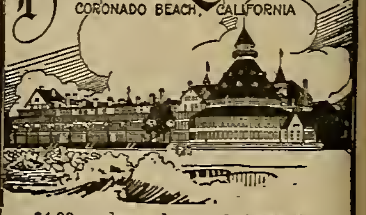

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Judge Seawell has decided that Ordinance No. 2155 is valid. This ordinance authorizes a contract with the San Francisco Musical Association for the building of a municipal opera house, and exempts the property from taxation.

George W. Stewart of Boston has been appointed music director of the Panama-Pacific Exposition by the directors. As music director at the St. Louis Fair and since then by devoting his time to arranging musical festivals he has gained wide experience. He was born in Cambridge, New York, and is a son of Dr. Joseph Stewart, who was a leading surgeon during the Civil War.

John H. Marble, a San Francisco attorney, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and formerly its attorney, will be appointed a member of the commission to succeed Franklin K. Lane, who becomes Secretary of the Interior.

Members of Keith Parlor, No. 137, N. D. G. W., assisted by La Estrella Parlor, No. 89, N. D. G. W., will observe Arbor Day at the Naval Training Station on Yerba Buena Island Saturday. The committee proposes to transform the barren slopes of Yerba Buena Island into a flaming sea of golden poppies out of which will stand in bold relief the gigantic figures "1915."

The will of the late United States District Judge J. J. de Haven has been admitted to probate. The widow was made executor without bonds, all of the estate being left to her. The will declares that her mother love will prompt her to deal justly with their two children in her will. The value of the estate was stated as being $80,000, and Mrs. de Haven asked the court to fix her family allowance at $500 a month. This sum Judge Graham, on his own motion, increased to $750 a month.

The Daughters of California Pioneers Society announces a "'49 Luncheon" in Pioneer Hall on Saturday. Members will wear costumes portraying the gold days of '49. Next Monday at the regular business meeting historic talks will be given, including "Historic Sonoma," by the president, Miss Louise Nolan.

Suspension of their licenses for six months is the penalty imposed by Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers Guthrie and Dolan against Captain Benjamin N. Rideout and Pilots Anthony Smith and Alvin P. Christensen of the steamer *Seminole* and Captain P. A. Anderson of the steamer *Corcoran* for negligence and unskilfulness on the occasion of the collision between the steamers February 14. The evidence showed that both steamers were running at full speed in a dense fog.

The new telephone rate ordinance will go into effect July 1. While the new schedule reduces rates on business telephones and makes a saving to users where excess switches are used, there is no reduction in flat rates on residence telephones.

Daniel A. Ryan, attorney for the state harbor commission, has rendered an opinion that the commission has no authority to enter into any agreement with a labor organization with reference to any set scale of wages. Thomas Clohessy of the Switchmen's Union of America, organizer of the switchmen employed on the state Belt Railroad in San Francisco, petitioned the harbor board to increase the wages of switchmen from $100 a month, their present pay, to $150.

The $2,000,000 collection of paintings at the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum will be thrown open to the public Sunday. Two rooms are set apart for the works of local artists. Another is the De Fremery room, and the fourth and largest apartment is set aside for the works of the masters.

The one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated by the Knights of the Red Branch in K. R. B. Hall, on Mission Street, Tuesday evening. The Rev. Philip O'Ryan delivered the oration. Judge Thomas F. Graham presided, and James A. Brennan, assistant district attorney, recited Emmet's "Speech from the Dock." There was in addition a long programme of music appropriate.

Building permits issued by the board of works for February show a total exceeding that of February a year ago by $134,198. The total was $1,898,450, against $1,764,252 for February, 1912. In this is included the $600,000 Class A permit granted the St. Francis Hotel for its addition, under which the work is going on under tentative agreement.

The election commission has submitted a statement to the supervisors estimating the cost of elections and expenses of the department for the fiscal year 1913-1914 at $278,311. This does not take into consideration the probable cost of any special elections made necessary by initiative, referendum, and recall petitions. The two elections which must be held during the fiscal year are provided for—the primary election September 30, 1913, which will cost $103,132, and the general municipal election on November 11, 1913, which will cost $101,382. It is estimated that district registration will cost $16,700 and office registration $25,100. Salaries will be $12,200 and miscellaneous expenses, including new booths and repairs to old ones, $19,800.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Concert" at the Columbia Theatre.

David Belasco presents his famous comedy production, "The Concert," at the Columbia Theatre, for two weeks beginning Monday night, March 10. This comedy, originally produced in New York City three seasons ago, has been played continually ever since. New York kept it for over a year and a half, and it has been played over a thousand times. Mr. Belasco had Leo Ditrichstein adapt the comedy from a German one of the same name, and then engaged him to act the chief part in it. Mr. Ditrichstein is a brilliant actor as well as an author of note.

"The Concert" has an interesting story to tell concerning the vagaries of a great musician. Women flock to his recitals, and to his home as pupils. In return for their admiration and the money that comes to him for teaching piano playing the musician makes pretty speeches, and often selects one of his pupils for more than her share of attention. This would not cause comment in an unmarried man, but this musician happens to have a sensible and loving wife. Telling his wife that he is off for a rest and his pupils that he is going away to give a private concert, the musician takes one of his pupils to his mountain bungalow. Two of the three acts of the comedy take place in this mountain bungalow, and the complications are amusing. There is a serious vein in the comedy, too, but it all ends happily with the musician and his companion admitting that they have made a serious misstep and promising to behave in the future.

Leo Ditrichstein is said to give a really fine performance of the musician, while Isabel Irving plays the part of his wife. There will be matinées at the Columbia Theatre on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the engagement of "The Concert."

"Little Miss Brown" at the Cort Theatre.

"Little Miss Brown" has proved herself the charming parcel of femininity she was heralded to be. San Francisco already ranks her high in the list of local "favorites." In the person of Madge Kennedy, "little Miss Brown" is wholly delightful, a unique personality, a bundle of magnetism.

The Cort Theatre has been packed since this heroine of Philip Bartholomae's farce appeared there last Sunday night and made herself known to a San Francisco audience. Bartholomae has done his cleverest work in this piece, which is truly a riot of unadulterated fun. From the rise of the curtain to its final fall, the action never lets up for a second, and laughs are piled one on top of the other.

William A. Brady has sent the original Forty-Eighth Street, New York, company to the Cort. It is admirable in every particular. After the dainty Miss Kennedy, honors go to William Morris, an actor of finish and a comedian of unique methods. Distinctive characterizations are contributed by the others of the cast. The final week of the engagement starts Sunday night.

"The Prince of Pilsen," its popularity undiminished, comes to the Cort Theatre, starting Sunday night, March 16. Henry W. Savage announces a most elaborate revival of the famous Pixley and Luders musical comedy. Jess Dandy will once more be seen in his uproarous portrayal of the eccentric Hans Wagner. An augmented orchestra will be in evidence and the chorus is notable for its pulchritude.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

William Rock and Maude Fulton, who are making their farewell vaudeville tour together, will head the new attractions at the Orpheum next week. At the conclusion of their present contracts Mr. Rock will devote his attention to musical comedy and Miss Fulton will bid for public approval alone. Rock and Fulton are recognized in this country and in Europe as unrivaled exponents of spectacular songs and of the highest development of dancing, pantomime, and burlesque.

Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz will present the miniature operetta "Mon Amour," the book of which is by Edgar Allan Woolf and the music and lyrics by Mr. Kalisz. Both artists sing well. Miss Stone dresses handsomely and tastefully, and Mr. Kalisz is a clever French musical comedy star.

Thomas A. Edison's latest, greatest, and most wonderful invention, the Kinetophone, which is a perfect combination of his two former products, the moving picture and the phonograph, will be shown for the first time in this city. These talking moving pictures have taken the East by storm and are proving the greatest theatrical sensation it has known in many years. The entertainment provided by the Kinetophone for next week consists of a descriptive lecture and the Edison Minstrels.

Jean Bedini and Roy Arthur, the famous "jovial jugglers," are included in the novelties. Bedini specializes in juggling breakable articles, such as China plates, glass bottles, etc. His partner is a blackfaced comedian who causes a lot of fun in attempting and failing in the stunts which Bedini has apparently without difficulty accomplished.

The other new acts will be Mr. H. K. Guerro, the famous violin virtuoso; Mlle. Carmen, the brilliant harpist; and Nita Allen, a clever eccentric comedienne.

Next week concludes the engagements of Eddy Howard, and Rube Marquard and Blossom Seeley.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Billie Reeves, the original and inimitable "souse," is the stellar attraction on the eight-act programme next week at the Pantages Theatre. Reeves is the highest salaried single entertainer that has ever played the Pantages Circuit. Local show followers will recall him as having played the principal rôle with Ziegfeld's Follies of 1909 and 1910. Walter Montague's latest effort, "Good-by to Bohemia," will be the added attraction on the bill. It is a musical satire and depicts the so-called bohemian life in the gay life in the gay districts of San Francisco. The piece will be elaborately mounted and carries a cast of eight principals. The Four Regals, a quartet of masculine physical strength, offer an unusual act called the "King's Armorers." They lift great weights and do some remarkable balancing on ponderous swinging bars. The dean of old-time minstrels, Billy Kersands, just returned from Australia, where he was the leading comedian with the Dixie Minstrel Troupe, will make his first appearance in this city after an absence of ten years. In his day he was undeniably the greatest colored comedian that ever appeared on the stage. Brown and Foster, a pair of eccentric happy-go-lucky comedians, have a chattering and singing act interspersed with boisterous fun. Marie Hrdlicka, a blonde Bohemian songstress, makes a number of elaborate gown changes, one in particular being a magnificent green costume which she wears for her vocalizing of "Come Back to Erin." Miss Freda West, known as the California Venus, has one of the most beautiful spectacular posing acts in vaudeville. Two reels of motion pictures will round out the bill.

The final performance of "The Siren" at the Columbia Theatre will be given Sunday night. Donald Brian and his splendid supporting company have won instant success in the musical comedy.

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Howell—I feel like a fish out of water. *Powell*—I feel like a horse in a garage.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

First Doctor—I operated on him for appendicitis. *Second Doctor*—What was the matter with him?—*Life.*

Mrs. H. Peck—John, I wish you'd give me a synonym for misery. *Mr. H. Peck*—What's the matter with matrimony?—*Judge.*

Crook (to pal)—Say, Bill, I haint seen a detective in two months—you don't suppose dey'r lookin' fer me, do yer?—*Puck.*

"No smoker, no diner, no sleeper, no nothing. What kind of a train is this, anyway?" "This is the accommodation."—*Judge.*

"Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?" "No, mum. I'll never be th' same man again!"—*New York Mail.*

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"The man who runs that store has got the right idea, all right." "How so?" "He advertises: 'Bagpipes and musical instruments.'"—*Houston Post.*

"So your son has an easy place, Mrs. Jabbers, I understand. So little to do." "Yes, indeed. Jack says it is a perfect synonym."—*Baltimore American.*

Husband—By Jove, I want something exciting to read; something really bloodcurdling. *Helpful Wife*—Here is my dressmaker's bill, dearest.—*Puck.*

"We are going to give a series of bridge parties for the poor. I love to do things for the poor." "So do I. I love to play bridge for them."—*Milwaukee News.*

The great mystery presented by some of the taxicab meters is the question of how you could go that far in the space of time without being arrested for speeding.—*Washington Star.*

"Eat what you like," advises Dr. Woods Hutchinson, famous magazine article editor. But will the doctor be kind enough to tell us how to first get what we like to eat?—*Shreveport Journal.*

Frayed Philip—Wot's become o' Pete? *Gritty George*—Pete? Oh, he's gone to de bad. *F. P.*—In jail, is he? *G. G.*—Worse'n that; he's workin' reg'lar in a factory.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I understand that the young man in the house next to you is a finished cornetist?" "Gee! Is he? I was just screwing up my courage to finish him myself! Who did it?"—*Houston Post.*

"So you claim to be a literary man, eh?" "Yes, sir; I wrote that book: 'A Dozen Ways to Make a Living.'" "And yet you are begging!" "Yes, sir; that's one of the ways."—*Houston Post.*

Mrs. Kaller—Cooks are such ignorant things nowadays. *Mrs. Justwed*—Aren't they? They can't do the simplest things. I asked mine to make some sweetbreads the other day and she said she couldn't.—*McCall's Magazine.*

The Son (proudly)—I am going to have my college diploma framed. Where would you advise me to hang it? *The Father (grimly)*—Put it alongside that beautifully embossed mining-stock certificate of mine.—*Puck.*

"I see that Edmund Kean, the great English actor, went on the stage a hundred years ago and received but $7 a week." "Gee, he should have waited a hundred years and learned how to play baseball."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Lawyer—I think I can get you a divorce, madam, for cruel and inhuman treatment—but do you think your husband will fight the suit? *Woman*—Fight! Why, the little shrimp dasn't even come into a room where I am!—*Truth Seeker.*

"What makes you carry that horrible shriek machine for an automobile signal?" "For humane reasons," replied Mr. Chuggins. "If I can paralyze a person with fear, he will keep still, and I can run to one side of him."—*Washington Star.*

"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper. "Why don't they enforce the law, then?" meekly asked Mr. Henpecke.—*Buffalo Express.*

"I see the Bulgarians are trying to open the Dardanelles," remarked the Lady Who Reads the Papers. "What are Dardanelles?" inquired the Man Who Waltzes Beautifully. "Oh, I don't know; something they have over in Turkey. Perhaps they're the places where those old Turks keep their extra wives after they get tired of having them around," replied the Lady Who Reads the Papers.—*Springfield Union.*

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THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Armies and Navies.

It may well occur to the advocates of international peace that they are living and laboring in vain in view of the fact that Germany has just announced her intention largely to increase her army and that France will arrive at the same end by means of a time extension of military service. There is, indeed, one crumb of comfort in the situation, but even that is largely illusionary. Germany is willing to come to some agreement with England in the matter of ship-building, but the proposed arrangement is not in deference to the beautiful eyes of her rival but because Germany is now more afraid of the Balkan armies than she is of the British navy. The chief danger has shifted from the sea to the land, since the hostility of the Balkans to Austria may easily involve the whole Teutonic world and indeed the whole of Europe.

A naval agreement between Germany and England must cause some rearrangement of the ship-building plans lately matured in Canada. Obviously there will be no advantage in bestowing ships upon a British navy that must in any case be limited in size. Under these circumstances, so truly distressing to martial minds, there will be nothing left for Canada but to have a nice little navy of her own in case the Esquimaux should give trouble at any time. A Dreadnought or so per annum will be quite a comfortable investment for such financial surpluses as there may be in the Dominion, and then think of the spasms of patriotic pride that will be invoked by the tax collector who comes round with his little bill.

It seems strange that these new countries should have so much pugnacity, or patriotism, as they prefer to call it. Canada with her navy and Australia with her brand-new system of military conscription suggest some reflections on the hackneyed assurances that peace on earth and good will toward men will be found as milestones on the road of triumphant democracy. New nationalities might surely find something better to do than build navies or create conscript armies.

President Wilson.

Some Democratic estimates of President Wilson are so tinged with a glowing ecstasy that the inevitable limitations of human nature are likely to prove their undoing. We are all willing to believe that the new President is a man of exceptional ability with clear-cut ideas and with a strong sense of national duty. All American Presidents have possessed the third of these virtues, most of them the second, and some of them the first, but any attempt now to build a mental picture of a universal genius, or a man of destiny, will end in disappointment. Indeed it would be unfair to the President himself, since nothing is so heavy a handicap as inflated expectations.

So far—and the journey can hardly be said to have begun—the President has done well. He has shown a disposition to work hard and silently, while he has struck a distinct note of originality by an adroit transference of the burden of patronage from his own shoulders to those of his Cabinet officers. It is an intolerable outrage that any President at any time should be required to submit to the intolerable exactions of the office-seekers and the handshakers, but it is a part of our inverted sense of the fitness of things that a President should be expected to show his devotion to the national sentiment by wasting the national time. Mr. Wilson has now somewhat abated the nuisance by spreading it over a wider area, and in this respect he has acted with good sense. What the Cabinet officers may think of the proceeding is another matter.

What the Democracy at large will think of it is also another matter. From the standpoint of the average follower of the immortal Jefferson a Democratic President is supposed to live, move, and have his being for the single purpose of making Democratic appointments. They call it "advancing the cause of the Democracy," and we may be sure that stalwarts all over the country are already perplexed by a presidential supineness in living up to the opportunities of the moment. Great policies may come and go, and there may be wars and rumors of wars, but the village postmastership outranks them all in importance. Here is to be found the real test of party devotion and here the actual proof of the new order of things after the many years of travail in the wilderness. A Democratic President who allows his attention to wander from the party essentials, from village postmasterships and the like, from a deferential heed to the horse thieves—as Grover Cleveland called them—is such a new kind of Democratic President as almost to be worse than no Democratic President at all. It is not the fact that Mr. Wilson has delegated to underlings his appointive functions that hurts. Doubtless they will do the best they can with the loaves and fishes at their disposal. But it does hurt that the President should be heedless of the chief mission of his official life, and that he should presumably be wasting his time over Mexico, trusts, currency, tariff, and goodness knows what besides, to the exclusion of matters of real import such as the aforesaid postmasterships.

But the President will be left to settle this matter with the faithful bread line. It is not for outsiders to comment. Inevitably there will be a season of disappointment and of grumbling and then we shall know what cause we have to sit up and take notice. Probably the President has now had time after the heat of election to reach some salutary estimate of what that election actually meant. He has had time to weigh the true significance of the popular vote as well as the lack of enthusiasm that accompanied the vote. All these things will have a sobering effect, but they should not have a discouraging effect. They should do no more than remind the President that he has still his spurs to win and that the most valuable of all virtues will caution foresightedness and prudence.

Mr. Taft's Last Veto.

It is well that we should understand why Mr. Taft felt it necessary to veto the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, which included a vote of $500,000 for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This veto was almost his last official act before leaving the White House. It was affixed without hesitation, and in order to nullify as impudent a piece of class legislation as ever yet tried to smuggle itself into operation under a general bill. It was necessary to sign the bill as a whole, or to veto it as a whole. The President had no power to discriminate in the matter, and there was no middle course open to him. Therefore those who feel aggrieved by the delay in the exposition appropriation must place the blame, not upon Mr. Taft, but upon those vicious legislators who are ever on the watch to help forward some sinister cause in furtive and stealthy ways.

The appropriation bill was vetoed because it contained a clause exempting labor unions from the operations of criminal law, to-wit, the Sherman and other acts of a like kind. The bill provided the sum of $300,000 in order to meet the expenses incurred in the enforcement of anti-trust laws, but with the understanding as expressed in a specially inserted clause that no part of this sum should be expended in the prosecution of a labor union guilty of breaking these same statutes. In other words, a certain class of actions was to be considered a punishable offense when committed by all other persons, associations, and combinations, but not an offense when committed by a labor union. The whole nation was warned that it must refrain from certain deeds under penalty of legal prosecution, but the very bill that provided for such prosecution extended a specific immunity to labor unions to commit the same acts which in all other persons were to be considered as crimes. That a clause of so outrageous a nature should be inserted in a general appropriation bill covering many useful and necessary items, and that the whole bill must stand or fall together, is one of those legislative anomalies that may well cause us to question the reality of our democracy. This abomination had been passed by the "representatives" of the people—the people, it need hardly be said, never having heard of it before. It would have become a law but for the vigilance of one man using the autocratic powers conferred upon him by the constitution. It is a pity that there is no effective way to gibbet the name of every one responsible for the insertion of this clause into the appropriation bill, and of every one who voted for it, in order that liberty-loving citizens might see to it that they never again had a chance for mischief of the same kind. And until there is some such effective display of a retributory public opinion the legislatures, national and state alike, will continue to be the menace to public liberty that they are now. They will continue to pimp and pander to every dangerous tyranny that can command voices and votes. If labor unions are to be exempt from one law, why not from all laws? Why not revise the whole criminal code by a general and inclusive proviso of immunity for every labor organization and for every one bearing a union card? If they are to be exempt from anti-trust laws why should they not also be exempt from the laws against arson and murder? And it may be said incidentally that a good many of our judges and most of our policemen seem to be under the impression that such a proviso of immunity has already been passed. Small wonder that it should be so with such an object lesson from Washington.

The attitude of the San Francisco daily newspapers toward this presidential veto is not without its illuminating features. In the view of some of these extraordinary productions it would seem that a fact ceases to be a fact if it be of the kind distasteful to labor unions. If there was any news item of the day that might be considered to be of interest to San Francisco it was the fate of the appropriation bill containing the national money-vote for the exposition. But apparently our newspapers thought differently. The *Chronicle* stated that the appropriation bill had been vetoed and it gave the reasons for the veto. It gave the story very briefly and as one of those horrid things that it is not nice to talk about, but it did give it. The *Examiner* suppressed it wholly, presumably lest some horny-handed son of toil should resent the statement of a fact and so bestow his nickel elsewhere. The *Call* stated the facts in its news columns, but reverts to the subject in a more recent editorial conveying the direct suggestion that Mr. Taft vetoed the bill because of the inadequacy of the appropriation for the exposition. Congress, says the *Call,* made itself ridiculous before the world when it appropriated only $500,000 for the government exhibit, and "it was fortunate that President Taft vetoed the Sundry Civil bill and thereby saved the self-respect of the nation." It is hard to believe that the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* can go much further than this. If a fact may be displeasing to labor unions, by all means let the fact be suppressed, and let a lie be invented to take its place, since a pleasant lie is so much more profitable than an unpleasant truth. And the *Call* is the newspaper that "no interest can terrify," an "independent newspaper," and "the newspaper of authority."

There are some situations that appear to be hopeless. It appears hopeless to expect that any considerable number of legislators will ever refrain from any dirty expedient that may secure a vote. It appears hopeless to expect that any but a minority of newspapers will ever repudiate suppression and falsification of news that happens to be unpalatable to labor unions.

Pensions for Everyone.

Emotionalism and responsibility came into somewhat sharp conflict at the recent meeting of the San Francisco Centre, convened in order to consider the need of the mothers' pension bill now before the state legislature. And it may be said incidentally that there is no such pleasant road to a philanthropic reputation as the advocacy of a pension bill. It costs nothing, and it gives opportunity for a central position in the limelight and for those tremolo oratorical effects so effective with the gallery.

It seems that there is a California League for the Protection of Motherhood, and that Miss Frances Jolliffe is, somewhat inappropriately, its president. Miss Jolliffe put in an appearance at the meeting of the Centre and she had brought with her a specimen mother of six children, who was prepared to explain how much she needed a vote from the public funds. But unfortunately no place for Miss Jolliffe and her protégée had been reserved on the programme, and so after a heated protest they withdrew, taking with them the atmosphere of emotionalism with which they were charged.

Miss Felton, who is the chairman of the legislative committee of the Centre, then stated the reasons for her opposition to the bill, and it need hardly be said that Miss Felton has proved her capacity as well as her philanthropy by very many years of effective service among the poor. There was, she said, no adequate way to finance such a bill, and she recommended that full and authoritative inquiry be made before any attempt at legislation. Let us hope that Miss Felton's counsel will prevail and that such remedial measures as may be adopted will be based upon sound economic principles rather than upon hysterical outcries for doles and gifts.

No one questions for a moment that the dependent mother is among the most pitiable products of civilization. But then civilization is full of pitiable products. They are the symptoms of social disease and not the disease itself. If we once allow ourselves to be seduced by the fatal ease of the pension, which can never be more than a palliative, is it likely that the line will be drawn at dependent mothers? Why not also dependent spinsters? Why not all the victims of outrageous fortune? The pension part of our government is not among the causes for national pride, and already some of the best thinkers of the day are wondering whether the pension principle as a whole does not create more evils than it relieves. At least it is a path upon which we should walk with the utmost wariness.

We may also remember with advantage that the state treasury is not supplied with funds like manna from Heaven. It represents taxes. Every cent that is voted by the legislature is drawn from the pockets of the people, who inevitably recoup themselves wherever possible by higher prices for commodities and lower prices for labor. Taxes invariably filter downward toward the poorer strata of society and therefore a spasmodic relief of distress by means of a pension list is an additional burden imposed upon those least able to bear it.

The Case of Dr. Friedmann.

The case of Dr. Friedmann and of his reception by the medical authorities of New York is one that is likely to cause some perplexity to honest folk. Now it may be said frankly that the *Argonaut* is not disposed to look hopefully upon any of the loudly acclaimed panaceas for tuberculosis that make their sensational appearance from time to time, arouse false hopes throughout the sorrowful army of sufferers, and then disappear ignominiously. The *Argonaut,* in common with most intelligent observers, believes that disease is invariably the proof of a violated natural law, and that while there may be many palliatives of the highest value, the most useful department of scientific investigation is of the preventive kind. It was therefore disposed to take Dr. Friedmann's supposed discovery with the proverbial grain of salt, and rather a large grain, too. Dr. Friedmann's announcement was the latest among many of its kind. They have all disappeared, but they have left in their wake a mass of disappointment and misery that can hardly be computed.

But no one has yet questioned Dr. Friedmann's good faith. Rightly or wrongly, he believed that he had found a specific for the white plague. Nor has any one been found to question his scientific standing in his own country, and it may be said that Germany is almost the Mecca of the aspiring medical researcher who wishes to put the final polish upon his medical education. Dr. Friedmann came to this country in order personally to put his remedy at the service of American medicine. If he preserved a certain amount of secrecy in its preparation he had distinguished precedents for his caution. Dr. Ehrlich, for example, is said to have done the same thing. But his secrecy was not excessive. He was prepared to furnish responsible physicians with specimens and with all the information that they needed, and, unless current reports are incorrect, he actually did this. If he expected to profit financially from his discovery it does not seem that he actually transgressed the ethics of his profession. Even doctors must live.

And how was Dr. Friedmann received in New York? As an enemy. As one whose advances must be repelled at all costs. As a poacher upon preserves that must be protected against invasion. The New York County Medical Society reminds Dr. Friedmann that he has no license to practice medicine in this country and refers him to the board of health. The board of health gravely consider the matter—a matter that has aroused the agonized attention of thousands of persons—and finally announce that they will neither make any human tests themselves nor permit Dr. Friedmann to do so, so far as they can prevent him. Graciously they agree to accept some samples and to make some tests, "but not on patients." Finally, after coils of red tape have been unraveled and a mass of selfish ill-will shouldered upon one side, Dr. Friedmann is furnished with a few tuberculous patients who were pathetically eager for the experiment, and the newspapers are then filled with ill-natured professional comments on the German physician's appearance, his nervousness, his manner of operating. and the inefficiency of his instruments.

If this were merely a display of bad manners it would be needless to comment upon them except to express regret at the impression that they must create abroad. But it is a case of something much worse than bad manners. Let us suppose—a highly improbable supposition—that this remedy is actually effective and that Dr. Friedmann will share the laurels of Pasteur, Ehrlich, and Koch. It may conceivably be so, since some curiously favorable reports have already been received. It will not be pleasant then to remember that he was received in New York as a charlatan, with sneers, and flouts, and jibes, that a number of three-for-a-quarter physicians of the kind that usually make up our boards of health were allowed to impose their trumpery veto upon a great discovery.

But there is another point still more serious, and equally so whether or not Dr. Friedmann's discovery is an effective one. Do the members of the New York board of health or of the County Medical Society suppose that the tuberculous sufferers of the state are their private property, or that they have the right to interpose their absurd licensing regulations between those sufferers and a possible cure? It would seem so, but they must be undeceived upon that point. If Dr. Friedmann were without credentials in his own country, if he were a mere wandering empiric, there would be some justification for keeping him at arm's length. But his credentials are high. He is not an empiric. In any other country in civilization he would be welcomed and honored. But it is left to America to warn off a man of repute and to assert the principle that the physically afflicted of the nation are the private property of a sort of professional labor union, that their pitiful and dire need is subordinate to the sensibilities and the exclusive privileges of a clique. It is to be hoped Dr. Friedmann will recognize that this churlishness does not represent the medical profession of the country nor the federal authorities, who have shown an enlightened and broad-gauge interest in the matter, but only a sort of political fringe more careful of an unreal prestige than of the public good or the public repute.

The Comedy at Sacramento.

It is evident that Assemblyman H. C. Bagby of Santa Maria, although a Democrat, is not without his lucid intervals. Being the only Democratic legislator from the southern part of the state it may be that a sense of isolation has conduced to those reflective processes that are lamentably out of favor at Sacramento. However that may be, Dr. Bagby deserves to go upon record for his outspoken opinion that the legislature is a costly and ridiculous farce, and that it would be well for us to minimize the evil by reducing the number of members and allowing them to convene every four years instead of every two years. The community at large, if we may judge from public comment, seems to be of opinion that the process of numerical reduction could hardly be carried too far, and that a four-yearly session would exactly halve the existing scandal. It could be halved again by extending the period of immunity to eight years.

The second half of the divided session is now in progress, and it is easy to believe that Governor Johnson is sick and tired of the whole nuisance, not because it is mischievous to the public, but because of its injurious effects upon his own fortunes. He is fully shrewd to know that he himself is involved in the gust of contemptuous laughter with which these farcical proceedings have been greeted from one end of the state to the other. It is a Progressive legislature, summoned from the depths of human inanity by the wave of the Progressive wand which he himself carried. Now at last the public can see for itself what the dancing dervishes of progressivism are capable of in the way of legislation. There is not an interest in the state that has been left unthreatened, not a personal liberty unassailed, not a folly or a prejudice unchampioned. No wonder that the governor is anxious to ring down the curtain and to lower the lights. His armory contains no weapon against ridicule.

It is hopeless to forecast what the legislature will do in its declining days. There are 4000 bills to be considered, and of course the large majority of these will die by a merciful strangulation. But determined efforts will be made to pass many of the more objectionable among them. There are bills by the score, mainly emanating from ministers and women's clubs, enacting that vice no longer exist, and nothing is more deplorable than to read of the many legislators who know, and say, that these repressive measures will actually aggravate existing conditions but that they must none the less be voted for under pain of political extinction. Some of these bills, and the more highly favored among them, actually offer a money reward to informers and so dignify the trade of the spy into a remunerative profession. To expect that legislators will resist the coercion of clubs and organizations is to ask too much of legislative human nature. Legislators are not made after that pattern.

One of the chief dangers of pernicious legislation is to be found in the habit of trading votes. Jones promises to vote for Robinson's bill in return for Robinson's promise to vote for Jones's bill. Neither has the least interest in the other's measure and probably the community would condemn them both. A measure of real value can secure the votes necessary to its passage only in return for corresponding votes for the crazy bills of other members, and so freak after freak is pushed onward toward success, not because those who vote for them have any belief in them, but because their aid is the price that must be paid for reciprocal favors. It is a sorry spectacle. The whole session has been a sorry spectacle, and we have no right to hope that it will not be repeated again and again so long as self-seeking reformers for revenue only are able to persuade a busy and uninformed electorate that it is possible to secure the kingdom of heaven upon earth merely by the passing of laws.

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The Democratic House.

If the Democratic President has so far exposed himself neither to praise nor to blame it is hardly possible to say so much for the Democratic House. Economy may be said to have been the keynote of preëlection utterances. It was the wicked Republicans who had wasted the national resources in riotous living and who had sought to buttress their political fortunes by financial props from the public treasury. A Democratic success would mean a tight hand upon the purse strings, and that wise caution in expenditure that should always be exercised in the disposition of trust funds. Doubtless the Democrats meant all that they said, since virtue without temptation is within the reach of us all. But performance, unfortunately, has fallen far short of promise.

The Democratic performance in reference to what is inelegantly but expressively known as the Pork-Barrel bill may best be summarized in the words of the Democratic congressman from Georgia, one of the few Democrats who had the courage to be honest. Mr. Hardwick of Georgia said: "I believe honestly and candidly that this is the worst bill of its kind that was ever reported to an American House of Representatives." And Mr. Hardwick was right. For sheer and wanton extravagance it would be hard to find its equal. In point of fact it was a bill embodying all the worst features of public dishonesty, for from the ethical standpoint there is no essential difference between bribing a community and bribing an individual, nor does it matter much whether the bribe take the form of a public building or a roll of greenbacks. This particular bill distributed 289 public buildings among 289 localities, and any bill intended to bribe 289 different electoral districts need not doubt of a congressional majority. Now it may be that Willows, California, with a population of 1100 people, can not keep its place on the map or discharge its vast public functions without a public building costing $75,000, but we doubt it. Perhaps Maryville, in Tennessee, with 2381 people, is gravely handicapped by its lack of an edifice costing $60,000, but once more we doubt it. Buffalo, in Wyoming, is another roaring metropolis wlith 1368 people, including babies, and it may really need an expenditure of $62,500. Bellefourche, South Dakota, with its dense population of 1300 people, will doubtless be improved by a building costing $75,000, but the public at large will be hard to convince. The public at large will say that this is just plain looting, that it is bribery and corruption with the national funds, and that it is but a sorry performance of promises, and a sorry answer to the clause in the Baltimore platform which said, "We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic government."

Mr. Hardwick was not the only Democrat to protest. Mr. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn did the same, and it is from Mr. Fitzgerald's speech that the foregoing figures are extracted. Mr. Fitzgerald said that the bill "can not be defended from any standpoint of public necessity." He said, moreover, that "the sham economists who have been talking economy and advocating public building bills which fasten obligations upon the treasury should either quit talking economy or should attempt to stop the authorizations which make inevitable the expenditure of large sums of public money." He said much more to the same effect, but he might as well have talked to the winds. To the Democratic House had come an intoxicating glimpse through the doors of the United States Treasury, and it could no more be restrained than a desert traveler can be restrained in sight of water. And yet we wonder at the high cost of living while millions of dollars are joyously voted away for public buildings that are not needed. For it does not appear that these buildings are penitentiaries.

It is an undeniably bad begining, and one likely to vex the heart of the President. The best that we can do is to hope for penitence and amendment, but the hope is not a robust one.

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The Case of the Shop Assistant.

The disclosures as to the wages and status of department store assistants in Chicago and elsewhere have naturally aroused the attention of the country, although it may be said that nothing has yet been revealed that was not already a part of the common knowledge of practical men and women. But it seems that knowledge is not enough. Facts must not only be known, but they must be known through particular channels before a remedy is demanded. In this case the channel of a public inquiry seems to have met the need.

The disease may be diagnosed in a very few words. It seems that by the most conservative estimate there are thousands of girls who do not receive enough pay to enable them to live honestly. There is no need to dwell upon the results, because they are among the most obvious and the most ugly of our social phenomena. They are results, it may be said, that would have horrified the people of "barbarous" Rome or of the "dark ages" of mediæval Europe. They constitute a social malady that legislation can do little or nothing to alleviate. Indeed legislation can easily increase the evil by acting as a narcotic upon the individual conscience.

Any consideration of the problem of the underpaid shop assistant brings us at once face to face with a curious anomaly that seems to be vital to the inquiry. From every great city in the country comes the distressful wail of the housekeeper that domestic servants can not be hired for love or money. Probably every underpaid shop assistant in Chicago could secure a domestic situation by raising her hand. She could insure herself the customary "good home" of the advertising columns, an abundance of food, and a release from financial worry. But the overcrowded store and the help-less home still confront each other. Apparently there is no way to relieve the congestion of the one by ministering to the needs of the other. There are no blandishments that can tempt the shop assistant into the kitchen. In her own words she would "rather starve." And she does starve, or ———.

Now labor of all kinds is usually well informed as to its own interests. These girls, simply because they are girls, are more or less familiar, if only by instinct, with the demands of domestic service. Certainly they are familiar with the demands of the department store. And they prefer the department store, emphatically, unequivocally, unanimously. It is all very well to say that they are blind to their own interests. That sort of reply satisfies no one except the irritated housewife. When it comes to bread and butter very few people are blind to their own interests, and when the shop assistant voluntarily goes without bread and butter rather than get bread and butter in some paricular way there must be a reason for it.

Upon economic questions we have in Miss Ida Tarbell an authority to whom it is well to listen. And Miss Ida Tarbell has directed her attention to this very question. In her book, "The Business of Being a Woman," she informs her own sex on some of the public duties that women might have performed but that they have neglected. For example, she reminds us that the present age has seen a new dignity conferred upon every branch of labor—except the labor done by women for women. This great department of national activity, she says, is "in a poorer estate today than ever before in the history of the country." But let us quote what Miss Tarbell has to say about domestic work and the status given to it by the woman employer:

> Instead of being dignified it has been demeaned. No other honest work in the country so belittles a woman socially as housework performed for money. It is the only field of labor which has scarcely felt the touch of the modern labor movement; the only one where the hours, conditions, and wages are not being attacked generally; the only one in which there is no organization or standardization, no training, no regular road of progress. It is the only field of labor in which there seems to be a general tendency to abandon the democratic notion and return frankly to the standards of the aristocratic régime.

The housewife, says Miss Tarbell, usually objects to the girl's inclination to marry. Of course she does. She regards it as an infringement upon her own rights. So far as is possible she counteracts the girl's willingness to marry, and she can counteract it in a hundred subtle ways. But, asks Miss Tarbell, "is it not part of her business to help settle her servants in matrimony?" The shop assistant believes that she belongs to a higher social caste than the maid. Of course she does. Women have told her so. Women have classified the world into social castes, and so Miss Tarbell summarizes her contention in the following words:

> If she is to bring to the labor world the regeneration she dreams, she must begin, not by saying that the shopgirl, the clerk, the teacher, are in a higher class than the cook, the waitress, the maid, but that we are all laborers alike, sisters by virtue of the service we are rendering society.

Now it is probably far easier, certainly far more pleasant, for women to denounce the male employer, to denounce male government, for this horrible state of things, than to put their own house in order. It is easier to demand minimum wages and to batter at the legislative door for the right to "pass laws for women." But this very state of things is the direct creation of the housewives of the country, who have deliberately put a social stigma upon the class of labor of which they are most in need. And there is no remedy except the removal of that stigma. A legal minimum wage never yet increased the happiness of any human being and it never will. Human happiness is increased by individual acts of justice that spring from a desire to be just, it is increased by a kindliness that comes from the heart and not from the head. But justice takes precedence. Let women learn to buy their household help just as they buy their butter or their cheese, full price for full weight, without any sort of class or caste demeanor, without the atmosphere of condescension or distinction, and we shall see the end of two distressing problems, the problem of the store and the problem of the home.

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Glavis and the "Outlook."

The *Outlook* is very much concerned lest recent events should throw a shadow upon the reputation of Mr. Glavis, that immaculate lamb of a stern and unbending progressivism. Glavis, we are implored to remember, did not do anything actually wrong. He may have been indiscreet. He may have failed to remember that a quintessence of superheated purity is demanded of those who bask in the radiance of a Johnson administration, and that it was not enough to avoid evil, but that, like Cæsar's wife, he should have refrained from the very appearance of evil. All that he did was to offer "for a price to use his influence to secure the preferential listings of these rich and powerful concerns." Now it is not given to ordinary individuals to scale the giddy ethical heights of the gospel according to the *Outlook*. Lesser people must still fall back on the Ten Commandments, and to such people it seems a very grave offense to take money in order to secure preferential treatment from a government bureau. In fact they call it bribery and corruption. Of course all depends upon the point of view, and it may be that the shameless venalities of ordinary life become merely youthful indiscretions when committed by the curly headed boys of the progressive movement one and indivisible. But perhaps even the point of view of the *Outlook* might undergo some modification if it would try to put itself in the place of those other concerns that did not pay bribes to Mr. Glavis and whose listings were therefore to be relegated to a back place to make room for the listings of those who did. In the meantime we must regretfully exclude the *Outlook* from our favorite list of Sunday-school literature.

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Smaller and dingy, but "artistic," the new nickels are slowly coming into circulation. Among the first seen on the Pacific Coast were some sent out as advertising souvenirs by the enterprising agent of a wild west show. Last year $1,700,000 in nickels were minted, but this year no coins of the old design were struck off. There is always a big demand for a new coin by the banks throughout the country, however, and it is probable that between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000 worth of the new nickels will be coined within the year. This will mean close to 80,000,000 coins, that, in spite of "art" and the hardly legible lettering, will be known as "nickels."

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When Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, succeeded to the Sultanate he found the sacred city of Fez infested by rats. Without any loss of time he at once nationalized all the cats of Morocco and issued a command that many thousands of them should be marched into Fez for service. For some time a law has existed in Hongkong making it compulsory to keep cats in every house, the number varying according to the size of the house. Only a short time back the governor of the German colony of Togo issued an order for cats to be kept in all hospitals, schools, and prisons.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Two high authorities have something to tell us on the attitude in which literature is approached by women. First comes Mr. E. V. Lucas, who says that novel writing has become a habit instead of an occasional and definite means of expression. Women write novels that may be described as imaginary autobiographies, or, in Mr. Lucas's words, they "create the kind of life which the writer would have lived if she ever had the chance." They are exercises in the "consolation school of fiction." Probably very few women have written novels that are not thus imaginatively autobiographical. The author rarely confines herself to observation and record. A sort of ideal portrait of herself peeps from every page. Then there is that other kind of writer whose novel is practically an intimate letter addressed to one person only.

The other authority is a public librarian who has been observing the young people who come to the library in search of material for school essays and the like. Let us suppose that the works of some poet have been assigned for study. The male student asks for a volume of the actual works, but the female student demands some book that will describe what other people have said about those works. But it is to be feared that men and women alike are sinners in this respect. We all have a weakness for reading books about books. For every reader who has read Plato there are a dozen who have read books about Plato, and as for Kant we have all read synopses, digests, and analyses of his philosophy, but how many of us have read the "Kritik" itself? Are there ten people in San Francisco who have achieved this feat? Are there twenty people in San Francisco who have read Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"? or twenty who have read Milton's "Paradise Lost"?

A Bulgarian deserter who has escaped into Roumania says that the extraordinarily severe news cenorship established by the Bulgarian authorities is intended to conceal the condition of the army, which he describes as desperate. Discipline is harsh, while the appalling casualty lists have caused a general feeling of resentment at the unnecessary failure of the peace negotiations. He adds that the country is completely exhausted, morally and materially, and while it would be unwise to attach much importance to the opinions of a deserter, there is nothing in this to occasion surprise. It is only a high moral purpose that can sustain the sentiment of a nation during a long war, and it is absurd to suppose that there is any such sentiment in the Balkan States. One might as well look for moral sentiment in a dog-fight. The Bulgarians are fighting because every mother's son among them drank in pugnacity with the maternal milk, because their very cradle songs were of war, and because they were trained in the conviction that their mission in life, the purpose of their birth, was to cut the throats of Turks. There is hardly a war of modern times that has not been followed by a popular recognition that it need not have been fought, and that the price was vastly in excess of the value. And that conviction usually arrives with the heavy casualty lists.

Captain Oates may have had some sort of premonition of the stern and self-imposed necessity that drove him out into the Antarctic ice field in order that his own disabilities might not hamper the movements of his companions. Mr. Ponting, the photographer of the expedition, says that he once discussed with him this very question—if a man broke down on a polar journey, what should he do?—and that Captain Oates replied, "There's nothing for him to do but to destroy himself." And so we find the whole world applauding an act of suicide, which is base only when committed for a selfish end and sublime when the self-taken life is sacrificed to the welfare of others.

The New York *Evening Post* quotes a man "who holds a high position in the direction of foreign mission work" to the effect that the various Mexican revolutions are due to the influence of the priests, who dread any movement that may result in the education or elevation of the people. Republican rule, says this missionary authority, is considered adverse to the prospects of the church because it tended in the direction of popular instruction, and the revolt against Madero was therefore engineered by the priests in the hope of restoring the *status quo ante*. All of which may be true, but the first thought that arises in the mind takes the form of a biblical quotation to the effect, "How these Christians love one another." No wonder that the untutored aboriginal mind should be perplexed by these rival "tidings of great joy" voiced by men who on the smallest provocation, or upon no provocation at all, charge each other with wholesale murder and with abominable and sinister policies intended to plunge a nation into the desolation of civil war.

Professor Quervain, the well-known Alpine explorer, confirms an observation of atmospheric conditions that has been made elsewhere and that goes far to explain a certain class of maritime disaster. Professor Quervain tells us that workmen on the Jungfrau Railroad used twenty-five tons of dynamite while constructing the highest section of the line. The explosions were heard within a radius of thirty miles. There was then a zone of fourteen miles in which nothing was heard, and outside of this and for a further circle of fifty miles the explosions were again audible. The professor calls this intervening zone the Zone of Silence, but he is unable to account for it. He asks whether this may not clear up the mystery of General Daun, who in the Seven Years' War is supposed to have deserted General Laudon when the latter was being attacked by Frederic II at Liegnitz, forty miles away. General Daun said that he heard nothing of the firing, although it was distinctly audible for many miles behind his army. It may also account for disasters at sea when warning signals have been unheard. But if there is any way in which zones of silence can be produced artificially we should like to order a few of them. They would be useful during political crises and whenever the voice of the reformer is loud in the land.

We have to go to the English newspapers for supplementary side lights on the gentle doves now at the head of the suffragette movement in England. Thus we read that Miss Sylvia Pankhurst put in an appearance at the Cannon-row police station, seized the inkpot and threw it into the middle of the room, splashing the ink over the face of an inspector. Her own hands being covered with the same useful fluid, she followed up her first attack upon the majesty of the law by slapping the inspector's face and leaving the imprint of her dainty fingers upon that intelligent countenance. To fine the dear Sylvia $10 for this display of suffragette manners seems the *reductio ad absurdum.* Since she favors the slapping method of correction some stalwart police matron should have been entrusted with the task of administering the same medicine to herself, but not on the face.

Two medical investigators, one in England and the other in Copenhagen, have come to the conclusion that cancer is due to cockroaches, possibly through some alliterative process of reasoning. Hence—swat that cockroach. We are not without hope that if we can but kill a sufficiency of animals we may yet prolong our own lives.

Sir Randal Cremer recently summarized some of the inequalities of the English law as between men and women. Some of these inequalities are as follows:

A woman, however wealthy, is not legally bound to contribute to the support of her parents, however necessitous they may be, but a man, however poor he may be, is legally responsible in that respect.

A married man may, by a county court judge, be imprisoned for contempt of court, if it is proved that he has the means of paying, and will not do so, either his own or his wife's debts; but no such punishment can be inflicted on a married woman, however wealthy she may be.

A wife may leave her husband without any risk, and he can not compel her to return to him, but if the husband leaves his wife she can summon him for desertion, and have an order made for his return and for her support.

If a man has a wife who spends his wages in drink, sells his furniture, and breaks up his home to obtain drink, deserts him and his children, leaving them without food, he has no remedy, and can not leave her without risk of being punished for desertion.

To this Miss Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, replies that the very fact of these discriminations in favor of women is an insult and a "grievance of the first water, since they emanate from an assumption of feminine inferiority." There seems to be no pleasing some people.

The Pope's sister died without the consolation of a visit from her brother, but a writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* says that the Pope would probably have been at her deathbed if he himself had been strong enough for the journey. Once upon a previous occasion the Pope is said to have secretly left the Vatican for a similar purpose, and it is known that his predecessor broke this time-honored precedent upon three occasions. On the evening of his election Leo XIII returned incognito to the Palazzo Falconieri in order to remove some private papers. Twelve years later he drove in secret to see his brother, Cardinal Giuseppe Pecci, on his deathbed. The third occasion was public. Taking his morning drive through the Vatican grounds Leo told his coachman to leave the grounds by the gate in the via della Fondamenta, and to return by another entrance, about half a mile off. This route took him past the mint, where the sentries, recognizing the Pope, presented arms.

The usual eugenist was well to the front at the national conference of poor law authorities lately in session in London. It seems that nothing intervenes between us and the kingdom of heaven except a lack of law empowering the so-called medical expert to affix the label of degenerate to whomsoever he pleases and then to mutilate and sterilize to his heart's content. We are all familiar with this particular and impudent form of quackery and there would be no need to notice this incident except for the reply that it elicited from one of the conferees. This reply took the form of a reminder of the conclusions reached upon this very point by a recent royal commission which made an exhaustive examination of facts and evidences. The report of the royal commission was to the effect that "an absolutely conclusive reply, based on facts alone, can not be given to the question whether a parent or parents who are defective are much more likely to have mentally defective children than are mentally normal parents." It will usually be found that the chief stock in trade of the eugenist is a strident and convincing assertion of the things that are not so.

It seems strange that the great Sphinx of Egypt, one of the seven wonders of the world, has never yet been explored. But Professor Reisner of Harvard intends to remove that particular reproach from archæology, and indeed he has already so far done so as to justify a remarkable report upon his progress. Inside the paws of the Sphinx he has found a temple dedicated to the sun and dating from about 6000 B. C. This temple is connected by tunnels with another chamber in the head of the figure and measuring sixty feet long by fourteen feet wide. Hundreds of gold crosses have been found in the form of the "Crux Ansata" with attached wires for the tiny gold bells that were used for ceremonial purposes. One of Professor Reisner's chief difficulties is in the reluctance of his Arab workmen to enter the excavations, and nothing will persuade them to sleep there. They say that the place is full of devils.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

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Eleven million dollars were spent in additions to and support of New York City hospitals during 1912, or about two dollars for each man, woman, and child in the municipality.

OLD FAVORITES.

Nature's Monitions.

FROM "DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS."

Evermore, through year renew'd
In undisturb'd vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scatter'd Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head:—
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallow'd rest.

—*William Wordsworth.*

The Plough.

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE.

Above yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods;
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow;
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours:
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers.

—*Richard Henry Horne.*

Blossoming Spring.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder gleaming gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

Spring Sweetness.

FROM "DEDICATION."

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scantly leaved, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds.

—*John Keats.*

The Coming of Spring.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remember'd grief is forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THE MYSTERY OF HERTFORD HOUSE.

An Explanation Specially Addressed to American Pilgrims.

Hertford House, the original of Thackeray's "Gaunt House," is the mansion wherein are displayed the treasures of the Wallace Collection, and among all the art galleries of London it is a first favorite with those *Mayflower* pilgrims who visit the old home year by year. But most of these American visitors leave the building with their curiosity unsatisfied. Not that they do not appreciate the pictures, the matchless collection of French furniture, and the countless objects of art; on the contrary, none praise them more; but that even the most loquacious of the obliging attendants are not able to dispel the mystery as to who was Sir Richard Wallace and how he came to be the owner of such priceless treasures. The difficulty is natural, for the secrets of Hertford House are unwritten traditions. But as the *Mayflower* pilgrimage will be setting in again soon after these lines appear in print, it may not be uninteresting to attempt to satisfy that transatlantic curiosity which so often baffles the attendants of the Wallace Collection.

It is no exaggeration to affirm that a natural child was the first cause of the Wallace Collection, a statement which can be established by reference to the inedited letters of George Selwyn, the famous wit of the late eighteenth century. Here is the story in brief. About the year 1770 Selwyn and Lord March, who was afterwards to become the "Old Q." of salacious legend, both made the acquaintance of an Italian lady known as the Marchioness Fagniani, who, despite the fact that the Marquis Fagniani was still alive, seems to have been liberal of her favors with the two Englishmen. In due course she bore a daughter, to whom, for convention's sake, the name of Maria Fagniani was given, but whose parentage was to their dying day a subject of friendly rivalry between Selwyn and my Lord March. In short, they both claimed the fatherhood of the girl, but Lord March so far abrogated his parental rights as to raise no objection to Selwyn's adoption of the child.

And now for the next chapter in this romantic history. Maria, or, to give her Selwyn's pet name, "Mie Mie," was a constant source of anxiety to her adoptive father. His one desire was to "recompense her for the ill fortune of the first part of her life." So when he died and his will came to be read it was found that he had left "Mie Mie" the whole of his fortune, amounting to thirty-three thousand pounds. Nor was the other half-claimant in her parenthood less generous. When "Mie Mie" married the heir to the Hertford peerage my Lord March had become the Duke of Queensberry and the owner of vast estates and wealth. From him, then, she received a large dowry, thus adding to the Selwyn fortune. Nor was that all. When "Old Q." died in 1810, full of years and to the last an "evergreen votary of Venus," he left "Mie Mie" a legacy of a hundred thousand pounds, and made her husband the residuary legatee of his vast estate. Altogether "Mie Mie" was the means of increasing the wealth of her husband's family to the extent of three hundred thousand pounds, leaving out of account the value of the houses and land which formed part of the bequest of "Old Q." Now as, in course of time, the husband of "Mie Mie" became the third Marquis of Hertford, her connection with the Wallace Collection should be obvious. In other words, she was the means of that augmentation of the Hertford wealth which made the Wallace Collection possible.

It heightens the interest of all this to remember that the Marquis of Hertford above mentioned was the undoubted original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne in "Vanity Fair." One proof of that identity has been strangely overlooked. The novelist, it will be remembered, illustrated his own story, and it can not have been a mere coincidence that his sketches of the Marquis of Steyne correspond so exactly with the portrait of the Marquis of Hertford. In fact if the drawing of the latter from the painting by Lawrence is compared with Thackeray's illustrations in "Vanity Fair" the conclusion is inevitable that he must have taken the Lawrence portrait for his model. And that the novelist was acquainted with the mystery of the connection of Sir Richard Wallace with the Hertford family must be obvious to all who have carefully pondered his dark allusions to the "secret reasons" why the haughty Marchioness of Steyne was so submissive to her husband.

"Mie Mie" bore her husband two sons, one of whom succeeded to the title as fourth Marquis of Hertford, and to the immense wealth she had brought into the family. He it was who gathered together the greater bulk of the treasures in Hertford House. For many years it was expected that he would leave the collection to the French nation, but when the terms of his will became known it was discovered that he had bequeathed all his property and great wealth to "Monsieur Richard," to reward him, as the document explained, "as much as I can for all his care and attention to my dear mother, and likewise his devotion to myself."

Who was "Monsieur Richard"? Two theories have been advanced. One makes him the natural child of the fourth Marquis of Hertford, but seeing that that nobleman was only a little more than eighteen years of age when "Monsieur Richard" was born such an explanation seems improbable. The other theory credits him with having been a late-born son of "Mie Mie" herself by an unidentified father. And all the probabilities are in favor of that explanation. It has already been noted that Thackeray alluded to the "secret reasons" why the Marchioness of Steyne was so submissive to her husband, and it is known that "Monsieur Richard," who in his early days was known as Richard Jackson, was brought up under the care of Lady Hertford. It would be a vain exercise of ingenuity to speculate at any length as to who the unidentified father might have been, but if the amours of George IV had been as prolific of offspring as those of Charles II something might be said to establish a royal parentage for "Monsieur Richard."

But that does not end the romance of the Wallace Collection. When the fourth Marquis of Hertford declined in health in 1870 he went to Boulogne, and was there attended by a Scottish doctor, Dr. John Scott, who was in practice in that town. Dr. Scott could not save his patient's life, but that patient took a great liking to his new medical adviser, while his companion, "Monsieur Richard," found himself attracted to that doctor's son, John Murray Scott, a young man of twenty-three who had had an excellent education and possessed tact and pleasant manners. The upshot of that chance acquaintance was that John Murray Scott became private secretary to "Monsieur Richard," and soon proved his usefulness when the death of Lord Hertford gave "Monsieur Richard" the command of an enormous fortune. The relationship thus established was never broken; Mr. Scott continued to act as confidential secretary to Sir Richard Wallace, as "Monsieur Richard" was afterwards known, for the remainder of his life; and after the death of Sir Richard he was continued in the same position by Lady Wallace. The latter fact explains how the Wallace Collection at length became the property of the British nation. Murray Scott often found Lady Wallace difficult to please; but his tact and patience stood him in good stead to the end, and it was by his persuasion that Lady Wallace, although French by birth, left her treasures *en bloc* to the land of her husband's nativity. But under her will and that of Sir Richard large bequests were left to Murray Scott also, the result being that the doctor's son died a millionaire.

Of Hertford House itself not much is to be told. Built in 1776 by the Duke of Manchester, whose name it originally bore, and purchased in 1788 for the residence of the Spanish ambassador, the future home of the Wallace Collection seems to have been acquired by the second Marquis of Hertford late in the eighteenth or early in the nineteenth century. It was the scene of many fashionable gatherings during the Regency, and Thackeray hints how its inconspicuous back-door had been darkened by Florizel and Perdita and by the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke. It was within its walls, too, that he laid the scene of that brilliant gathering at which Becky Sharp completed her conquest of my Lord Steyne. Such are the shadows which haunt the rooms of Hertford House, but the visitor to those richly furnished apartments will be more interested to learn that as it was the wealth of one love-child which contributed so largely to the power to acquire these treasures so it was the generosity of another love-child which consecrated them to the enjoyment of all the world.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, February 25, 1913.

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Each fossiliferous rock bed contains characteristic forms or groups of forms that determine the period in which it was mud or sand. Former Director Powell of the United States Geological Survey once tersely explained to a congressional committee the value of paleontology by saying that it is "the geologist's clock," by which he tells the time when rock beds were formed. The economic importance of paleontology has been repeatedly shown in this country. In the earliest exploitation of anthracite coal thousands of dollars were fruitlessly expended in New York in search of coal beds until the New York geologists showed that the beds in that state could contain no coal. The fossils in the rocks exploited are Devonian, whereas the fossils of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal beds belong to the carboniferous, a much later period. This discovery at once stopped a useless expenditure of money.

◆

In arranging to leave the White House President Taft has managed matters so that President-elect Wilson and family will have much of that spending money Uncle Sam provides for the occupant of the White House (says the New Orleans *Picayune*). Mr. Wilson will find more than $8000 waiting for him if he desires to travel between March 4 and July 1. It was said that President Taft had utilized all of his $25,000 traveling allowance in the past year, which few believed, since the President in the past year traveled but little. It has been found that on account of this sum left by President Taft it will not be necessary to make any extra provision for President Wilson.

◆

Where the rivers freeze to the bottom and small trees snap off from the biting force of the cold stands the coldest inhabited city in the world—Verkoyansek, in Northeastern Siberia. It is a place of some size, stands 150 feet above the sea level, and in winter boasts of a temperature 85 degrees below zero. Its annual temperature is three degrees above zero. The Russian government owns the town, and is interested in having an administrative centre where clever and industrious Yokuts, fur-trading Jews of Siberia, carry on their operations. All the inhabitants of Verkoyansek, with the exception of a few officials and Russian traders, are Yokuts.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victor Herbert, the composer, who recently celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday anniversary in New York, was born in Dublin, Ireland. At the age of seven he began his musical education in Germany. As he developed he became prominent in concert work in Stuttgart. He came to this country in 1886.

Charles D. Hilles, whose tenure of office as secretary to President Taft expired on March 4, has become a partner of Edmund Dwight, resident manager of the Employers' Liability Assurance Company, New York. His salary is said to be in the neighborhood of $20,000 a year. He will retain the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee.

Luther E. Widen, M. A., who recently obtained his doctor's degree at the University of Iowa, will be the first psychologist to make a polar trip. He will accompany the Stefansson party north to study the white Eskimo in particular. In preparation for the expedition the young scientist is assembling his psychological paraphernalia. He is of Swedish parentage.

George Earle Buckle, who is to carry on the biography of Disraeli left unfinished by the late William F. Monypenny, was editor of the London *Times* from 1884 until the latter part of last year. Leaving London, he went to South Africa for a leisurely tour of the country. He holds several college degrees, and though a barrister at Lincoln's Inn since 1880 he has never practiced, his editorial duties having occupied his time.

Mrs. Isabella Gillen, inventor of a practical apparatus which automatically cuts off the supply of gas in case of fire, thus preventing all chances of asphyxiation should it become necessary to enter a burning building, is the wife of a Rockaway Beach, Long Island, master plumber. She has had no education along mechanical or technical lines, but has perfected a wonderful device, consisting of a thermostat filled with mercury.

Edward F. Terry is an erecting contractor who has put his sign manual on a hundred cities and rivers of the country. He recently put forty thousand tons of steel into the Manhattan bridge and a hundred thousand tons into the Grand Central railroad station in New York City. More than $115,000,000 has been paid on contracts carried out by him. Mr. Terry has worked his way up from driving red-hot rivets, and is only fifty-four years old.

Lord Knollys, confidant of the royal house for forty-five years, is about to retire. He has served three monarchs, and has been described as "the most tactful man in Europe." As private secretary he has looked after all the king's correspondence, attended to all his dispatches, and organized the hours of his majesty's audiences. King Edward trusted him implicitly and invariably acted on his judgment, and King George found in him a wise and valuable adviser.

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, who has been granted permission by the government to use the university buildings at Munich for the purpose of carrying on his medical practice, has aroused the medical professors of the institution to complaint. They have hitherto monopolized the university buildings, and protest against such a privilege being granted a practicing physician. The prince, who is a surgeon of skill, does not charge any fee, and usually gives medicines to the poor without charge. His practice has grown to such an extent that his patients can not be accommodated at the palace.

Dr. Rose L. Burcham, whose efforts resulted in the discovery and development of the famous Yellow Aster mine, with a production to date of over $6,000,000. grubstaked her husband while he prospected in 1893. She practiced medicine in San Bernardino, Southern California, during the prospecting days. When the Yellow Aster was proved she moved to the desert property, and lived for a time in a tent, virtually assuming the management of the property. When incorporation took place she was made secretary and a director. Since then she has been a power in all matters of the company's policy.

King George has bestowed on the widow of Captain Robert F. Scott, the Antarctic explorer, the same rank, style, and precedence as if her husband had been nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath, as he would have been had he survived. Lady Scott is a sculptor of brilliant attainments. As Miss Kathleen Bruce, before her marriage, she was one of the favorite pupils of Rodin, and exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy and the Salon. The lord mayor of London has opened a fund for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the explorer, and it has been suggested that his widow be invited to perpetuate the story of her husband in stone.

Rudolph Blankenburg, mayor of Philadelphia, merchant and manufacturer, came to this country from Germany at twenty-two, and worked on a New Jersey farm for a few dollars a week. His father was a minister in the fatherland and hoped his son would also take up the cloth. After the lure of the farm wore off the young immigrant found a place as clerk with a seed firm in Philadelphia at $6 a week. Later he became a traveling salesman for the concern, then a buyer, and was sent to Europe. Ten years later he went into business for himself, establishing a dry goods store. For thirty-five years he fought bad government, suffering defeat patiently. He is now seventy.

WHO ENTERS HERE.

When Remembrance Failed.

They carry hope with them, even through the little iron grating that separates them from the world—and the death chair. Larry had come down this morning from the battered jail up in the mountains, for the last time. So they said. But he did not think so. His eyes peered through the iron grating wistfully, disregarding the death-watch out there in the corridor, until Phil Stanton should come.

It was Phil's first big case and he had lost it. Phil who had shaken hands with him jovially at the parting of the ways, when they were boys. Phil who had gone on to college, from there to the bar, an honored if immature member. He had returned from the old academy down in the county town to the mountains and their rugged life. So had their ways deflected.

Now they were together again, or would be in a minute, for his sharpened hearing caught the echo of a brisk step outside. When they stood, hand to hand, on either side of the iron grating, Larry's voice shook a little with eagerness. "Well, Phil, what news?" His eyes devoured the face opposite in hungry, hopeful anticipation.

"Nothing yet, boy." The cheery response was framed by lips that gave the lie to a sinking heart beneath. "The governor hasn't given the plea to the council yet" —hesitantly—"you know he's proverbially slow and inactive. Say, Larry, old fellow"—he drew a trifle nearer to the grating and reaching through laid a beseeching hand on the boy's shoulder—"can't you help me a little yourself? About this remembering business, you know? That went hard with you at the trial." He was whispering hoarsely, his words only audible to the ears for which they were intended and not even the guards caught their import. "If you could only tell me some kind of a story it might help out."

"I wish to God I could, Phil." Reply came slowly, tremblingly. "But I've told you all I know. All I can remember. It isn't like me to do such a thing—or wasn't. But I might have. I can't tell. I can't——"

"Don't say you can't remember, Larry." The young lawyer's whisper shrilled with an imploring accent. "You must remember. I can't do much for you unless you do. And even now"—he glanced significantly at the bare whitewashed cell at the prisoner's back—"it might help a lot if you could make a clean breast of it to me. It is my first case. My first big one"—the boyish voice trembled with excitement—"and you were my pal once. Remember that, and for God's sake say what you've left unsaid thus far. Tell me what you are hiding behind that 'don't remember.'"

"Nothing but the truth, Phil, as God is my judge." The words came solemnly, impressively. "I told you—and them—all I knew. Shall I repeat it now?"

Phil Stanton nodded. In repetition he might surprise the prisoner into some admission that would militate in his favor with the governor.

"Up to the night of the—the"—finally the word came —"murder I can remember plainly. God! The memory burns my soul now." He wiped the sweat of agony from his forehead with one hand, with the other gripped Phil Stanton's fingers in a vise-like clasp. "If you ever love a woman, Phil," he laughed hoarsely, "don't love her too much. It makes all of hell—and heaven, too," he added presently.

"Jim Dawson—he's my cousin, too—goaded me on till I was well nigh a maniac with the stories he would tell about her. There I was"—the agitated whisper continued and the guards, never relaxing for one instant their vigilance, wondered at its significance—"up at the lumber camp all winter—snowed in most of the time—and he—well, he went back and forth foraging for our provisions for the most part, but staying down in the village, where she was, more than was good for either him—or me. Bringing me stories of dances, parties, meetings, and always he had been with her—Alice. I grew surly, morose, I suppose. Anyway I wasn't any good at the heavy work and the boss inquired what was the matter.

"He—Jim—told him. Man, I was crazy"—he breathed hard and the other gripped the hand he held a little tighter. "They began, the two of them—goading, tearing, torturing me from that hour. Always her name was in their mouths. And when I was sullen, silent, to make me answer they—damn them," he cursed hoarsely, "threw mud all over her, insinuated things I can't talk about, that she and Jim—oh, God," he broke off suddenly, "why didn't I kill him instead of the other? Tell me that, Phil."

His blood-shot eyes sought Phil Stanton's gaze beseechingly, and Phil, with all the calmness and gravity of a surgeon who seeks only to hurt that he may cure, murmured, scarcely above a breath, "Go on, boy. Tell me about that night."

"You know"—brokenly—"we all slept in one room—the big camp. They had tantalized me all the evening, and when I laid down between them on the bunk I'd made of pine boughs, just new that day, I wasn't myself, Phil. I was more like some hurt, some hungry beast that a man has been torturing for his own amusement than a human being. I laid down. My axe, sharpened to a keen edge where I had been trimming boughs all day, was beside me. I don't know whether I went to sleep or the devil got possession of me. When I came to the overseer was dead, with one wicked cut, and"—he was choking with emotion now—"my axe was beside him."

A minute's silence, then the hoarsened tones resumed. "I don't know, Phil. I don't remember whether I did it or not. But"—his voice sank tremulously, his eyes stared piteously into the other man's—"if I was going to kill any one, Phil, for God's sake tell me why it wasn't Jim Dawson?"

Phil Stanton shook his head sadly. "Ask me something easier, boy," he muttered thickly. "Of course I believe you. I've got to make the governor, too," he murmured with sudden animation. "He's got to open this case again, even at the eleventh hour, and do something for you. Keep up your courage, boy. I'll come again. And hope for the best."

"I do"—quite simply—"I always do that. Because" —and the sleepless eyes lifted to Phil Stanton's gaze—"sometimes I have hours and days when"—slowly—"I am sure I didn't do it. There's something way back in my mind, Phil, that keeps whispering it to me. Something that tells me that if I had killed either of the vipers it would have been Jim Dawson."

"I'm sure of that." Phil turned away. "But you aren't the stuff they make murderers of, lad. I know you too well to think that. I'd wager my hopes of heaven that you are innocent. I'm sorry, boy"—the kindly voice broke, a smothered sob shook the sturdy shoulders—"sorry I wasn't smart enough to prove that to the court. You'll blame me——"

"No, never, Phil." Larry stooped and kissed the hand he held. "Never, never that, Phil," he averred solemnly. Then stood, quite still, while Phil's echoing footsteps died away down the gloomy corridor.

Next day the priest came. Good Father Fontaine, who christened him and who had absolved him from his petty sins since childhood. Earnestly he labored. For he loved the boy. But at the end, when with shaking voice he had sobbed, "That's all I know, father, all I can remember," the good priest's eyes were wet, his voice trembled as he bestowed the blessing.

"I believe you," he murmured. "May the good God bless and keep you, son." Then he, too, went away and the hours passed. Hours that measured relentlessly the little time still allotted to him on earth. But he had brought hope with him through the little iron grating that divided him from the world and the chair of death, and he hugged her to his breast in a very frenzy of ecstasy.

Phil came again. Time was growing short. And Larry, looking into his eyes, read how it was with him. "You have failed, Phil. The governor has refused me the commutation."

Phil nodded. He could not speak. It was his first great case and he had lost it. And Larry, the boy there, was his friend; they had been boys together. He could not speak. It was too much.

Now Larry saw that it was he who must enact the rôle of comforter and he braced himself for the effort. "Don't you care, Phil. It is all right." He held the slender white hand of his boyhood's pal in his roughened palm while he whispered consoling words. "You've done the best, the very best, you could. You couldn't really expect anything else, Phil, don't you see? Because," with strange eagerness to soften the blow, "it may be, after all, that I am guilty. Perhaps I only dreamed there was something else, and that I didn't do it. Anyway they proved it out in open court and there isn't another lawyer, young or old, who would have fought for me as you did without hope of pay. Don't feel bad, Phil"—for he interpreted the awful hopelessness of the other's eyes—"I can't bear it. I aint afraid. I can die. Perhaps I deserve to. If I killed him I do. But, Phil," the tones grew tenderly low, "I can't bear to see you feel bad."

Then the other braced up. Told him all about it. How the chief executive had seen no good reason why he should grant stay of execution or commutation of sentence. They didn't talk much. Both hearts were too full. But when Phil turned away Larry pressed his hand. "If it wasn't asking too much, old fellow," he whispered appealingly, "I'd like so much to have you with me at the last. It'll be tomorrow or next day now, sure. It isn't long to wait. All the better for that. Father Fontaine"—his lips formed the revered name tremblingly—"he'll stand by and—and I just want you."

"I'll come." Phil could trust himself no further and tore away from that detaining hand.

That afternoon the warden came, showed him the death warrant, spared him its reading and told him quietly how it was. That tomorrow's sun would not rise for him.

"Thank you, sir," he returned simply. "Will you get word to Phil Stanton, please. He has promised me——"

The kindly official nodded. "Anything, boy, anything you want. If there is anything else I can do."

For an instant the lad hesitated. Then, "If—if—any word or message should come for me—from the outside, will you see that it don't get by me, sir? I should like to know."

The warden understood. It was the girl he meant. The girl whose innocent flirtations had been the cause of this awful double tragedy, the girl on whose unconscious shoulders, in the warden's opinion, rested the major portion of the blame of this awful affair.

"Of course," he said presently, "I'll keep watch and if anything should come I'll let you know. God," he muttered thickly to himself as he passed heavily down the corridor a moment later, "something ought to come. It's more than half his torture in the face of death that she has been silent."

All afternoon the boy watched at the narrow grating. And just before the sun went down something came. Good Father Fontaine brought a little packet the warden had entrusted to his care. Larry unfolded it with trembling fingers, pale to the very lips. It was a white rose in the perfection of bloom with a slip of paper attached.

"Faithful forever," were the words written there and he kissed it murmuring, "That's longer than death even —forever."

After that he was quite calm. The rose bloomed in some water near him and the good father had promised that it should be pinned to his breast when they were through with him.

It was a long wait from sunset to midnight, and Phil was strangely laggard. As the great cathedral clock outside boomed out its last stroke he caught the distant echo of footsteps. They were coming. Where was Phil? Had he yielded at the last minute to the awful horror of the little room opposite? Well, he could go alone. He smiled bravely up into Father Fontaine's eyes as the sounds drew nearer. Presently the measured tramp, tramp, came quite distinctly, and instinctively he arose, bracing himself for that last interview with the warden.

As the flickering light in the hallway fell slantwise across the approaching group he saw that Phil led them. And the throb of recrimination that had agitated his pulses gave way to the old affectionate feeling the sight of Phil's face always inspired.

He looked up, caught the glance of Phil's eyes direct, and failed to interpret the baffling hungriness of the look. The warden was a step or two in the rear, the witnesses following, and he leaned to look around Phil's body as he murmured unsteadily, "I am ready, warden."

A key clicked in the lock and Phil entered alone. "Larry, old fellow," he sobbed, "can't you see?" Then, turning to the warden, he murmured chookingly, "You tell him. I can't."

The warden laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "My boy," and the grave voice was held steady with determined effort, "sometimes it is harder to bear joy than pain. Jim Dawson lies dying tonight, under a big log, up there in the mountain camp, and"—simply—"he has confessed."

The stillness of those darkened days before creation was not more profound than the second during which the eyes of the boy sought Phil's for confirmation. Finding it, he turned, took the white rose and kissed it. Then turning back to the young lawyer who by a strange freak of fate had won his first big case from the very jaws of death, he murmured brokenly, "I knew —something told me it couldn't be a dream. I was sure I didn't do it. Because," and he actually smiled into Phil's eyes, "I knew if I'd been going to kill anybody it would have been Jim Dawson. But," as an afterthought struck him, "I'm glad I didn't. It's all right now." And the tremulous tones died away into deep sobbing of thankfulness. AGNES LOUISE PRATT.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1913.

Probably as far back as 1733 it was known that the luminous parts of fireflies, glowworms, etc., could be dried and preserved out of contact with the air for considerable periods without losing their light-giving power. In late years it has been possible to prove this permanence of the light-giving power for at least eighteen months. Kastle and McDermitt were able, upon opening tubes containing the luminous organs of the common firefly preserved in hydrogen or a vacuum, to obtain quite a brilliant light by simply moistening with water. The light was increased when hydrogen peroxide replaced the water. However, scientists have yet to discover the firefly's secret of producing light without heat.

Out of honor to the memory of Felix Alexandre Guilmant, acknowledged to be the greatest organist of his day, a monument is to be erected in Paris. The American committee will raise $5000 by subscription as the contribution from this country. He first came to America for a series of concerts on the great organ in Festival Hall at the World's Fair, Chicago. This was followed by a brief tour. Again he returned for a tour in 1898, and for a third time for an engagement of forty recitals on the organ at the St. Louis Exposition. At the conclusion he played twenty-four concerts in a single month before returning to Paris. His organ pieces number up into the hundreds.

Augusta, Georgia, is to have a monument, the gift of Mrs. E. W. Cole of Nashville, Tennessee, to the four Georgia poets, James R. Randall, Father Ryan, Sidney Lanier, and Paul Haynes, all of whom in varying degrees are known to the country at large. The monument, to stand on Green Street, in front of St. John's Church, will take the form of a canopy of Vermont marble, thirteen and a half feet high with a base seven and a half feet square. There will be four columns at the corners and between them the large inscription stone with four faces, each inscribed with the name and dates of a poet and a stanza from his works.

Throughout California field work has been carried on by the federal survey at nearly 200 points in the measurements of the principal streams. These records of the behavior of rivers throughout the year, and year after year, are of the utmost importance in the consideration of all projects relating to the development of water supply for irrigation, power, etc. The report is available to the public.

"ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."

Robert Herrick Invites Us to the Consideration of an Aggressive Social Problem.

Mr. Robert Herrick has the faculty, so essential to the real novelist, of introducing us to a stage full of familiar figures. Lesser men strive for the exceptional and the unusual, but Mr. Herrick finds his material in the normal and the commonplace. Nowhere does he raise a doubt as to the reality of his characters. The streets are full of them. We know his types at a glance. We can identify their representatives by the score. Milly Ridge is among the most intimate of our acquaintances, with her shallow, half-taught mind, her invisible soul, her social aspirations, and her spendthrift greeds that hurry her down the steep places of life. We know her insignificant father, eternally on the search for a better-paying job, her grandmother with her asperities and her pieties, and her friends who are so well arranged on the carefully graded social scale. Mr. Herrick's skill consists in compelling us to look heedfully at Milly Ridge. Hitherto we have overlooked the things that do not matter. Mr. Herrick isolates her, throws a searchlight upon her, asks us to recognize her as a menace and a portent:

She had joined the church some years before, shortly after the death of her mother. Her first religious fervor lasted rather more than a year and was dying out when the family moved from St. Louis. Its revival at the Second Presbyterian was of a purely institutional character. Although even Grandma Ridge called her a "good girl," Milly was too healthy a young person to be really absorbed by questions of salvation. Her religion was a social habit, like the habit of wearing fresh underclothes and her best dress on the seventh day, having a late breakfast, and responding to the din of the church bells with other ceremonially dressed folk. She believed what she heard in church as she believed everything that was spoken with authority. It would have seemed to her very dreadful to question the great dogmas of Heaven, Hell, the Atonement, the Resurrection, etc. But they meant absolutely nothing to her: they did not come into practical relation with her life as did the ugly little box of her home and the people she knew, and she had no taste for abstractions.

When Milly goes to the Ashland Institute in order to finish her education she acquired that vague something that is called an "ideal of American womanhood." It was commonly referred to as "the moving force of the world," and its acquisition was a part of the "formative influence" of the school:

It was of a poetic shade, composed in equal parts of art, literature, and religion. Milly absorbed it at church, where the minister spoke almost tearfully about "the mission of young womanhood to elevate the ideals of the race," or more colloquially in Bible class as the duty of "being a good influence" in life, especially men's lives. She got it also in what books she read—especially in Tennyson and in every novel, as well as in the few plays she saw. There it was embodied as Woman of Romance—sublime, divine, mysterious, with a heavenly mission to reform, ennoble, uplift—men, of course—in a word to make over the world. The idea of it had come down from the darkness of the middle ages—that smelly and beknighted period—had inflamed all romance, and was now spreading its last miasmatic touch over the close of the nineteenth century. All this, to be sure, Milly never knew.

She merely began to feel self-conscious, as a member of her sex—a being apart from men and somehow superior to them, without the same appetites and low ideals, and with her own peculiar and sacred function to perform for humanity. Ordinarily this heavy ideal of her sex did not burden Milly. She obeyed her thoroughly healthy instincts, chief of which was "to have a good time," to be loved and petted by people. But occasionally in her more emotional moods, when she was singing hymns or watching the sun depart in golden mists, she experienced exalted sensations of the beauty and the glory of life—of *her* life—and what it all might mean to Some One (a man).

When Milly leaves school she begins to make expensive demands. She must be given opportunities for her social success, which Mr. Herrick calls graft. And of course her father, with a vague inconsequence, is willing to pay for the necessary "start":

That evening after Milly had departed Horatio explained himself further,—

"You see, mother, we must start Milly the best we can. She's made a lot of real good friends for herself, and she'll marry one of these days. It's our duty to give her every chance."

It never occurred to Horatio that a healthy young woman of twenty with no prospect of inheritance might find something better worth doing in life than amusing herself while waiting for a husband. Such strenuous ideas were not in the air then.

"She'll always have a home so long as I'm alive and can make one for her," he said sentimentally. "But she'll get one for herself, you see!"

He was vastly proud of "his girl"—of her good looks, her social power, her clever talk. And the old lady was forced to agree—they must give Milly her chance.

Milly makes a distinct social success, so much so that she attracts a stodgy young millionaire of Chicago with whom marriage is one of the inevitable respectabilities of life. Here is the proposal:

First, by way of preliminary flourish, Mr. Parker declared all over again his faith in the future of the city. He had come to stay, he repeated with emphasis; had thrown in his fate with that of Chicago.

"I'm going to stay," he trilled, "and grow up with the city." (At this point Milly almost upset the boat by laughing: the idea of the little man's growing up with Chicago seemed funny.)

Having struck the personal note, the young man spoke of his own "prospects," and outlined the dignified position he intended to occupy in the forefront of the elect. This implied, of course, an establishment and a suitable wife. Milly made the proper responses in the pauses. At last the fateful words reached her ear, "Will you marry me, Miss Ridge?" As Milly mimicked later his slow, solemn utterance, it sounded more like, "Will you bury me, Miss Ridge?"

And Milly, with commendable directness, looked him straight in the eye and said without a quiver, "Yes, I will, Mr. Parker."

Afterwards, as if this effort had exhausted both, there was silence on the way back. When they reached the house, he said impressively, "I will call tomorrow and see your father."

"He'll be delighted to see you, I'm sure," Milly rejoined somewhat flatly. Then she fled up the steps, as if she were afraid he might try to kiss her or hold her hand. She escaped *that*, for the present. . . .

So it was done at last.

Milly quarrels with her millionaire because upon one occasion he asks her to ride in a street-car, an obvious impossibility to one of her social pretensions and prospects. Then she becomes nearly engaged to an honest young California ranchman, but throws him over in favor of a brilliant young cartoonist who offers to save her from the dreadful necessity to earn her own living. So they go to Paris on borrowed money in order that young Jack Bragdon may become a real artist:

So the winter wore away somehow—the period that Milly remembered as, on the whole, the dullest part of her married life. Her first season in Paris! They might read a little in one of the culture books in their room after dinner, then would take refuge from the damp chill in bed. Jack was less gay here in Paris than he had ever been in Chicago, preoccupied with his work, frequently gloomy, as if he foresaw the failure of his ambitions. Milly felt that he was ungrateful for his fate. Hadn't he the dearest wish of his heart—and her, too? . . .

Something was wrong, she never knew quite what. The trouble was that she had no job whatever now, and no social distraction to take the place of work. She was the victim of ideas that were utterly beyond her knowledge, ideas that must impersonally carry the Milly Ridges along in their momentum, to their ultimate destruction.

"I ought to be very happy," she said to herself piously. "We both ought to be."

But they weren't.

Milly has no job, and nothing to take its place. She has no inner life and of course no sense of duty. She is a mass of vague energies without a goal or destination. Then comes the one thing that she dreaded, that all the Millies dread, the prospect of a child, and in her consternation she makes a confidante of her friend, Marion Reddon:

"That's good!" Marion Reddon said quickly and with evident sincerity.

"You think so!" Milly cried pettishly. "Well, I don't."

"It simplifies everything so."

"Simplifies?"

"Of course. When you're having children, there are some things you can't do—just a few you can—and so you do what you can and don't worry about the rest."

"It spoils your freedom."

The pale-faced little woman laughed.

"Freedom? That's book-talk. Most people do so much more when they aren't free than when they are. Sam says it's the same with his work. When he's free, he does nothing at all because there's so much time and so many things he'd like to try. But when he's tied down with a lot of work at the school, then he uses every spare moment and gets something done—'just to spite the devil.'"

She smiled drolly.

"You'll see when it comes."

Milly looked unconvinced and said something about "the unfair burden on women," the sort of talk her more advanced women friends were beginning to indulge in. Mrs. Reddon had other views.

"It's the natural thing," she persisted. "If I didn't want children for myself, I'd have 'em anyway for Sam."

"Does he like babies?"

"Not especially. Few men do at first. But it trains him. And it makes a hold in the world for him."

"What do you mean?"

"Children make a home—you have to have one. The man can't run away and forget it."

She smiled with her droll expression of worldly wisdom.

"Sam would be in mischief half the time if it weren't for us. He'd be running here and there, sitting up all hours, wasting his energies smoking and drinking with everybody he met—and now he can't—very much."

"But—but—how about you?"

"Oh," the little woman continued calmly, "I don't flatter myself that I could hold my husband long alone, without the children." She looked Milly straight in the eyes and smiled. "Few women can, you know."

"I don't see why not."

"They get used to us—in every way—and want change, don't you see that? They know every idea we have, every habit, every look good and bad—clever men, especially."

"So we know them!"

"Of course! But women don't like change, variety—the best of us don't. We aren't venturesome. Men are, you see, and that's the difference. . . . I don't know that we mightn't become so if we had the chance, but we've been deprived of it for so long that we have lost the courage, the desire for change almost. What we know we cling to, isn't that so?"

When the money gives out Milly and her husband return to New York and Bragdon finds the usual illustrating work. Milly needs money, and a great deal of it, and so the real art must be abandoned:

There was scarcely a single productive moment in these busy days. Yet Milly would have resented the accusation that she was an idle woman in any sense. She had the feeling of being pressed, of striving to overtake her engagements, which gave a pleasant touch of excitement to city existence. That she should *do* anything more than keep their small home running smoothly and pleasantly—an attractive spot for friends to come to—and keep herself personally as smart and youthful and desirable as her circumstances permitted, she would never admit. A woman's hold on the world, she was convinced, lay in her looks and her charms, not in her character. And what man who had anything of a man in him would expect more of his wife? . . . Her husband, at any rate, gave no sign of expecting more from *his* wife. All their friends considered them a contented and delightful young couple. . . .

Bragdon rapidly sinks to the status of the typical American husband, driven, harassed, and without a home. Contracting pneumonia he dies, and so Milly finds herself once more thrown on her resources, without money and in debt. Naturally she feels that she has a grievance, and equally naturally she is attracted by the suffrage movement. At one of the fashionable suffrage meetings she enters casually into conversation with a male visitor:

"Frankly, I don't believe much is accomplished for your cause by this sort of thing!"

His gesture included comprehensively the gorgeous room, the gorgeous assembly of socially elect, the speakers, and the liveried servants who were now approaching thei [illegible] with the "Roster."

"But you have to start things somehow," Milly rejoined, remembering Hazel's arguments. "Social prestige counts in everything."

"Is that what you need—social prestige? . . . I don't believe one of those women who talked, including the poet, ever earned a dollar in her life!" and with a glance about the room he added, "nor any woman in this room."

"Oh, yes—I have myself!" Milly replied promptly and proudly.

The man looked at her sharply.

"And that doesn't make any difference," she continued with a superior air; "you men are always trying to bring things down to dollars and cents."

"You'll admit it's a tangible basis of discussion."

"I've no doubt if they only had their rights many of them ought to be paid a great deal for what they've done for you men."

"I mean that not one has ever done anything really productive in her life—has added anything to the world's supply of necessities," he continued with masculine arrogance.

"Oh?" Milly protested.

"Not even children!" he added triumphantly, and glanced at the names on his programme. "I don't believe they could produce a child among 'em."

Milly knew that the women speakers of the evening happened all to be childless women. One of them was not married, another was a widow, a third separated from her husband, and of the others at least one—Hazel—had deliberately evaded maternity.

"That may not be their fault!" Milly retorted with meaning.

"True," the man admitted. "But I'd like to hear something on the question from mothers."

"Having children isn't the only thing women are good for," Milly suggested.

"It's one mighty fine thing, though!"

(Milly could never understand why men, as a rule, were so enthusiastic over women who had children.)

Milly is eventually befriended by a working woman called Ernestine, and Ernestine, because she is a working woman, has small opinion of the suffrage:

"There aint much in *that*," she pronounced dogmatically. "The trouble aint there. Any working woman will tell you she aint bothered much by lack of political power. We've got all the political powers we can use. . . . What does it amount to, anyhow? Things aren't done in this world by voting about 'em."

She easily threw down the feeble structure of Milly's arguments, which were largely borrowed from the talk she had heard the night before. Ernestine spoke with the assurance of one who has had reason to know.

"What women want is money, aint it? Same as the men?" she demanded flatly.

"That's so!" Milly assented heartily.

"And they'll get it when they know how to do something somebody wants done as well as a man can. They do get it now when they've got something to give—that's truth!"

Milly goes into business with Ernestine, and when it proves a failure she is quite willing to look kindly upon her old California lover and to abandon without a qualm the woman who saved her from the depths and believed in her. She persuades herself that to marry again is a duty she owes to her child. She has found a new sentimental faith which urges her, like all the other faiths, to do what she wants to do. It is characteristic of her type that self-interest is always arrayed in the costume of duty and that the path of pleasure is always indicated by the finger of conscience:

"Milly?"

She looks at him with kind eyes.

"You won't make me wait—much longer?"

Milly slowly shakes her head, acceptingly.

"God, how I have longed for you!"

"Silly man!"

But she is pleased. She is thinking,—

"I'm doing it for Virginia. It's her only chance—I must do it."

Which was not altogether a falsehood, and she repeats this self-defense to herself again when later on Duncan kisses her for the first time,—"It's for *her* sake—I would do anything for her." And with a sigh of unconquerable sentimentalism she seals her bargain on the man's lips. She has found a new sentimental faith—a mother's sacrifice for her child. . . . But she is really very glad, and quite tender with him.

If the author may be said to indulge in a moral we find it upon the last page as Milly passes from our sight with her second husband on their way to a California ranch where social advantages may not be ideal but where at least there will be leisure and pleasure:

There was a steady drizzle from a lowering, greasy sky outside of the train-shed, and the two paused at the door. With a long sigh Ernestine emitted,—

"I only hope she'll be happy now!"

As if he had not heard this heartfelt prayer, the banker mused aloud,—

"She's Woman—the old-fashioned kind—just Woman!"

Ernestine looked steadily into the drizzle. Neither commented on what both understood to be the banker's meaning—that Milly was the type of what men through the ages, in their paramount desire for exclusive sex possession, had made of women, what civilization had made of her, and society still encouraged her to become when she could—an adventuress—in the banker's more sophisticated phrase—a fortuitous, somewhat parasitic creature. In Ernestine's more vulgar idiom, if she had permitted herself to express her conviction, "Milly was a little grafter." But Ernestine would not have let hot iron force the words through her lips. . . .

"And I suppose," the banker concluded, "that's the kind of women men will always desire and want to work for."

"I guess so," Ernestine mumbled.

Had she not worked for Milly? She would have slaved for her cheerfully all her life and felt it a privilege. Milly had stripped her to the bone, and wounded her heart in addition—but Ernestine loved her still.

The author seems to ask what we are to do with the Millies? There are thousands of them, heartless and nearly mindless, with no religion but self, consumed by fretful and useless ambitions, eager for movements, and cults, and causes, and yet "the kind of women men will always desire and want to work for." There seems to be no answer to that question, but we are none the less grateful for a powerful and a searching story.

One Woman's Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

◆

Harry M. Jones carries mail by aeroplane between Boston and New York, with occasional landings on the route.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Slice of Life.

When Mr. Robert Halifax wrote "Low Society" and "The Borderland" he proved his exceptional ability to describe the beauty of mean lives. And now he has proved it again. He lays his scene in that part of London known as Barkina, a place of gas works, and river débris, where no one is rich and where a grinding and degrading poverty is the order of the day. His heroine is Kathy, niece of Mr. Donno, who earns his living—if it can be called a living—by sawing firewood and cobbling. Kathy's father was a rascally Italian, and from him the girl has inherited not only an exceptional beauty, but a love for the fine things of life, and a sort of fierce passion to obtain them. Kathy is a young eagle in a barnyard, of the kind only to be found sometimes in the older countries, where caste is still an almost unbreakable fetter.

Then comes the aristocratic young clergyman, Donodhu. He is attracted by Kathy and then falls in love with her, and so we have the old story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid, but in a new and modern garb. Mr. Halifax tells it somewhat daringly and, we are inclined to think, somewhat improbably. Among Kathy's eccentricities is an almost hysterical passion for cold water, externally applied, and so when Donodhu follows her on one of her secret midnight excursions he surprises her standing naked at the edge of Barking Canal and about to plunge in that malodorous water:

> But only a beat or so of time had elapsed before the consciousness became mutual. Either some small, mechanical sound had left Donodhu's throat, or Kathy sensed another's presence by sex instinct. Turning her head of a sudden, she saw the man. Her arms went slowly down; she remained gazing round at him with the mute, fascinated look of a child detected in the forbidden thing. Her face had paled; her brown body seemed to cower and shrink in curves. But only for a moment—while the shock held; and it was plainly physical, and not moral, fear. Then, stooping swiftly, she snatched up one of her garments—there were but two—and held it in readiness to slip over her head.
>
> "Don't be frightened," Donodhu forced himself to say, in the quiet, tense voice of one who had to avert a danger. "Don't be frightened, I say. What are you doing here, like this?"

The question seems unnecessary. The lady was bathing, at, midnight, and in the Barking Canal. And Donodhu, clothes and all, bathes with her. Then he helps her to dress.

Of course it all comes right in the end and the intoxicating Kathy surrenders at discretion, but not until Donodhu has renounced his profession and become just a man. We feel properly elated, but we wonder what sort of a ménage this will be in five years' time.

Probability, even possibility, is not exacted nowadays from the novelist. We want something bizarre, and certainly Mr. Halifax gives it to us. Kathy herself is a *tour de force*, and we feel a little bit afraid of her, but the picture as a whole of east-end London life, its brutality, its pathos, and its divinity is a true one and drawn with a firm and certain hand.

A Slice of Life. By Robert Halifax. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

Froissart's Chronicles.

Among the flood of dreary drivel that is courteously described as literature for young people it is possible occasionally to find something of sterling worth. Such a discovery is an edition of "Froissart's Chronicles," retold from Lord Berner's translation by Madalen Edgar, M. A. The volume, which is of substantial size and boldly printed, contains seventeen chapters devoted to such stirring incidents as the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, the siege of Calais, Wat Tyler's rising, the battle of Otterburn, and the fall of Richard II. Froissart, priest, poet, and historian, was writing of his own day and his stories need nothing more than such a skillful adaptation as they have received to make them ideal reading for boys. The illustrations and maps are all that they should be.

Froissart's Chronicles. By Madalen Edgar, M. A. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50 net.

The Mystery of the Barranca.

Those who wish to understand the situation in Mexico and its roots in Mexican human nature will do well to read this latest story by Herman Whitaker. It is an account of the adventures of two young mining engineers who find that nature is the least of the enemies against which they have to contend. There is a racial aversion due to diametrically opposite ideals, and there is a feudal system that exacts abject obedience from its serfs and that opposes itself as a stubborn barrier to the foreign invasion. How far the author deserves the mantle of the prophet may be judged from the words that he puts into the mouth of Don Sebastien:

> Nettled a little by his amused contempt, Seyd quickly retorted: "I fail to see how you can claim to have no ideals? You who are striving with all your might against the American invasion?"
>
> Sebastien shrugged. "Racial aversion—backed up by the instinct of self-preservation. Even cattle will band together against the wolves. But remove the danger and the bulls fall at once fighting for command of the herd. Before Diaz we had sixty-five rulers in sixty years, very few of whom died in their beds. Once remove his iron hand from our throats and we shall go at it again, revolution upon revolution, for the sole purpose of satisfying some man's personal ambition, lust, or individual greed. No, señor, we are individualists in the extreme. We have nothing in our make-up to correspond to the racial ideal that makes you Northmen subordinate personal interest to the general good. And because of our lack you will eventually rule us."

Mr. Whitaker gives us a story with just the right amount of adventure, and just the right amount of sentiment, and so well balanced and compacted as fully to satisfy the most fastidious. It is a novel to be remembered.

The Mystery of the Barranca. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

Home Efficiency.

In spite of the author's plea for efficiency we may fear that the home will continue for some time yet to be the most inefficient part of the national life. We are reminded that there was a time when women actually controlled the domestic supplies because she had the handling of them from the raw stage. But if times have changed women have not. The home is still regarded as a sort of sacred shrine, but its supplies come now from the factory instead of directly from the field. Women have lost their control of the home and therefore their knowledge of how to control. Only a sort of pious domestic sentiment remains and inefficiency veritably rules the roost.

The book is written with exceptional vivacity and it contains masses of useful information in the form of domestic budgets and well-stated domestic problems. But it seems to lack definiteness, perhaps from the very nature of the difficulty. Woman, we are told, "must get out of the individualistic groove," she must "democratize industry," and she must "control the means of distribution." It makes us feel despondent.

Increasing Home Efficiency. By Martha Bensley Bruère and Robert W. Bruère. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

The Pope's Green Island.

Mr. W. P. Ryan helps us to understand what may be called the distinctiveness of Ireland, a certain spirit of isolation that has kept her as a country apart, and unmerged in the destinies of her neighbors.

No more satisfactory book of its kind than this has seen the light, for Mr. Ryan is almost alone in being able to write of Ireland from a point of detachment. To write of Ireland is usually to be forced into partisanship, encomium, and denunciation. Mr. Ryan observes, but he takes no sides. He writes of religion, women, politics, literature, Druids, and evolution, but nowhere do we see the personal equation, and, best of all, he has little or nothing to say about commerce or trade. Ireland, for him, is a spiritual entity, a sort of æsthetic soul trying to save itself and to get somewhere, and Ireland seems to be the only country in the world that has a soul either to save or to damn. That is why Ireland is so interesting.

Ireland, we seem to gather, is in fair way to be no longer the "Pope's Green Island." Catholicism and Protestantism are at a standstill, and the better elements of both are combining in a new mysticism or theosophy, which has "greatly changed the trend and color of lives in Dublin and elsewhere." Such literary figureheads as Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. George Russell ("A. E.") are saturated with a theosophy that therefore lies at the root of the great Gaelic League and the Celtic renaissance. Modernism is purging the church of thousands of the intelligent laity, who drift toward mysticism. Ireland, in short, is finding herself, and moving toward some destination with a clearness of vision peculiar to herself. Mr. Ryan's book is eminently one that should be read by those who wish to know Ireland as something apart from the vulgar political arena, as a country where the finer forces of human nature are surely making themselves felt.

The Pope's Green Island. By W. P. Ryan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Lovers of the detective story will find an ingenious yarn under the title of "The Three Knaves," by Saul G. Greenleaf. It is published by R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, $1.25 net.

"Here and There a Leaf," by Louise Heywood (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20 net), is a volume of discourses intended as a practical application of orthodox Christianity to daily life.

A. W. Macy shows both ingenuity and research in his "Curious Bits of History," just published by the Cosmopolitan Press ($1 net). He has collected 286 obscure historical facts that are not merely personalia, but that throw some light upon events. We are assured of their authenticity and we see no reason to doubt it.

"Madison Hood," by Hamilton Drane (Hamming Publishing Company, Chicago; $1.25 net), is a novel of the time of sixty years ago, when the discovery of gold in California kept the Santa Fé trail crowded with fortune-hunters. The hero of the story, Madison Hood, is a pleasing portrayal, although of a well-known type.

"Three Visions and Other Poems," by John A. Johnson (Stewart & Kidd Company; $1 net), is a volume of verse mostly of the topical kind and usually written with technical accuracy, but with very few of those gleams of inspirational thought that distinguish true poetry.

With the approach of the baseball season it may be well to draw the attention of boys to a new story by Hawley Williams. It is entitled "Batter Up" (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25) and relates some fine baseball doings at the preparatory school known as Lansing Academy.

"The Open Secret," by James Thompson Bixby, Ph. D. (American Unitarian Association, Boston; $1.25 net), is described as "a study of life's deeper forces." The object of the author is to show the dominance of law throughout the universe and to draw appropriate ethical inferences from intention and design in nature.

Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., who has been a resident of Africa for forty-five years, includes nine typical African experiences in a little volume entitled "In an Elephant Corral," just issued by the Neale Publishing Company ($1 net). The stories are well and vividly told and of the kind worth telling.

Ralph D. Paine is so well known as an exceptionally good writer of books for boys that no recommendation is needed of the latest addition to his already long list. "The Dragon and the Gods" is a story of some American boys in China during the troublous days, and it is not only full of vivid adventure, but it has also the flavor of historical accuracy. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

Kitchengarden is a new term, but one that is self-explanatory. It was begun in 1876 by Miss Emily Huntington in New York and is now taught in many schools throughout the country. It consists in teaching little children the essentials of housework and appropriate songs form a part of the course. Those interested in what seems to be an admirable movement should read "Training the Little Home Maker by Kitchengarden Methods," by Mabel Louise Keech, A. B. (J. B. Lippincott Company; $1 net). It is well written, with illustrations and music, and complete for the purpose designed.

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The thirty-two full-page colored illustrations by Evelyn Paul are an attractive feature of an attractive work.

Myths and Legends of Japan. By F. Hadland Davis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.50 net.

Modern China.

Mr. J. Macgowan's book on China is as good as it ought to be after fifty years residence in the country and of intelligent observation of its life. In the course of 350 large pages he tells us of Chinese literature, schools, religion, law, science, finance, drama, agriculture, and domesticity. He is a prolific story-teller, a shrewd judge of character and motive, and he prefers to praise rather than to blame. These are high virtues, and when they are added to an easy and liquid style the result is a volume of extraordinary interest and of all the importance that the course of events has attached to Chinese affairs. But there are some things that Mr. Macgowan can not understand after fifty years of study. For example, he does not know how news from a distance communicated promptly by telegram is found to be already known by the populace. Of this mystery, he says, there is absolutely no means of getting a solution.

Although the author's sympathy with China is evident he writes always from the standpoint of the observant outsider. Perhaps such a standpoint is hard to avoid. Moreover, he seems always to accept the standards of European life as the gauge of progress, and sometimes this is irritating. Whatever in China approximates to white or Western standards is good. Differences from those standards are bad. China must stand or fall according to her power to imitate Western civilization. And yet one would hardly suppose that white civilization had yet established a right to be considered as a model. None the less those who want facts and can do their own deducing will find this one of the most entertaining books on the subject that have been written.

Men and Manners of Modern China. By J. Macgowan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Unknown Quantity.

In his preface to this collection of stories Dr. Van Dyke explains that he has no intention to trespass upon the domain of the occult, and then proceeds to do so, not, of course, in the crude way of the psychic researcher, but with a delicate recognition of the finer mysteries of life. And life holds undeniably more than one "unknown quantity." There are changes in the human heart that intellect can not explain. There are the miracles of free will, of the influence of one life upon another, and of that strange certainty that besieges the reflective mind that the events of life do actually shape themselves upon some ordained pattern, and that somewhere in the mind of nature there is an architect's plan, a blue-print, to which evolutionary forces must conform.

This volume will be as popular as anything that the author has writen, and it will owe its popularity to a sentiment that is never too fine or too subtle to escape the average reader.

The Unknown Quantity. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50 net.

Peggy Stewart at School.

Those who read "Peggy Stewart," by Gabrielle E. Jackson will need no assurance that this second volume belongs to the small numbers of girls' books that are wholly delightful and that reflect the life of a schoolgirl, not as some writer thinks that it ought to be, but as it actually is, and free alike from cant and from silliness. Every true character sketch appeals to the old as well as to the young, and for this reason there need be no age limit among the readers and admirers of Peggy Stewart.

Peggy Stewart at School. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

The Four Gardens.

It is only the old countries of the world that can have real gardens, since they are made by nature and not by man, and nature is never so leisurely as in the making of a garden. Obviously we can not have a haunted garden with a real ghost without antiquity, while the old-fashioned garden has age as its first requisite. In this charmingly fanciful book the author gives us not only the haunted and the old-fashioned gardens, but also the poor man's garden and the rich man's garden, and he succeeds in endowing each with a distinctive atmosphere to which the colored illustrations by Charles Robinson materially contribute.

The Four Gardens. By Handasyde. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

New Books Received.

The Gay Rebellion. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.
A novel.

Nogi. By Stanley Washburn. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net.
"A man against the background of a great war."

Malaria. By William B. Herms, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.
Its cause and control.

My Sudan Year. By E. S. Stevens. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.50 net.
The adventures of a lady in Africa.

Training the Boy. By William A. McKeever. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.
A book of advice for parents.

The Fitness of the Environment. By Laurence J. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.
An inquiry into the biological significance of the properties of matter.

A Necessity of Life and Other Stories. By Betty van der Goes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.
Twelve short stories.

The Land of Content. By Edith Barnard Delano. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.
A novel.

Outline for Review in Civics. By Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 25 cents.
For class-room use.

The Stain. By Forrest Halsey. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.35 net.
A novel.

California Coast Trails. By J. [illegible] Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Comp[illegible] net.
A horseback ride from Mexico to Oregon.

American Nobility. By Pierre de Coulevain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: $1.35 net.
A novel translated from the French of Alys Hallard.

The Two Samurai. By Byron Veatch. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
A story.

In the Shadow of the Bush. By P. Amaury Talbot. New York: George H. Doran Company; $5 net.
An elaborate account of the Ekoi of Africa and of the fauna and flora of Nigeria.

In French Africa. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $2.50 net.
Scenes and memories.

The Different West. By Arthur E. Bostwick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net.
As seen by a transplanted Easterner.

The Two Hague Conferences. By Joseph H. Choate. Princeton University Press; $1.
The Stafford Little Lectures for 1912.

The Weaker Vessel. By E. F. Benson New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.35 net.
A novel.

The White Shrine. By Gerald Villiers-Stuart. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.
A novel.

A Dream of Blue Roses. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.
A novel.

The Chequer-Board. By Sybil Grant. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.
Stories by the daughter of the Earl of Rosebery.

Waking Up Bolton. By William Ganson Rose. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.
A story.

Success in Business. By William Ganson Rose. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.
Issued in the Success series.

Veiled Woman. By Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.
A novel.

The Daughter of a Rebel. By G. Vere Tyler. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.
A novel.

Amor Vitaque. By Oliver Opp-Dyke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

The Artist. By H. L. Mencken. Boston: John W. Luce Company; 50 cents net.
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◆

"The Garden of Unrest," by George W. Harrington (Sherman, French & Co.), is a volume of inconspicuous verse that it would have been quite easy not to publish.

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"THE CONCERT" IS GOOD.

Off with your hats, my Gallic friends! Make way for a German, who has, through the intervention of a brilliant compatriot—the adapter, Leo Ditrichstein—furnished us with one of the brightest, most sparkling, most enjoyable comedies I remember in the course of a long theatre-going career. It has been my pleasant task, this season, to chronicle many comedy or comedy-farce successes. But not one of them can stand beside "The Concert," as played at the Columbia Theatre this week, for uniqueness of conception, original treatment, and inspired characterization by the author, and brilliancy of acting by the star.

The piece has not one banal passage in it, contains no padding, strikes no hollow or false note. It is a well-knit play, full of the most delightfully entertaining surprises, and leading from one logically conceived and intensely amusing situation to another, until it culminates in a dénouement that is a triumph of whimsical humor and charming sentiment.

It is the sort of play that everybody would enjoy—the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe. It gives folly such a rap on the knuckles while paying a well-earned tribute to the judicious. It presents such a truly inspired picture of the artist character, the vain, the spoiled, petted, erratic, attractive, self-willed man of genius, whose weapon with which to fight the battle of life, to win in competition, to attract and hold his celebrity, is not only his talent, but his instinctive fascination. It infers a tribute to the old-fashioned kind of self-denying wifehood that is passing away which will not exasperate the ultra-modern woman, because the wife who earns it is so rare and so choice a being, and her capacity for devotion is so exquisitely leavened with a sense of humor, that every woman in the audience is her champion. It depicts the transitoriness of sentimental hysteria and vanity-inspired infatuation, the rooted fixity of intimate family affection. And all these phases are presented in a piece so bright and playful in tone, with a satire so genial, situations so unhackneyed, surprises so unexpected, and wit so penetrating yet unenvenomed. that it is difficult to be moderate in tone while speaking of the pleasure it conveys.

Leo Ditrichstein, through its instrumentality, reveals himself as an artist doubly gifted. He is both an actor and a writer. His version of the play, which is admirably adapted to our standards, has skillfully eliminated all suggestion of its foreign origin, the characters, the situations, and the dialogue fitting with perfect smoothness into the American background. It is made plain to us that the genius, Gabor Arany, is no American, not only his accent. but his temperament having plainly had their birth outside of this land of practicality and matter-of-factness. The character of the wife, too, is plainly inspired in the brain of a man of German ideals, one who does not subscribe to the American idea of treating the young wife, during her season of beauty and charm, as a worshiped image. But this deviation from American standards was barely realized, more particularly as Dr. Dallas's sentiments toward his wayward young partner bore a more familiar and recognizable aspect.

The title has a particular felicity that can only be fully appreciated after one has seen the play. It really has a treble signification, one of its meanings standing for the group of adoring women students who join in a concert of hysterical adulation to "the master," and offer daily oblations of flowers and competing service. The secretary, a young woman who is chosen for her post of utility because of her fitness for the position, has quite lost her head and, in consequence, her usefulness, and becomes one of the most ardent devotees. And the wife, with a slight, fine smile. observes all this emotional hysteria seething around her and keeps hers. As it transpires, later, she has too much to do to afford to lose it. Geniuses need some one at hand to attend to the practical details of life.

The plot concerns one of Gabor Arany's occasional transgressions, the amiable musician finding it on special occasions difficult to wholly resist the intoxicating effect of the heady incense offered to him. His sapient wife, who is his bosom's closest counselor, is perfectly aware that when Gabor has on several occasions suddenly mentioned a mysterious concert engagement, and disappeared for a day or two, there is more in it than meets the eye. But on this occasion the jealous divination of a rival student is the means of the two deceived marital partners learning in advance of the projected transgression of their mates, and between them they outline a scheme to bring the two runaways to a full realization of what they may lose, by showing them some unconsciously prized blessings brightening as they take their apparent flight. In other words, they descend upon them at the Aranys' bungalow with the full, warm, generous forgiveness of a previously secretly loving but renouncing pair who by the infidelity of their partners will be able to free themselves from their bonds and marry each other. But this does not at all suit the ideas of the other two, each of whom relies fully upon returning to a loving and indulgent partner at the conclusion of the escapade. The ruefulness and chilling antagonism that descends upon Mr. Genius and Mrs. Youngwife when they find that their respective props and stays are withdrawing themselves and seeking each other, is the most enjoyable thing conceivable.

But the absolute felicity with which the whole idea is worked out can not be gathered from a bare outline. It is in the scenes, the fresh, unconventional, original treatment of the situations which ensue, revealing character almost as if unconsciously, which makes the play so delightful. It is the remarkable exposition of "the artistic temperament" in its most genial, most irresponsible phases, that interests, entertains, and fascinates, that gives the play a rank much above the ordinary cheerful, ephemeral comedy.

And no less remarkable than this exposition by the author is that by the actor. For Leo Ditrichstein makes the portrait fairly glow with the colors of life. There is not for one moment in the representation a suggestion of acting. The player identifies himself so completely with his rôle that when I think of it I find it impossible to separate his individuality from that of Gabor Arany. He shows us the artist child-man in all his moods; in his charming acceptance of incense, his half-careless tender of gallantries. We see him childishly fretful when things go wrong, engaging as a happy child when they go right. We see the venal, blundering, transparent male trying to deceive and cajole the all-divining woman and wife; we see him, in the very hour of his discomfiture, forgetful of it and snatching like a child at the pleasure of the moment. We see the artist seizing winged inspiration and trying to imprison it in the confines of his art. We see the cruel, fickle male, disillusioned of his passing fancy, impatiently shaking loose from the erstwhile charmer who has ceased to charm, and become "a young thingumbob," and turning instinctively, with a deep sense of love and reliance, to the faithful, devoted heart of wifehood. And we see that, true to his artist self, the erring one accepts his forgiveness with an absolute forgetfulness, three seconds after it is granted, that he had ever done anything to be forgiven. It is, indeed, a unique, delightful, unforgettable portrait.

Isabel Irving plays the part of the wife with that same fine intelligence, that adaptability so perfect as to seem instinctive, that flavor of graceful refinement that she brings to each one of her characterizations. I have seen her, I think, in every one of her Pacific Coast engagements, and every impersonation she has given she impresses upon the memory by virtue of a certain distinction she possesses which makes her work stand apart.

I can look back years and years ago and see her in "The Tyranny of Tears" in a rôle which was the exact antithesis of this: the young, tactless, selfish, absorbing wife of an author, hindering him in his work by her exacting devotion, and driving inspiration from his door. Yet that rôle, so opposite to this, left me one of the most vividly remembered portraits in my gallery of histrionic memories. Something gracious and harmonious about this attractive actress has caused the years to touch her gently, as if loth to lessen the charm of her rich womanliness.

It should have been mentioned perhaps—only a greater man made it temporarily forgotten—that this is a Belasco production, and therefore characterized by the usual perfection of detail. The company, as a consequence, is excellent, the setting and the accessories entirely appropriate. There are two sets, one the city home, the other the country home of the Aranys. Beside the star and the leading lady a dozen people are needed for the cast. Of these Nye Chart and Madge West fill the rôles of the other married couple, Miss West furnishing a very clever representation of the giddy, brainless young wife upon whose pretty brow life has written no imprint save that inscribed by personal vanity. Flora Dallas, seen first in the mood of an unthinking, vanity-intoxicated girl playing with the idea of love, is obliged to pass through many stages of ruefulness, and Madge West does her part so well that she is a decided addition to the comedy element of the play, and to the decorative aspects it furnishes of handsome young womanhood. This latter is further contributed to by the group of students in the first act, who compete madly for the favor of "the master," and incidentally lighten the scene with a display of fashionably costumed femininity.

Nye Chart plays a very good second to Isabel Irving in those scenes in which the conspiring pair make pretense of being mutually enamored, and Katherine Tyndall wins a round of hearty applause by the intensity of her enactment of a jealous woman whose infatuation is overlooked.

Cora Witherspoon was well chosen as the too devoted secretary, and in her burst of weeping preserves the proper balance due to a comedy atmosphere.

A bit of amusing realism in the play is furnished by the characters of the McGinnis pair, played particularly well by Jay McQuigley and Belle Theadore. They are caretakers of Arany's bungalow in the Catskills, and the husband is on those democratic terms of equality with Arany, due to the latter's childlike aspect toward life, which contributes toward several original and amusing scenes.

Mr. Ditrichstein's infallible artistic instinct shows during the brief domestic scrap between the humbler pair, when, as a mere looker-on, his features wear that expression of rich relish with which poor, venal humanity celebrates the domestic inharmonies of its neighbors.

In fact, for every second of the time, in voice, gesture, attitude, with the back of his head, the movement of his fingers, the responsibility-shedding shrug of his shoulders, Mr. Ditrichstein is always in character, and no one who loves to see on the stage genuine human nature, genuine comedy, and genuine art, can afford to lose this opportunity.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

Founded by Dr. Charles Harriss, the Imperial Choir, representing forty or more London choirs, has been invited by the Ghent Exhibition authorities, under the auspices of King Albert and the Belgian government, to appear at the Ghent Universal and International Exhibition next May. The Imperial Choir on this occasion will consist of two thousand singers, and they will give two concerts entirely of British music. The concerts will take place in the Grand Halle des Fêtes. The choir will be the guests of the city during their stay in Ghent. The full strength of the Imperial Choir is four thousand five hundred voices.

◆

Plans for the million-dollar auditorium for the civic centre at Larkin and Market Streets have been approved. The structure will be ready by 1915, and it is confidently expected to be one of the finest of the kind in the world. It will be fitted for all sorts of assembly uses.

◆

John Mason, who was the big figure in "The Witching Hour," and to whom much of the credit should be given for the instant success of that great play, will be a star next season in another new play by Augustus Thomas.

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Seems an odd question to ask, but it is worth considering. Men gain satisfaction through work well done, but the moment a man declares himself satisfied with his place in the world, perfectly content with all conditions, that moment has his usefulness begun to deteriorate—he is slipping. He has planted his feet on the downhill grade, even though he may not realize it. He is going instead of coming. The business house which makes a similar statement is doomed in time. It may have built up a large trade, but it is putting itself in a position to be shoved aside by some hustling competitor which is not satisfied with conditions, and is devoting time to the study of supplanting old methods with new.

No business house today would be satisfied with oil lamps; yet it was not so many years ago that they were in use. Neither would a firm for a moment think of using heating stoves to keep the place comfortable. Nobody would hire a man to make a trip and canvass for business if the transaction could be perfected in a few minutes by telephone from the office. A Massachusetts farmer recently used the 'phone in his home and sold a big crop of onions to city commission houses, and at a time when some of his neighbors were letting their crops rot in the field—didn't know where to look for a market. But HE wasn't satisfied, and he believed in modern methods.

Now, the question is, are you satisfied with your power? If the power you are using isn't giving entire satisfaction it is time to make a change, for you can get power that WILL give entire satisfaction, and give it cheaper than private plants can produce it. That is the power supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, furnishers of the famous "Pacific Service," which now covers two-thirds of the State of California. "Pacific Service" is quick, always reliable, economical. It is always ready. It has demonstrated its low cost and its thorough efficiency by replacing numerous private power plants, whose owners were not satisfied with existing conditions. It is the power that makes the wheels go 'round at the great Union Iron Works; it has taken the place of the private plant at the Sutro Baths, and the city of San Francisco is using "Pacific Service" to operate its street-car line, rather than manufacture power at a steam plant.

These are but a few of the large contracts which have demonstrated the superiority of "Pacific Service" in this city. In the country districts similar conditions are met, in proportion to population. Even the farmer is no longer satisfied. He is a man of action now. He has learned that he can not depend upon Nature for rain, so he produces artificial rain, and finds it a big improvement on Nature. A well is put down and he installs an electrically driven pump. The Pacific Gas and Electric strings a wire to his pump, he turns a lever and water gushes forth to make his land bear a rich harvest. Water is his when he wants it. He can laugh at dry spells.

For the man who contemplates the use of electric power for any purpose the Pacific Gas and Electric Company maintains a department which he will always find at his disposal. Engineering advice is furnished without charge, and all problems, large or small, are gladly worked out.

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WOODLAND HACKNEY STUD

CURRENT VERSE.

Port of Holy Peter.

The blue laguna rocks and quivers,
Dull gurgling eddies twist and spin,
The climate does for people's livers,
It's a nasty place to anchor in
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

The town begins on the sea-beaches,
And the town's mad with the stinging flies,
The drinking water's mostly leeches,
It's a far remove from Paradise
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

There's sand-bagging and throat-slitting,
And quiet graves in the sea slime,
Stabbing, of course, and rum-hitting,
Dirt, and drink, and stink, and crime,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

All the day the wind's blowing
From the sick swamp below the hills,
All the night the plague's growing,
And the dawn brings the fever chills,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

You get a thirst there's no slaking,
You get the chills and fever-shakes,
Tongue yellow and head aching,
And then the sleep that never wakes.
And all the year the heat's baking,
The sea rots and the earth quakes,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

—*From "The Story of a Round-House, and Other Poems," by John Masefield.*

◆

Nature in Town.

You can not drive out nature from the street
With all your steel and granite. Sunlight falls
As amply on the office-buildings' walls
As if the tides of ocean wet their feet.
The snow is cold; the breezes blowing fleet
Take corners with the same evasive calls
As in Nevada's cañons. Dust in squalls
Whirls merrily. Half hid away, but sweet,
The fruit of this wild wantoning,—a stalk
That holds aloft a frail and striped bloom
Behind an unused area's rusty bars.
Too dull are we, with our progressive talk,
To scent the salty breezes in our room,
And, issuing from the subway, see the stars.

—*From "The Youth Replies, and Other Verses," by Louis How.*

◆

The Hill Road.

The old road, the hill road, the road that used to go
Through briar and bloom and gleam and gloom among the wooded ways,—
Oh, would that we might follow it as once we did, you know!
The old road, the home road, the road of happy days.

The old road, the long road, the road among the hills,
The hills of old enchantments and the hollow-lands of dreams,
Again it calls with memories of days that nothing stills,
And down the years, as down a lane, its home-light winks and gleams.

Again we smell its dust, the rain distills into perfume;
Again the night, with fingertip of firefly-twinkling gold,
Points us the path to follow home through deeps of dewy bloom,
And on the bough the whippoorwill is calling as of old.

The old road, the lost road, the road where, heart and hand,
Simplicity and innocence of childhood used to play,
Till o'er the hills Ambitions came, loud-riding through the land,
And bade us mount and follow them, forever and a day.

The old road, the hill road, the road we galloped down,
The road we left of sweet content for one of moil and toil,
The road we fain would find again, and those two playmates brown,
Barefooted Happiness and Health, tanned children of the soil.

Again I hear them in the wind a-calling me to come;
From fern and flower they nod their heads or lift a faery face;
And in the twilight there they dance unto the crickets' thrum,
While friendly voices say good-night within a rose-sweet place.

The old road, the hill road, the road that you and I
Are fain to find and take again and once again to roam!—
The road into the oldtime hills where we at last would lie,
Secure within our mothers' arms and safe again at home.

—*From "The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries," by Madison Cawein.*

◆

Claim is made that 10,000 pianists are earning their living at cinematograph theatres or halls in England. Most of them are in London.

◆

Prominent Physicians
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THE MUSIC SEASON.

Grand Opera at the New Tivoli.

In the history of grand opera in San Francisco there are recorded many brilliant and impressive occasions, but none that outshines the opening of the new Tivoli Opera House Wednesday evening. For days every seat had been reserved, and the audience that filled the boxes, the orchestra circle, and the balconies, represented the most enthusiastic music lovers of the city, though there were thousands who would have been added to their number had the capacity of the opera house permitted. The opening bill was "Rigoletto," with Luisa Tetrazzini as Gilda, supported by a selected cast that included many of the foremost singers in the Chicago Grand Opera Company, under the management of Andreas Dippel. Few of the glories of the night can be indicated in a paragraph. Tetrazzini never sang more delightfully, and she was given a reception that proved the affection as well as the admiration of her hearers. She sang "Home, Sweet Home" at the end, as a token of her appreciation.

The opera house is magnificently attractive in plan and fittings. It promises not merely to sustain the traditions of the Tivoli opera houses that preceded it, but to make new and even more memorable records. Its inspiring, constructive, and directive force, Dr. W. H. Leahy, may well be proud of his achievements in building so beautiful a temple of musical art and opening it to a grateful public under such auspices.

This Saturday afternoon Tetrazzini will sing "La Traviata," and in the evening the Victor Herbert-Joseph D. Redding opera, "Natoma," will be heard here for the first time, with Mary Garden in the titular rôle.

Sunday afternoon there will be a Wagnerian concert under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, with the big orchestra and eminent soloists, for which the price of seats will range from 50 cents to $2.

Monday evening Charpentier's musical romance, "Louise," with Mary Garden, will be sung. The story, though dealing with Bohemian classes, is decidedly poetic, because the characters are more or less symbolic, Louise representing the modern spirit of unrest and Julien, her lover, played by Charles Dalmores, being typical of the young men whose mental and physical attractiveness override old ideas and rules. There are forty-one parts in the opera, a few being sung by Dufranne, Berat, Wernery, Venturini, Fossetta, Crabbe, Huberdeau, Mabel Riegelman, Egener, and Daddi.

Tuesday will be the third Tetrazzini performance, "Lucia" being the opera, and Giorgini, Egener, Polese, Henri Scott, Venturini, and Aleott the other artists.

Wednesday afternoon "Carmen" will be sung in French by Mary Garden, Dalmores being the Don José, and Hector Dufranne singing the Toreador, the others in the cast being Defrere, Huberdeau, Jenny Dufau, Marie Cavan, Margaret Keyes, Nicolay, and Daddi, and with incidental dances by the corps de ballet, headed by Rosina Galli.

Wednesday evening "Noel," a lyric drama in three acts by Frederick d'Erlanger, will be given for the first time in this city. This work combines every-day life with a wonderful spirit of religious mysticism and poetry, and the principal characters will be sung by Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Dufranne, Daddi, Berat, Warnery, Cavan, Riegelman, and Keyes. "Noel" will be followed by "Pagliacci," with Helen Stanley, Gaudenzi, Sammarco, Crabbe, and Venturini.

Thursday evening the delightful "Crispino e la Comare" will be the bill, with Tetrazzini, Trevisan, Sammarco, Huberdeau, Venturini, Fossetta, Egener, Berat, and Defrere, followed by the grand ballet divertissement, with Rosina Galli, Julie Hudak, Luigi Albertieri, and the corps de ballet.

Saturday afternoon Parelli's musical comedy in one act, "A Lover's Quarrel," with Dufau, Giorgini, Crabbe, and Berat will precede "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Massenet's miracle play, sung by Mary Garden, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Warnery, Scott, Nicolay, Crabbe, and Defrere.

Saturday evening the second and last Wagner opera will be given in "Tristan und Isolde," with Saltzman-Stevens, Dalmores, Clarence Whitehill, Crabbe, De Cisneros, Venturini, and Frank Preisch.

◆

Third Good Friday Concert at Greek Theatre.

The third annual Good Friday concert at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley will be given next Friday afternoon, March 21, at three o'clock.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given under the direction of Paul Steindorff, the choragus of the university, with a chorus of two hundred, an orchestra of sixty-five, and a quartet of soloists from the Chicago Grand Opera Company, by arrangement with Manager Andreas Dippel. The soloists will be Helen Stanley, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor; and Henri Scott, basso.

Preceding the Rossini work there will be a sacred concert and each of the operatic stars will be heard in solo numbers.

This will make one of the most interesting programmes ever offered in the open-air auditorium. The prices for tickets will be $1.50 and $1 for reserved seats, and 75 cents for general admission.

The music-store box-offices in San Francisco will open next Monday morning, in Oakland at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and at the usual places in Berkeley.

Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

◆

Josef Lhevinne, the Famous Russian Pianist.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian piano virtuoso, who now ranks among the world's very greatest artists, and who made many friends and admirers when he played in this city three years ago, is announced for three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first is announced for Sunday afternoon, March 23, when the programme will include the Fantasie and Fugue, Bach-Liszt; both series of the "Variations on a Paganini Theme," by Brahms; a group of Chopin numbers; Balakireff's Orientale Fantasie, "Islamey," and works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein.

The second and only evening concert will be given on Tuesday night, March 25, when Schumann's "Toccata," Brahms's Sonata in F minor, Op. 5; Mozart's Sonata in G major, No. 3; Chopin's "Impromptu" and "Allegro de Concert," and works by Liszt will be the feature numbers.

The farewell concert will be given on Saturday afternoon, March 29, with a quite exceptional offering. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81; Schumann's "Carnevale," a group of Chopin gems, and the rarely played "Fantasie on Robert le Diable" by Liszt, will be among the works to be rendered by this great player, who has been called "the real Rubinstein No. 2."

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at the music-store box-offices, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The limited time at the disposal of Mr. Lhevinne will make an Oakland concert impossible on this trip.

◆

The Clara Butt Concerts.

All musical San Francisco is anxiously awaiting the opportunity of hearing the wonderful voice of Clara Butt, the famous contralto, of whom we have heard so much for the past fifteen years, but who has but once before toured in this country, and then only as far west as Chicago. According to the critics the voice of this artist can not be compared with that of any other singer living, for it is of an entirely different character. It is unique, and its range is really a phenomenon. Were Clara Butt to appear in vaudeville she could truthfully be billed as a "female baritone." but her effects are absolutely legitimate and the voice in the higher range is the purest kind of a contralto. The effect is somewhat remarkable, and throughout the range there is an underlying human and sympathetic quality that reaches the heart of all who hear her. Such a voice can not be appreciated from any description—one must hear it.

With Mme. Butt will appear Kennerly Rumford, the eminent baritone, whose song interpretations and beautiful voice have placed him in the front rank of concert singers.

Manager Greenbaum announces two concerts by these artists, at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoons, March 30 and April 6. On Friday afternoon, April 4, they will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

◆

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley to Speak.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly head of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, and who is popularly known as "the father of our pure food laws," will give two talks at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being next Wednesday evening, March 19, and Friday evening, March 21, on the subject of "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset."

Dr. Wiley's pure food crusade is important in behalf of the health of our school children. Now that he is unhampered and in no way connected with political affairs at Washington, Dr. Wiley is in a position to make a vigorous campaign for what he considers the "good of the American people and especially the children," and his talks will prove of vital interest to every parent, every teacher, and to every good American citizen.

Tickets for the Dr. Wiley lecture will be ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland, Dr. Wiley will speak at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Thursday afternoon, at half-past three. Tickets may be secured Monday at the box-office of Ye Liberty.

The prices for the Wiley lectures will be 50 cents and $1.

GREEK THEATRE U. C., BERKELEY
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THIRD ANNUAL SACRED CONCERT
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"STABAT MATER"
ALL STAR QUARTET
Helen Stanley, Margaret Keyes, George Hamlin, Henri Scott—Leading principals Chicago Op. Co.
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Tickets $1.50, $1.00 and 75 cts. on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s (S. F. and Oakland), Kohler & Chase's (S. F.), and usual places in Berkeley.

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Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Today at 2, "La Traviata," with Tetrazzini.
Tonight at 8, "Natoma," with Mary Garden
Mar. 17, "Louise," with Garden; Mar. 18, "Lucia," with Tetrazzini; Mar. 19, Matinee, "Carmen," with Garden; Mar. 19, "Noel" and "Pagliacci"; Mar. 20, "Crispino e la Comare," with Tetrazzini; Mar. 22, Matinee. "A Lover's Quarrel" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Garden; Mar. 22, "Tristan and Isolde"; Mar. 24, "Rigoletto," with Tetrazzini; Mar. 26 and 28, "Jewels of the Madonna"; Mar. 29, to be announced.
Prices—$2, $3, $1, $5, $6, and $7.
SUNDAY, March 16, at 2:30, Cleofonte Campanini Wagnerian Concert. Prices, 50c to $2.

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VANITY FAIR.

What a wealth of philosophy may sometimes lie hidden in a news paragraph. What an arcanum of psychology may be disclosed by even the simplest events of life. Sermons in stones are as nothing compared with the discourses of our police courts, and books in the running brooks are insignificant by the side of the wisdom sometimes flashed from the mind of a witness.

Take, for example, the case of the taxicab driver who testified before a public commission that more accidents are caused by single men than by married men. "It is human nature," he said, "that married men should be more careful." Verily, a Daniel come to judgment. And to think that this uninstructed chauffeur, presumably without study or premeditation, should thus dive into the mysteries of human nature and come up with such a pearl as this.

Naturally we allow ourselves to fall into the reflective mood so appropriate to great discoveries. And when the first glamour of achievement has passed away we begin to question and to doubt. So married men are more careful than single men! But are they? And if so, why? Are they married because they are careful, or are they careful because they are married? In other words, which is the cause, and which is the effect?

◆

Now it seems hardly likely that they are married because they are careful. Prudence and caution would have kept them single. It is recklessness and temerity that inflict matrimony upon us, and not a cold and calculating foresight. And so we advance another step in our inquiry. Evidently these men were once possessed of a daredevil foolhardiness or they would not now be married. Obviously there was a time when they counted the cost of nothing, when they threw all instincts of self-preservation to the winds, when they made of daring their watchword, and advanced with an unquickened pulse to dangers that would appall the timid. All this is proved by the bare fact that they are now married. The point need not be labored. It proves itself. It jumps to the eye, as a Frenchman would say.

And if they had this sort of desperado bravery before marriage and are equally distinguished by caution after marriage it is evident that matrimony has produced the transformation, and so a new vista of possibilities opens out before us. Why should matrimony have this effect? Why should it soothe the savage breast and translate audacity into timidity? Probably it depends largely upon the nature and temperament of the victim. In some cases he would be driven to desperation. He would feel that the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had now done their worst, and that an adverse fate could have nothing more cruel in store for him than it had already inflicted. Having himself been run down, so to speak, he would be vindictively anxious to run down other people. But evidently these cases are few. and it says much for the inherent beauty of human nature that even a married chauffeur is more disposed to hold his destroying hand than to inflict fresh and unmerited wounds upon passers-by who may themselves be married for all he knows to the contrary, and who would therefore welcome death, but not mutilation.

We are therefore driven to the conclusion that the married chauffeur has had the good sense to learn his lesson. He knows now that foolhardiness brings sorrow in its train, and that recklessness is followed by repentance. The bitter results of his earlier follies have sunk deeply into his nature and henceforth he will drive with caution. He will do all things with caution, "lest some worse thing befall him." Of course there are other considerations that might be advanced and other theories that might be examined, but perhaps enough has been said to show how much we may learn from the smaller facts of life if we only take time to give them the attention that they deserve.

◆

Mr. Chesterton said once that there is no more dreadful sight than a crowd of women. These were not his exact words, but they convey his exact meaning. Women shine when alone, or in pairs, and it is surprising that some bedlamite in Sacramento has not yet introduced a bill forbidding assemblies of women in numbers exceeding two.

Take the case of the wedding of the Duc de Richelieu to Miss Elinor Wise, which occurred a few weeks ago in New York. Incidentally, and to forestall the vacuous-minded fraternity who are always ready to become noisy on the subject of fortune-hunters, let it be said that the Duc de Richelieu is wealthy and that his bride has no money at all. An aristocratic wedding naturally brought to the scene a large assembly of women, although why any woman should wish to go to any wedding but her own is one of the mysteries of human nature. All went fairly well during the ceremony, although the women who were lucky enough to get into the church stood upon the seats and passed audible comments on the appearance of the bride. But the real fun began when the ceremony was over. A large number of women who had been unable to gain admission to the church through the architectural limitations of the building and who were therefore suffering under a sense of injustice, had waged steady conflict with a stalwart police, the hired myrmidons of male brutality. But upon the appearance of the wedded couple the waiting women found further scope for their activities. There was one vast swoop of femininity, and the luckless duke and his wife were carried off their feet, literally and actually, and for a time were lost to sight in a sea of curiosity hunters. The duke was hurried in one direction and his wife in another, and when the groom was eventually able to fight his way back to his bride her dress had been torn nearly to pieces by the women who wanted to examine its texture and who dragged her this way and that in order that they might finger its material and estimate its value. Eventually a wedge of policemen fought their way to the scene of carnage, rescued the victims, and formed a solid phalanx around them until they had reached their hotel. Only one touch was needed to complete the perfect picture. Some one should have shouted "Votes for women."

◆

It will not be the fault of the tailors if mere man does not learn to array himself like Solomon in all his glory. The tailors' convention in Philadelphia wound up their proceedings with a ball in which they showed us how beautiful we might all be if only we would. A Philadelphia tailor appeared resplendent in a suit "of gray Cambridge cheviot with bright black satin revers and black polished buttons; very close-fitting trousers with two rows of black zig-zagged braid; a plain black silk waistcoat with white pearl buttons." Another suit was mauve in color, and the seams of the trousers were embroidered with a rose leaf fresco. Both suits must have been very beautiful, and we intend to get half a gross or so like them. And not for evening wear only. We have long regretted our inability to catch the eye of the waitress at the humble caravanserai to which we resort toward midday. We have attributed our plight first to a contrite heart, which is of the kind not favored by the ministering sylphs of the establishment, and second to a humble and unobtrusive exterior, innocent of adornment and of inconspicuous color. We now believe that if we were to turn up in a mauve suit and trousers with a rose leaf fresco, whatever that may be, we should be able to arrest the eye of that hash-laden nymph who is now so successful in looking through us and over us. It seems worth trying.

◆

A telegram from Paris to the London *Daily Express* says that luxury in woman's dress has reached such a pitch in Paris that society women are proposing to organize a simplicity campaign. It is not so much the prices paid for the dresses themselves as the money asked, and paid, for accessories, which are exceeding the powers of all but the deepest purses. The extravagance in stockings has grown in inverse ratio to the thickness of the material. A shop near the Opéra sells stockings at eight shillings a pair at the cheapest. An inquiry for the most expensive produced some at £40 and £48 a pair, made of Chantilly lace, Mechlin lace, or tissue of gold. In the Rue de la Paix a fashionable purveyor of white underwear stated that he had no trousseaux under £20, and that £2 and £4 were the prices for "cheap" nightdresses. Another shop of the same kind making a specialty of corsets has quite cheap ones at £4 each and a little better quality at £8. "But, of course," said the shopkeeper, "when a lady wants a really fashionable corset she has to pay for it."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Lady Aberdeen, at a dinner in New York, gave this side-light on present modes: "The modern woman," she said, "rarely weeps—her complexion won't stand it."

◆

Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, at one of her brilliant dinners in New York, made an epigram upon old maids. "When an unmarried young woman," said Mrs. Guinness, smiling, "gets to be twenty-five, I've often noticed that she begins to call old maids bachelor girls."

◆

Booth Tarkington, at the club, told a Lenten story. "Too many people keep Lent," he said, "like Boose. Boose, very much under the weather, lurched into a Broadway barroom and ordered his nineteenth cocktail. 'Cherry in it, sir?' the bartender asked. 'No,' said Boose. 'No—hic—no cherry. It's Lent, and I bar cherries in Lent.' "

◆

Dr. Alexis Carrel was enthusiastically hailed by a brother physician. "What a genius you are!" Thus the brother physician ended a long eulogy. But Dr. Carrel smiled and said: "A genius, eh? Well, at his villa in Biarritz Sarasate was once called a genius by a famous critic. But Sarasate frowned and shook his head. 'A genius,' he said. 'For thirty-seven years I've practiced fourteen hours a day, and now they call me a genius!' "

◆

"Object" drawing has brought a new anxiety into the schools. In certain districts youngsters may be seen moving schoolward with hatchets, knives, hammers, chisels, and similar things, as materials for their drawing lessons. The other day, just as one of these lessons was about to begin, a small boy was found standing tearfully at his teacher's desk. "I've swallowed my object," he explained, with an alarming gulp. "What was it?" asked the teacher anxiously. "A banana," replied the would-be artist with a final gulp.

◆

An Irish private was called before the adjutant of his regiment, who had received complaints that the Irishman had not written home for years. The common excuse, "Can't write," was offered. "Can't write!" said the officer, seizing a pen. "Well, just dictate while I write your letter." "We have the best commanding officer in the service," dictated Pat. "H'm!" mused the adjutant, looking up. "Well?" "The major is like a father to the men." "Anything else?" asked the adjutant. "Kindly excuse bad writing and spelling," added Pat.

◆

The missionary smiled benevolently on the natives around him. "I will cure them all of cannibalism," he said hopefully. "They have treated me kindly so far, and I am sure I shall convert them all." After being introduced to their chief he retired to the special hut the tribe had prepared for him, where he was shortly afterward joined by a native. "The king has sent me to dress you for dinner," said the man. "Ah!" smiled the missionary. "How thoughtful of him. You are the royal valet, I suppose?" "Nope," replied the native, "I'm the royal cook."

◆

Professor Bliss Perry likes to tell this story about a suffrage meeting which a friend of his attended: After considerable business had been disposed of by the suffragettes, one of their number made a motion that the women living in the town where the meeting was held should endeavor at the next election to place a woman on the school board. The presiding officer said, referring to the motion, "Is there any question?" For a few moments there was silence. Then a shrill voice far up in the gallery said, sweetly: "Will you please tell us how you get that smooth effect over the hips?"

◆

The London club is remarkable for its silences, its cold silences. The playwright Barrie frequented the Athenæum a long time without exchanging a syllable with a single fellow-member, and then, one afternoon, overcome with loneliness over his tea in the library, he ventured to address a remark upon the weather to an old fellow who sat before the fire with the *Times*. But the old fellow, instead of answering Barrie's remark, put down the *Times*, drew forth his handkerchief, and burst into sobs. "Why," said Barrie, puzzled and moved. "Why, what's the matter?" The old fellow looked at Barrie tenderly, and, his eyes swimming in tears, he answered. "Oh, my dear sir, I have been a member of this club for thirty-seven years, and your kind words are the first that have ever been addressed to me within these walls."

◆

The suffragettes are having such a perfectly excellent time in England nowadays, what with arson and bomb-throwing and window-smashing, that it recalls the story told of Chisholm Langhorne. Mr. Langhorne is the father of the various and beautiful Langhorne girls. One of them married William Waldorf Astor. On one occasion Mr. Langhorne had arranged to spend six weeks with Mrs. Astor. For five weeks it rained steadily. Mr. Langhorne peeked dismally out of the window at the falling water. On the first day of the sixth week he seemed to reach a decision. "Get me my shooting clothes and my double-barreled gun," he told his man. His daughter looked at him in surprise. There was no shootable game to be found near the Astor home. "What are you going to do?" she asked. Mr. Langhorne fixed his eyes upon her. They were filled with mournful resolution. "I am going out—out into the rain," said Mr. Langhorne, "and try to find the man who named this country 'Merry England'!"

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Gentle Suffragette.

[London, 1913.]

The gentle suffragette stood up
 Amid a crowd, man driven;
Her eyes were eager for the fray,
 No quarter asked or given;
She had three billies on her arm
 And the stones in her hand were seven.

Her robe, wrought of some sombre stuff,
 No 'broideries did adorn,
But "Votes for women" at her breast
 Was pinned securely on;
Her corn gold hair was tumbling down,
 It made her look forlorn.

Herseemed she had not been for long
 One of those roisterers;
All sweetness was not yet quite gone
 From those blue eyes of hers;
Yet to the "Cause" her soul was pledged
 For this and all the years.

She raised her little hand, and then
 A stone went hurtling by;
It missed a man by half an inch
 But in another's eye
It lodgment found. He gave a yell
 That reached to heaven high!

And then she took her billy up
 And laid about her well;
Herseemed a very lusty maid,
 For heads began to swell;
The uproar most terrific was,
 She was raising merry ——!

And "Ladies, ladies!" cried the men,
 "Desist—this fray, we fear,
May damage do to life and limb,
 And one to death is near!"
The suffragette she heeded not—
 She sneered (I saw her sneer).

—*New York Times.*

◆

The Waterloo of Poker Bills.

Oh, he hailed from the Hills, Black Hills, Black Hills,
And he went by the name of Bills—just Bills.
Of the head that is swelled without more words,
We'll say he'd the same to throw to the birds;
He thought that of poker there was no turn
That he had ever omitted to learn,
For he'd beat 'em all in the blue Black Hills
And he longed for gore, did Bills—did Bills.

And so into Denver town went he
With a ripe, round wad of currency,
In tens and twenties and the bigger kind;
'Twould make a national bank go blind,
Or Crœsus pale or the Treasury
Of Uncle Sam know misery.
But Bills—just Bills, that was his name—
Just simply said: "I want a game.
Is there a man around this camp
Who knows a flush from a coal oil lamp?
Come on, I'm from the Hills, Black Hills,
And my name in full is Poker Bills,
And I'm here to skin this coyote town
Till you pull your freight or all throw down.
My name is Bills—you've heard of Bills
From the rocky caves of the rough Black Hills—
And I'm here fer blood, red blood, red blood,
And the man who plays me his name is Mud."

As he finished speaking a sad-eyed chap
With a lip adroop like a pocket flap
Stepped forward and said, said he,
"I'll go you if I lose, by gee!"
And he throwed a wad that made the chills
Chase up the back of Old Man Bills.

Well, they played and the sad-eyed duck
Seemed loaded down with golden luck.
But he handled the pasteboards awkwardly
Till a sandhill crane could plainly see
He didn't know how, and Poker Bills
Just smiled a bit as he drew for "fills."
But, darn it all, the sad-eyed duck
Held on to his dog-gone, blame fool luck,
And he horned old Bills for all his pile
And he did it all in a quiet style
And sweet and kind and pleasantly
Till Bills had to grin, did he—did he.

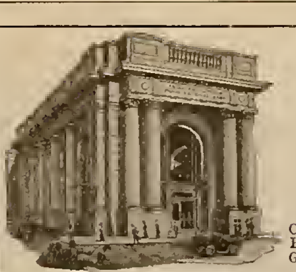
When Bills had soaked his coat and vest,
His watch and chain and all the rest
He gave a gasp and he said, said he,
"Say, Mister Man, who might you be?"
"Oh, I aint much," replied Sad Eyes,
"And Lightnin' Lige is 'bout my size,
And this here is
My chosen biz.
And let me say, my Black Hills friend,
Whichever way your tracks may wend
You'll find this statement mighty true:
There's always some one as smart as you;
There's always some one whose head to yours,
Is like the sky to a scene indoors."

And he shoved o'er a "V," did he—did he,
That Bills might eat sub-se-quent-ly.

—*From "Cowboy Lyrics," by Robert V. Carr.*

◆

"And I thought you were a friend of mine?" "So I am. I would give you my last cent." "Your talk sounds big, but you don't live up to it. When I just——" "You didn't ask me for my last cent, you asked me to lend you five dollars."—*Houston Post.*



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Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,699,466.93
Total Resources	40,245,218.89

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Surplus to Policyholders	3,266,021

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Assets	$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
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Employees' Pension Fund	148,850.22
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Eugene Gallois has anounced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Jeanne Marie Gallois, to Mr. Horace L. Hill, Jr. Miss Gallois is a sister of Mr. John Gallois. Mr. Hill is the son of Mrs. Hill and the late Mr. Horace L. Hill, who formerly resided in this city.

Mrs. Lillian Sutton Hopkins has announced her engagement to Dr. George E. Ehright. Mrs. Hopkins is the widow of Mr. Sherwood Hopkins, who was the son of Mrs. William Hopkins and the brother of Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and Mrs. Eugene Murphy. She is the mother of the Misses Gertrude and Lillian Hopkins and Mr. William Hopkins. The wedding will be an event of April.

The Reverend Bradford Leavitt and Mrs. Leavitt have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Helen Leavitt, and Dr. James Eaves, Monday evening, March 24, at the First Unitarian Church. Following the ceremony a reception will be given at the family residence on Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained a number of friends at a dinner and bridge party at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of General Charles Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. E. B. Stone was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. B. S.. Donohue and Miss Lillian Van Vorst, who have gone to Honolulu.

Mrs. Arthur R. Fennimore gave a bridge-tea complimentary to Miss Van Vorst.

Mrs. Otto Grau was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Miss Edna Lawrence of Chicago and Miss Emily Rockwell of Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a dinner last week in honor of Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker, who left Monday for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Baker also entertained recently at a dinner complimentary to Mr. Herbert Gallagher and his bride, who was formerly Miss Violet Crerar of Hamilton, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins gave a dinner Wednesday evening preceding the opera.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard was hostess at a bridge party Thursday evening at the Francisca Club.

Miss Leslie Page entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea at her home on Broadway, in honor of her cousin, Miss Dorothy Page, who has recently annonnced her engagement to Mr. Charles Buckingham.

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting gave a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. John D. Sibley.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace was hostess last week at a luncheon and bridge party at the Ingleside Golf Club in honor of Mrs. John Wright.

Mrs. George Hellman was hostess yesterday at a tea in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle entertained a large number of friends at a dinner-dance at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto gave a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Taylor gave a dinner complimentary to Mr. Rufus Thayer of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels entertained thirty friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Roy Ryone will be a dinner host this evening, when he will entertain a large number of friends at the University Club.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace gave a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Henry T. Scott and her house guest, Mrs. Wendell Baker, of New York.

Mrs. Arthur Murray was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. James T. Barbour of Washington, D. C.

Miss Sadie Murray gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Barbour's daughter, Miss Marguerite Barbour.

Colonel Cornelius Gardiner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardiner gave a dinner at their home in the Presidio in honor of Miss Amy Gardiner and Miss Marguerite Barbour.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, and Mrs. Wendell Baker of New York spent the week-end in Monterey.

Miss Mary Darney of New York is visiting the Misses Florence and Corona Williams at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Redington have returned from Honolulu.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg has been spending the past week in Paso Robles.

Miss Helen Stone has gone to Beowawe, Nevada, to visit Miss Helen Hinckley.

Miss Lee Girvin has returned from San Luis Obispo County, where she has been visiting the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroder.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morowitz of New York spent a few days in this city en route to Santa Barbara. Mrs. Morowitz, who was formerly Miss Violet Westcott, is a sister of Mr. Philip Westcott.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin and Miss Gladys Buchanan, left today for Enrope.

Mrs. M. H. de Young, the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin have gone to Coronado to remain several weeks.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and his daughter, Miss Agnes Hayne, are visiting relatives in Camden, South Carolina. They will sail shortly for Europe, where they are planning to remain several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, who since their marriage have lived in Chicago, are anticipating moving to New York, where they will reside permanently. Mrs. Geissler was formerly Miss Carol Moore of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Van Sinderen have returned to their home in New York after a few weeks' visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin have leased for two years the home in San Mateo of Mrs. Leigh Sypher, who was formerly Mrs. James W. Bothin.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith returned to town Tuesday from Stockton, where they spent a few days with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle have gone to Europe to remain about two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins will leave April 1 for Menlo Park, where they will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins have resided on Jackson Street.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., and her children will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. George Whittell, Jr., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Grimwood and their daughter, Miss Emma Grimwood, will move shortly into their new home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Hattie Loring Van Bergen will leave today for her home in Boston.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Nickel, returned Monday from their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Miss Genevieve King has been spending the past week in Monterey.

Mrs. Norma Preston Ames is visiting Mrs. Flora Magee on her ranch in Nevada.

Mr. Thompson Alexander of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Bidwell, in Chico.

Miss Ysabel Chase gave a house party over the week-end and entertained Miss Katherine Strickler, Miss Polly Mills, Mr. Edric Wolseley, and Mr. Edmonds Lyman.

Mrs. H. S. Crocker sailed last week for Tahiti.

Miss Eleanor Davenport, who has recently returned from an extended visit in the East, has taken an apartment on California and Jones Streets.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow left Tuesday for a month's visit in Phœnix, Arizona, where Judge Morrow will preside over the United States district court.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop have returned to their home in Palo Alto after a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlin of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlin at their home in Menlo Park. Mrs. Chamberlin was formerly Miss Bessie Stillman of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin will leave June 1 for Burlingame, where they have rented a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Mercedes Crimmins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins have been spending the past week in the Grand Cañon.

Miss Helen Chesebrough is in Santa Barbara with her father, Mr. A. Chesebrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and their two little sons will spend the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann, Miss Johanna Volkmann, and Miss Edith Treanor left on today's overland for New York en route to Europe, where they will travel until November.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Roos will leave March 19 for Panama.

Mrs. Shafter Howard has come from New York to spend a few weeks with friends. Mrs. Howard was formerly Miss Mollie Hunter of Newport.

Mrs. W. W. Wood and Mrs. Yerrington are traveling in Japan.

Miss Janet Coleman has returned to Washington, D. C., after a visit in New York with the Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Cunningham. Miss Floride Hunt is at present the guest of the Misses Cunningham.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will close her town house April 1, when she will take possession of her new home in Burlingame, where she will reside until November. Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader will spend the summer with Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mrs. George H. Howard left today for a visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayne of Burlingame are at Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara is contemplating visiting Miss Florence Henshaw at her home in Oakland.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, late minister to Japan, is at Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, left Monday for New York and will sail March 17 for England, where they will join Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, who are residing in London.

Mr. W. S. Tevis, Jr., is at Hotel del Coronado.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco include Mrs. F. Cornwall Moore, Mr. F. B. Dallam, Mr. Henry Hastings, Mr. Edward Kerrigan, Mr. William McMillen.

Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy will leave soon for Captain Murphy's new post, Fort Columbia, Washington. Since their marriage Captain and Mrs. Murphy have resided in this city. Mrs. Murphy was formerly Miss Jean Nokes.

Lieutenant Merritt Hodson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hodson have returned to their home in Vallejo after a visit in San Rafael with Mrs. Hodson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Jones.

Lieutenant John Pegram, U. S. A., has gone to Virginia to visit his relatives.

Mrs. Herbert Yeamans, wife of Dr. Yeamans, U. S. A., has arrived from Manila and is the guest of Mrs. Irving F. Moulton at her home on Devisadero Street. Mrs. Yeamans will return to the islands in June.

Mrs. Malin Craig has gone to the Yellowstone Park to join her husband, Captain Craig, U. S. A. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Charles A. Woodruff.

Miss Amy Gardiner of Kalamazoo, Michigan, is visiting her father and stepmother, Colonel Cornelius Gardiner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardiner, at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel George McK. Williamson, U. S. A., has gone to Galveston, Texas, to assume his duties in the Quartermaster Department.

Brigadier-General Edgar Z. Steever, U. S. A., has retired from the army after having served during the past forty-one years.

Lieutenant-Colonel Herman C. Schumm, U. S. A., arrived last week from the Philippines and will leave shortly for his new post, Fort Wadsworth, New York.

Colonel Carroll A. Devol, U. S. A., has been promoted to brigadier-general after thirty-four years' service. General Devol is at present in Panama.

Captain Caldwell Turner, U. S. N., and Mrs. Turner are en route here from the Philippines and will be stationed at Mare Island.

Mrs. Richard S. Douglass, wife of Captain Douglass, U. S. N., will return next week to Coronado, where she will open her home with the intention of remaining there until the return from Mexican waters of her husband's ship, the *Glacier*. Mrs. Douglass has been spending the winter in Vallejo.

◆

The monocle, usually associated with the sterner although perhaps not less vain sex, has been worn for just a hundred years. The first person to screw a glass in his eye was, according to Sir Horace Rumbold, a Dutch exquisite, Jonkheer Breele, whose monocle startled the diplomats assembled for the congress of Vienna. The fashion spread rapidly. In Dr. Kitchiner's "Economy of the Eyes," published nine years after the congress, he deplores the fact that "a single glass set in a smart ring is often used by trinket fanciers merely for fashion's sake. These folk have not the least defect in their sight and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of such irritation."

◆

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Important appointments and promotions in the fire department are held up as a result of the factional strife, intensified by political affiliations and influences outside the department, which began in the fall of 1906 and has been increasing most rapidly in the last seven months. The question seems to be whether the law and the charter are to be obeyed or set aside by the mayor and commissioners in the interest of applicants who can not pass the physical examination required.

The force of workmen now employed at the Exposition site numbers 1400. It is expected that not less than 7000 will be laboring there as soon as lumber can be unloaded for the main buildings.

The Park commissioners have issued an order opening to traffic the extension of the elevated drive. The extension runs south a mile from the present terminus of the elevated drive adjacent to the Great Highway. It furnishes a splendid view of the ocean for the entire distance. Three months were consumed in the construction of this second mile. The scenic boulevard is to be later continued to Sloat Boulevard and San Mateo County.

The St. Patrick's Day convention of the United Irish Societies arranged for a two days' celebration in honor of the patron saint of Ireland. There will be a ball at the Auditorium Saturday night, March 15, and literary and musical exercises at Knights of Columbus Hall Sunday afternoon at two o'clock.

Commander Evangeline Booth, daughter of the late William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, delivered a lecture on the life of her father in the Scottish Rite Auditorium last Sunday evening.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer now on a nation-wide lecture tour, will tell of the discovery of the South Pole in an illustrated lecture at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, Monday evening, March 24. The lecture is under the direction of the Norwegian National League.

The will of the late Joel Parker Whitney, filed for probate, leaves the widow, Mrs. Lucy Chadwick Whitney, the homestead at Andover, Maine, and The Oaks, the Placer County country seat. A trust is created of all the property held by the Whitney Estate Company, and the first charge upon the trustees is the payment to the widow of $1200 a month for life. When Vincent Whitney reaches thirty-five, if he, his brother Parker and sister Helen are living, the trustees are to distribute the estate, giving one-third outright to Vincent, and holding the other two-thirds in trust for Parker and Helen, they to receive the income. There are a few small bequests to relatives.

Charity Ball for the Catholic Humane Bureau.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau will be held on March 28, 1913, at Scottish Rite Hall, Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street.

The Catholic Humane Bureau is one of the largest institutions in the state. It has now under its care about six hundred children, Catholic and non-Catholic, and it expends for the maintenance and relief of these little ones between five and six hundred dollars per month over and above the allowance received from the state and county. The charity ball is intended to help meet this expenditures.

The list of patronesses includes more than sixty ladies of San Francisco prominent in society circles, and the subscribers for boxes already number thirty-five.

Tickets, including supper, are $5 each, and may be procured from any of the patronesses, and at the office of the Catholic Humane Bureau, Callaghan Building, 1112 Market Street, above McAllister Street.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Prince of Pilsen" at the Cort.

Lovers of catchy music and good comedy will note with pleasure the announcement that the Cort Theatre will offer the greatest of all musical-comedy favorites, "The Prince of Pilsen," for a two weeks' engagement beginning Sunday night, March 16. Mr. Henry W. Savage has made the whole production absolutely new in every detail. Costumes, scenery, and effects, and all the many requirements of a high-class musical offering have been added to the new company. Theatre-goers are familiar with the song favorites, "The Message of the Violets," "Heidelberg," and "The Tale of the Sea Shell," and their hold upon the American amusement lover is so great that "Pilsen" continues as one of the greatest successes ever produced.

Jess Dandy will be seen as the jolly brewer, Hans Wagner, from "Zinzinnati," and the whole cast is one of superiority and strength. New girls comprise a chorus of prettier show maids than has ever before been sent out from New York. Lottie Kendall, favorably known in musical comedy, and a particular favorite here, is the widow in the cast; while Mary C. Murray, a talented prima donna with a beautiful coloratura voice, has the pretty rôle of Edith. Arthur Hull, handsome and imposing, has the rôle of the real prince, and Fred Lyon is distinctly clever as the young and dashing naval lieutenant. The enlarged orchestra, under the direction of Emil Biermann, will be a feature.

"Little Miss Brown" will be seen for the last time this Saturday night.

"The Concert" Continues at the Columbia.

At the Columbia Theatre the Belasco production of "The Concert" will be seen for a second and final week, commencing with Monday night, March 17. A most favorable review of the play appears on another page. Leo Ditrichstein, in adapting the play, has been wholly successful in making it agreeable to the American taste for comedy, and as the star of the cast has won a distinctive success for his splendid comedy work. The part of the wife is well played by Isabel Irving, and, in fact, the cast from first to last is perfect. "The Concert" is by long odds the cleverest comedy seen here in years. Its three acts are all interest and provoke their share of laughter, and it will surely continue a strong attraction during the second and last week of its stay. There will be a matinée on Wednesday and Saturday.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be the popular star, Chauncey Olcott, who is to appear for two weeks commencing with Sunday night, March 23. "The Isle o' Dreams," in which Mr. Olcott is appearing this season, is said to be adding new laurels to the wreath of the star. Mr. Olcott has a budget of new and beautiful songs, a fine cast, and one of the most magnificent productions seen in years. Henry Miller is now managing the destinies of Mr. Olcott, and his fine hand as stage manager is seen to advantage in "The Isle o' Dreams."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headliner Digby Bell, one of the most celebrated of American comedians. The name Digby Bell is a household word all over this country, for in every city of importance in this great United States his mellow and unctuous comedy, his genial and magnetic personality, have endeared him to his audiences. He is remembered from his prominent and successful association with the Gilbert and Sullivan and McCaull Opera Companies. For this, his first vaudeville tour, he has secured a one-act comedy by George V. Hobart, entitled "It Happened in Topeka," which affords him fine opportunity for the full display of his ability, and in which he is meeting with great success.

Will Dillon, the popular song writer and the author of "I Want a Girl," "All Alone," "I Thought It Was What I Thought It Was," and other popular songs will make his first appearance here.

"The Girl from Milwaukee," a handsome young woman, who envelopes her identity in mystery but is the possessor of a glorious contralto voice, will be heard in popular numbers. Whether she is a society girl who has determined to conceal her identity until her artistic merit has been thoroughly endorsed by all the great cities of this country or a grand opera star who is anxious to test the truth of the saying "What's in a name?" is a matter of conjecture, but one fact she has established—she can sing.

The Kyles, with their aerial novelty, "Johnny and the French Maid," will present an act combining sensational work on the Roman rings, acrobatics, and comedy.

Thomas A. Edison's Talking Moving Pictures (the Kinetophone), which are creating an immense furor, will be continued with a change of programme, which will include the musical-comedy favorite, Truly Shattuck, also the Quarrel Scene from "Julius Cæsar." Next week will be the last of Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz; Bedini and Arthur; Guerro and Carmen, and William Rock and Maude Fulton. The latter will continue by special request their amusing burlesque of Bernhardt and Tellegen.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Signor Giuseppe Sirigano's famous Italian band, the Banda Roma, consisting of twenty selected musicians from the La Scala Conservatory, top the new bill which opens at the Pantages on Sunday afternoon. Their repertory embraces selections from the well-known favorites of old-time masters with a liberal sprinkling of the latest popular numbers. Two brilliant soloists and a beautiful young harpist are with the Banda Roma. One of the biggest hits of last season on Broadway was a singing and piano trio, the Gray Trio, which played for almost an entire year in the great metropolis. They all possess magnificent singing voices and have proved one of the greatest entertaining offerings that the Pantages circuit has ever booked. Felix Quick is one of the pleasing features on the bill with his cartoon work. He picks out subjects at random from the audience and in a twinkling cartoons them. Charles A. Loder, the legitimate German character comedian, is on the new bill with a playlet entitled "The Night Doctor." Williams and Sterling will present a bit of singing and chatter called "Smiley Nonsense." Ralph de Ermay, a hand equilibrist, and Dixie and George in a comedy skit entitled "The Bootblack and the Lady," will complete the balance of the bill.

Eugene Walter, who wrote "Paid in Full," "The Wolf," and "The Easiest Way," is the author of the successful "Fine Feathers," which is at present running at the Astor Theatre, New York City. The cast includes some of the greatest players on the American stage. Among them are Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson, and Amelia Summers. Arrangements have been completed for the appearance of this big attraction at the Columbia Theatre immediately after the close of its season in New York. Every member of the Astor Theatre cast will be seen here.

"The Merry Widow," the Viennese operetta that made Franz Lebar's fame on this side of the Atlantic and the one that contains his greatest score, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre following the run of "The Prince of Pilsen." Henry W. Savage is again the producer. The cast contains three particular local favorites: Mabel Wilber as the widow; Charles Meakins as the prince; and Oscar Figman in the leading comedy rôle.

"Everywoman," the famous morality play, will be seen at the Cort Theatre shortly, as will another Henry W. Savage production, "Little Boy Blue," in the latter of which will appear Otis Harlan, the famous comedian.

For the Children's Easter.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I'm about to give an opera party. What boxes should I take." "Any, except chatter-boxes."—*Judge.*

Wife (bitterly)—When you married me you didn't marry a cook. *Husband*—Well, you needn't rub it in.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What an old-fashioned person Mrs. Larrahee is." "Yes. I believe she continues to wear a petticoat."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

First Chicago Dame—People take shorter wedding trips than they did formerly. *Second Chicago Dame*—Perhaps—they take them more often.—*Life.*

Howard—Schuyler says that now he has lost all hope of everything but heaven. *Coward*—Good gracious! No wonder he's discouraged.—*Life.*

Officer—Where do you live? Where's your home? *Inebriated Motorist*—Why—I—left it standing right there an hour ago. Number 914,782 New York.—*Puck.*

Nell—Isn't Alice soon going to marry Jack? *Belle*—I don't know. She says she hates to give up the $1.50 shows for the 10-cent motion pictures.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Sillicus—What is the age of discretion? *Cynicus*—There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Wife of Dernier Cri Artist—Poor Edgar, he's one hundred years ahead of his time. *Landlord*—I can't help that—he's three months behind in his rent.—*Life.*

Madge—Did you have a good seat at the opera? *Marjorie*—Lovely! We were near enough to one of the boxes to hear every word the society people said.—*Judge.*

"Is he rich?" "I didn't think so, but he must be." "Why?" "I heard him say the other night that he lets his wife have all the money she wants."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Owner of Apartment House—Is the new janitor experienced? *Agent*—You bet he is. He wasn't on the job half an hour before all the bells and speaking tubes were out of commission.—*Life.*

"Do you know how to run a motor car?" "Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "I know all about the mechanism of the thing. But I haven't yet mastered the police regulations." —*Washington Star.*

"Why on earth do you let your wife go around saying that she made a man of you? You never heard my wife saying that," "No," the other frowned back, "but I've often heard her say she tried her hardest."—*New York Tribune.*

"Why are you cheering so enthusiastically?" asked the friend. "The man who got elected wasn't your choice." "He isn't my choice yet," replied Mr. Growcher. "I'm rejoicing because of the trouble I think he has ahead of him."—*Washington Star.*

Teacher—Ethel, name some wild animal that growls over his meat and wears a warm fur coat in winter, that prowls around at night, and sleeps in the daytime, that—— *Ethel*—Oh, you needn't go any further—you are talking about my papa.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Reggie (over on a visit)—Do you know, old chap. I think that vulgah fellow over there insulted me. *American Friend*—You think so. What did he say? *Reggie*—Why, he suggested in a very rude manner that when I die I bequeath my head to a collar-button factory.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I want to talk to you about becoming your son-in-law," said the young man. "I can't advise you," replied Mr. Cumrox, "on the subject of becoming a member of the family. As your sincere personal friend I ought to speak freely, but as a husband and father I am restrained."—*Washington Star.*

"Why do politicians wear high hats and frock coats?" asked the person who makes trivial inquiries. "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "the high hat and the frock coat constitute the appropriate attire for occasions both of mourning and congratulation. And every election makes a politician feel as if he were going to a funeral or a wedding."—*Washington Star.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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School Playgrounds.

A word of hearty praise ought to be said for the project to extend to rural playgrounds the same system of encouragement and development that has been found successful in the cities. The matter was introduced at the recent session of the Pacific Coast Playground and Recreation Congress, and Mr. C. A. Stebbins of Chico State Normal School made a plea for the needs of the rural playground. It is all very well to do what we can to compensate for the loss of physical activities suffered by young people who forsake the country for the city. But why not go further than this? Why not do something to increase the attractiveness of country life and to lessen the strength of the lures that do so much to depopulate the village? Country life, says Mr. Stebbins, is monotonous to young people. The advantages of invention, of improvement, are concentrated in the cities. The cities are associated with novelty, with amusement, with everything that counteracts the deadly sameness of living, which is necessarily the feature of an advanced social organization. These are more active causes of the exodus to the city than the mere desire for the larger opportunities that the city is supposed to offer.

There ought to be some kind of coöperation in this matter between the city and the village. If the city needs trained playground supervisors so also does the village. And it may be said in passing that trained playground supervisors will not solve the whole problem even for the city. Children ought not to need instruction in the art of play, and they do not need it. They need no more than the opportunity, and when we look at the grim asphalted areas attached to our schools and facetiously known as playgrounds we can hardly wonder that the children prefer the variety and the animation of the streets and the parks. The children in Golden Gate Park on Saturday and Sunday do not seem to need play instructors, and they would not need them in the school grounds if they were a little more gracious, a little more suggestive of nature, rather than of man. What our children need in school and at play is less science—a great deal less, and more humanity—a great deal more.

The Minimum Wage.

Before passing a minimum wage bill for girls it would be well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest a news item from Oregon. They have been having their spasms of moral indignation in Oregon just as we have in California, and it need hardly be said that they have resulted in laws, since there is no such pleasant, spectacular, cheap, and easy way to reform the world as to pass an enactment to the effect that the said world is hereby reformed. So they have passed a minimum wage bill for girls in Oregon and have doubtless thanked God as audibly as possible that a good work has been well done.

Now comes a report from the Young Women's Christian Association and from the Catholic Women's League that the new law will throw hundreds of girls out of work in Portland alone and that strenuous efforts will be needed to avert distress. Employers who are now giving work to large numbers of incompetent girls at commensurate wages will discharge these girls and replace them by others who are actually worth the minimum wage. The unfortunate ones, says the report, are now facing a "dire situation." Many of them are without homes and entirely dependent upon the meagre wages that a benevolent but empty-headed legislature has taken from them. What are these girls to do? We can hardly expect that they will be very enthusiastic for progressive legislation.

There is one point that should not be overlooked by those who clamor so ceaselessly for minimum wage laws and the like. If it is actually necessary to adjust our social machinery by defiance of economic law, then we must at the same time admit that democracy is a failure. If we are compelled to tinker with our social machinery by means of arbitrary enactments that necessarily take no account of markets, supply and demand, cost of living or the fluctuating price of commodities, then there must be something rotten at the roots of the system. But economic law can not be defied with impunity. The employer confronted with a minimum wage must do one of two things. He must discharge his incompetent and therefore underpaid help, as he is doing in Oregon, or he must add the increased wages to the prices of his commodities. The underpaid girl is usually to be found in the stores that are frequented by the poorer classes and it is therefore the poorer classes who must pay the enhanced prices. Therefore every minimum wage law puts money into one pocket and adroitly extracts it from the other, plus wastage and cost of operation.

There is only one way to raise the value of labor or any other commodity and that is to lessen the supply. All other expedients and makeshifts must be extravagant failures. If the labor of the shopgirl is underpaid there must be too much of it, and the part of statesmanship would be to devise some way of redistribution. But unfortunately this is an age of quackery and not of statesmanship.

The Sunday Bill.

The Sunday-closing bill is such a mass of extravagant absurdities that it is quite likely to commend itself to the assembled futilities at Sacramento, to whom any measure in restraint of liberties is an almost irresistible attraction. And indeed there is one point of view from which the passage of such a law might be considered to have a compensating advantage. It would hasten the crumbling of the Johnson fortunes. It would be an object lesson to every man and woman in the state in the price payable for the privilege of a Progressive legislature. The average voter is apt to overlook the gravity of far-reaching laws that are aimed at commerce and that penalize thrift, simply because such laws do not impinge immediately and visibly upon his own interests. But the average voter is not likely to overlook the portent of a policeman at his front door demanding to know how he spent his time on Sunday and to examine his certificate of church membership. No wonder that Governor Johnson should view the legislature with increasing alarm and that he should be nervously anxious to curtail the exhibition. He asked the electorate to send a Progressive legislature to Sacramento and the electorate has done so. Now we know the kind of men that answer the call of the Progressive bugle, and it is to be hoped that the experience will be a useful one. A Sunday law would help to make the memory a perpetual one.

It is unfortunate that there is no mechanism by which this ridiculous bill can be placed in the hands of every elector. That is one of the charms of our modern systems of democracy, that they practically exclude the people from all share in legislation and deprive them even of a knowledge of the legislation that is contemplated. For example, there is not one citizen in a hundred who is aware that this precious bill confines the sale of medicine to two hours on Sunday except in case of "urgent emergency"—presumably the corner policeman will judge of the emergency—but allows an all-day sale of candy and ice-cream. The relief of the "sick and suffering" is graciously permitted for two hours, but theatres and billiard rooms may operate all day. A poor woman is forbidden to do her own washing on a Sunday, but she may do the washing of her rich neighbors, since "domestic servants" are exempt. If a citizen belongs to a certain religious organization and can produce a certificate to that effect he may work on Sunday to his heart's content, but his neighbor, who is doing precisely the same work but who does not belong to a religious organization, will be sent to jail. And the aforesaid corner policeman will inquire into these religious affiliations, examine the membership cards, and act accordingly.

But there is no need to enter into a detailed examination of this amazing production. In saner times it would be equivalent to a certificate of insanity, and for this very reason it may appeal to a legislature avid to "do something," to "make a record," and without either the knowledge or the power of reflection possessed by the average village postmistress.

But perhaps the churches that act as sponsors for this piece of folly may not be as insensitive to their own interests as they are to the dictates of religious freedom. And to all intents and purposes this bill is one for the relief of empty churches, and it ought to be so described. The citizen who remains unbeguiled by pulpit oratory is to be driven to the sanctuary by the police. Now the prudence of this kind of coercion must be left to the decision of the churches themselves, but the commoner forms of worldly wisdom would suggest that the church must be wholly a loser by any policy that causes it to be looked upon as a public enemy, as an organization that is ceaselessly plotting against the elementary rights of men to do what they please within the limits of general well-being. It is only clerical incompetence that clamors for Sunday laws. Ability, education, and sincerity can take care of themselves, and it is not by ability, education, or sincerity that this bill is sponsored or defended.

The Unmerging Deal.

There is not, so far as we can learn, a single disinterested voice in California which does not commend the State Railroad Commission for its effective interposition in the matter of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific unmerging deal. California sees in these proposals only a project to break up into dissociated fragments a transportation system designed and developed upon a single idea and in support of a single purpose. To dissever this system and disjoint a large part of it from connection with the direct central line across the continent would be to disturb conditions in long and satisfactory operation, and thereby do California infinite harm. There are other aspects of the matter, but this is the one which most strongly impresses opinion in California and inspires its protest against plans devised in New York and obviously in the interest of the Union Pacific as against the Southern Pacific. That the state commission will yield in response to appeals from the East or from any other source is, under all the circumstances, hardly conceivable. There is every reason to believe that it will not permit the unmerging process on the part of the Union Pacific to involve a serious disturbance of the transportation system within this state. If the Union Pacific must give up its Southern Pacific holdings there would seem no reason why the Southern Pacific should compensate it by sacrifice of its most important connection. The *Chronicle,* which has been discussing this matter from day to day during the past month, has the absolute rights of the situation. The interest of California lies plainly in maintaining the unity of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific properties, including the line to Ogden.

The King of Greece.

The assassination of the King of Greece may be numbered among the casualties of a singularly cruel war. The crime seems to have been committed by an idiot anarchist, but it is easy to believe that it was the evil fruit of a soil saturated with blood, and of an atmosphere vibrant with racial hates and violences. Weak minds that are normally on the brink of collapse are easily pushed over the edge by such convulsions of murderous violence as war, and it is just these widespread psychological depravities that are among the worst fruits of conflict and that are so seldom numerated among the tragedies that are born of armaments.

It is almost superfluous to say that King George of Greece was a democratic monarch. With one or two exceptions all the monarchical rulers of today are democratic in sentiment and habit—surprisingly so to those whose ideas of European royalty are of the traditional and conventional kind. At the moment of his death the murdered king was strolling through the streets of a foreign city that he had snatched from the hands of his hereditary enemies. He was unattended except by a single aide. There was practically no barrier between himself and any blood-crazed maniac who might seek his life. It seems almost incredible to those who associate royalty, and especially a militant royalty, with panoply and display, but most of the royalties of Europe do this same sort of thing every day of their lives. It is a trade risk which constant familiarity has brought almost into contempt. And now and then the risk becomes a fatality.

There is no reason why any political significances should follow this crime. It is one more case of "The king is dead. Long live the king." Greece is now ruled by a Constantine instead of by a George, and if the new name has ominous associations in history we shall have to wait upon the future to show us what they mean. King George was in no sense a great man, but he was a conscientious and a patriotic man, and perhaps this is better. He dies at the moment of victory, and his memory will be associated with a great military success and with a retrieval of the national disaster inflicted upon his country years ago by the same foe. Perhaps he was fortunate to die with the sombre laurels of war upon his head. He might have lived to find that the conflicts of the coming statecraft were more treacherous and less glorious.

Of the new king we know little except that his people did not love him overmuch until he rehabilitated himself by personal bravery against the Turk. It would be unfair to forecast his future from the record of so short a past. Responsibility has surprisingly redemptive powers upon human nature, but the new king will need all the resources of character that he can summon to his aid. Eastern Europe is being born anew, and when the wreck of battles has been cleared away there will be work in plenty for all the real men of the country. We can wish nothing better for King Constantine than that he will be found among them.

Mr. Bryan and Ireland.

The temptation of politicians, and especially Democratic politicians, to "spill over" whenever they find themselves in front of an Irish audience is nearly irresistible. There are certain time-honored and swelling formulas consecrated to such occasions, and their omission would be almost an affront to the oratorical conventions. But Mr. Bryan should remember that he is now something more than a Democratic politician. A month ago no one would have taken the trouble to telegraph an Irish speech by Mr. Bryan so far as the next town. Today an Irish speech by the Secretary of State is cabled all over the world, not as the rather frothy utterances of an individual, but as the weighed and measured views of the United States government.

That Mr. Bryan's speech with its absurd references to "aristocratic rule" and "struggles for liberty" should give offense in England is natural enough. What should we think if Sir Edward Gray—who occupies the same position in England that Mr. Bryan occupies here—should make a public speech denouncing the American Senate as incompetent and corrupt, and congratulating the American people on—let us say—the prospect of the direct election of senators. We should say that Sir Edward Gray was unfit for his position and that he had committed a grave breach of international propriety. That is precisely what thoughtful people will say of Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan was, of course, talking down to his audience, a long way down. He knows, or he ought to know, that it is a generation since Ireland has suffered from any kind of oppression. He knows that Ireland is much over-represented, on the basis of population, in the Imperial Parliament. He knows that Ireland is governed by laws much more favorable than those that govern England. He knows that the Irish demand for Home Rule is based upon a sentiment, an honorable and a proper sentiment as the *Argonaut* has often said, but no more than a sentiment. And knowing all this, he should have remembered that he is now Secretary of State and should have measured his words accordingly. Let us hope that he will do so in future and before any occasion presents itself for Democratic oratory on the subject of Finland, or Poland, or Alsace-Lorraine, or Algeria, or Tripoli, or Persia, or Manchuria. There are rocks in those troubled waters.

The Game Laws.

A legal prohibition of the sale of wild game in California is not necessarily a rich man's law, nor necessarily intended to confine a particular sport to a particular class. There are very few men in California whose condition of life precludes them from an occasional day with a gun. Some kind of hunting ground can be found by most of us who have a dollar for a license and the kind of legs suitable for locomotion. The hunting in the state is not done by members of gun clubs, nor by those who have any kind of privilege. It is done by individual and unaffiliated sportsmen, and it may be said also that those who wish to eat game are usually those who wish to eat what they themselves have shot, and not to buy game that has been shot by other people. The picture of the multitude of people who are eager to eat game but who are debarred by poverty or overwork from shooting it for themselves is a fanciful one. It would be a laughable one if we could only rid ourselves of the obsession that we are suffering from a class tyranny and that we must be eternally vigilant against the man who happens to have two dollars to our one.

The facts are obvious enough to any one who has eyes to see. And the facts are that the game of America is being exterminated and that we shall soon have to go to the museum for specimens of birds that once existed in myriads. The prairie chickens of the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest are practically gone. So are the grouse of New England and the pigeons of the Middle West. A few years ago the Illinois farmer with a gun could feed himself and his family so far as meat was concerned almost without leaving his doorstep. The same was true in many parts of California. And now the time has come when we must choose between regulation and extermination. No one wishes to create a rich man's pastime or to prevent poor men from getting whatever food they prefer or can buy. But as a matter of fact the market hunter does not sell his birds to the poor man. He sells them to the rich man. The poor man finds it much cheaper to go hunting for himself and a hundred times better fun.

In some way or other we must find a way to lessen the number of birds that are shot, and the most practicable way seems to be to forbid their sale. It is the birds, and not the men, that demand consideration, and the most practical and the fairest form of protection is to allow any one to shoot birds who wishes to and who can aim straight, but to forbid the sale of the birds when shot. It might be equally effective to confine the issue of hunting licenses to red-headed men or to men with Roman noses, and then there would be no complaint of caste favoritism. But short of such discrimination as this the prohibition of the sale of game birds seems to be the most effective way to save the birds, and this is all that any one wishes to do.

The Superintendents of Banks.

Governor Johnson was sharply criticized for his action when he removed Mr. Alden Anderson from the state superintendency of banks and appointed in his place some unknown person named Williams. The change was, of course, a political job of the coarsest kind and it was effected in the coarsest way. Since it was impossible to bring any valid charge against Mr. Anderson's competency or his character there was a prompt resort to suggestion and slander. The failure of the Redding Bank made a convenient text, and so an unusually capable official was hustled to one side to make room for some one whose Johnsonian politics were above reproach, but whose knowledge of banking was about equal to his knowledge of cuneiform inscriptions. That financial experience should be necessary to a superintendent of banks would probably strike Governor Johnson as a ludicrous piece of idealism. What more could be asked of any state official than political subserviency?

But now it seems that these particular chickens are coming home to roost. Complaints of Mr. Williams's incapacity are not confined to the bankers of the state, who might be supposed to be prejudiced in the matter. A report from Sacramento speaks of a general feeling throughout the legislature that matters are gravely amiss and that this very progressive superintendent of banks is seriously misinterpreting his duties. Empowered by law to supervise the banking business in the interests of the public, he seems to suppose that his mission is merely to annoy the banker and to harass him by pettifogging restrictions and insistences. The banker, according to Mr. Williams, is naturally and necessarily a thief and the main duty of the superintendent is to detect his thefts.

That these complaints are sustained by the authority of Mr. H. S. Fletcher removes them at once from the domain of mere prejudice. Mr. Fletcher is president of the Bank of Watsonville. He was formerly president of the California Bankers' Association, and his status is therefore a matter of common knowledge from one end of California to the other. And Mr. Fletcher is emphatic in his condemnation of the present régime. He points out that the main policy of Mr. Williams has been to discredit his predecessor and that seventy-five per cent of his first report consisted of criticisms of Mr. Anderson. And since Mr. Williams has thus appealed to the weapon of comparison—and comparison is the one thing that Mr. Williams, for his own sake, should have avoided—Mr. Fletcher says bluntly that "Anderson's administration was a success, while the administration of Williams is the greatest failure ever written in California history." The sting of Mr. Fletcher's criticism is in its palpable and notorious truth. And what else could be expected? What would be thought of the appointment of a blacksmith, even a progressive blacksmith, to the supreme bench? Or of a cobbler to the board of health? And yet such appointments would not be a whit more absurd than was the appointment of Mr. Williams as state superintendent of banks.

If Mr. Williams had been a broad-gauge man, although innocent of banking knowledge, the job would not have been quite so gross. But he is not a broad-gauge man. He seems to be one of those narrow and peevish souls who suppose that all time is wasted unless it be spent in fault-finding. Mr. Fletcher gives us one or two examples of this which are more eloquent than generalized assertions. Thus he tells us that when the examiner looks through a bank reserve and finds a national bank note he declines to accept it. Now this may be according to the strict letter of the law, but it is none the less a pettifogging and exasperating exaction, since a national bank note is current everywhere and good money except for duties and interest on the public debt. No one supposes that this is zeal for the public service. It is due to the delight felt by all petty-minded men in inflicting annoyances on their mental masters. In other words, it is malice.

Mr. Fletcher furnishes us with another illustration of the purposeless annoyances inflicted by the bank examiner. The law quite properly prohibits a bank from making advances to its directors without due notification of the fact to the examiner. But Mr. Williams requires something more than this. It is not enough that the bank reports such loans as it has made. It must report also the fact that such loans have not been made. Now the law does not ask that negative reports be made, but Mr. Williams sees here an opportunity to annoy and naturally he seizes it. These particular instances are selected from many of a like kind. As Mr. Fletcher says "they are only a fraction of what we have to contend with."

The remedy is a simple one, if any remedy can be considered simple that supposes a willingness on the part of Governor Johnson to refrain from a job. The office of the superintendent of banks ought to be removed from the sphere of politics, although this would be a bitter pill for the Progressive boss. The office ought to be given to no one except an expert in the banking business, however farcical the idea of competence may seem to the henchmen at the capital. And the bankers themselves ought to have some voice in an appointment that concerns them so narrowly. If these changes were instituted we should have some man who really knew the business, some man with such practical experience as is acquired in banks of wide commercial relations, and there are many to choose from. To appoint men whose only qualifications are politics and spite may be good Progressivism. Indeed it is good Progressivism. But it is bad business, and it is the kind of bad business that eventually reflects upon the commerce of the state.

The Law and the Bribe.

The average reformer, whose small mind is so persistently bent on the repression of the irrepressible and the evasion of the inevitable, would do well to ponder over the facts of the latest police scandal in San Francisco. The power of reflection and of inference is not exactly the "long suit" of the average reformer, but one would like to suppose that reiterated facts must make some impression even upon his embryotic intelligence.

At the present time we are threatened with an extraordinary cargo of laws against the conditions of which the Barbary Coast is typical. Now if those laws could be enforced, if it were possible to abolish vice, or even to lessen it, by means of legislation, there is not a decent voice in the city that would be raised against these many expedients. But the reformer always forgets that whenever people are forbidden to do the things that they wish to do they will always be ready to bribe their way to immunity. And there will always be officials ready to take those bribes. The safety of society demands that certain things shall be prohibited by law, and the law must do the best it can against those who pay the bribes and those who take them. Murder, for example, must be prohibited, even though some murderers, like Harry Thaw, will create a scandal by puchasing their way to comparative safety. But it is always well to ask ourselves whether the prospective benefits of a new law are greater than its prospective evils, whether it is better to endure the ills we have than to create the new ills of bribery, corruption, and law evasion. And it would be hard to find a more insidious and demoralizing evil than wholesale law evasion or one more destructive of human rights.

Gambling, for example, is universally recognized as an evil and a grave one. And yet we can find much justification for the belief that the attempt to suppress gambling by laws has led to evils much greater than the gambling itself. There is not a city in the country that has not writhed again and again under the police scandals that were the direct creation of the gambling laws. There is not a city in the country that has not suffered, that is not now suffering, under the demoralization caused by the successful efforts of large numbers of persons to buy their immunity. The gambling itself would have been the lesser evil of the two, and the same may be said of every effort to prohibit the liquor traffic. Indeed it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the comparative failure of municipal government in America is largely due to the persistent effort to prevent the things that can not be prevented and to prohibit people from doing what they are determined to do. The things themselves may be evils. Usually they are evils, but there is no such folly as to create a great evil in the futile attempt to suppress a lesser one.

The New Police Scandal.

Just as we are on the point of congratulating ourselves that we are not like a certain great and wicked city called New York in the matter of police protection to vice we are perturbed to learn that we are very like that city. It is true that no one has yet been shot in the street for telling tales out of school. The thugs and gun men of the city have not yet been drilled into murder squads. There is no open war between the legal and police departments of the city government. But then this is a smaller city than New York and relatively undeveloped in the niceties of civilization. Watch us grow.

It is certainly an abominable story that has been unearthed by a newspaper reporter. It seems that at least two special policemen assigned to duty on the Barbary Coast have been exacting tribute from Coast denizens to the tune of something like $5000 a month. In return for this substantial sum they promised "protection," and of course "protection" means immunity to break some law. And in justice to these particular vultures it may be said that they "delivered the goods." They were in a position to do what they were paid to do. They sold something that was evidently theirs to sell or that they were able to buy for the purposes of the deal. They made their bargain and they carried out their end of it. That they were able to do this is a suggestive link in a chain that it might be well for the authorities to follow to its end—so far, of course, as that can be done without invading the sanctities. And it may be said in passing that any one who supposes that this iniquity is confined to two men must be of a very innocent and confiding disposition.

Under these circumstances it is natural that we should turn to the police commissioners for enlightenment, and we are able to do so fruitfully. Mr. Max Kuhl seems to have been their spokesman, and we learn with some surprise from Mr. Kuhl that the commissioners have been aware for some time past of the presence of some ugly wrong-doing in connection with the Barbary Coast. In fact he tells us that an investigation has been going on for some time, an investigation that was singularly barren of results until a daily newspaper took a hand in the game, and then the results came within a few hours. Mr. Kuhl adds somewhat ingenuously that "it was not intended at the present time that this should become known." Probably not. Nor at any other time. But if a few published facts are enough to cause the immediate retirement of the blackmailers, and if those facts were already known to the commissioners, as presumably they were, why had no action been taken already? But Mr. Kuhl has something more to tell us. The commissioners, he says, "take the view" that no money should be paid for "protection" on the Barbary Coast. Verily, a Daniel come to judgment. In this view the commissioners find themselves in full agreement with the public, but does Mr. Kuhl wish us to believe that he is unaware of the peculiar and sinister meaning attached to the word "protection" in this connection? Does he actually suppose that it means physical protection such as every citizen is entitled to? If so, then Mr. Kuhl is out of place in any community of merely worldly people. His place is with the angels.

It is a dreary business, and all the more dreary because it is so hopeless. Any investigation by the commissioners is a mere farce and intended to do no more than tide over the few days until public attention is switched to some new horror. The commissioners have already been investigating for "some time," and the mountain in labor has produced not even a mouse. It seems that one of these special policemen is a saloon-keeper who established a perfect network of blackmail over Barbary Coast denizens, forcing them to buy their liquor from him and to trade with him for everything they wanted, from carpenter's work to pianos. How does it happen that a Barbary Coast saloon-keeper is empowered to act as a special policeman? What is a special policeman, anyway?

There need be no holding up of Chadbandian hands over this exposure, for while few people suspected that Barbary Coast corruption was so perfectly organized there was no doubt of its existence. And that it does exist is due first of all to public apathy and secondly to the venality of a few officials. But public apathy comes first. The police department and every other department of the city government are the direct creations of public opinion, and they will remain as they are exactly so long as public opinion tolerates them, and no longer. It can not be otherwise unless we are prepared to repudiate every semblance of democratic government. The corruption of the special policeman, the paralysis of the regular force in the presence of a few gamblers who do not happen to be friendless and helpless Chinamen, the incompetence of police commissioners, all these things would disappear over night if the public wished them to disappear. It is of no use to splutter and rage over the effects of causes to which we were indifferent. For example, so long as we tolerate that lawless institution known as the municipal clinic we need not be surprised if a few rascally special policemen and the like should avail themselves of the fact that every woman of the half-world has been labeled, tagged, indexed, and docketed, as though for the special convenience of rascality. Corruption and blackmail are thus placed among the easiest and the most lucrative of all occupations. They will never disappear before spasmodic gusts of anger such as has been aroused by the present disclosures, but they will disappear before the first serious effort at self-government in accordance with the decencies of communal life.

Maternity and the School.

The New York board of education is once more rent in two by the demand of one of the women teachers that she be allowed to perform two conflicting duties at the same time. Mrs. Frank D. Edgell receives $2500 a year as physical culture instructor and her husband, who is in the same school, draws $3000 a year. It seems now that Mrs. Edgell wishes to have a baby, in fact intends to have one, all going well, and her wish and intention are of the most laudable kind. But she wishes also to retain her school position and has therefore applied for leave of absence, which the board is indisposed to grant. The board is willing to admit that the duty of having babies is a sublime one. Its profound veneration for the sacred functions of maternity is unsurpassed even by the young maiden ladies who are so quick to communicate their profound opinions to the world. But the board has a shrewd and canny opinion that it ought to get what it pays for, and that since Mrs. Edgell has chosen the inexpressibly noble part of motherhood it would be well for her to surrender her educational duties to some one whose maternal capacities are still in the potential stage and who needs the money.

Of course there is the usual fluttering in the dovecotes. The officials of the women's clubs hasten to assure the world that motherhood is woman's highest mission, a statement with which all men are in enthusiastic agreement, but which is now distinctly unpopular among women themselves. But what has it to do with this particular case? Mrs. Edgell is in receipt of a considerable salary in return for certain definite duties. She is now unable to perform those duties, having made arrangement for others which are still more exalted. Obviously she must resign one set of duties or the other, since she can not perform them both. There is no need for heroics about the sublimity of motherhood, since we are all in agreement upon that point. We are also agreed that not even a mother can be in two places at the same time.

◆

A new machine, called the stenotype, has been invented, which enables the shorthand writer to get from four hundred to six hundred words a minute upon paper in an absolutely correct and accurate form. The basis of operating the machine is phonetic spelling. It is but a shorthand typewriter. While the work done is virtually the same as done by shorthand it has the advantage of being recorded in plain English characters.

◆

If all the buildings torn down annually in the borough of Manhattan in New York City could be assembled they would make a good-sized town. Last year the number of buildings demolished was 819, and a gas tank brought the total demolitions to 820. The front feet measurement of the houses pulled down was 24,875, or approximately four and three-quarter miles. Nine houses out of ten destroyed were four stories high.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

All Arctic explorers have united in praise of the Eskimo, of his humanity, courtesy, and kindliness. Also they have all united in imploring the missionary to leave the Eskimo alone, doubtless under the conviction that the Eskimo is probably a better man than the missionary and would suffer most from the contact. Therefore we may suppose that there is something of the spirit of retaliation in the accounts of the Eskimo furnished by the few missionaries who reach the far and frozen north. One of these reports furnished to an English newspaper says that the Eskimo rarely wash, which is probably true, and then goes on to add that they are terribly revengeful, entirely lawless, "until we came," much addicted to awful deeds, and somewhat inclined to cannibalism. They don't steal, says the missionary, but "think nothing of murder." They have large families and the population would increase rapidly but for their unfortunate tendency to kill each other. Of course they are perfectly charmed with the new religion of the white man "and we are gradually getting them to change their ways," a process that could doubtless be expedited by the contributions of the faithful. It is strange how the missionary invariably vilifies the people to whom he is sent. And yet not so strange, for by proving their extraordinary badness he proves also the need of his own presence. Who knows? We may yet work up a good trade in whisky with the Eskimos.

That the Portuguese possess any colonies will be news to most people, but it seems that not only do they possess colonies but that they intend to go on possessing them. Spain had the same intention within a month of her loss of Cuba and the Philippines. But what does the Portuguese foreign minister mean by notifying the chamber of deputies in Lisbon that he has received formal assurances from England and Germany that they have no intention to seize the Portuguese colonies. It is evident that thereby hangs a tale, and we can easily guess at its nature from the fact that ever since the revolution that dethroned Manuel, Portugal has been in a condition very similar to that of France during the reign of terror. The prisons are always full, the judicial bench is filled with political reptiles, and the only people who can be said to be prosperous are the informers. Chaos at home is naturally reflected abroad, and so we read a casual report from the governor of Timor in the Malay archipelago that "nearly 3000 natives had been killed and 4000 captured." Portugal has other colonies in South Africa, and as they would be useful to either Germany or England it might be well to take the self-denying assurances from London and Berlin with the customary grain of salt. Perhaps it was injudicious of the Portuguese foreign minister to remind his powerful neighbors of what they could so easily do if, or when, they have a mind to do it.

Now that "Tom Jones" has been expelled from various English public libraries an attempt is being made to send "Westward Ho!" after it. Kingsley's greatest novel is accused of injustice to Spain and the Catholic religion, and various prominent churchmen have announced that they will pay no education rate while the obnoxious story is allowed to remain on the shelves. The complaint is a somewhat belated one, since most of us read "Westward Ho!" in the days of our youth, and a fine story we thought it, with enough bloodshed and buccaneering to satisfy the most fastidious. But no doubt it must go, if the Catholics say so, although it is almost to be hoped that the English authorities will stick to their guns, which is exactly what they did when Spain, instigated by her peculiar forms of piety, sent the Armada to reduce her to religious orthodoxy. If "Westward Ho!" is to be expunged from the libraries, why not expunge all the current histories of England at the same time, seeing that they all deal with those same facts so dramatically set forth by Kingsley. In the meantime let us all read "Westward Ho!" once more.

The London *Daily Chronicle* tells us that when London society after the publication of "Songs of the Sierras" began to lionize Joaquin Miller he was much puzzled at receiving three letters in quick succession from an admirer who signed himself "Dublin," without any initials. One of these contained an invitation to breakfast, which he accepted, and then discovered that his host was the Archbishop of Dublin. After his return to America, Miller wrote: "At Dublin's breakfast I met Robert Browning, Lady Augusta, a lot more ladies, and a duke or two. After breakfast Dublin read poetry to me, with his five beautiful daughters grouped about him. When I went away he promised to send me his books. He did so. I put them in my trunk, and did not open them till I got to America. Fancy my consternation as well as amazement and delight to find that Dublin was Trench, the author of 'Trench on Words.' Ah! why didn't he sign his name Trench? for I knew that book almost by heart."

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says that reviewers of the late Joaquin Miller almost invariably refer to him as Cincinnatus *Heine* Miller, but "many years ago I had occasion to write his name, and followed that style. Miller crossed out the middle name and made it 'Hiner.' I asked his mother about it, and she said he was correct."

Dr. Compton of Barnard College, New York, must be a little more careful of his facts when trying to persuade us of the truths of eugenics and heredity. In his recent address to the American Federation of Child Study he stated that "all the children of a brown-eyed father and a blue-eyed mother will have brown eyes without exception." Promptly comes a communication to an Eastern newspaper to the effect that "if this be true, then I know the one exception, for my sister, who is b[illegible]e-eyed, has three children, all with blue eyes, but their fath[illegible] had brown eyes, and I have heard him remark that it is curious none of the children had brown eyes." To state the things that are not so and to state them with impressive authority is one of the chief weapons of the eugenist. Let us hope that the failing is not hereditary.

The diary of ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid shows a marked resentment against the many American critics of the Turkish wife and mother. So far as polygamy is concerned, says the Sultan, the question is still an open one in America and Europe and personally he can see no great difference between the Turkish custom and the divorce practices of America. There are innumerable marriage scandals in the Western world and very few scandals in Turkey. It is true that the Koran places wives in a subservient position to husbands, but Christians should hardly blame the Koran for this, seeing that the Bible does precisely the same thing. But the Koran has nothing to say about the general subjection of women to men. On the contrary it says "Honor the woman who gave birth to you," while there are many injunctions to be tender and loving to all women. If the Turkish wives are debarred from mixing in public life yet they are absolute mistresses in their own homes, and "with us the mother always holds the first place." It must be admitted that Sultan Abdul Hamid makes a good showing as the defender of his countrywomen, and he seems also to have been a shrewd observer of women visitors from other countries. He had noticed American women in particular and he says: "When I saw the hard, ambitious faces of those women present at the Selamlik the comparisons were all in favor of our women. . . . If only half what the books say concerning the freedom of Western women be true one can really sympathize with the men."

Reports from Germany seem to show that a certain catastrophic fatalism has taken possession of the minds of the people as though some continental disaster had been decreed by the supreme powers. An alarmist dispatch to the New York *Sun* says that even Maximilian Harden, usually in opposition to government projects, is warmly applauding the new military expenditure of $250,000,000 as necessitated by the Balkan war, which has isolated Germany by weakening the power of her ally Austria. Professor Delbrueck, whose authority it would be hard to exaggerate, says that the present danger to Germany is incalculable, while a high government official is quoted as speaking ominously of the effects of a great Slav revival which has not only created a new European power of the first magnitude, but which has already sapped the loyalty of the Austrian army. Another disquieting symptom is the emperor's abandonment of his intended trip to Corfu. He is said to be unusually grave and earnest, while he is known to have recently remarked that he would do his utmost to the last moment to prevent war, but that the time might come when he would be no longer master of the situation. A peculiarly threatening feature of the moment is the revival in France of the old ideas of revenge and the conviction in France that the increase in the strength of the German army is directed against herself.

What curious ideas some people have on the subject of philanthropy. Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is the latest to answer that ancient question, "What would you do if you were a millionaire?" She would build a vast cathedral with chapels in it for every religion, and she would also build an art school. As it is only a very small minority of people who ever go to church or chapel, and those that do go are usually of the more comfortable classes, it is to be feared that Carmen Sylva's million would not go very far to lessen human misery. Most people have asked themselves what they would do if they were millionaires, but the wiser among them have contented themselves with saying what they would not do. A resolution to give nothing to any religious or charitable organizations, with a very few exceptions, is a fairly safe one, since both religion and charity are incompatible with organization. The greatest delight of wealth is in its opportunities for individual and beneficent contact with one's fellow-men, for there can be little true charity without individual contact between giver and receiver. Among the schemes for spending a million we should be disposed to place that of Carmen Sylva at the bottom of the list—and then some.

Speaking of religions, there is a good story of Hartley Coleridge, who once asked to be presented to a famous exponent of the anti-Popery crusade. Taking his arm, he addressed him with solemnity: "Sir, there are two great evils in Ireland." "There are indeed," was the reply, "but please name them." "The first," Coleridge resumed, "is Popery." "It is indeed," cried the other with emphatic acquiescence. "Now, what is the second evil?" "Protestantism," was Coleridge's reply in a voice of thunder, as he ran away screaming with laughter. And Ireland would certainly be a kingdom of heaven upon earth if it could but rid itself of both.

There is bad news from Maine, which has been a prohibition state for forty years and which has just purchased a large farm in Cumberland County "as a county farm for inebriates," says the Portland *Express*. And yet the prohibition advocates have been asking us to consider the case of Maine, which, thanks to its repressive legislation, is supposed to have freed itself forever from the need of homes for inebriates, jails, lunatic asylums, and all the other concomitants of the cup that cheers. We should like to have some explanation from Maine.

A young woman of New York, attracted by the Shakespearean course at Columbia University and wishing to share in its benefits, has sent a check for $30 in payment of tuition fees and has made the check payable to William Shakespeare himself. Is it possible that she confused Shakespeare with Brander Matthews? The mistake would be a natural one, but she must correct the check.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

Flowers.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me,
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she. —*Thomas Hood.*

A Dream.

I dreamed I had a plot of ground,
Once when I chanced asleep to drop,
And that a green hedge fenced it round,
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise,—
So far a little dream may reach,—
And Spring with Summer in her eyes
Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried
To pull them down, for evermore
The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said, "These things are signs
Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours
Duly to keep and dress our vines,—
Waiting in patience for the flowers."

And when the angel feared of all
Across my hearth its shadow spread,
"The rose that climbed my garden wall
Has bloomed the other side," I said.
—*Alice Cary.*

December.

The beech is bare, and bare the ash,
The thickets white below;
The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,
He can not sing for snow.

The body-guard of veteran pines,
A grim battalion, stands;
They ground their arms, in ordered lines,
For Winter so commands.

The waves are dumb along the shore,
The river's pulse is still;
The north-wind's bugle blows no more
Reveillé from the hill.

The rustling sift of falling snow,
The muffled crush of leaves,
These are the sounds suppressed, that show
How much the forest grieves;

But, as the blind and vacant Day
Crawls to his ashy bed,
I hear the echoes far away,
Like drums above the dead.

Sigh with me, Pine that never changed!
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;
Her other loves are all estranged,
But thou and I are true!. —*Bayord Toylor.*

Sweet Content.

FROM "PATIENT GRISSELL."

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!
—*Thomos Dekker.*

The Wind and the Pine.

FROM "EDWIN THE FAIR."

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
He woo'd the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully with a free and lashing change
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a flutter'd frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dress'd her out,
A whispering sweetness, but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
Did he solicit, and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean-cave
Where he was born. —*Sir Henry Toylor.*

The most profitable use of California-grown olives is in pickling the ripe fruit.

TROYDON BELL.

How It Went to War and At Last Came Home.

This is not much of a story. It has no plot, no atmosphere, no local color. It is concerned with no complexities of character, and it neither solves nor presents problems of a spiritual or moral nature. It is simply the story of a bell, a gun, and a man. An old lady who knew the man, listened for many years to the ringing of the bell, and once heard the gun speak told me the history of this curious trio.

One day at the very beginning of the war (there has been only one war) the rector of St. Thomas's Parish, Troydon, a small town in the valley of Virginia, called together his vestrymen in formal meeting. One of them, Thorne Warren, a ruddy young giant and a man of substance moreover, came in from the camp outside the town, whence the news had preceded him of his enlistment in the newly formed Troydon Artillery. Feeling that he assuredly would understand, the rector made an unusual proposal to the group of men gathered in his study.

"Every man in this Confederacy," said he, "before he may lie down again in peace will be called upon for the sacrifice of his best. As individuals we have each of us begun to give our best, but as the corporate body of St. Thomas's Parish we have given nothing. But the Church of God is the servant of His people. St. Thomas's has served our ancestors here for two centuries, and it must not be backward now. The parish owns but one thing of value. I propose that Queen Anne's bell be sent to Richmond to be cast into cannon. If we do this perhaps our example will inspire many to a similar sacrifice."

There was no need for more words. On each face the speaker read the signs of agreement, and a few moments later the vote was taken and the minutes of the transaction entered in the book of vestry proceedings. Some time when you are in Troydon the registrar will show you that old book. The entry of this short meeting is not the only one of interest between its soiled covers.

The registrar was directed to offer the bell to the government with the single condition that it be returned if possible after it had ceased to be of service. The old bell had been given to the parish by the pious Queen Anne herself in the year 1711; it had called sweetly to four generations of the fathers of these men, and they would not willingly lose all trace of it. Said that grave old gentleman, Thomas Forsden of Arden, "If much sorrow had not dried up the fountain of my tears, I should weep at this thing. I am spared that embarrassment, gentlemen."

"Be sure," warned the rector, "that everything is done past hope of recall before Bishop Meade hears of this."

Thorne Warren, with the Troydon company, went some weeks later to the drill camp outside Richmond. Although only a private in the army of the Confederacy, he was yet a person of consequence bound in one way or another to many of her high officials. Wherefore he had no great difficulty in securing for his battery a fine new gun bearing an inscription that declared it to be the property of St. Thomas's Parish, Troydon. "It is absurd sentiment," growled a certain Secretary, when Warren made his petition for the gun, "but if you ring it as well as another you may as well have it as another."

When the Troydon lads learned what metal was in their new piece, they dragged it into the encampment with their own hands, and it became thereafter father, mother, and child to them. They named it "St. Thomas," and vowed that when he spoke it should be in no tone of doubt. The army heard the story and made much of it, as men always do of the little things that lie in the uncharted space between laughter and tears.

"Old St. Thomas," as the men soon learned familiarly to call the gun, followed Stonewall Jackson from First Manassas to Chancellorsville. It supported Jeb Stuart on many a hot field from then until Yellow Tavern, and after that it went where Fitzhugh Lee ordered until it was captured on one of those hopeless days immediately preceding Appomattox.

Thorne Warren served the piece from the very beginning. When he was made sergeant, he managed still to be near it in action and in camp. At Malvern Hill a well-aimed shell killed his brother and another officer, the accepted lover of his sister Martha. By this stroke of misfortune he became captain of the company, and in spite of the increased responsibilities entailed by his promotion he contrived always to keep the gun under his eye. Its metal was kept bright and glowing long after such a condition made it conspicuous among its dingy brethren.

The Union troops never came very close to "Old St. Thomas," but somehow they knew and respected the gun's prowess. One day Warren ran it to the very brow of a hill, and, deflecting its muzzle, poured canister into a brigade that lay beneath, waiting for the word to charge. "There's 'Old St. Thomas' a-barking at ye," crowed a captive Johnny Reb, and from then on the Union soldiers, too, knew the gun as "Old St. Thomas." Afterwards whenever they recognized the peculiar gleam of its barrel as it wheeled into position on some bald hilltop they were wont to pray to other saints to protect them from the turbulent member of the fellowship.

On one of the days of fighting preceding Appomattox Warren's battery was ordered to cover the advance of a cavalry force which was gnawing at the bonds that daily tightened about General Lee and his army. It took up position on an exposed hilltop, and before its guns had spoken twice a fatal cannonade burst upon it from a nearby woods. Warren turned "St. Thomas" upon the sheltering trees, and with his own hands fired the last charge from the gun. A shell from the Union battery struck the piece, exploded and killed or wounded all its men. The captain ordered the retreat, and when the ——th Ohio Cavalry charged upon his remnant, he and a single wounded horse were found straining at the traces of the gun carriage in a vain effort to drag it from the field.

A few weeks after Appomattox, Thorne Warren returned to the Hill, his home place in the "Valley." Here he began immediately the rehabilitation of his bare and fenceless fields, and for some months and even years following he worked with an energy fine and consistent, but soulless, automatic, and absolutely untouched by the Promethean spark. His former state of opulence had no especial charm for him; politics disgusted him, and he felt himself too old to begin upon the study and practice of a profession. The future was a gray blanket over his spirit; the past, especially the four years of war, held him a dreamy captive. As the years passed he fell into the way of performing only the exact amount of labor necessary for the support of himself and his small household. With the help of two or three old negroes, whom incidentally he supported, he went through his daily tasks, conscientious but uninterested. His leisure he spent on one of his wide porches, reading, smoking, and dreaming.

Because of the death of her lover, Warren's sister, Miss Martha, stayed on with him at the Hill. He often thought of her as his only excuse for going on with life. He looked upon himself as her support and protection, but in reality it was her unbroken spirit and her wordless tact that supported and protected him, and maintained in him the little interest in life that was still his. And it was by God only knows what labors and sacrifices of hers that the Warrens were always able to put up a decent appearance among the neighboring gentlefolk. One thing was significant. Before the "War" hers had been the whitest and shapeliest hands in the county, and it had been her single vanity to keep them bare and unadorned and much in the eyes of the company. Now she went gloved always in company.

The closing years of the century brought the white into Thorne Warren's hair, and there settled finally in his eyes the brooding, other-world expression that one learns to look for in the eyes of these old soldiers of the Confederacy. That look seems to come frequently to the man who has shed his blood for a lost cause, civil, social, or political. Unless you know such a man and have seen the look in his eyes, no choice and application of adjectives will help you to conceive it. But if you have seen it, you have not forgotten. A man gives of his best but once, and if he fails in his endeavor and goes on living, everything thereafter is secondary, and his face shows it.

One day there came a change at the Hill. Martha Bered Warren, spinster, servant of God and man, quietly, one might almost say efficiently, gave up her spirit to the healing of the Master, leaving her earthworn body to be laid beside that of her mother in Troydon churchyard. Now whether Thorne Warren had been waiting for this release from responsibility to set out upon a long desired quest, or whether the determination to go upon this quest came to him as he followed his sister's body to the grave in a silence unbroken even by a tolling bell, no one ever knew. But it is certain that it was not more than two or three days after the funeral that he announced to his protesting friends and kinsfolk that he was going away to try to find the old gun which he had lost at Appomattox. "I lost it, and I must find it if I can," was his invariable answer to all their arguments. Nor was he to be dissuaded when a rich man in the parish offered to put in a chime such as was not to be found in all Virginia. He said simply, "It would be better if we could have our old bell again."

From somewhere he was able to provide himself with quite a respectable sum of money, enough in fact to replenish a wardrobe which existed only as a memory, and to pay reasonable traveling and living expenses for a year at least. To Washington he went first, and, resuming old manners and friends, he soon found himeslf engaged in affairs with an interest which he had not felt in anything for many years. He interviewed heads of departments, searched records in various offices, wrote letters to surviving Union officers, and did everything else that he or his friends could think of to trace an old gun captured by the ——th Ohio Cavalry from the Troydon Battery thirty years before. In the eyes of certain government clerks he became a decided nuisance that winter, but as he came with letters from high places, they suffered him with as much grace as each of them could summons.

Curious enough, after about four months of this sort of thing, he found the old gun, found it and put his hands on it. Major Hogue of the ——th Ohio Cavalry wrote to him at some length what he knew about the well-remembered piece. He recalled charging upon the helpless Troydon Battery, capturing it, and later in the day convoying its guns to the division ordnance officer. That gentleman cursed him for his "unscrupulous righteousness" in bringing all that "antiquated, pre-Adamic scrap iron" to him, already overloaded with a heap of similar "junk" which the Rebels had been forcing to do the work of cannon. "Why couldn't you have spiked 'em and toppled 'em off a bridge and forgotten you ever saw 'em?" growled that ordnance man.

"But you don't understand, sir," said the aggrieved cavalryman, "this is the Troydon Battery and that shiny gun there is 'Old St. Thomas.'"

"The hell you say," burst from the now interested officer. "And," wrote Major Hogue to Warren, "all he did for five minutes was to walk around and around your gun, viewing it from this angle or that, looking into its barrel, poking it and prodding it with finger and toe, and muttering as a sort of piano accompaniment, 'the hell you say,' 'the hell you say.'"

"Old St. Thomas" was a smooth bore made from a metal not generally used in the manufacture of cannon, so that it was of little practical value to the Federal government. But that ordnance officer clung to it as though he expected at any time to be called before the Senate to answer for its whereabouts. It so fascinated him that he had a new carriage made for it, and in many ways took no little trouble to insure its safety and comfort. He treated it as a distinguished prisoner of war, and somehow neither he nor his men regarded this attitude as strange. And the consequence of this singular veneration was that he kept up his interest in the gun long after it had passed from his keeping. When he replied to Warren's letter from his far western home he was able to bring the latter's search almost immediately to an end. "Unless it has been moved lately," he wrote to his ancient enemy, "you will find the gun which you served with distinguished courage and skill in the old arsenal at Fort McHenry, Baltimore." He said more than this, a great deal more in fact, but he was a lonely man who seldom had a chance to talk with a fellow expert in the field of artillery science.

In the old fortress on the Patapseo the gun was in very truth found by Thorne Warren. We will not look in upon the scene that transpired when, assisted by an orderly, he finally got his hands upon the dead thing which had once been alive at his bidding. When he came out from that reunion he looked ten years older than he had an hour before. When sober, that orderly never could be made to tell what happened in the arsenal when the old "Cornfed" found his gun, but being a thirsty lad and a sentimental one he used to rehearse it many times, weeping with each rehearsal, on those occasions when he sat too long in the canteen.

There is not much more to the story of Troydon bell. One of those heads of department in Washington pulled a wire which transferred the ownership of the gun to St. Thomas's Parish; that rich man in Troydon paid the cost of recasting the metal into its former shape; and in the early spring Thorne Warren and the bell came back to Troydon. The townspeople and county folk met them with a flag-decked wagon, by the side of which walked three surviving grayheads who had been in the old battery. Cheering, the crowd drew the bell to the church, where preparations had been made to hang it. Skilled and unskilled hands assisted at the work and that night Troydon bell rang out a pæan of rejoicing.

"It rings jubilantly," said Thorne Warren to the rector, "but there's nevertheless a sort of sigh in every stroke."

"Yes," replied the young man, "it is as if there were a sort of under note in its tone, a something in reserve, and no wonder, for it must be thinking of

> . . . old, unhappy, far off things
> And battles long ago."

That summer Thorne Warren died, and was buried with his fathers in Troydon churchyard. His was the first passing to be tolled by the new bell.

This is simply the story of a bell, a gun, and a man, which was told to me by an old lady. It is not much of a story, and it has no plot whatever, but somehow I have remembered it a long time.

Lawrence C. Wroth.

San Francisco, March, 1913.

◆

Servia is becoming a country of monuments. Among the peasants a custom prevails of honoring relatives slain in battle by the erection of a block of wood, in which is rudely carved a bas-relief of the departed. These monuments are erected near the soldier's home, when it is impossible to place them on the field where he fell. As the Servian heroes are now falling in the enemy's territory the monuments are necessarily raised in their homes, and very few farms are to be found today in which one at least of these crude carvings is not to be seen. They are usually painted in vivid reds and blues. Above the head of the wooden figure is an inscription giving the soldier's name.

◆

Seventy years ago the famous Liberty Bell was rung for the last time. To be exactly correct, the date was February 22, 1843. At that time the previous crack became so wide that the tones of the once powerful tongue were completely broken. The usual theory, however, is that the bell never rang again after being cracked in 1835, when it tolled sorrowfully for Chief Justice John Marshall. He went to Philadelphia to undergo a surgical operation at the hands of the eminent Dr. Physick. An octogenarian, he did not recover. Marshall's body was one of the very few that has ever been honored by being permitted to lie in state in Independence Hall.

BEAUTY UNADORNED.

Some Contrasts Between the Ideal and the Real of the London Season.

Now the cost of admission to Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks is one shilling, and one shilling, as Euclid might say, is equal to two sixpences. But there is a sideshow yclept the "Chamber of Horrors," devoted, says the guide-book, to "articles of a ghastly nature," which can not be visited for less than another sixpence. That brings the total of sixpences to three. Surely, however, business must slacken at Mme. Tussaud's when their majesties come back to Buckingham Palace for "the Season," for that event heralds the advent of the days when three sixpences will purchase as many chambers of horror in the shape of so many copies of the weekly illustrated journals published specially for the delectation of the female sex. Let it be granted that some of the London illustrated weeklies are a credit to British journalism, but when that admission is made it must not be taken as including those papers for ladies which, happily, have not materialized in the United States. If some Americans regret that they have not a *Graphic* or *Illustrated London News* or even a *Sphere* of their own, the account is more than balanced by the fact that neither have they replicas of the *Queen* and *Gentlewoman* and *Ladies' Field*. For sixpence apiece any of the last-named during these opening weeks of the season will furnish you with a Chamber of Horrors which out-Herods the ghastly effigies of Mme. Tussaud's.

It is all a question of the terrible contrast between the ideal and the real. For the ladies' papers present you with both. The ideal is in the "advts."; the real is in the text. Nothing could be more fascinating than the former; nothing more repellant than the latter. To combine the two within the covers of a single issue would almost suggest that the ladies' papers during the season are designed to accomplish the disillusionment of man.

Of course the ideal of the "advt." department is the creation of the imaginative artist; the real of the text section is the handiwork of the camera and lens. One of the masterpieces of the former is consecrated to the glorification of a certain corset, that article being the chief item of clothing worn by a couple of winsome maidens who have paused in their toilette to study the beauties of nature as revealed through their bedroom window. The masculine observer will think how happy could he be with either were the 'tother one away. For each is lovely in face and form; classic features and glorious hair, well-moulded arms and shapely legs, slim waists and rounded busts—such are some of the charms which the male eye will rest upon with æsthetic pleasure, leading to the conclusion that the guinea and a half specified as the price of the corset is entirely reasonable.

But really it is difficult to choose in this world of the ideal. Here is a dainty maiden enswathed in furs, there a stately dame setting off a tea-gown which has all the frankness of a "nightie," and elsewhere is a charmer who gives you an idea of what a hundred guineas will accomplish in the way of a lingerie outfit. You see Delilah, in fact, in all stages of her toilette, from the on-drawing of her silken stockings to the finishing off of her coiffure with switches and spring coils and other mysteries. You learn how she becomes slim if she is robust, and how she attains a sea-change into robustness if she is slim. Now she gazes upon you in "everything for wear at their majesties' court," anon she smiles sweetly from amid the folds of the most alluring negligée gown at 21s. 9d. Or you may have her in a spot muslin wrapper for 18s. 11d., or in a smart kimono of French twill for 14s. 11d. But however you like her, whether nearly nude or wholly hidden, she is, in this world of the ideal, all that your fancy painted.

Then comes the shock of the real! It's the snapshots of society at play, or the wedding groups, or the portraits of the brides and bridegrooms of the week which provide the alarming contrasts with the ideal of the advt. pages. The high and the not-so-high, those who have arrived and those who are still climbing, suffer alike. Perhaps King George does not realize it, but the camera is helping to undermine the British throne. He is an indifferent subject for photography at the best, but when the photograph takes the form of the press man's reckless snapshots the result is painful. Nor is his prime minister's wife more fortunate; in a less turbulent age Mr. Asquith would have been justified in consigning to the deepest dungeon the man who snapped his life-partner on a skating holiday.

Saddest of all is the disillusionment of the wedding groups. Here is one which is a whole chamber of horrors in itself. The happy party, consisting of the newly wed couple and five bridesmaids and the best man, was photographed in pa's drawing-room, elegantly grouped in front of the fireplace. The best man looks passably presentable, but the bridegroom might be a railway porter, while the bridesmaids have all the appearance of factory girls on a bank holiday. The bride is the chief horror, scraggy-necked, square-jawed, wide-mouthed, but wearing the triumphant look which the late-married female is apt to assume. As one gazes on this presentment of a "fashionable" marriage, countless questions arise. What has become of that ravishing corset, where is the lovely face, what catastrophe has overtaken that rounded bust, how has the hundred-guinea lingerie been transformed into this huddled heap of clothes?

So when the poet told us that beauty unadorned is adorned the most he must have been thinking of the advt. department of the London ladies' weeklies, ignoring the counteracting influence of the photographs mixed up with the reading matter. Seen with the realistic eye of the camera, lords and ladies cut a sorry figure in these records of the season. If it were not for the caption under this photograph no one would imagine that the portly gentleman squatting on his horse in the pose of a sack of flour is a real peer of ancient lineage; nor, if it were not for the editorial note, would any one divine that the commonplace-looking female in this other illustration is a titled leader of society. As an instrument of democracy the camera is playing a notable rôle in the fashionable life of London.

Bravely does the text of these women's papers struggle to discount the illustrations. Gushing pens aver how Lady This was "ravishingly beautiful" or Lady That "divinely fair," while in the adjacent column the photograph tells quite another story. Such inconsistencies, however, are hardly worth mentioning compared with the puerile character of the bulk of the writing in these ladies' weeklies. A recent historian of British journalism has noted the "fatal mediocrity" to which such papers seem doomed, and concludes that they are calculated to give the reader a "painful impression" of the intellectual status of their subscribers. He might have said harder things and still have been charitable. The drivel of the "Answers to Correspondents" is beyond characterization. Most of the correspondents are mere bogies, invented for the purpose of giving a puff to the advertisers who pay for space elsewhere; when they are genuine their questions illustrate the depths of vacuity of which the London feminine mind is capable.

No doubt the bulk of this kind of writing is the work of the ill-equipped woman journalist, but here and there a masculine pen is enlisted to give what is called a "Clubman's Comments," or a male view of subjects supposed to be interesting to women. So "Algernon" informs us that "no house party is *en régle* this winter unless something is attempted in the way of a fancy dress entertainment," and rejoices over that change of custom which will allow the visitor to such parties to lie in bed until nearly lunch time. After this it is not much of a descent to hints on wrinkles, how to remove tiny red veins on cheeks, the best lotion for a moist skin, and the surest method of tightening the skin under the chin. These things help to heighten the contrast between the ideal and the real, but they must be a sad handicap to those corset and lingerie and coiffure and kimono manufacturers who labor so zealously to create and adorn the siren of the advertising pages.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, March 4, 1913.

An experiment has recently been made by a firm of miners located in Burwash Creek (in the Kluan district, 175 miles west of White Horse, Yukon Territory, about latitude 63) in the raising of horses. Abundance of fine lands is available for pasturing in Alaska and the Yukon. Late in the fall of 1911 a number of Oregon horses used the previous summer by the International Boundary Survey corps were taken to the head of the White River, near the international boundary line, and turned out for winter. The mares and all the colts lived and are doing well, making more hardy animals than their predecessors. Several instances are known in which colts foaled in the far north have grown into the hardiest of horses, having become fully inured to the severity of the winters. It has been observed that when horses have lived for some length of time in this region that they become naturally protected from the extreme cold by the growth of a longer coat of hair.

Grain is hereafter not to be reaped, but will be threshed in the field as it stands, saving the farmer something like $200,000,000 a year. This is the claim of Frank Morse, who describes in the *Technical World Magazine* the recent invention of a Kansan, Curtis C. Baldwin. The machine has been used for three successive harvests, but proved its utility and practicability most conclusively last fall when it threshed from twenty-five to thirty acres of standing grain in a ten-hour day. The inventor contends that it will reduce the cost of the harvest from fourteen cents to two cents a bushel.

Should Buenos Aires carry out a project now under contemplation the city will erect the highest tower in the world, overtopping that of Eiffel by 189 feet. It is planned to put the steel structure up to a height of 1173 feet, and a statue at the top will be surmounted with an electric light of 1,000,000 candle power. The tower, as plans have been drawn, will have facilities for social gatherings, cafés, restaurants, library, billiard rooms, gymnasium, as well as a wireless telegraphic station and a meteorological observatory.

A racetrack plays a prominent part in the reduction of the taxes of Doncaster, England. It was constructed in 1776 by Colonel St. Leger, and ever since his day Doncaster's famous racecourse has yielded a rich revenue, amounting to as much as $50,000 a year, to the great relief of the borough rate. Other towns, such as Chester, Lincoln, and Ayr, draw substantial incomes from a similar source, but Doncaster stands supreme in the harvest it reaps from its races.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Zue Sun Bien, recently appointed assistant secretary of state of the new Chinese republic, is thoroughly Americanized. He graduated last June from Brown University, where he made a good record as a student.

The Honorable Elaine Jenkins, who has been reelected a director of the Swansea and Mumbles Railway Company, is the only woman director of a British railway. She takes an active share in the government of the line and never misses a board meeting.

Jules de Payer, who will command a French expedition next June to Franz Josef Land for scientific purposes, is following in the footsteps of his father, the explorer who discovered the archipelago in 1873. He is an Austrian by birth, and will go prepared to remain for a year and a half.

Miss Ethel Sargent, who has been elected president of the Botanical Section of the British Association, is the first woman to receive such an honor. Miss Sargent's special study is the anatomy of the seedlings of the monocotyledons, a class of flowering plant which have a single seed-leaf in the embryo.

William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, the new position in the President's Cabinet, worked as a boy in the coal mines, and finally became an independent coal operator, having purchased a little mine out of his savings. His home is on a productive little farm in Pennsylvania, the state which he has represented in Congress. He is a native of Scotland.

Alfred H. Smith, recently made senior vice-president of the New York Central railroad system, though outranked by only two men in this $550,000,000 chain of railroads, began life as an errand boy. He left school in the grammar grade, and became a messenger in the storekeeper's department of the Lake Shore Line at Cleveland, Ohio. He has ever since been climbing in the railroad service.

Mrs. Edward Napier, one of the most successful farmers of her sex in the South, not only owns but actively manages about 7000 acres in Wilkerson County, Georgia. Her place is known as Black Lake Plantation, and is conducted on practical principles. Mrs. Napier, though devoting considerable land to diversified crops, is a great believer in grain. She is a sister of George Crawford, president of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, "probably the best laughed-at man in the world today," has spent a million dollars in an effort to prove that Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare. He lives in a palatial home in London, where he has a library valued at $250,000, entirely composed of volumes bearing on the subject which has occupied his time and wealth. Sir Edwin is aged seventy-six, has been in Parliament, and is also entitled to sit as a magistrate.

Mignon Nevada, whose fame promises to be greater than that of her mother, Emma Nevada, began to sing her mother's rôles at four, and at six could mimic all her mother's mannerisms, besides singing the parts. She made her début two years ago in Rome, while still in her teens, and sang like a finished prima donna. Her training has been received at home, her parents acting as instructors. She is fond of dogs and horses and spends her time outdoors when not at her music.

Senator-elect Nathan B. Goff, of West Virginia, is an exception to the rule that a man can not "come back." He has been in retirement from politics for nearly a quarter of a century, but has kept up with the times, having been United States circuit judge of the Fourth Circuit since 1892. He was in Congress from 1883 until 1889. Senator Goff was born in 1843, served in the Union army throughout the Civil War, retired a major, and in 1866 began the practice of law. During President Hayes's administration he held the position of Secretary of the Navy.

Count Gombel Yamamoto, the new Japanese premier, worked his way up from the ranks. His parents were not of the nobility, and he entered the navy as a sailor boy, having his first fighting experience at the age of sixteen, on the imperial side during the restoration in 1868. At twenty-five he graduated from the Japanese Naval Academy. As the admiral of the Japanese navy he won glory for his country in the war with Russia. Count Yamamoto has visited this country on several occasions, and on his last tour was emphatic in his expressions of the good will felt by his nation for the United States.

Francis Hopkinson Smith, author-painter-contractor, launched himself on the world when a mere boy as clerk in an iron works in Baltimore, hoping to earn money enough to clear the mortgage on his mother's Southern home. The pay was small and the work repugnant to him and he soon quit, going to New York, where he secured employment, after many rejections, as a shipping-clerk, largely through his ability to letter boxes. His pay was eight dollars a week. His spare time he devoted to the study of engineering, and in time became a contractor, paying off the mortgage. Successful at construction work, he gave way to his early longing and began painting. He has built the sea walls at Rock Island, the Race Rock lighthouse off New London, Connecticut, and the foundation for the Bartholdi statue. In addition to gaining fame as an artist, he has written several successful novels and volumes of stories.

LIPTON'S SECOND VAIN CHALLENGE.

The New York Yacht Club Once More Declines a Race Under Conditions Specified.

Sir Thomas Lipton is a good sportsman, in spite of definite opinions to the contrary held by most members of the New York Yacht Club. One may be a good sportsman without agreeing in every detail with one's rivals. Josh Billings, indeed, said that it was difference of opinion that made horse-races, and the theory might as well apply to yacht races. Three times, in 1897, 1901, and 1903, has Sir Thomas contested for the America's Cup, and without coming in ahead in any one of his efforts, which included nine starts on a thirty-mile course. A fourth challenge, in 1907, was declined, for the reason, as stated, that he proposed a contest between 68-foot sloops, and the New York Yacht Club did not agree with his assumption that the yachting world would be pleased with such a competition. Now his fifth challenge has been turned down with a similar expression of disagreement with the terms specified in his communication.

In the letter signed by the secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and dated at Bangor, County Down, Ireland, February 26, 1913, Sir Thomas challenges the New York Yacht Club for a contest to be decided by the best three out of five races, to be sailed over the courses defined in the last trials, in September, 1914. But in addition to this general statement, it is specified that the cup shall be defended by a yacht with a length on load waterline not exceeding seventy-five feet. It is this latter clause which the New York Yacht Club finds impossible to accept. Under the deed of gift of the cup, the contesting boats may be sixty-five to ninety feet in length, and the New York yachtsmen buttress their objection to Sir Thomas's conditions by the assertion that necessarily the race must be between the best-sailing vessels that can be produced. That there are dissenting views is a matter of course.

The challenge was considered at a special meeting of the Yacht Club last night, and with little discussion a resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote, declining the contest. It was as definite but much shorter than that adopted in 1907, which declared "that the America's Cup, held by the club as trustees under the deed of gift, is a trophy which stands preëminently for speed and the utmost skill in designing, construction, managing, and handling competing vessels, and should, therefore, be sailed for by the fastest and most powerful vessels that can be produced; that no agreement for any match for the cup should contain any provision which detracts from the merit of the trophy representing these objects; that no agreement should be made with any challenger which proposes any other limitation or restriction upon the designer than such as is necessarily implied in the limit of waterline length expressed in the deed; that the importance of the event makes it desirable that contesting vessels should be substantially of the greatest power and size permitted by the limitations of the deed of gift. Such vessels also furnish the most complete tests of skill in designing, constructing, managing, and handling. For these reasons matches for the cup should not be held between vessels of comparatively insignificant power and size."

That was six years ago, and there was a lot of talk about the lack of good sportsmanship apparent among the New York yachtsmen. Much of that talk was simply the vaporing of people who knew as little about yachts as they did about aeroplanes. This time there will probably be as much idle contention. In fact it has begun already. One of the prominent members of the yacht club, Mr. Evans Rogers Dick, Jr., has rushed into print with a letter criticizing the action of the club in declining the challenge. He insists that the "yachtsmen of this country admit almost unanimously that the type of yacht which has defended the cup within recent years has been the sort of vessel which makes for all that is undesirable in yachting. The present yacht racing measurement rules were adopted by the New York Yacht Club to drive this very type of yacht out of existence. The recent defenders have been racing machines pure and simple, which are and can be of no use whatsoever for the purposes of yachting or any other purpose after the race. They are either broken up for junk or kept out of commission for the event of another race. Is this the kind of boat we American yachtsmen stand for? Is this the type of yacht the members of the New York Yacht Club are trying to develop and encourage? We hope not! Sir Thomas Lipton has challenged in good faith with a type of boat which has power and size enough to stand for all that is grandest in yachting, but of a size and power which will tend to develop a type of boat which will express and bring out more than a mere racing machine—a yacht which, though it is a racer, is, nevertheless, a yacht, and can always be used as a yacht."

On the other hand, the resolution quoted earlier in the letter, which was offered at that time by Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard and seconded by J. Pierpont Morgan, should have been fresh in the memory of Sir Thomas. It would seem that he should have been fully informed concerning the position of the yacht club, and that it would not be disposed to change at peremptory notice. Perhaps he understood this fully, and that he was merely sending up a "trial balloon." Many believe that he will accept the situation cheerfully and follow his challenge with another unrestricted in terms. A good sportsman might be expected to take this course. That he is obliged to sail his boat across the Atlantic, and that a ninety-foot vessel with the great spread of canvas required by a racer would not make such a voyage with the maximum of ease and safety but adds to the hazards of the game. Sir Thomas will not balk.

It is, of course, remembered that the *Reliance*, which defeated the *Shamrock III* in 1903, was placed in trust by her owners for the benefit of the New York Yacht Club, and that she would have been shut out of a contest under the terms set down in the challenge of 1907. So far as the public is concerned, it is safe to say that a few feet more or less in the waterline measurement of the contesting yachts will not affect its interest. The fact that the contest is an international event is the big feature. There are reasons, which I will not emphasize, why Sir Thomas may be expected confidently to revise the conditions under which he will be willing to make another try for the cup. Flaneur.

New York, March 13, 1913.

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The tune to which "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is sung was once a national air in France, called "Marlbrouck," in the words of which Queen Anne's great captain was burlesqued. The song is supposed to have come from the Walloon country, and it was unknown in the French capital until fifty years after Marlborough's death, when a Picardy peasant woman, coming up to Versailles to nurse the baby Dauphin, brought it with her and sang her little baby charge to sleep with the old jingling rhyme. From this "Marlbrouck" became popular in Paris, and ultimately it reached England. The tune being a catchy one, we discarded the French words and wedded it once and for all to our festive chant of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." And so a song written in savage ridicule of England and one of the greatest generals became one of the most popular airs to which Englishmen all the world over pledge jovial cups.

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At the national review on July 14 Paris may see the black soldiery of France for the first time. In six years France has raised a black army of practically 140,000, and it is now proposed that each section—the Senegalese, the Madagascar troops, and others—shall send a delegation, and that President Poincaré shall present each regiment with its flag. The First Senegalese Regiment, which has its flag already, will receive the insignia and the Legion of Honor, which decoration was recently gazetted. The army has been brought into being by Colonel Mangin, who was, when a captain, second in command of Marchand's famous mission to Fashoda in 1899. At the present time it is understood that the Senegalese army is well over 50,000 strong and could be doubled very quickly. There are also regiments from the Soudan, from Dahomey, from the Congo, from French Guinea and the Ivory Coast, Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco. There are very few black officers. Two years ago there were only a dozen.

◆

One of the most impressive relics of national interest is the shot-battered hulk of Commodore Perry's flagship, *Niagara*, which has just been raised from the bottom of Misery Bay, an arm of Lake Erie, where it has lain for nearly a century. The *Niagara* became Perry's flagship after the *Lawrence*, on which he set forth to lead his little lake fleet to battle against the British force under Barclay, on September 10, 1813, had been rendered helpless. A great hole was cut through the ice, and four huge chains were placed about the hull of the old ship, which was finally raised by the aid of pontoons. The *Niagara* is 110 feet long, and despite the fact that she has been submerged for so long, her timbers have been found to be in a good state of preservation. As soon as the lake ice breaks up the *Niagara* will be towed to Erie, Pennsylvania.

◆

Compared with the salary and allowances of the President of France, the pay of the President of the United States almost sinks into insignificance. The French president enjoys some *petits benefices* apart from the $240,000 he draws yearly as salary and allowances. Supplies of vegetables for his table come from the kitchen gardens at Versailles, fruits from the orchards of Fontainebleau, game from the state forests and hay for his horses from the meadows of Rambouillet. Moreover, the state pays the wages of his stable hands and his coachman, but not his chauffeurs, and his naval and military equerries are maintained by the ministries of war and marine.

◆

Just what the tourists do for Uncle Sam is shown in the report of the money made during December by the Hotel Tivoli, the big government house at Ancon, Panama. The hotel showed a net profit on the month of $8003, all of which came from the tourists who began to rush there at the end of the wet season. Until this season the Tivoli has been more or less of a white elephant.

◆

Ages ago, scientists claim, before the melting of the Okanogan glacier in the State of Washington, the Columbia River made Niagara insignificant by comparison. It plunged from the upper to the lower valley in the Grand Coulee, a sheer fall of 400 feet.

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So far no machine has been found to give satisfaction in sewing the covers on baseballs. Hundreds of thousands of balls are used every year, and they are all hand-sewed. A man working his best can not finish more than three dozen a day.

FOR A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR OPERA.

The Los Angeles Prize Offer.

California interest in good music and discriminating taste are celebrated in the following article by Glenn Dillard Gunn, the musical critic of the Chicago *Tribune*. The prize offer is, after all, but one of the features of his long distance view:

As the spectacular feature of the extensive programme planned by the National Federation of Musical Clubs for the encouragement of American art, it is announced that a prize of $10,000 will be awarded the best opera by an American composer at the convention of the federation to be held in Los Angeles in 1915. All details of the competition have not been settled and the final announcement is delayed until the committee in charge reports to the federation at the forthcoming meeting in Chicago next month, but it is learned that the restriction which heretofore has operated to limit competition has been removed and any musician who is a citizen of the United States may enter his opera in competition for the Los Angeles prize.

It is the disposition of the committee at present to recommend that a preference be shown works which shall deal with an American subject, other things being equal. But this is a matter which remains to be decided. However, it has been determined that all works must be submitted by June 1, 1914, which leaves little time for the ambitious composer. Manuscripts should be sent to Mrs. Jason Walker, Memphis, Tennessee, who will transmit them anonymously to the judges. These gentlemen, who are about to assume such onerous responsibility, have not yet been chosen. One ventures to suggest that the first qualification which these unfortunate ones should possess, in addition to the musical and literary taste obviously essential, should be a discriminating Americanism.

The prize has been donated by the music-loving citizens of Los Angeles, who have raised an additional $50,000 to defray the expenses of producing the successful opera. It is significant of their faith in native musical gifts that these good people contemplate with enthusiasm the prospect of sixty performances of the successful opera in Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco. Doubtless this faith is based upon a larger and happier experience with native art than has been the good fortune of those who reside in the more conservative East.

Geographical remoteness is not without its advantages. Californians, less oppressed in matters artistic than are we by our unfortunate habits of importation, have learned to depend upon their own efforts. Although only boasting some 300,000 inhabitants, Los Angeles supports a symphony orchestra and has done so for fifteen years. This orchestra numbers fifty musicians, most of them native Americans. It was founded by an American, Mr. Harley Hamilton, who still conducts its annual series of six concerts. Recently Los Angeles organized a People's Orchestra, which gives Sunday afternoon concerts at 25 cents admission and makes money. It is conducted by Cornelius Liebergott, who learned his art in the strenuous school of itinerant opera, having served one of the numerous Lambardi companies. The city's principal choral organization is conducted by F. Edison.

It is the ambition of Los Angeles musicians to make their city the centre of American music. To that end they plan to make the $10,000 prize a biennial event and to hold all future conventions of the National Federation of Musical Clubs in their city. They contend that their state contains the largest percentage of pure American blood, the Southern States excepted. It is pointed out that California is particularly rich in romantic folklore of Indian, Spanish, and American origin, particularly suited to operatic treatment. It is claimed, further, that not even Indiana is so actively productive in the field of poetic literature and fiction.

The mental attitude of the Californian seems in many ways anologus to that of the German or the Italian. He turns his back upon the boundary lines of his state and seeks artistic inspiration within them, whereas it is the habit of the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world to look afar for every artistic impulse. We even prefer Viennese operettas and French farces, and only value California wines when they come to us by way of Italy with their origin disguised in a foreign label. We insist upon the latter with all native artists.

Obviously the Californian habit of mind is more favorable to the advancement of native music than that practiced by the rest of the country, for any one who understands the nature of the art will concede that it derives its stimuli from within, a fact which is confirmed by the circumstance that only self-centred races and nations are musically productive. California patriotism finds nothing abnormal in a demand that only great native artists be engaged for the production of the prize-winning opera. We would hesitate, would talk of this or that world-famous European singers and end by assembling a cast of mediocre foreigners with a sprinkling of second-rate American singers for the minor parts.

◆

Santa Cruz County, California, not only leads the state in the production of apples, but probably excels any other county in the United States in this crop. In 1910, in a land area of 278,400 acres there were 157,308 acres in farms. The number of bearing apple trees at that time was 647,136.

SARDOU AND THE SARDOU PLAYS.

Jerome A. Hart Writes a Complete Account of the French Dramatist and of His Works.

Mr. Jerome A. Hart, in the preface to as satisfying a dramatic volume as was ever written, explains that he uses the term "the Sardou plays" advisedly. Many of the plays were the result of collaboration. In other cases the English versions were so freely "adapted" as to differ widely from the original. These adaptations were sometimes authorized, as in the case of "Robespierre," but more often they were unauthorized, and this is to be remembered by Sardou's American critics who may overlook the fact that the process of adaptation was often destructive of the dramatist's conception and resulted in a caricature of his work. There is therefore a substantial difference between a play by Sardou and a Sardou play, although the latter term is a comprehensive one and is therefore used throughout as applicable to all plays with what may be called a Sardou basis.

Mr. Hart divides his volume into two parts. Of its total of 403 pages he devotes 145 to biography, the remainder containing a non-critical but narrative analysis of some twoscore of the Sardou plays. The apportionment seems to be a wise one. All biographies are elastic, and there are few biographers who can resist the temptation to overload the ship with an unnecessary cargo of genealogies and trivialities. But here we have strict relevancies and nothing more. It is Sardou the dramatist that the author presents to us, and although we are by no means deprived of the *personalia* that illuminate character, we are not allowed to forget that it is the dramatist that claims our attention.

The struggling play writers of today may derive some satisfaction from the early failures of Sardou. Certainly his path was a stony one. Alone in Paris he was to learn the full meaning of penury and want. Working with extraordinary energy he produced melodramas, comedies, and tragedies only to meet a series of disheartening disappointments. "La Reine Ulfra" was a fiasco and the "Taverne des Etudiants" was hissed off the stage as an insult to the students of the Latin Quarter:

> Sardou himself thus related his meeting with Constant, the Cerberus of the Odéon Theatre, when he submitted his manuscript in October, 1853, facing this gruff challenge:
>
> "Whom do you want to see, young man?"
>
> "The Director," replied Sardou.
>
> "What for?"
>
> "To hand him a play."
>
> "I'm sorry for you, young man. Since this morning we have already received more than two hundred plays. Put your play on the heap."
>
> "But," objected Sardou, "I do not want to put my play on the heap."
>
> "Well, take it away today or tomorrow; it's all the same thing, for you'll have to take it away some time or other."
>
> But the cynical Constant was mistaken. Sardou did not take away "The Students' Tavern." The piece was accepted and produced. It was also damned, and the terrible failure of the play is one of the traditions of dramatic Paris.

Such a failure was a serious handicap to an author still without a success to his credit. Sardou found the theatre doors closed against him, and here for the first time he recognized the necessity of stagecraft, since a bad acting play, however well written, can never succeed. He began to study the plays of Scribe, who was called a maker of mechanical dramas and a "pot boiler," but who was none the less reaping a fortune from his work. Albert Wolff tells the story of Sardou's first meeting with Scribe:

> "The only influential man I knew in Paris," said Sardou, "was Dumas the Elder. One day I said to him: 'Won't you give me a letter of introduction to Scribe the playwright?' 'Scribe?' said the great romancer, 'who is Scribe? I never heard of him.' I sighed, and determined to see Scribe without the letter. So I called at his house that very day, and was at once received. 'Pardon my intrusion,' I said, 'but I had expected to bring a letter of introduction to you from M. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated romancer.' 'Dumas?' interrupted Scribe, 'never heard of him; who is Dumas?'"

Scribe's plays were a revelation to Sardou. For the first time he saw how a play ought to be written and he set himself to a methodical analysis of the master's work. He would read a first act, write the remainder himself, and compare his work with Scribe's; or he would begin in the middle of a play and endeavor to construct for himself the beginning and the end. He thus acquired a stagecraft usually the result only of long experience.

Sardou wrote "Les Pattes de Mouche" while he was still in the garret stage of his career, and in the English adaptation of this play, entitled "A Scrap of Paper," we have an example of the defacement of which the author had substantial right to complain. He had the play delivered to the manager of the Vaudeville, and after waiting for months he called on the secretary of the theatre, who was cold but polite:

> "What do you want?"
>
> "My manuscript."
>
> "What manuscript?"
>
> "That of a play which Mlle. Fargueil handed to M. Lurine some months ago."
>
> "What is your name?"
>
> "Sardou. Don't trouble to hunt up my record. I have been hissed at the Odéon and somewhat roughly used at the Palais-Royal together with my collaborator Barrière, but, thanks to Déjazet, I had a success with 'Les Premières Armes de Figaro.'"
>
> "Ah, yes. I know. What is the title of your play?"
>
> "'Les Pattes de Mouche.'"
>
> Boiëldieu then lapsed into silence, broke into a smile of vague pity, and at last said:
>
> "Ah! I have some recollection of it. Yes, it is true that the manuscript was handed to me, but M. Lurine has not yet had time to read it."
>
> "Well, if he has not found time in three months, he never will. Be good enough to give me back my manuscript."

Sardou obtained his first real start through the famous actress Pauline Virginie Déjazet, to whom he was introduced by Mlle. Moisson de Brécourt, who subsequently became his wife. Déjazet opened her own theatre with Sardou's "Les Premières Armes de Figaro" and achieved a great success. "Les Pattes de Mouche" was also produced at the Gymnase, and its triumph was the turning point in Sardou's career. Two weeks later "Monsieur Garat" was produced by Déjazet and the fame of the dramatist was now established. Certainly he owed much to Déjazet, and it is by no means clear that the actress was wholly without justification for her complaint that Sardou showed some indifference to her subsequent financial plight:

> Towards the close of her life [1798-1875], soured by poverty and disappointment, Déjazet in a letter to her son in 1873 wrote rather bitterly of the supposed indifference of Sardou to her plight, though the benefit performance to which reference has been made, and of which Sardou was an active promoter, shows no reluctance to lend a helping hand. She mentioned how she had befriended "the timid and anxious little man whom I then saw for the first time," how she had striven to induce managers to take up "Candide," and how she had brought about the collaboration with Vanderburch. "Finally it was I who, happy and triumphant, brought the bear into Sardou's den, a servants' attic which Laurentine's [later, Sardou's wife] mother had given him, for he knew not where to lay his head then. I can see that attic still. A kind of camp bed, two chairs, and a table covered with papers on which the great man, so little then, had planted his two elbows with his head in his hands. He did not even hear me enter. I threw the manuscript to him saying: 'Wake up; here is some work to do.'"

Sardou's "La Famille Benoiton" was one of the most brilliant successes in the history of the Paris stage, and incidentally it brought to its author royalties to the extent of 25,000 francs:

> A curious little story is told apropos of the rehearsal of this play, which shows how keenly Sardou observed every indication, however trifling, bearing on the prospects of his piece. Anxious to find an actress to fit some minor part, Sardou called on a certain professor of elocution. The latter said to him: "I must ask you to hear little Camille, this amusing little creature of eight." The dramatist was so struck with the drollery and self-possession of the little maid that he inserted the rôle of Fanfan in the play, a rôle which previously had no existence in the scheme. The actors looked askance at the new part, and deputed Anna Fargueil to deliver a protest. The addition would, it was thought, compromise the success of the play. Sardou simply replied: "We shall soon see," and kept his eyes and ears open.
>
> The rehearsal was proceeding, when suddenly roars of laughter were heard coming from the fireman stationed on the stage, who had been tickled by the acting of little Miss Camille.
>
> "That is all I want," said Sardou to the assembled company. "The fireman is right. He is the audience."

Sardou played a part, unforeseen and unrehearsed, in the attack upon the Tuileries that followed the fatal telegram of Napoleon III, "The army is defeated and captured. I myself am a prisoner":

> Among the crowd assembled outside the gates of the Tuileries on that fateful day were Sardou and a friend of his, a certain Armand Gouzien. The empress was still in the palace, and the imperial flag still flying. The building was protected by a detachment of the Imperial Guard. Sardou and his friend stood watching a man engaged in knocking the golden eagles off the gates. The crowd became dangerously excited, the gates were stormed, and several hundred persons, including Sardou and his friend, were swept into the gardens. Foreseeing a collision with the troops, the two friends came to the front. Gouzien harangued the mob, saying that the Tuileries belonged to the people, and that the empire no longer existed. The Imperial Guard, he said, must not remain, and he proposed that he and Citizen Sardou go and demand the withdrawal of these troops. But he urged them to keep quiet, in order to avoid a bloody conflict. The crowd broke out into applause and patiently waited while Sardou, tying a handkerchief to the end of a walking-stick, hastened with his companion toward the soldiers and asked for the commander. Two men came forward; they were General Mellinet and M. de Lesseps. In the meantime the Empress Eugénie had left the palace, and the two ambassadors persuaded the general to lower the imperial flag and to replace the Imperial Guard by the National Guard and the Gardes Mobiles.

The author is able to give us an occasional side light upon Sardou's method of work, a method that had thoroughness for its keynote, as thoroughness must always be the keynote of every variety of literary success:

> One day, about this period, in showing an English visitor over his library at Marly, where most of his plays were written, Sardou explained that he worked five hours every day, and at that rate of working it took him five months to construct and a write a play. "The dramatist must not be afraid of the labour of the file," he added. "The rehearsals of a five-act piece take at least five months. Look—that paper is a pen-and-ink map of Pontarcy, the scene of my latest play. Pontarcy exists only in my imagination, and to avoid any mistakes or confusion as to the movements of the personages, I have drawn up this map. Here is the 'Lower City.' The staple industry of the town is leather-dressing, and along the banks of the river are many tan-yards and water-mills. In this quarter lives a bourgeois family which presents a decided contrast to the inmates of the house on the opposite side of the square. Both these groups play an important part in my piece. The railway having been extended to Pontarcy, a row of handsome houses, with theatre, hotel, and grand café, has been built in the neighborhood of the railway station. Let us now pass to the 'Upper City.' First of all, there is a château partly in ruins, and what remains of it is used as a station for the gendarmerie. The old church on the outskirts of this place was formerly a cloister. The 'Upper City' as you see, is a network of narrow streets, now comparatively deserted. In the centre there is a rather fine old Gothic fountain. I believe that this map has been of great service to me. In imagination I have gone through the streets, lodged at the Grand Hotel, inspected the cloister, and stood in reverential frame of mind before the Gothic fountain." This anecdote is curious as showing how thoroughly the playwright entered into the life of his mimic world.

Sarah Bernhardt was among Sardou's warmest admirers. When the great actress was crushed by debt in 1882 she turned to Sardou as the one man who could write for her a play that would retrieve her fortunes:

> In this desperate financial strait she grew anxious for some lucrative engagement which would provide the sinews of war, and signed an agreement with Bertrand and Deslandes, directors of the Vaudeville, on the express condition that "the piece to be played by me shall be written for me by Victorien Sardou, the only man who can understand me and do what I want." She wanted a rôle and not a piece, something that would give scope to her talents, something easy and not too expensive to mount, so that she could travel with it, and not have too many players with whom to share the proceeds. Bertrand called upon Sardou, and asked whether he had a part for Mme. Bernhardt. The dramatist promised to think the matter over, and next day informed Bertrand that he had found a promising subject. He had lately been reading the Memoires of Antonio Perez, the secretary of Philip II of Spain. There he found the suggestions required. All through the summer of 1882 Sardou worked at his play. When completed, it entirely satisfied the requirements of Mme. Bernhardt, for it was "a rôle in four acts," though she humorously added that the part allotted to Pierre Berton, her leading man, was "altogether too extensive." The announcement of a new play by "Sardou for Sarah"—the two S's, as they were called—caused quite a flutter in play-going circles in Paris, and there was a great rush for places at the first performance. Sarah determined to make her part a triumph. She practiced eight hours a day at "Fédora," and then for a change wound up the day by playing in "Les Mères Ennemies" at the Ambigu. Mme. Bernhardt gives an amusing account of "Fédora" from her point of view: "Knowing that I am a tragédienne, Sardou has brought out all my strong points. If I had had any weak points, he would have made use of them, too. But I have none. Ah! if I were not Sarah, I would like to be Sardou."

The story of Sardou's conversion to spiritualism is worth telling for the light that it throws upon the vividness of the imagination that made him what he was:

> One evening the young playwright was hard at work scourging vice and rewarding virtue in the fifth act of a melodrama, when he suddenly heard faint sounds of music behind him. He whirled round in his chair. No one was in the room except himself. Nevertheless, the piano was sounding as if fingers were flying over the keys. He looked attentively at the key-board, for the instrument was open, and he saw that the ivory keys were moving as if impelled by unseen fingers. He watched them closely. Though the keys were covered with dust, the spirit fingers that were moving them left no trace behind them. When the molody, an old air by Haydn, was ended, the piano again became mute. Sardou pinched himself to make sure that he was not dreaming, but he was wide awake. He went to bed, but slept little that night, and the next morning he hastened to visit a friend who was acquainted with all the mysteries of modern spiritualism.

We are allowed another glance at Sardou in his workshop in connection with the writing of "Thermidor" and "Théodora":

> More than once, in his letters and pamphlets, Sardou has described his methods of work. Whenever an idea occurred to him, he immediately made a memorandum of it. These notes he classified and filed. For example, years before the production of "Thermidor" he had the thought of one day writing such a play. Gradually the character of Fabienne shaped itself; Labussière was devised later to fit Coquelin. Everything that he read about that epoch of the French Revolution, and the ideas which this reading inspired, he wrote down in the form of rough notes. Engravings, maps, prints, and other documents of the time he carefully collected. Memoirs and histories he annotated and indexed, filing away the index references in his file-cases, or dossiers. At the time of his death Sardou had many hundreds of these dossiers, old and new. Some of the older ones had been worked up into plays, while the newer ones were merely raw material for future dramas. When the idea of a play had measurably shaped itself in his mind he wrote out a skeleton plot, which he placed in its dossier. There it might lie indefinitely. In this shape "Thermidor" remained for nearly twenty years, and "Théodora" for ten. When he considered that the time was ripe for one of his embryonic plays, Sardou would take out that particular dossier, read over the material, and lay it aside again. After it had fermented in his brain for a time, he would, if the inspiration seized him, write out a scenario. After this he began the actual writing of the play.

Sardou, says M. Gheuzi, who collaborated with him in "Les Barbares," was a man of prodigious activity, never better exemplified than in the trying times of rehearsal. And no one knew better than Sardou how to profit by the opinions that were actually the most valuable and to ignore the rest:

> Like Alexandre Dumas père, Sardou was extremely sensitive to the opinions of the less subtle spectators of his rehearsals. He closely watched and heeded the impressions and comments of the stage carpenters, scene-painters, firemen, supers, and other humble people behind the scenes. They represented to him the average mind of the average audience. To the opinions of actors of his unproduced pieces, he paid little heed; to the opinions of critics, none at all. At rehearsals no details escaped him. He would seat himself on the stage chair and sofas, open and shut the practicable doors, go to the back of the parterre to study the perspective of the scene, climb to the highest gallery to see if the audience there could hear, and then hasten back to the stage. There he would seat himself, jumping up during a rehearsal thirty or forty times to show the actors his idea of the action. In doing this he would laugh, would cry, would shriek, and would even die a mimic death. Coming to life again, he would call for his overcoat and hasten to muffle himself up as before. He was very sensitive to cold, and always came on the stage with a heavy coat, a muffler, and a cap to protect him from draughts. He would rehearse from ten in the morning until three, when he would take a sandwich and a glass of wine. After this he would resume his work until five, at which hour he would go blithely forth into the street, smiling and humming, "followed," as one resentful player put it, "by scowling actors and weeping actresses."

Here we must leave a volume that has not only all the value of completeness, but also the charm of a competent enthusiasm. The student of the Sardou plays will find everything in these pages that he needs—biography, analyses, chronological lists of plays, and performances in America with their casts. It is not only a thorough and conscientious piece of work, but it has a literary value of its own, and one of no mean order.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays. By Jerome A. Hart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Combined Maze.

Miss May Sinclair proves herself an artist by the ease with which she displays the heroic elements in mean lives. She has only one superior among women novelists, and even Mrs. Wharton might imitate her in showing that the web of human fate, however unbreakable it may be, can never subdue the nobility of a human soul. Mrs. Wharton is inexorable, and therefore somewhat depressing. Miss Sinclair can build a pyramid of calamities, but she leaves us with a sense of moral triumph.

We have a sense of intimacy with the fabric of this story, with the London suburban druggist who drinks like a fish and whose "headaches" are so constantly deplored by his faithful wife; with his son Ranny, who is only an underpaid clerk, but who worships athletics because they keep a fellow "decent." Ranny's god is "decency," and his devil is "flabbiness," a good god for a boy to obey, and a bad devil to avoid. Ranny belongs to an inconspicuous class, a class of whom we are inclined even to laugh, with its small ideals, its primitive love-making, its narrow ambitions. But when Ranny marries a beautiful girl with the mind of a courtesan we see that we have indeed a veritable Bayard, without fear and without reproach. Indeed we can hardly believe that any woman is so bad as this wife of Ranny's, so elementally depraved. And on the other hand it may be said that we can hardly believe in any woman so good as Winny, the girl Ranny ought to have married, but missed. Perhaps the contrast between the two is a little over-emphasized, a little harsh, but it is a fault of genius, if a fault at all.

That a woman writer should be able thus to ransack the soul of a London clerk and present it to us in its entirety is no small feat. We know as much about Ranny as we do about the two girls, and we feel that we know it all, without reticences, affectations, or reservations. "The Combined Maze" is the work of a great novelist and one from whom we shall expect even greater things.

The Combined Maze. By May Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Swords and Ploughshares.

There can be nothing but praise for the good intentions that prompt all appeals for international peace. And yet when we are reminded by the author of this particularly earnest work of the "cheering record" of achievements we must remind ourselves also that one of the bloodiest wars in history is now being waged in Europe, that another war in Africa has just been concluded, and that new and colossal struggles are confidently anticipated by every country in the Old World. Indeed we can not look upon congresses, treaties, conferences, or endowments as being in any way of the nature of peace achievements. Professor Ferrero has recently pointed out that the danger of war is not from rulers or governments, but from insensate peoples who for the first time are tasting democratic power. Wars are not made in the chancelleries, but in the streets. They are made by rabbles, not by statesmen.

As an appeal to the intelligence no better book than this has been written. It is unanswerable. But with the exception of a few war fanatics, such as Mr. Roosevelt, whom the author says is "more than any other man responsible for the increase of militarism in the United States," it is not the intelligence to which appeal should be made. War is an outbreak of lower passions which by their very nature are opposed to the intelligence. The only "achievement" worthy the name which our peace advocates will ever make is in the persuasion of the average man, not that it is unintelligent to fight—he knows that already—but that it is wrong to fight. The appeal to the moralities, and to them alone, is not much in favor nowadays unless preceded by the dollar mark, but it is the only one that will ever be effective. But until this can be made it is well that we should have such books as this, and especially by women, since women could easily banish war forever with an expenditure of one-tenth of the energy that they have given to the suffrage, and without the use of the suffrage at all.

Swords and Ploughshares. By Lucia Ames Mead. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Psychology and Religion.

Very few books of this kind bear so strong an impress of a sincerity that is forced almost reluctantly to conclusions adverse to religious supernaturalism or, to use a better word, to superhumanism. Indeed the author writes from a standpoint that is certainly not an anti-religious one. He believes that humanity needs religion, and that it will always need it, and will always have it. But he believes that he can account for religion in purely psychological ways. A belief in gods arises from misinterpreted experiences and erroneous deductions from facts, and that while the primitive gods may have tended to be everything that man is not, they have become gradually more and more like men with the advance of time. Man, therefore, has pulled the gods downwards, while the gods, reciprocally, have drawn man upwards. The author's reasoning is certainly careful and untinged by bias or arrogance, an attitude rare enough in the iconoclast, but at the same time he seems to overlook the claim made by the mysticisms of all ages that there is a power of direct and spiritual knowledge that is not psychological. It is not so much a question whether the Arctic explorer, for example, could have obtained his information of polar regions by speculation and reasoning as whether he did actually so obtain it, and upon this point he is entitled to a hearing.

The author's view of the religion of the future seems to be Bergsonian. It will rest upon an idea of a "non-purposive Creative Force," which appears in man as a "striving consciousness." To the lay mind there seems to be something almost inconceivable in any non-purposive force, especially a non-purposive force that in man appears as purposive, since the fact of "striving" implies purpose. Humanity conceived as a manifestation of Creative Force appears to the author to have "surpassing qualifications for a source of religious inspiration." We may doubt that, since inspiration is hardly to be evoked by the "non purposive." Nor will any religion ever appeal to humanity unless based upon claims, however erroneous, of super-psychological knowledge.

A Psychological Study of Religion. By James H. Leuha. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

The Lady of the Snows.

Edith Ogden Harrison, author of "Princess Sayrane," has an evident liking for the superwoman constructed wholly from the imagination, and the superwoman can be found, it seems, in modern Canada as well as in the antiquities of the Orient. When Charlton Trevelyan goes to Quebec to claim his promised but unknown bride, Miss Patricia Sutherland—and the names at least are ingratiating—he finds that the coy lady has fled to unknown parts in the West. Trevelyan follows her, not so much in the hope of finding her—for Canada is quite extensive—but that he may make for himself a career which shall test his manhood. There he meets a lovely and mysterious Amazon who rescues him from blizzards and the like and who finally announces proudly, "I am Gloria Templeton, a secret service inspector, employed and paid by the government." Of course we know all about it at once, for the novelist can usually be trusted to make unfair confidences to the reader. We know that the heart of the enterprising Trevelyan will not be wrung by the necessity of making a choice between the two charmers and that he has actually found the beautiful Patricia in the person of the glorious Gloria. What a delightful world it would be if such things actually happened.

The Lady of the Snows. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.

English Literature.

Volume IX of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" shows a continuity of the force and originality of the earlier volumes. The period covered is from Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift, and certainly there was no lack of bright stars in the firmament of that day. Perhaps the most striking contribution is by Professor W. P. Treut, who writes on Defoe and who succeeds not only in correcting some popular errors, but in giving new vitality and distinction to a great literary figure. Of nearly equal value—for those who like that sort of thing—is Miss C. F. E. Spurgeon's article on William Law and the Mystics. It should have the effect of drawing new and deserved attention to Boehmen and to mysticism in general. Mr. Harold Routh writes on Steele and Addison, and does it well, and the same praise belongs to Professor Ward for his contribution on Historical and Political Writers. Professor Sorley deals with Philosophical Thought, and Mr. Charles Whibley on Writers of Burlesque and Translators.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume IX. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50 net.

Sunshine Sketches.

Mr. Stephen Leacock has already established his reputation as a humorist, not of the boisterous or horseplay kind, of which we have too many, but of the genuine sort, of which we have too few. His latest volume has about it a sort of continuity or consecutiveness that entitles it to be called a story. It describes a typical Canadian town, large enough to be proud of itself, and small enough to permit of distinctive individualities, and it is with these distinctive individualities that the author concerns himself. It is a book for the fastidious lover of humor.

Sunshine Sketches. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

Carmen Sylva.

Pierre Loti was never better than in this little collection of exquisite sketches that takes its name from the first among them. There are six in all, the remaining five being "The Exile," "Constantinople in 1890," "Serpent Charmers," "A Few Forgotten Pages of 'Madame Chrysanthème,'" and "Japanese Women in 1890." Pierre Loti's style is always of the indescribable kind. He seems to show us without the use of words a certain melancholy mental background from which his observations and experiences spring. An Oriental monarch is said to have kept himself within the limits of philosophic restraint by perpetual use of the adage, "Even this shall pass away." It is the same recognition of impermanence, of transitoriness, that pervades the writings of Loti, and it naturally appears in proportion to the keenness of pleasure and delight.

Carmen Sylva. By Pierre Loti. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.

Cowboy Lyrics.

Mr. Robert V. Carr's cowboy verse is already a familiar feature of the popular magazine, and it is of so high a grade as to justify publication in volume form. To catch the atmosphere of the ranch is in itself no small merit, but to do it not only rhythmically but also poetically is a distinct feat. And much of this verse, for all its rollicking nature, contains distinct poetical sentiment.

Cowboy Lyrics. By Robert V. Carr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published "A Primer," by Emma Serl and Vivian Evans. It is intended for the use of little children and is appropriately illustrated.

Mrs. Bessie L. Russell's verses are familiar to magazine readers, who may welcome a little volume of collected poems just issued by Sherman, French & Co., under the title of "The Gold." The price is $1 net.

The beauty and romance of a journey through the Canadian Rocky Mountains is well described in "My Mountain Tops," by Lalah Ruth Randle (the Neale Publishing Company; $1). And the romance is not wholly of mountain tops.

A pleasant picture of child life on an Alabama plantation fifty years ago is given by Mrs. Mittie Owen McDavid in "The Children of the Meadows" (Cosmopolitan Press; $1.25 net). The author evidently knows children and she knows the South.

J. C. Browder is the author of a story called "Nisi Prius," just published by the Neale Publishing Company ($1.50). Mr. Browder describes the "rain of law" in Kentucky, and he does it as though he knew all about it, and humorously withal.

"Master Painters," by Stewart Dick (Small, Maynard & Co.), contains brief but well-written and useful biographical sketches of fourteen great painters, including Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Dūrer, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Watteau, and Turner. The volume is enriched by sixteen exceptionally good illustrations.

"The Light of the Gods," by Grace Granger (Cosmopolitan Press; $1), is a volume of well-turned verse suggested by Greek buildings and statuary. If the author should do any more of the same kind of work she would be well advised to omit unctuous comparisons between Greek philosophies and Christianity. It is unnecessary and a grief to the judicious.

"A Free Lance," by Frederic Rowland Marvin (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net), is made up of "short paragraphs and detached pages from an author's notebook," of the stray jottings that have not fitted in to any published work, but that are none the less worth preservation. Even the most random opening of its pages will reveal something that will remain in the memory. A book well worth publication.

New Books Received.

The Daughter of Brahma. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Comrade Yetta. By Alhert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Lovers of Skye. By Frank Waller Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobhs-Merrill Company; $1 net.

A novel.

Witching Hill. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scrihner's Sons; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Italians of Today. By Richard Bagot. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

A description of Italian life.

Mind and Health. By Edward E. Weaver, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

With an examination of some systems of divine healing.

Principles of Prussian Administration. By Herman Gerlach James, J. D., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

The social system in Prussia considered historically and legally.

The Interpretation of Piano Music. By Mary Venable. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; $1.25.

Intended to assist the student to acquire a correct understanding of the visible language of music.

The Song and the Soil. By W. G. Jordan, B. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series, edited by Rev. John Adams, B. D.

The Story of the Civil War. By William Roscoe Livermore. Part III in two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50 per volume.

A concise account of the war in the United States of America between 1861 and 1865, in continuation of the story by John Codman Ropes.

Brief Developing Title to Public Lands. By George Edwards. Berkeley: Gazette Publishing Company.

An inquiry whether the United States holds the public lands as owner or as trustee.

Representative Essays in Modern Thought. Edited by Harrison Ross Steeves, A. M., and Frank Humphrey Ristine, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; $1.50 net.

A basis for composition.

The Text and Canon of the New Testament. By Alexander Souter. New York: Charles Scrihner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Issued in Studies in Theology.

The Psalm of Psalms. By the Rev. James Stalker, M. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series.

The Higher Powers of the Soul. By Rev. George M'Hardy, D. D. New York: Charles Scrihner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series.

The Theology of the Gospels. By James Moffatt, D. D., D. Litt. New York: Charles Scrihner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Issued in Studies in Theology.

Bibliography of the Published Writings and Addresses of Woodrow Wilson, 1875-1910. By Harry Clemons. Princeton: The Library of Princeton University; 50 cents net.

The Feet of the Furtive. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

Some animal stories.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

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Robertson's
222 STOCKTON ST.
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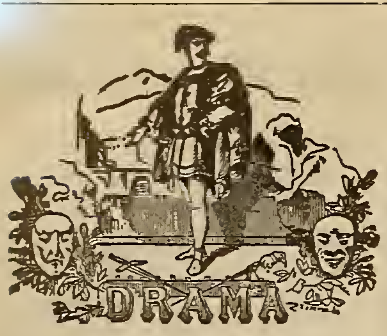

THE TIVOLI AND "NATOMA."

How are the Tivoli and our municipal opera house going to get along together, when the latter shall have materialized? The Tivoli is a big theatre; amply large enough to accommodate the audiences that assemble during a banner opera season. It is an attractive house, with an enormous foyer, and an effect of comfortable spaciousness in the arrangement of its interior fittings. Its soft yet penetrating illumination, and the beautifully stenciled dull gold of its harmonious backgrounds, have set off the beauty of our San Francisco women to great advantage, during this week and a half of spectacular opera.

Scores of these beauties lit up the auditorium on Saturday night, in celebration of Joseph Redding's participation in the composition of the opera "Natoma," and, of course, as an indication of the popular interest felt in that spectacular favorite, Mary Garden. The house wore a gala aspect, and the auditorium was one dazzling perspective of snow-white backs, gleaming breasts, and filleted heads—some of them snow white, too, set off with jewels that shimmered beautifully under the clear yet subdued light.

An immense local interest was naturally felt in learning how Joseph Redding had acquitted himself in his authorship of the libretto of the new work, and, generally, in learning how strong are the claims of this doubly American-born opera to the consideration of the discriminating.

Nevertheless, favorable as the audience instinctively wished its attitude to be, the first act left it comparatively unmoved. This in spite of a pleasing set, picturesque Spanish costumes, and good singing. And even in spite of the presence of Mary Garden done up in a coat of Indian color grease paint, and wearing a pliable, picturesque costume supposedly of deerskin, which admirably exhibited the grace and freedom of her lithe body.

What was the matter? Well, I should say a trying-too-hard attitude on the part of the co-composers. A good stage setting was there, picturesque characters, and a cloud of fine orchestration. Action and emotion were indicated, but they didn't seem to go over. The audience remained in an attitude of appraisement, cool and critical. The applause was polite but rather perfunctory.

Other reasons are that neither author nor librettist had got into the swing of the thing during the first act. There was an absence of the fateful element in the beginning of the dramatic conflict, and the act seemed one long, over-studied effort to convince auditors that coming drama was inevitable. This was true of the music as well as of the libretto. Victor Herbert and Joseph Redding were both trying so hard to live up to the exactions of grand opera that the effort was apparent, and the results made for lack of conviction on the part of the audience. The vocal numbers, too, were not beautiful, some of them not even pleasing. There was a certain lack of continuity to the music, as if it had been pieced out by degrees, in strenuous mood. No inspiration.

And then, in the second act, all this was changed. We suddenly discovered that both author and composer had acquired a more assured tone. The thread of the drama began to tighten, and a greater cohesion was evident between the text and the musical score. The scene represents the fiesta in celebration of the coming of age of Barbara, the gentle and beautiful daughter and heiress of Don Francisco, master of the rancho of the Isle of Santa Cruz. Barbara, whose wealth and beauty attract many suitors, is particularly desired by Alvarado, her Spanish cousin, but after her eyes have once encountered those of Paul Merrill, the young lieutenant from the American ship in the harbor, Alvarado's chance is over, and the fiery young Spaniard, incited by his follower, Castro, the half-breed, resolves to seize the reluctant girl during the gayeties of her birthday fiesta and carry her away to the hills.

This plot affords opportunity for the drama to centre around Natoma, the Indian girl, who has overheard the conspirators plan, and whose passionate love for the young American officer her devotion to her mistress enables her to control.

The act begins with a mournful soliloquy by the Indian girl, followed by the assembling of the soldiers, vaqueros, ranchers, and the women of the village to witness the gala doings of the fiesta.

All conventional operas are more or less reminiscent, and the book of "Natoma" is thoroughly conventional. The exchange of flirtatious repartee between the soldiers and the women selling their wares recalls the "Faust" fair. The change in this second act from twilight to dawn, the solitude of a tragic, self-communing figure, the coming of the festal throng, with the fair and virginal figure of Barbara for the central motive, is somewhat reminiscent of the opening of the second act of "Lohengrin," with its gradual development of the festal atmosphere. Pico's song of the vaqueros with its spirited refrain, "Aié! Aié!" reminds us of the whip-cracking chorus of the muleteers in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Not in its musical phrases, but in the idea, solely. But the whole act goes well, with an effect of continuity lacking in the earlier one. It is popular in its appeal, and light and gay in general spirit, until individual passions begin to seethe and boil over.

From a spectacular point of view the dances please the spectators, but the serious motive is so well interwoven with the lighter one that before we know it we are caught and held captive by the interest attached to the dramatic conflict. This begins with the reluctance of Barbara to enter into the underlying sentiment of the dance with her cousin, her repeated flights to her father, and his renewed persuasions. Then comes the fierce dagger dance, in which Natoma accepts the challenge of Castro, the half-breed, and the two, with pantheresque movements, circle around the two daggers thrust into the ground, while the music beats with fierce, primitive throbbings of elemental passion.

The scene concludes in tragedy. Natoma wins the dagger first, and seeing Alvarado's follower ready with his serape to blindfold and carry away Barbara during the absorption of the dance, thrusts it fiercely to its hilt into the body of the unscrupulous wooer, who falls dead.

Of course the reason for Natoma's deed is a little far-fetched. All she had to do was to temporarily banish the amiable smile from Don Francisco's agreeable countenance by telling him in advance of the plot she had overheard. But, in grand opera of the old school, we do not search too deeply for plot consistency, so, as this gives a good, effective, tragic dénouement, coming with the force of contrast, into which the music enters, after the festal gayeties of the earlier scenes, the audience accepts it with the warmest acclaim, and the act proves a great success.

The third is short, but effective. It is devoted to Natoma, who has been taken into sanctuary by the priest, to escape the wrath of the mob. There, recognizing the necessity of stifling her wild love for the young American, she is won from thoughts of tribal vengeance on the white people by the priest, and finally consents to become a nun.

The slight, erect figure of the Indian girl now dominates the scene. The congregation has assembled, and while the music expresses the sacredness of religious renunciation, it merges into the chords of Natoma's Indian theme of fate, as the doors of the convent garden are opened, and the nuns receive into their ranks the bruised but stately acolyte, and burst into a final hymn of praise.

It is always difficult to differentiate an audience's cordiality of feeling toward the work of a fellow-townsman and their genuine sentiments. But it seemed to me that their warm approval at the close of the second act was sincere, more particularly as there had been no indiscreetly partisan applause whatever during the less interesting first act.

The opera was given a very handsome production, not only in the matter of cast, but in its costuming and scenic investiture. In the matter of costumes there was a great deal of novelty, the handsome Spanish or more particularly Mexican costumes, with their leather fringes and coin trimmings, the picturesque headgear, the braided jackets, and the slashed and flowered velvet trousers and bright serapes of the men, and the more conventional but bright-hued costumes of the women lighting up very much the general warmth and color of the *mise en scène*.

There are two prima donnas required in the cast of "Natoma," and although the absorbing Mary Garden was the cynosure of all eyes on Saturday night, Helen Stanley, as Barbara, held her own rather well by virtue of a fresh, pure soprano of high range and much sweetness, and a personality albeit somewhat negative that was suited to the rôle.

People who hear Mary Garden for the first time, and who are not dazzled by her reputation, are apt to be puzzled as to what built it up. Certainly not the voice. Mary Garden, indeed, is not a genuine soprano, her voice having been raised to an artificial approximation of one by the energy and industry of an ambitious woman determined to succeed. Her temperament, her beauty, and her genius for self-advertisement did the rest. The voice is, dramatically, very effective in its lower range. The transition from one register to the other is not always well and sometimes awkwardly done, and her upper notes are thin and hollow, but even with their lack of resonance she is able to infuse them with that dramatic quality noticeable in her richer and more impressive lower register. She has a fine, erect body, whose possibilities have been carefully cultivated. She has it under good control, and keeps herself supple and active. This was very noticeable in the dagger dance, which was extremely well done, the movements consisting principally of a lithe, crouching, rhythmic pacing around the central point of attraction, with the culmination of a sinuous, active body writhing horizontally toward the challenging daggers.

Miss Garden also has a tendency to run or rush across stage, whenever the prescribed action will allow it, because she knows well how promptly the average audience will respond to anything spectacular. And she does it, too, partly from pride, no doubt, in the cultivated flexibility of this beautiful body, which is, I imagine, more than her voice her pride and joy. As to the beauty of her countenance, it was temporarily in eclipse. Never yet have I seen an actress who contrived to retain her full beauty when her rôle exacted the darkening of the skin. Nevertheless, Mary Garden was striking as Natoma. She looked like an Indian, very much so, and her two costumes were appropriate, graceful, and distinctive.

Hector Dufranne as Father Peralta was an impressive element of each scene in which he figured. His voice narrowly escapes being great, but when he attempted the little song of tender reminiscence,

> Two children wandered hand in hand,
> And played amid the golden sand,

it was apparent that invocation, or exalted apostrophe, was very much more in his line.

Mario Sammarco's Alvarado and Gustave Huberdeau's Don Francisco were well sung, George Hamlin's Paul Merrill less well, his voice lacking in sweetness. Frank Preisch's Castro and Armand Crabbe's Pico were small parts excellently rendered, the latter singer having scored an unqualified hit in his vaquero song.

The choruses were well in hand and very satisfactory, except that some very strident tenors spoiled the "Le lucis ante terminum" sung by the monks in the last act.

At the conclusion of the second act there was a general call for the singers, and the presumably blushing author of the libretto, to line up on the stage. Then we had a prolonged exhibition of Mary Garden's celebrated faculty for self-exploitation and her passion for toying with the spotlight. Joseph Redding was called for. The author appeared, pale but calm, a red rose in his buttonhole, and flanked by the two prima donnas, accepted his applause, and an oscular embrace from the impulsive Miss Garden, like a man.

Miss Garden, who wore altogether too palpably the air of a privileged favorite, then testified a desire that the osculation should include Helen Stanley. But both the singer and the author had the good sense not to prolong that incident. Joseph Redding then began a very good speech, in which he said some nice things about Victor Herbert. Miss Garden, however, intimated in dumb show that she could not be torn from his side, and, while he spoke, very inconsiderately, it seemed to me, distracted attention from his remarks by some humorous by-play.

I feel no manner of doubt that, while many of the audience laughed, and seemed to approve, she made the judicious grieve that the popular favorite was not more heedful to maintain the dignity of an artist.

As to the quality of Mr. Redding's verse: well, not thrillingly beautiful. From the old-fashioned point of view, he has a good libretto. Compared to the libretto translations with which we are all direfully familiar, it is very much of a muchness. But beside the latter-day music-dramas, the story lacks modernness of treatment and the diction is too stilted and commonplace. An excerpt from Alvarado's serenade will do for an instance:

> When the sunlight dies,
> When the night wind sighs,
> When the dove is asleep in the tree,
> I will come, my love,
> With the stars above,
> To pay homage, fair cousin, to thee.

That last line is a decided let-down from the more fervid sentiment which the beginning seems to preface.

I like this sort of thing better:

> NATOMA *(in sanctuary)*—Lonely am I, lonely is my heart; I feel it beating here within like the breaking of the sea against the shore. I would cry out! Ah! Yet all around me are these walls that only echo back my voice. Lonely am I!

It struck me that Victor Herbert's score is more modern than the libretto, which marks something of an incongruity, even while there is, at the same time, a sufficiently harmonious union of text and tone to make the united composition go smoothly. The composer has presented a full, warmly atmospheric orchestration, and has quite avoided the reproach of becoming frivolous, in spite of the light-mindedness of his past career in the realm of music.

Altogether, while the ambitious pair can not plume themselves upon having composed the Great American Opera—which, if we may judge from the subject chosen, they may have hoped for—they have excellent reasons for rubbing their hands self-congratulatorily, when they remind themselves of the favorable reception their opera received in Chicago, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Will Furnish Exposition with Light, Power, Heat

Unique in many things, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be particularly so in its electric lighting system. Already experts are planning unusual light schemes, and to furnish sufficient current for all purposes is a matter of much importance. The exposition managers must be assured that the source of supply will be ample at all times, and it is a matter of pardonable pride with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company that it has been selected to furnish all the electricity for light and power, gas for illumination, and steam for heating purposes for the exposition grounds and buildings, from the latter part of March, 1913, until December 4, 1915.

"Pacific Service" is always dependable, and its recognition in this case is a deserved tribute to the position it holds in the homes, business houses, factories, and on the farms of two-thirds of the population of California, thirty of the fifty-eight counties in the state. This is but another large contract which has locally demonstrated the superiority of "Pacific Service," and no matter how unusual or how vast the schemes for the use of electricity during the coming exposition, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, with its great plants and army of trained employees, will be more than equal to the greatest task of the kind ever imposed.

The manner in which the use of gas, electricity, water, and steam has advanced in the last few years, in the field covered by "Pacific Service," is a most interesting study in itself, demonstrating as it does how the business of the corporation has grown, and the confidence which the people at large repose in it. Fair dealing has found constant response among consumers, and the growth has been even surprising. On December 31, 1907, "Pacific Service" supplied 183,271 customers. Compare this with 321,092 when the year 1912 terminated.

The following tables give a more comprehensive idea of the growth in number of "Pacific Service" customers:

December 31, 1907.

Gas	122,304
Electricity	55,704
Water	5,263
Steam	000,000
Total	183,271

December 31, 1908.

Gas	131,235
Electricity	63,643
Water	5,601
Steam	000,000

December 31, 1909.

Gas	140,670
Electricity	71,643
Water	5,939
Steam	000,000

December 31, 1910.

Gas	153,566
Electricity	84,329
Water	6,430
Steam	000,000

December 31, 1911.

Gas	177,510
Electricity	102,198
Water	7,398
Steam	000,000

December 31, 1912.

Gas	196,133
Electricity	116,666
Water	8,071
Steam	222
Total	321,092

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CURRENT VERSE.

Apollo Trouhadour.

When a wandering Italian
Yesterday at noon
Played upon his hurdy-gurdy
Suddenly a tune,
There was magic in my ear-drums:
Like a haby's cup and spoon
Tinkling time for many sleigh-bells,
Many no-school, rainy-day-hells,
Cow-hells, frog-hells, run-away-hells,
Mingling with an ocean medley
As of elemental people
More emotional than wordy—
Mermaids laughing off their tantrums,
Mermen singing loud and sturdy—
Silver scales and fluting shells,
Popping weeds and gurgles deadly,
Coral chime from coral steeple,
Intermittent deep-sea bells
Ringing over floating knuckles,
Buried gold and swords and huckles,
And a thousand hubhling chuckles,
Yesterday at noon—
Such a melody as star-fish,
And all fish that really are fish,
In a gay, remote hattalion
Play at midnight to the moon!

Could any playmate on our planet,
Hid in a house of earth's own granite,
Be so devoid of primal fire
That a wind from this wild crated lyre
Should find no spark and fan it?
Would any lady half in tears,
Whose fashion, on a recent day
Over the sea, had been to pay
Vociferous gondoliers,
Beg that the din he sent away
And ask a gentleman gravely treading
As down the aisle at his own wedding,
To toss the foreigner a quarter
Brihing him to leave the street;
That motorhorns and servants' feet
Familiar might resume, and sweet
To her offended ears,
The money-music of her peers!

Apollo listened, took the quarter
With his hat off to the huyer,
Shrugged his shoulder small and sturdy,
Led away his hurdy-gurdy
Street hy street, then turned at last
Toward a likelier piece of earth
Where a stream of chatter passed,
Yesterday at noon;
By a school he stopped and played
Suddenly a tune . . .
What a melody he made!
Made in all those eager faces,
Feet and hands and fingers!
How they gathered, how they stayed
With smiles and quick grimaces,
Little man and little maid!—
How they took their places,
Hopping, skipping, unafraid,
Darting, rioting ahout,
Squealing, laughing, shouting out!
How, beyond a single doubt,
In my own feet sprang the ardour
(Even now the motion lingers)
To he joining in their paces!
Round and round the handle went—
Round their hearts went harder;—
Apollo urged the happy rout
And heamed, ten times as well content
With every son and daughter
As though their little hands had lent
The gentleman his quarter.—
(You would not guess—nor I deny—
That that same gentleman was I!)
No gentleman may watch a god
With proper happiness therefrom;
So street hy street again I trod
The way that we had come.
He had not seen me following
And yet I think he knew;
For still, the less I heard of it,
The more his music grew:
As if he made a bird of it
To sing the distance through. . . .
And, O Apollo, how I thrilled,
You liquid-eyed rapscallion,
With every twig and twist of Spring,
Because your music rose and filled
Each leafy vein with dew—
With melody of olden sleighhells,
Over-the-sea-and-far-away-bells,
And the heart of an Italian,
And the tinkling cup and spoon—
Such a melody as star-fish,
And all fish that really are fish,
In a gay remote hattalion
Play at midnight to the moon!
—*Witter Bynner, in Poetry.*

◆

Walls.

Free to all souls the hidden heauty calls,
The sea thrift dwelling on her spray-swept height,
The lofty rose, the low-grown aconite,
The gliding river and the stream that brawls
Down the sharp cliffs with constant hreaks and falls—
All these are equal in the equal light—
All waters mirror the one Infinite.

God made a garden, it was men huilt walls;
But the wide sea from men is wholly freed:
Freely the great waves rise and storm and break,
Nor softlier go for any landlord's need,
Where rhythmic tides flow for no miser's sake
And none hath profit of the brown sea-weed,
But all things give themselves, yet none may take.
—*From "The Agate Lamp," by Eva Gore Booth.*

◆

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has two rules tbat are hroken only hy two artists. One rule is that an instrumental soloist shall play hut one concerto and the other rule is that there shall he no encores. The first rule is set aside for Ysaye, the second rule for Paderewski.

◆

Indigestion

is unknown to those who drink a glass of Italian-Swiss Colony Tipo (red or white) with their meals.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli Opera House.

The advent of the Chicago Grand Opera Company is proving a musical and society event of extraordinary importance, and as the performances go hy added encomiums are showered on the superh organization now appearing at the Tivoli Opera House.

This afternoon (Saturday) "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Massenet's lyrical play in three acts, will he presented here for the first time, the cast including Mary Garden, Dufranne, Huherdeau, and Warnery, to he followed hy the International Ballet.

Tonight at 7:45 sharp the second and last Wagner opera of the season, "Tristan and Isolde," will he presented with Saltzman-Stevens, De Cisneros, Dalmores, Whitehill, Crahhe, Scott, and Preisch in the cast. From the splendid performance of "Die Walküre," "Tristan and Isolde" will undouhtedly he a treat and should he greeted hy a crowded house.

Tomorrow afternoon at two Mary Garden will repeat her superh performance of "Thaïs," and on Monday evening Tetrazzini will repeat "Rigoletto," which opened the house, and with the same singers.

Tuesday night at half-past eight "Salomé" will he sung for the first time this season, the production in its entirety heing the original. For "Salomé" it takes six hours to set the stage. The cast will include Mary Garden, De Cisneros, Dalmores, Dufranne, Huherdeau, Riegelman, and a dozen others.

By special request Tetrazzini will sing "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Wednesday matinée, with the same cast as last Tuesday night.

Wednesday evening the greatly discussed Wolf-Ferrari opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," will he given for the first time in this city.. Carolina White will make her initial appearance for the engagement as Maliella, and among those who sing the thirty-nine remaining rôles are Berat, Giorgini, Sammarco, Riegelman, and Venturini.

Mary Garden will repeat her famous performance of "Salomé" on Thursday evening

Friday afternoon at three o'clock there will he a special children's performance of Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," for which the prices will he popular, ranging from one dollar to two dollars and a half. "Hansel and Gretel" has the same atmosphere as the "Blue Bird," and is an ideal offering for the little ones.

Friday night it has heen decided to replace "The Jewels of the Madonna" with Amhroise Thomas's "Mignon," with Tetrazzini, Riegelman, Warnery, Venturini, and Huherdeau.

The opera for Saturday afternoon is yet to he announced.

Saturday night will he the last night of the season, and the particulars of the farewell performance will he anounced later.

◆

The Lhevinne Piano Recitals.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian piano virtuoso, and one of the greatest artists now hefore the puhlic, will give his first recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, March 23, at 2:30.

Lhevinne is a player of quite unusual qualifications; he plays with a direct and simple appeal that reaches the hearts as well as the heads of his auditors and gives pleasure to the teacher, the student, the trained musician, and also to those who just like heautiful music. His playing is full of color, and there is never a moment that is not interesting while he is at the piano.

Sunday afternoon's programme will include a group of Chopin gems, Balakireff's "Islamey" (Oriental Fanstasie), Brahms's "Variations on a Paganini Theme," Mozart's "Pastoral Variée," and other splendid works.

The only evening appearance of Lhevinne will be next Tuesday night, March 25, when sonatas hy Mozart and Brahms, Schumann's "Toccata," and a numher of other important works will he given.

The farewell concert hy this artist will he given Saturday afternoon, March 29, with a special programme which will include Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 5, and Schumann's "Carnevale."

Tickets for all these concerts are now on sale at the music-store hox-offices.

Lhevinne will he the last of the great pianists to visit us this season.

◆

The Clara Butt-Rumford Concerts.

During the past fourteen years Manager Greenhaum has presented to our music lovers singers of all types and voices; the world's greatest sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, and contraltos have sung for us, and among them have heen such stars as Nordica, Melha, Tetrazzini, Schumann-Heink, Semhrich, Mary Garden, Gerville-Reache, Tilly Koenen, and Emma Eames, and yet the enterprising manager now announces that he is going to offer a singer whose voice, style, and programmes are something quite different from anything we have yet heard. The artist is Clara Butt, the English contralto, who is credited with having a voice that is ahsolutely the only one of its kind in the world. A description of it is almost impossihle; the lower notes are like those of a rich light baritone, wbile the higher ones are those of a genuine dramatic soprano. Mme. Butt uses her voices with the greatest artistry and executes the most intricate coloratura passages with the ease and lightness of a lyric soprano, and coupled with all these artistic and tonal qualities is a quality of sympathy that is simply marvelous.

With Mme. Butt will appear Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the eminent haritone, who is an exceptionally fine interpreter of song as well as the possessor of an unusually heautiful and admirahly cultivated voice.

The first Butt-Rumford concert will he given Sunday afternoon, March 30, at the Cort Theatre. Mme. Butt will sing works hy Schumann, Schuhert, Handel, Peel, Leoni, Hullah, and by special request "The Lost Chord," hy Sullivan. A feature of her offerings will he the ever welcome aria from "Samson and Delilah," which no one sings like this artist. Mr. Rumford's numhers will include works hy Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Grieg, MacDowell, Sir Huhert Parry, and some splendid old Irish melodies. Together the artists will sing Goring Thomas's heautiful duet, "Night Hymn at Sea."

The second and positively last Butt-Rumford concert will he given Sunday afternoon, April 6, with an entire change of programme.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at the music-store hox-offices.

Mail orders may now he sent to Will L. Greenhaum, at either hox-office, and special attention will be given to out-of-town orders.

On Friday afternoon, April 4, Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will appear at Ye Liherty Playhouse in Oakland, this heing their only concert in California outside of San Francisco and Los Angeles. For this event mail orders should he addressed to H. W. Bishop, Ye Liberty Playhouse. Oakland.

◆

Julia Culp.

Manager Greenhaum promises one of the finest musical treats he has ever offered in this city in the concerts of Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, who has made as great an artistic success as any artist of this class who has ever visited America. The critics of New York, Boston, and Chicago are as enthusiastic over her work as they were over the dancing of Genee, the playing of Ysaye, and the marvelous voice of Clara Butt. Like these artists, Julia Culp stands in a class all hy herself, and it is this individuality in art that makes true greatness. With Mme. Culp will come the master accompanist, Coenraad V Bos, whose work with Dr. Wüllner is well rememhered.

◆

Theatregoers recall with pleasure the production of "The Songhirds" at the Princess Theatre six years ago. The musical hurlesque, written hy Victor Herhert and George V. Hohart, was originally devised for a Lamhs' Cluh gamhol, hut was given successfully on the professional stage. It has now heen revised and revived and under the title, "The New Song Birds," is heing presented at the Orpheum Theatre in New York. William Burress, the comedian, who gave so genial a caricature of Oscar Hammerstein in the production here, heads the company of thirty now singing the hurlesque.

◆

J. M. Barrie has finished and sent to Charles Frohman his latest play, "The Legend of Leonora." In this country it will first he acted hy Maude Adams at the Empire Theatre, New York, following her next Christmas season in "Peter Pan." Prohahly it will he produced simultaneously in London, at Mr. Frohman's Duke of York's Theatre. "The Legend of Leonora" is the first long Barrie play since "What Every Woman Knows," hut hetween these two plays Mr. Barrie has written a half-dozen one-act plays.

◆

Preparations are ahout complete for the transcontinental trip of the all-star cast in "Fine Feathers," the hest play yet written hy Eugene Walter. The company will leave New York immediately after the run of the play at the Astor Theatre in that city. Rohert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Rohertson, Amelia Sumers, and others are in the company.

◆

Berlin hopes shortly to hoast of the higgest theatre on earth. Its name descrihes what it is —The Theatre of the Fifteen Thousand. The originator and manager of the enterprise is the well-known German circus man, Stosch Sarrasani, who already conducts the Theatre of the Five Thousand at Dresden and the Theatre of the Ten Thousand at Frankfort-on-Main.

◆

Musicians from all parts of the empire will gather at Dresden on May 22 to ohserve the hundredth anniversary of the hirth of Richard Wagner. They will attend the performances of the "Ring des Nibelungen," to he given hy the Dresden Royal Opera. A magnificent monument to the composer will he unveiled in the puhlic park.

◆

Rose Stahl is coming to the Columbia Theatre in her production of Charles Klein's department store romance, "Maggie Pepper."

◆

Margaret Illington, at the close of her season, is to go to London for an engagement in "Kindling."

AMUSEMENTS.

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Today at 2, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Garden, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Warnery, and International Ballet; tonight at 7:45, "Tristan und Isolde," Saltzman-Stevens, De Cisneros, Dalmores, Whitehill, Crahhe, Scott; Sunday at 2, "Thais," Garden, Berat, Cavan, Egener, Dalmores, Dufranne; Monday at 8, "Rigoletto," Tetrazzini, Giorgini, Polese, Scott, Keyes, Berat, Nicolay; Tuesday and Thursday at 8:30, "Salome," Garden, De Cisneros, Dalmores, Dufranne; Wednesday at 2, "Lucia Di Lammermoor," Tetrazzini, Giorgini, Polese; Wednesday at 8, "The Jewels of the Modonna," White, Berat, Giorgini, Sammarco; Friday at 8, "Mignon" Tetrazzini, Riegelman, Warnery, Venturini, Huberdeau; Saturday Mat., to be announced; Saturday, March 29, at 8, Farewell Testimonial to W. H. Leahy, with all the artists. Director for all performances, Campanini.

Prices—$2, $3, $4, $5, $6, and $7.

Special—Friday, March 28, at 3. Matinee for Children, "Hansel and Gretel." Popular Prices: Box Seats, $3; Orchestra, $2.50; Dress Circle, first three rows, $2; other rows, $1.50; Winter Garden, $1.

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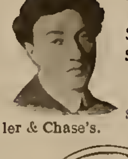

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Friday aft, April 4, at 3:15

Coming—JULIE CULP, YSAYE.

VANITY FAIR.

What curious ideas we have of entertaining distinguished visitors, and what a pity it is that the distinguished visitors are restrained by courtesy from saying what they think of it all. Not that it would make any difference to those bland and impervious gentlemen who usually find themselves on reception committees and the like. Criticism slides from their oily hides like water off a duck's back. Public opinion rebounds from their tough pelts like bullets from a Dreadnought. Hedged around with an armor of self-satisfaction, they know that what they are doing is right because it is they that are doing it. They are the law and the prophets of the reception proprieties.

For example, take the case of M. Bergson, who has just left these hospitable shores with his philosophic hand pressed to his philosophic brow and doing his best to remember his name and where he is. M. Bergson traveled all the way from Europe in order to tell us about the vast creative and evolutionary force of Kosmos that called us all into being and now doesn't know what to do with us, in fact never did know. Now a desire to hear about the evolutionary forces of Kosmos can hardly be described as an obsession of the American mind. It is not among the things that rob us of our sleep, but M. Bergsou meant well by us. He also wanted to see our moving picture shows, and the New York police force, and Boston, and the Wild West. Probably he wanted to hold sweet communion with our own local sharps on Kosmic law, perhaps to hatch up some sort of international agreement on the subject of God—although the Senate would be certain to throw it out. Possibly M. Bergson had planned for himself certain of those relaxations that are incompatible with the limelight of the reception committee. In fact there is no knowing what he intended to do, but it is certain that he was not allowed to do it. On his last day in this country he says plaintively: "Upon my arrival I found that my occupations and my engagements and my lectures had all been arranged for me, so that I could find no time for seeing any of the things I wanted to see, or for meeting people I should have liked to meet."

Now isn't that a nice way to treat a brother philosopher? Isn't that enough to make Kosmic law come to a pretty speedy decision as to what it intends to do with us? Here is a simple and unassuming stranger who comes to us with his own little programme of fun and we insist upon showing him the new stock exchange at six a. m. and sending him exhausted to bed at midnight after an agonizing day spent in seeing things that he doesn't want to see, talking to people that he doesn't want to talk to, and doing things that he doesn't want to do. And we call it hospitality. It is all very well to treat ordinary people in that way, but when it comes to a man who is on intimate terms, so to speak, with Kosmic law it seems sheer reckless folly. Even New York should have more sense than this. And as for Boston—well, we feel a little ashamed of Boston.

This is a horrid story that comes from Los Angeles, and we may say at once that if Los Angeles can not arrange to change her manners she will certainly have to change her name, if we have to take a half-day off and go down to Sacramento and pass a law to that effect. It seems that it is the habit of wealthy women in Los Angeles to marry husbands who are rich in good looks but otherwise impoverished and then when they tire of their spouses to divorce them on the ground of non-support. Judge Monroe of the divorce court down there in that frontier settlement says that the practice may be described as "trafficking" in husbands, and he advised one fair and wealthy applicant to see that her next venture had a fortune approximating to her own so that he would be able to "support" her.

Now what are we going to do about this? Our very flesh creeps at the thought of these innocent and unsuspecting male persons, enticed perhaps from a comfortable home by the wiles of designing women, persuaded to go through a marriage ceremony that can only be described as a mockery, and then cast out upon the cold and cruel world as soon as they have lost the first bloom of their youth and innocence. Now there is no use playing with a problem of this kind. Men's clubs and husbandette organizations must make themselves heard in the matter. We must have a minimum wage for husbands and a fixity of tenure. A progressive legislature must see to it. It won't take more than a few minutes to draft a bill and another few minutes will see it passed. We men do not approve of militant tactics, but we will have liberty or death, and probably both.

Did it ever occur to you what an amount of pure, unadulterated fun can be extracted from a census report? They must be merry dogs who compile these documents. We can imagine them digging each other in the ribs over their walnuts and planning new cargoes of explosive facts to be sent sailing cheerily into the midst of the movements and agitations that make up the larger part of modern life. For example, take that giddy publication entitled "Relations Between Occupation and Criminality of Women." It must have been a humorist of the first water who got on the track of that particular research. He tells us that if we take 100 women and find that twenty of them are in jail, and that all those twenty are of the same occupation, it would be well for us to inquire what that occupation is and why it should lead to the penitentiary. Then he gets right down to work and does this very thing. Out of 3229 women criminals no less than 81 per cent come from the ranks of domestic service.

Now why should domestic servants show a tendency to criminality? Are they domestic servants because they are criminal, or are they criminal because they are domestic servants? Which is the *post hoc* and which the *propter hoc?* Are we to understand that domestic service, or working for another woman, can only be tolerated by those whose natures are already hardened and calloused by crime, by those who have already thrown self-respect to the winds and who are ready to snatch at anything that seems to be just a grade better than a jail sentence? If that theory should appear disrespectful to the housekeepers of the country, then we will willingly adopt the only alternative. We will suppose that domestic service, or working for another woman, has the curious property of arousing the latent criminality in the female breast, and that even a brief season of domestic servitude is likely to suggest arson or burglary to minds formerly healthy and innocent. The latter theory seems the more probable of the two, and it seems, moreover, to be the one favored by the statistical genius at Washington. He suggests that the domestic servant has no chance to rise. Her mistress will see to that. She has no social standards to restrain her. Her mistress will see that she has none, and can be trusted to remind her of that fact. Robbed of her sense of decency and of dignity by the poisonous atmosphere of social inferiority with which she is surrounded, she readily succumbs to criminal temptation. She is not allowed to have the standards that are a protection.

Sweden has adopted a law against the unprotected hatpin. It seems that a woman traveling in a street-car stooped down to lift her baby, but as her hatpin was longer than her arms the hatpin got there first and impaled the baby's right eye. Of course she did not intend to do this thing. Being of a charitable disposition we may doubt if any woman actually intends to mutilate or destroy. She is simply indifferent. She is blankly unaware of any human rights except her own, and she is disposed to deny the justice of even the most imperative of rules that conflict with her smallest wish. So the Swedish authorities have furnished all car conductors with rubber tips which are for sale at one cent each. Any woman with a murderous hatpin and refusing to buy the antidote will be ejected from the car, and so we see one more example of what brutal man will do when he has the opportunity.

Which is the correct way to wear gloves? asks the London *Express*.

The obvious answer is—on the hands. This, however, would be only half right. It appears that if one wishes to be right in the mid-stream of fashion gloves must be worn only half on.

"No one who values his appearance, no one who wishes to appear even moderately well dressed, would dream of wearing his gloves full on and buttoned," said the proprietor of a famous London glover's shop. "The only correct way to wear gloves now is to turn them back, so that the outside edge just reaches the knuckles—not a fraction of an inch more or less, leaving the bottom part of the palm of the hand uncovered. This applies to both sexes. The cult of the half-glove has become so strong that only the other day a young exquisite strolled in and asked me whether I could not make gloves permanently turned up—like trousers."

So the *Express* representative surreptitiously turned back his gloves. It is seldom that an opportunity to be in the height of fashion presents itself so cheaply!

Recently at a Brooklyn Institute dance the following notice was tacked up on the wall:

To the Gentlemen, Our Guests.

Your hosts request that in the dancing this evening all abide by the following rules:

1. None of the modern dances are to be performed.
2. The men must keep their left arm straight during all dances.
3. A space of at least three inches must be kept between the dancing couple at all times.
4. The dances of the evening are the waltz, the Boston, and the two-step.

The gentlemen must appreciate in what an embarrassing position it would place the partner if any one should be requested to leave the floor, so we can not urge too strongly upon our friends the strict following of the above rules.

Mrs. Youngbride (telephoning to butcher)—I want some meat, please. *Butcher*—Yes'm. How much will you have? *Mrs. Youngbride*—O—er—how much have you got?—*Boston Transcript.*

Shasta Limited

Extra Fare

TRAIN DE LUXE

From San Francisco (Ferry Station) 11:20 a. m.
Arrives Portland 2nd Day 2:30 p. m.
Arrives Seattle 2nd Day 9:00 p. m.

With All Conveniences and Comforts

Drawing-Rooms
Compartments
Three-Room Suites
Berths and Sections
Observation-Clubroom
Ladies' Parlor
Library
Writing-Desks
Stenographer
Stock Reports
Barber Shop
Valet Service
Ladies' Maid
Hairdressing
Manicuring

Portland Express

From San Francisco (Ferry Station) 10:20 p. m.
Arrive Portland 3rd Day 7:40 a. m.
Arrive Seattle 3rd Day 3:15 p. m.

Standard and Tourist Sleepers
Observation and Dining Car to Portland

Oregon Express

From San Francisco (Ferry Station) 8:20 p. m.
Arrive Portland 3rd Day 8:15 a. m.
Arrive Seattle 3rd Day 3:15 p. m.

Standard and Tourist Sleepers
Dining Car to Portland

Southern Pacific

SAN FRANCISCO: Flood Building Palace Hotel Ferry Station Phone Kearny 3160
Third and Townsend Streets Station Phone Kearny 180
OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station Phone Oakland 1458

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Chollie had decided to give up the sporting life and settle down to farming, and was now buying a cow. "Now here's a cow," said the agent, "that I can highly recommend to you. She has won several prizes at our county fair, and——" "Reahlly?" said Chollie, looking the animal over admiringly. "Er—trotting or steeplechase?"

* * *

An old man nearly eighty years old walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance. "You walked all the way?" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?" "Oh, first rate," the old man replied, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me back some."

* * *

Pat made a bet with Mike that he could carry a hodful of bricks up three ladders to the top of the building, with Mike sitting on the hod. The ladders were on the outside of the building. On the third ladder Pat made a misstep, but caught himself in time to save Mike falling forty feet to the stone sidewalk. Arriving at the top, Pat said: "Begorra, I've wan the bet." "Yis," replied Mike. "But whin ye slipped I thought I had ye."

* * *

Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields of the north. "We certainly would have traveled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical time." "But," exclaimed the lady, who had been listening very intently, "I thought the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures." Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied: "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss."

* * *

At the battle of Trafalgar two Scots, messmates and cronies from the same village, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was displayed from the admiral's ship. "Look up and read, Jock," said one to the other. "'England expects every man to do his duty'—not a word for puir auld Scotland!" Jock cocked his eye at the flags and turned to his crony. "Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense?" he asked. "Scotland kens weel enough that her bairns will do their duty; that's just a hint to the Englishmen."

* * *

A tramp lay down to enjoy a noonday siesta under an apple tree beside the road. The season was midsummer, the sun was piping hot, and the hobo's nap disposed him to good humor with all the world. So it was that on opening his eyes he lay for some time observing the flies and the mosquitoes swarming on his greasy clothes, until up buzzed a busy mosquito, lit on Mr. Tramp's breast and stung him. Aroused to action by this impertinence, the tramp indignantly brushed off the insects, exclaiming: "Just for that, now, every one of you get right off!"

* * *

Dr. Baillie was a famous Scotch physician of the old school, patient and gentle as a rule, but with a great practice that sometimes made him a little testy with persons who consumed too much of his time with trifling complaints. At one time, after listening to a long story of her ailments from a lady who was so little ill that she intended to go to the opera that night, the doctor left the room with a sigh of relief. He had just got down the stairs when he was called back. "Doctor," feebly asked the lady, "may I, on my return tonight, eat a few oysters?" "Yes, madam," roared the doctor, "shells and all."

* * *

Apropos of the antivivisectionists' fight against the Nobel prize award to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, Professor Herbert Satterley said the other day: "These antis contradict themselves terribly when they try to prove that animal research is useless and futile. They just put themselves in the position of one of their number whom I met at my hotel the other day. As this anti was dining I bent forward and said to him: 'Pardon me, but you are, I believe, both an antivivisectionist and a vegetarian?' 'Yes, sir, this is correct,' he answered. 'Then,' said I, 'you will probably be shocked to learn that you have just eaten a live caterpillar with your lettuce salad.'"

* * *

Alf Hayman, the theatrical magnate, thinks that the average Scotchman is a fairly canny proposition. Other people allow that Harry Lauder is shrewd. Hayman believes that there are mountains full of wild Scots, who still wear kilts and live on oatmeal, who could swap Lauder into insolvency if they had a chance. "A number of theatrical men met at Edinboro'," said Hayman, "to fix up a deal. They were all Scotch with one exception. Shortly after the conference began one big man, with whiskers all over his face, called this exception to one side. 'Aye, mannie,' said the big chap, in the broadest of broad Scotch, 'I didna catch your bit name?' 'My name's Klein,' said the other. 'I'm from America.' 'An',' said the other, 'arre ye no a Hebrrew?' 'I am,' said Mr. Klein, rather sharply. 'Dinna say a worrd,' said the Scotchman. 'Man, dear, but I'm that glad to meet you. I'm a Yehuda masel.' 'What's that?' asked Klein, in surprise. 'Dinna raise yer voice,' said the other, whispering, 'I've no dared let these Scotties know I'm a Jew. I'm feared they'd cheat me.'"

* * *

At a certain college in the north of England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so, and was court-martialed. The head master, addressing him, said: "Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is two shillings and sixpence, for the second five shillings, for the third seven shillings and sixpence, and so on, rising half a crown each time up to three pounds." In solemn tones the trespasser said, "How much would a season ticket cost?"

* * *

A bishop once rose to address the House of Lords and began by saying he intended to divide his speech into twelve heads. Lord Durham thereupon got up and begged leave to interpose for a few minutes to tell the house an anecdote. He was returning home, he said, a few nights before, and passed St. Paul's Cathedral just before midnight. As he did so there was a drunken man trying to see the time. Just then the clock began to strike the hour and slowly tolled out twelve. The drunken man listened, looked hard at the clock, and said: "Hang you, why couldn't you have said all that at once?" After this narration, the bishop condensed his remarks.

* * *

A Southern negro put up a sign on his place, "For Sail." He was ridiculed, and changed it to "sell," and finally tried a third time, his sign reading "sall." It had not been up an hour when an old colored man came along and queried: "Does you mean dat dis place am fur Sally? What yer gwine to giv' de place to Sally fur?" "Am you findin' fault wid dat sign?" asked the other. "Well, I doan' quite cotch on to de spellin'." "You doan, eh? Has you got seben hundred dollahs to pay cash down fur dis place?" "No, sah." "Den you pass on, an' shet up! Maybe I doan' spell just de same as you do, but I'ze got prospecks of handlin' seben hundred dollahs, while you got boaf knees out to de weddah. Go 'long, ole man; yo' too fly on jogerfy."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Dearest Dear.

"Oh, tell me, dearest," whispered she,
"Without me what would living be?"
And looking up with troubled eye,
"Cheaper," he faintly made reply.

—*Town Topics.*

The Waiting.

Ah, the waiting long and dreary
Till she comes again to me,
Bringing laughter blithe and cheery,
Breathing subtle witchery.

Ah, the time we've been asunder,
Time of doubt and fret and pain.
Will she be the same, I wonder,
When she comes to me again?

Will she note that I've grown older,
And, if noting, will she care?
Will her kisses have grown colder?
Will she still seem young and fair?

Has some evil thing bereft me
Evermore of her dear smile?
Long and long ago she left me.
Ah, the weary, weary while!

Left me here alone debating,
Pondering on this and that;
Left me in the parlor waiting
While she ran to don her hat!

—*Walter G. Doty, in Puck.*

Isn't This a Queer Old World?

Hohson thinks a tariff high
Hurts our people every day;
Jimpson says with doleful sigh,
"We do not conserve our hay!"
Junket holds that bankers gray—
Smooth, round boys with whiskers curled—
Slyly take our wealth away.
Isn't this a queer old world?

Plimpton fears that lawyers tie
Knots in justice when they may;
Tilsit rises to decry
Bench and juries and their sway;
Piker feels that statesmen pay
Heed to Mammon's flags unfurled,
And from goodly purpose stray—
Isn't this a queer old world?

Tipton swears that men who die
All in paradise shall stay;
Twinkle finds that truths supply
None with reason to be gay;
Tingly thinks we ought to flay
Parsons who have always hurled
Brimstone threats in dire array—
Isn't this a queer old world?

L'ENVOI.

Friend, what is your hobby, pray?
By such things our thoughts are whirled;
Take my word for it; I say:
"Isn't this a queer old world?"

—*New York Globe.*

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
OFFICERS:
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Sig. Greenebaum......Chairman of the Board
Washington Dodge.............Vice-President
Jos. Friedlander.............Vice-President
C. F. Hunt....................Vice-President
R. Altschul..........................Cashier
C. R. Parker, Assistant Cashier Wm. H. High, Assistant Cashier
H. Choynski, Assistant Cashier G. R. Burdick, Assistant Cashier
G. F. Herr, Assistant Cashier A. L. Lanoerman, Secretary

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,079,373.37
Deposits.............................. 26,882,124.40
Total Resources....................... 45,791,813.97
Isaias W. Hellman........President
I. W. Hellman, Jr....Vice-President
F. L. Lipman.........Vice-President
James K. Wilson   Vice-President
Frank B. King..............Cashier
W. McGavin...........Asst. Cashier
E. L. Jacobs.........Asst. Cashier
C. L. Davis..........Asst. Cashier
A. D. Oliver.........Asst. Cashier
A. B. Price..........Asst. Cashier
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JOSEPH SLOSS HENRY ROSENFELD
PERCY T. MORGAN JAMES L. FLOOO
P. W. VAN SICKLEN J. HENRY MEYER
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(The German Bank)
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Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco
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Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22d
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:
Assets..........................$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund....... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors................59,144
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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New York Stock Exchange
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MAIN OFFICE: MILLS BUILDING, San Francisco, Cal.
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LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO CORONADO BEACH
PORTLAND, ORE. SEATTLE, WASH. VANCOUVER, B. C.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
Capital..............................$1,000,000
Total Assets......................... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders............. 3,266,021
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
Alaska Commercial Building - San Francisco

J. F. Templeton J. H. McGregor Ernest J. Down
Managing Director President Sec.-Treasurer
P. A. Landry T. A. Kelley Bateman Hutchinson
Northern Lands Timber Dept. City and Local
Gore & McGregor, Ltd.
B. C. Land Surveyors Civil Engineers
Timber Cruisers Land Agents
CHANCERY CHAMBERS, LANGLEY STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.
P. O. Box 152 Phone 684
McGREGOR BUILDING, THIRD STREET
S. FORT GEORGE, B. C.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO
United States Assets..................$2,464,562.05
Surplus............................... 1,018,318.63
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
129 LEIDESDORFF STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
W. L. W. MILLER, Manager.

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—Professor Eliot, Harvard University.
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Gardner F. Williams of Washington, D. C., has issued invitations to the wedding of his daughter, Miss Dorothy Williams, and Mr. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, Tuesday afternoon, April 15, in St. John's Episcopal Church. A reception will be given at the family residence, 2201 R Street, in Washington. Miss Williams is a sister of Mrs. William Mien of New York, Mrs. Faust of Washington, and Mr. Alpheus Williams of Johannesburg. She is a niece of Mrs. E. B. Clement and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness of this city. Mr. Pinckard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard and a nephew of Mrs. Richard Girvin, Miss Mary Eyre, and the Messrs. Edward L. Eyre, Perry Eyre, and Robert Eyre.

The wedding of Miss Helen Leavitt and Dr. James Eaves will take place Monday evening in the First Unitarian Church. Miss Marjorie Smith will be her cousin's maid of honor, and the chosen attendants are the Misses Helen Elizabeth Cowles, Esperance Ghirardelli, Marjorie Weeks, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, and Mrs. Harold Casey. Dr. Thomas Addis will act as best man, and the ushers will be Dr. Walter Boardman, Dr. Alanson Weeks, and the Messrs Ralph Cunningham and Harold Casey. Following the ceremony Dr. Bradford Leavitt and Mrs. Leavitt will give a reception at their home on Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club complimentary to Miss Mary Garden and Mrs. Andreas Dippel.

Mrs. George H. Hellman gave a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a luncheon at the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Ina Coolbrith.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop gave an automobile picnic in Coronado.

Mrs. Francis J. Davis was hostess recently at a tea in honor of her house guest, Miss Constance Borrowe.

Mrs. Starr Keeler gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club complimentary to Miss Borrowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home on Laguna Street and accompanied their guests to the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourne gave a dinner and box party Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was a dinner hostess the same evening and with her guests occupied her box at the opera.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave box parties Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coffee Hays gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. Harris Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland entertained a number of young people at a dinner-dance Saturday evening to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of their son, Mr. Daniel Koshland.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler will give a reception today from four until six o'clock in Hearst Hall, Berkeley. The affair will be complimentary to Sir Richard McBride of British Columbia.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg has issued invitations to a tea Thursday, March 27, at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of Mrs. Frederick J. V. Skiff.

Colonel Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardener entertained a large number of guests at a reception Saturday in the Presidio complimentary to Mr. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister.

Mrs. John T. Knight, wife of Colonel Knight, U. S. A., was hostess Friday at a tea at her home in Fort Mason in honor of Mrs. George O. Cress, wife of Major Cress, U. S. A., Mrs. Arthur W. Yates, wife of Colonel Yates, U. S. A., and Miss Georgia Yates.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayo gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Mare Island in honor of Major Henry C. Davis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Davis.

Home Made

Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the house-wife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

Piedmont Parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West, gave a ball in the ivory ball-room of the Hotel Oakland Thursday evening, Miss Dohrmann in charge.

Mr. W. S. Tevis, Jr., and Mr. Lloyd Tevis were hosts at a dinner at the Hotel del Coronado during the week, and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Miss de Young, Miss Phyllis de Young, Mr. Harry Hastings, Mr. T. B. Elkins, and Mr. Van Pelt.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Blair were hostesses at a supper party at Hotel del Coronado on Saturday evening to which were invited forty guests.

The Winter Cotillon will be given at the Hotel Oakland Saturday evening, March 29.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John F. Barbour and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Barbour, have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after a few weeks' stay at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman are contemplating spending the summer at their country home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have gone to Menlo Park to spend a few days in their country home. They will move down for the season within the next few weeks.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin in San Mateo.

Ex-Attorney-General Wickersham, Mrs. Wickersham, and Miss Frances Noyes, of Washington, D. C., sailed Saturday for the Orient.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins, who sailed for Europe recently, are traveling in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Rockwell of Kansas City and their daughter, Miss Emily Rockwell, are established in a home on Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hickox Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hemphill arrived last week in a private car from New York. After a visit to the Yosemite Valley they left Wednesday for Southern California.

Mrs. D. I. Roberts has come from New York to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Kingsbury, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. G. L. Simmons, Mrs. Gustavus C. Simmons, and Mrs. Samuel Ewer Simmons have returned to Sacramento after a week's visit in town.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Louise Boyd have returned from Panama and are in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport are established in a home on Vallejo Street. Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have rented an apartment on Sacramento Street, between Van Ness Avenue and Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and their two little sons will spend the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilboit have returned to Stockton after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda, Miss Nadine de Ojeda, and Miss Yvonne de Ojeda have gone to Pasadena for a brief visit before going to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie Ross sailed Saturday on the *Korea* for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have gone to the Burlingame Country Club to spend a few weeks before going to Europe.

Mr. Spencer Brown of Oakland has gone to New York to reside. Mr. Brown is associated in business with Mr. William Mien. Mrs. Mien (formerly Miss Frances Williams) is a sister of Miss Dorothy Williams, who will be married April 15 to Mr. Monroe Eyre Pinckard of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have recently moved to the Hotel Monroe, where they will remain until they return to their ranch in Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breedon will leave next month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hendricks have returned from a month's visit to New Orleans and Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee came up from Los Angeles for the opera season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley, formerly of Sausalito, have recently moved from Boston to Pittsburg, which will be their future home.

Mrs. E. T. Niehling will leave in April for Europe to join her daughter, Miss Rhoda Niehling, who is studying vocal music in Paris. Mrs. Niehling will be accompanied by Miss Edna Wilcox.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low came up from Monterey to attend the opera, and spent a few days at the Morgan home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn returned Wednesday to Woodside, where they have opened their country home for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have been occupying the residence on Broadway of Mrs. James Cunningham.

Miss Eliza McMullin, with her cousin, Mrs. Norris, will leave March 27 for London, where they will join Mr. John McMullin, who has rented a house for an indefinite time.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson have returned from a brief visit in Portland.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall returned Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where she went for the benefit of her health.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned from an extended visit abroad and has joined her mother, Mrs. M. A. Tobin, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Herbert Shainwald and his nephews, Messrs. John and Herman Wieland, have gone to Panama.

Miss Constance Borrowe is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels returned Saturday from Washington, D. C.

Miss Frances Howard, who returned recently from Europe, is established for the summer at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their two little sons leave today for Burlingame, where they will spend the summer in their country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali will spend April and May in Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mrs. E. B. Perrin has arrived from Colorado and is visiting her mother, Mrs. John McMullin.

Miss Ethel McAllister has returned from San Mateo, where she spent two weeks with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels returned Saturday to New York, where he has joined Mrs. Spreckels at the Plaza Hotel.

Mrs. J. W. Wright and Miss Helen Wright have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert Scott of New York are guests at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Scott, who was formerly Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, is a sister of Mr. James Hazen Hyde.

Mrs. Samuel Knight has sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness to be moved to her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. William H. Crocker left Monday for New York, where she will spend several weeks with her son and daughter, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Jr., and Miss Helen Crocker. Mrs. Crocker will sail in April for Europe, where she will join her daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker.

Miss Marian Newhall has recently been visiting Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel and Miss Beatrice Nickel on their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant left Saturday for New York, where she will meet Mr. Grant, who has returned from Europe. Mr. Grant has been taking a cure in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Mrs. Horace G. Hellman is confined to her home on Gough Street by an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Genevieve King has returned from Monterey, where she spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller, who are here from the East.

Colonel James S. Rogers, U. S. A., sailed Saturday for Honolulu, where he will join his regiment.

Colonel Charles W. Taylor, U. S. A., also sailed Saturday to join the Second Cavalry in the Philippines.

Captain William Renwick Smedberg, U. S. A., of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, has gone to Fort Clark, Texas, on official business.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Forsyth, U. S. A., will leave early in April for his camp in the Yosemite Park, where he will later be joined by Mrs. Forsyth.

Captain Guy Scott, U. S. A., has resigned from the army and will go into business in Washington, D. C., with his father, ex-Senator Nathan Scott of West Virginia.

Captain Marcus Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller have arrived from San Diego, where they were married last week.

Mrs. Burnett of Los Angeles is visiting Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield at their home in Mare Island.

Mrs. Thomas Kurtz (formerly Miss Irene Van Arsdale) has gone to Portland en route East, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Kurtz, U. S. N., who is with his ship in Cuban waters.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., has gone to San Diego on a tour of inspection.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will come to town April 1 and occupy their town house on Vallejo and Pierce Streets. They have been residing in San Mateo, where they leased the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Miss Lydia Hopkins has gone East to spend a few weeks with friends.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy has returned from a visit in Miramar with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mrs. Franklin Parlin of St. Paul, who before her marriage was Miss Harriett Bollinger of San Francisco, is at Hotel del Coronado with a party of friends.

Mrs. Hearst has returned from a visit in the East. She was accompanied on her homeward trip by her little grandsons, George and William Hearst, Jr.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Miss Crimmins, Miss Cheesebrough, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. W. S. Duval, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Coulon, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

The Californians in New York.

"The Californians in New York," Mrs. David Mason, president, gave a reception on Saturday night in honor of two members, Mrs. Ellen Beach Yaw and Mrs. Mary Carr-Moore, composer of the American historical opera, "Narcissa."

Mrs. Carr-Moore told the story of her opera, which is founded on the events in the life of Marcus Whitman in the great Northwest.

Mme. Yaw, assisted by Roy Williams Steel, gave several scenes from "Narcissa"; she also sang two songs of her own composition, "California" and "The Skylark."

The last half of the programme was an original plantation sketch by Mrs. Josephine Libby, assisted by Miss Catherine Cowenhoven. The floral piece of roses and lilies of the valley on the president's table was the gift of Mrs. J. Hedges Crowell.

Among the Californians present were Mr. and Mrs. S. Seymour Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herbert Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnhart, Mr. and Mrs. Harlem Knight, Mrs. Alice Moore McComas, Mrs. Alice Harriman, Mrs. H. E. Owen, Mrs. Katherine Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Reed, Mrs. Katherine Miller, Mrs. Willis E. Bachelder, Mrs. Elsel Schenck, Miss Mary Walter, Miss Maud Perry Mills, Miss Mary Moroney, Miss Lucy Jerome, the Misses Reed, Mr. William S. Brady, Dr. Franklin Lawson, Mr. C. D. Burrows, Mr. George C. Harvard.

Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Arden, Mr. and Mrs. James Madison Bass, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hirst, Dr. and Mrs. William Deming Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Elmar Ellsworth Black, Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. Simon Baruch, Mrs. Frank Leslie (Baroness de Bazus), Mrs. Elizabeth Gowdy Baker, Miss Jessie Rittenhouse, Mr. Alfred Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Roland H. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dunklin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tappan, Mrs. D. E. Ford, Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, Miss Fay Foster, Miss Frances Green, Mrs. Mona Martinsen, Mrs. A. D. Holt, Miss Vivien Holt, Miss Alice Harriman, Miss Marguerite Glentworth, Miss Elizabeth Lonegan, Miss Sarah Buchanan Huff, Mrs. Eva Phipps, Mrs. D. Eugenia Chapman, Mrs. James E. Wilson, Dr. Emily C. Charles, Miss Maida Craigen, Dr. J. B. Cromley, Mr. Leonard Davis, Mr. John Clark.

◆

The home in Fort Totten, New York, of Captain Claude Brigham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brigham has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Brigham is the daughter of Dr. L. L. Dorr and Mrs. Dorr of this city.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley has accepted membership on a special honorary advisory committee appointed by Theodore Hardee, chief of liberal arts of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, for the purpose of providing an exhibit showing the methods employed in drug adulteration and the means by which such adulteration is detected.

The sixth exhibition of the San Francisco Architectural Club will be held from March 22 to April 5, on the fourth floor of the Hale Building, Fifth and Market Streets, each day, except Sundays, and Saturday, March 22, which will be press and club day. With these exceptions, admission will be free.

Professor Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and president of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ in America, will be the guest of the San Francisco Church Federation on March 31. Professor Mathews is to deliver the Earl lectures at the University of California at Berkeley on March 25.

Bahr Sheideman, a pioneer merchant, died March 18 at the family home, 2275 Broadway, aged seventy-nine years. As a boy he came to San Francisco in '68, and retired from business eleven years ago. He was a director of the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum for thirty-three years and president of Temple Israel for eight years. He was among the first to rebuild after the fire and leaves a large estate. He did much philanthropic work. Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Sophie, and the following children: Mrs. E. L. Stern, Mrs. Benjamin Stern, Dorothy, Hattie, Minnie, Grace, Philip, David, and Harry Sheideman.

Former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham was given a luncheon by the officers of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and Judge W. W. Morrow at the Palace Hotel last Thursday.

Tax Collector J. O. Low estimates in his annual statement to the supervisors that the license collections during the ensuing fiscal year will be $1,230,000. Assuming that the cost of the Twin Peaks and Fillmore Street tunnels will amount to $6,000,000, the collector says that he will have to be allowed $30,000 for collection of this great amount, or about one-half of 1 per cent of the whole. Outside of this expense, he asks the supervisors to make him an appropriation of $141,062, of which $67,300 is for salaries and $73,762 for other expenses.

Denmark's Minister to the United States, Court Chamberlain C. Brun, last Friday tentatively located a site for his country's representation in 1915. The Danish flag was raised on the site by Miss Helga Jensen, daughter of Rev. A. H. Jensen. The Danish singing societies sang special songs, and there was a review of troops in honor of the minister.

San Francisco public schools have been allotted 25,000 more free text-books by the state government. This supply is additional to the 100,000 allotment received some time ago. The schools could use another 100,000 if they were available. There are twenty-three kinds of text-books used in the schools.

Preparations for the Charity Ball to be held in Scottish Rite Auditorium on March 28 are active. The following floor committee is announced for the ball: E. M. Greenway, Charles de Young, Thomas Driscoll, Cyril Tobin, William Humphrey, William H. McCarthy, Felton Elkins, and Thornwell Mullally. All of the boxes have been taken.

◆

S. W. Strauss of the banking house of S. W. Strauss & Co., Chicago and New York, returned to San Francisco from Pasadena on Monday and is at the St. Francis with his wife and child. Mr. Strauss has delivered several informal addresses in San Francisco dealing with the lasting good that he believes will come from the Panama-Pacific Exposition and a subject that is infinitely more vital to the financial interests of the country, namely, the question of legislation to curb stock manipulation.

◆

One of the best examples of the work of the late Vassili Verestchagin, the celebrated Russian painter of war scenes, is now on exhibition at the Hotel Oakland, having been placed there through the courtesy of Frank C. Havens, and is entitled "Come On, Boys," and shows the storming of San Juan Hill. It is one of a series of Spanish war pictures by the artist and formed part of a collection sold a few years ago in New York. The picture at that time brought $18,000.

◆

The home in Sacramento of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Benedict Lyman has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Lyman was formerly Miss Rowena Wilson of Berkeley.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hus in Oakland has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, born March 11, 1913. The baby is the granddaughter of John P. Irish.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Chauncey Olcott Comes to the Columbia.

There is a charming love story told in "The Isle o' Dreams," the new Irish drama which Rida Johnson Young has written for Chauncey Olcott, and with which that ever-popular actor opens his annual engagement at the Columbia Theatre Sunday evening, March 23.

Ivor Kelway, a young fisherman, rescued from the sea as a baby by Father John, the old parish priest, and Kathleen O'Doon, daughter of the lord of the manor, in their early days have been inseparable companions. Kathleen asks Ivor to assist a man who is supposed to be a French spy to escape the English soldiers who are hot on his trail, and the feeling that this must be Kathleen's sweetheart arouses new emotions in his heart. His strong love for his little chum impels him to strive to rise to a position where he can ask her to be his wife. He discovers that the so-called French spy is her brother, and that he himself is of noble birth, and the piece ends with the sound of marriage-bells chiming suspiciously near.

In addition to the love story, interest attaches to the struggles of Ivor to throw the soldiers off the track of the supposed spy, his own arrest and danger of death, and other thrilling incidents. Mr. Henry Miller has staged the piece in a sumptuous manner and has selected an excellent cast for the interpretation.

Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays.

"The Prince of Pilsen" at the Cort.

"The Prince of Pilsen" has made his royal self again known at the Cort Theatre. Five minutes after the rise of the curtain last Sunday night it was evident that his popularity is as great as ever. The Pixley-Luders masterpiece has the power to "come back," and, from the reception that is being accorded it, that power will remain in its possession for many seasons to come.

Henry W. Savage, the producer, has wisely kept the production of "The Prince of Pilsen" up to the high standard he set a decade ago. Elaborateness is the keynote of the presentation, and the cast in every particular is equal to those in the past.

Of course, "Jess" Dandy is the Hans Wagner of the cast. "The Prince of Pilsen" and "Jess" Dandy are inseparable. The garments of the eccentric brewer fit him as patly as his idiosyncrasies, and vice versa. When he is on the stage the audience is in perpetual laughter.

Admirable work is contributed by Lottie Kendall, who is a fascinating widow with a manner that is distinctive and wholly charming. Bernard Ferguson, Frederick Lyon, Campbell Duncan, Bobby Woolsey, Norma Brown, Edna Pendleton, Mary C. Murray, and Dorothy Delmore are other clever members of the cast.

"The Prince of Pilsen" gives way on Sunday night, March 30, to "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar's light opera masterpiece, which is being presented with an all-star cast by Henry W. Savage. Mabel Wilber will again be seen as the gay heroine, and Charles Meakins is the prince. The principal comedy will be dispensed as of yore by Oscar Figman. Arthur Wooley is another old friend with the cast. The Maxim chorus and the "Merry Widow" orchestra will also be in evidence.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain seven new acts. Sam Mann will present Aaron Hoffman's one-act skit, "The New Leader." Mr. Mann's artistic and amusing delineation of the eccentric musical director was one of the great vaudeville comedy hits of last season, and so insistent and numerous have been the demands for his return that the Orpheum management has induced him to cancel important dates in the East in order to hasten it.

The Four Huntings, one of whom is Harry S. Fern, will appear in a new comedy by B. Frank North, "The Trimmer Trimmed." It is filled with musical numbers and with eccentric dancing.

Master David Schooler, known as "the Boy Paderewski" on account of his great genius as a pianist, and Miss Louise Dickinson, a little girl with a remarkable soprano voice, who has been termed "the juvenile Mary Garden," will contribute a miniature serio-comic musicale.

Mlle. La Tosca and company, a cosmopolitan trio of renown, will introduce an artistic vocal and instrumental entertainment. Mlle. La Tosca has gained an enviable reputation abroad. Her voice is a soprano of beauty and culture, and she and her associates, two young men of musical talent, offer a rare vocal and instrumental treat, introducing the piano, organ, cello, piccolo, and flute.

Dorothy Harris, a winsome singing comedienne, will be included in the novelties. She dresses handsomely and tastefully and her songs are new.

The Great Tornados, a recently imported European athletic company, composed of five men and one woman, will exhibit their wonderful gymnastic skill.

There will be an entirely new programme of Thomas A. Edison's latest and most wonderful invention, Talking Moving Pictures.

Next week will be the last of Will Dillon and Digby Bell and company.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Menlo Moore's spectacular extravaganza of childhood days, "Lads and Lassies," is the feature attraction on the new bill which opens at the Pantages next Sunday. There are eight clever youngsters in the act with Miss Dixie Harris as the star of the number. Miss Harris offers her impersonations of stage favorites.

The Three Navarros are a trio of gymnasts whose feats have been rarely duplicated on the vaudeville stage. Magee and Kerry will present a rapid-fire talking specialty called "In a Department Store," which is said to be one of the funniest skits that has appeared here in months. "Man Proposes and Woman Disposes" is a comedy sketch which will be presented by Ollie Eaton and company. Karl, the wizard of the one string, who was a sensation on his last tour over the time, will play the raggiest hits on his cigar-box instrument.

A startling vaudeville surprise will be put on by the "Blue Ribbon Four," a quartet of well-known local society girls, who mask their identity under a "cork" make-up and unravel a budget of old minstrel jokes and dances. Mlle. Verna Mercereau, the Egyptian dancer, has a magnificent ballet entitled "Pharaoh's Temple." Comedy motion pictures will round out the excellent bill.

The final performance of David Belasco's comedy, "The Concert," will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday evening. The comedy has made a fine impression and Leo Ditrichstein in the star rôle has achieved a notable success. Isabel Irving is also splendidly cast in this piece.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Have you seen the ring he has given me?" "Not for a long time."—*Life.*

"Is he making good?" "No question of it. He can get coal on credit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Knicker—Does Jones shave himself? *Bocker*—Yes; but he starts the phonograph going, so it sounds like the barber.—*Judge.*

Drummer—This town isn't even on the map. *Proud Reuben*—Well, the town don't feel as badly about it as the map ought to.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Christabel," said Mrs. Pankhurst, as she threaded a needle, "a young lady should never attract attention to herself in public."—*Evening Sun.*

He—Are you superstitious about the number 13? *She*—I'm not a bit superstitious; only I don't like it because I think it brings bad luck.—*Answers.*

"Remember, Arthur, you are the son of a gentleman. Try to behave like one for just one day." "All right, mother, but it will spoil the whole day for me."—*Life.*

"Your uncle, Goodfellow, moves in the best circles, doesn't he?" "Not always in the best circles; but the zig-zags he moves in are equaled by few."—*Houston Post.*

"What kind of an automobile have you?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Chuggins wearily. "Think the worst possible, and let it go at that."—*Washington Star.*

"They say the new nickel shows a very low degree of art." "Yes, on both sides. Lo, the poor Indian on one, and buffalo on the other."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"You look like a tramp." "I might as well admit, mum, that I am. I don't see no chanst of passing myself off as a hiking suffragette or a boy scout."—*Washington Herald.*

"When I put on a new suit of clothes I consider myself well dressed and forget all about it." "I'd do the same if my tailor didn't remind me of it constantly!"—*Town Topics.*

Visitor—My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me. He was very careful. *Hostess*—Ah, it is always those careful people who get taken in!—*London Opinion.*

Benton—Have you tried all the remedies that your friends have recommended for your rheumatism? *Tulser*—Great Scott, no! I haven't had the pesky disease more than three years.—*Life.*

Judge (to notorious bank-robber)—They say you were in politics on the other side. *Accused (with offended dignity)*—Never, your honor! Politics would have ruined my character.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Elaine—Did the waiter ask if we were engaged? *Courtenay*—Yes. And he seemed quite crestfallen when I had to say "No." *Elaine*—It would be horrid to disappoint him when he looked after us so charmingly—tell him that we are.—*Boston Transcript.*

"We had to let that servant go." "What was the matter? Wouldn't she work?" "Oh, she did the work all right, but she couldn't get along with the children." "That so?" "Yes. She'd lose her temper every time one of them kicked on her the shins."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones, as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh. "It's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck."—*Penny Illustrated.*

Mrs. Brown—Is this hotel on the European plan? *Mr. Brown (in preoccupied tones from behind his paper)*—Yes, my dear. *Mrs. B.*—I'm not feeling hungry this morning. I think I'll merely take some coffee and rolls. *Mr. B. (laying aside paper)*—What were you asking me, my dear? On the European plan? No, it is not. *Mrs. B. (to waiter)*—You may bring me an omelet, some shad, mutton chops, with a bit of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls, and coffee, and afterward some griddle cakes and syrup.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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The Eastern Floods.

We shall probably have to wait for many days for a full and correct estimate of the losses to life and property caused by the tornado at Omaha and the floods throughout the Ohio Valley region. But even the lowest figures that are now available are bad enough. We have the best of reasons for knowing that the full force of such a calamity is felt, not during the first moments of strenuous efforts to save and to minimize, but afterwards, and when comparative leisure gives opportunity for realization. Time brings unfailing compensation and solace for all such disasters, but time is slow on the wing and the reconstruction period must always be slow and painful. Practical sympathy and aid must do what they can to shorten it.

Humanity will never be free from catastrophes of this kind, since nature in her wilder moods can never be harnessed. But human skill can do much to lessen the force of her blows. From every part of the stricken territory we hear of broken levees that were constructed to resist the normal, but that went down like paper before the abnormal. It is to be feared that the fatal principle of "good enough" has been allowed to rule more or less wherever levees have been built to restrain flood waters, and now we have to add this one more disaster to the list of warnings already long enough. If it causes some searchings of heart among engineers everywhere who have the responsibility for levees it will be some mitigation of a tragedy that perhaps need not have been so great.

President Wilson.

Public opinion approves and applauds Mr. Wilson's beginnings in the presidency. He has energy and is making it tell in the detail work of his office. He has taste and is making a force for administrative propriety. He has the democratic spirit, yet better than any other man in recent times he is protecting himself against abuses which have marred the dignity and limited the essential efficiencies of the presidency. It is eminently in keeping with the best traditions to curtail the ceremonial which of late years has been growing up about the executive. It was eminently wise to preserve the peace of mind and to conserve the working powers of the President by a rule protecting him from the persecutions of office-seekers. It was delicately yet eminently proper to give the order that no member of his own family should be available for official preferment.

The wisdom which Mr. Wilson has shown in these and other minor ways leads to the hope that he has determined to administer the presidency upon lines wholly disconnected with personal and political scheming. An intimate friend has said that his ambition is to give the country one good administration and that he is indifferent to his future political fortunes. Pray the good Lord that this may be so—that we have a President more solicitous for the welfare of the country than for personal promotions or the extension of personal powers. Other Presidents have undertaken, with more or less apparent success, to exploit themselves, to build up personal machines, to so direct affairs as to attain party dictatorship. But no one of them has in a broad sense made a success of it; no one of them is historically as great and patriotic a figure as if he had gone at the business of administration with singleness of purpose to do for the country the very best that could be done for it, mindless of consequences. Mr. Cleveland came nearer the true model of executive disinterestedness than any other man in the recent history of the country, and verily he has his reward in a measure of public respect which puts him in the historic rank second only to the two great men who served the country in its supreme crises.

It hardly needs to be said that Mr. Wilson has not yet encountered any really difficult phase of his duty in the presidency. We are yet to see his attitude toward the business of legislation. We are yet to see the measure of the influence which he may bring to bear upon the various elements of his party. It is at these points that he will be most severely tested. If he shall assume, as did Mr. Roosevelt, to direct Congress he will, in the present state of the congressional mind. surely fail. If, on the other hand, he shall not be able to get from Congress the kind of action which the country expects, again he will surely fail. The situation is at once one of great delicacy and great urgency. Certain things have been promised, and these things must be done or the country will hold Mr. Wilson at fault. He must be able, if he would meet expectations, to win the support of his party without, after the manner of a dictator, arbitrarily commending it.

Congress is to convene in special session on the 7th of April for the immediate purpose of revising the tariff law. In both the Senate and the House there is a clear majority representative of Mr. Wilson's own party. A reform tariff scheme will be ready, for a committee dominated by its Democratic members is busy drafting a measure in answer to the promise of the platform and to be introduced presumably with the President's approval. Now any real measure of tariff revision must cut broadly. Will the Democratic congressmen from Pennsylvania support provisions calculated against the interests of coal, iron, and steel products? Will the Democrats from the manufacturing districts of New England give their voices for cuts affecting the interest of Massachusetts and Connecticut manufacturers? Will the majority members from Louisiana consent to schedules affecting the interest of cane sugar? Will the Democratic member from California stand for cutting duties on oranges, lemons, and other products of this state? It is easy to believe that however enthusiastic these several gentlemen may be for changes affecting districts other than their own, they will be mightily sensitive to changes affecting home interests.

Again, Democracy, although triumphant in the country and dominant in the White House and in both branches of Congress, is something of a spike-team. There is a Bryan Democracy and there is a Cleveland Democracy, and not in recent years have the twain had the same views about anything. Can the Bryan radicals and the Cleveland conservatives be made to pull together? Can men, even though called by the same party name, separated by wide gulfs of temperament, sentiment, and interest, be brought to work together in support of measures not entirely satisfactory to either element?

Here is the problem which now faces President Wilson. If he has the force, the moral powers, to bring a party of divided conceptions and ideas and of divergent interests into working harmony he will achieve a great success. If he can not do this he is doomed to failure, no matter in what other ways he may be able to command the approval and respect of the country. Ultimately the measure of a President rests on his capacity to answer the pledges implied in his election. By this test Mr. Wilson is now to be tried.

Dismemberment Abandoned.

President Sproule, returned from conferences at New York City, informs the public through interviews published in the daily papers that the project to unmerge the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads by detaching the Central Pacific from the latter and attaching it to the former has been abandoned. An effort will be made on the part of the Union Pacific to find some other way of getting rid of its Southern Pacific holding as directed by the Supreme Court. The problem therefore ceases to be of active interest so far as California is concerned. For in whatever hands stock of the Southern Pacific may fall the road will continue to do business at the old stand and no doubt under the familiar management.

It is of course possible that the new Attorney-General will take the same view of the situation as did his predecessor, Mr. Wickersham, and that he in turn may attempt to sever the connection between the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific. But it is not likely. He is apparently a man of steadier mind and of more caution than Mr. Wickersham; besides he has before him the lesson of recent experience. A determined effort on the part of the government to unmerge the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific—the two being merely coördinate parts of one system—would logically imply a similar movement with respect to the New York Central system, the Pennsylvania, the Illinois Central, and many others. This would be a large order, one which the Attorney-General will be slow to undertake. It would involve the transportation of the country in confusion and chaos and surely result in demoralization of values and end in general panic. And no good could possibly come of it. Probably the Attorney-General, who seems a man of sense. will see the situation and reserve his forces for real grievances rather than waste them in futile assaults against windmills.

The Central Pacific Railroad is California's most direct and expeditious connection with the East. It is therefore our natural highway. For its efficiency it is dependent upon close and sympathetic connection with the widespreading system of tracks up and down the state. Detachment of the Central Pacific from this system would be an embarrassment to transportation, therefore an injury to the state. The two were made for each other. They mutually support each other, and they ought to be kept together. If this is not yet understood at the East it is nevertheless very plain here. Public sentiment in California and the authorities which represent it will not consent to such divorce of the two properties as would leave each of them a mangled fragment and thereby impose upon the state the costly necessity involved in useless duplication of railroad tracks.

Some years ago a great railroad official declared from the witness stand in a New York court that the Southern Pacific railroad was "California's baby." "California," he said, "very freely spanks her own child, but I don't think she will allow anybody else to undertake the job." There was prophecy as well as humor in this remark. California has in recent time very effectively "spanked" her "baby," but at the same time she has shown the spirit of a true mother in protecting this self-same baby against an attempt to dismember and maim it. Whatever the Southern Pacific needs in the way of admonition or correction, California may be depended upon to supply promptly and with emphasis. And she will continue to resent outside efforts tending to limit its efficiency and growth.

On the whole we think recent events will tend to establish better relations between the Southern Pacific and the public. The former should have learned the lessons of obligation and obedience; the latter should have learned—in the end it must learn—that all obligations are mutual. Surrender on the part of the railroad to the authority of the state imposes upon the state an obligation of absolute fair dealing. If as a consequence of this experience California and its transportation system should be brought into relations of mutual good will and checrful coöperation the game will well have been worth the candle.

Dr. Friedmann Again.

There are two versions of Dr. Friedmann's skill supplied with a charming impartiality by the same newspapers, and we may take our choice between them. Two weeks ago we were told that Dr. Friedmann's clumsiness was a source of amazement to the witnesses. His instruments were obsolete and dirty, and he himself appeared to be ignorant of the simplest facts in physiology. This earlier version was based upon the theory that Dr. Friedmann was an intruder, that having no American degrees he must necessarily be a charlatan, and that the public would willingly join in the process of "downing" him.

But the public having the bad taste to show both interest and sympathy it was necessary for the popular newspaper to sail on another tack. So now we read of Dr. Friedmann's "exquisite skill." The witnesses are "spellbound" by his "delicate operations," and the attendant physicians are represented as showering upon him their congratulations for his "surgical ability" and his "technique."

Now which of these accounts is the true one? Are they both true, or neither? It seems hard to suppose that two weeks ago Dr. Friedmann was a monument of incapacity and ignorance and that today he is the finest flower of professional skill and capacity. He would need more than two weeks to affect such a transformation as that.

The explanation, of course, is clear enough. The newspapers were wholly indifferent to the facts and to everything else except the supreme need to float with the tide. If the public had wished to believe that Dr. Friedmann had horns and a tail, then horns and a tail he would have had in the printed reports, with photographs if necessary. If the public had wished to believe that his halo of saintship was visible and tangible then the halo would have been there, and in colors for the Sunday supplement. But in this case the newspapers happened to misgauge the public mind and therefore they invented the wrong facts. Now they make amends by inventing new ones.

Ryan's Re-Election.

Frank M. Ryan, convicted dynamiter—that is to say, convicted murderer—has been reëlected president of the Iron Workers' Association. Another convicted dynamiter has been chosen vice-president, while here in San Francisco we have the edifying spectacle of Mr. Olaf Tveitmoe, convicted dynamiter, murderer, and forger, in charge of a meeting of the Asiatic Exclusion League and thus communicating to the federal government his opinions as to who should, and who should not, be admitted to this country.

Now we may await the action of Mr. Gompers and the Federation in this matter of the Iron Workers' Association, which is a part of the Federation. Mr. Gompers originally refused to take any steps against the iron workers on the ground that "the men convicted acted only as individuals and probably misrepresented the sentiment of their followers." Now it seems that the murder squad have been reëlected, thereby proving that they do indeed represent their followers. So what will Mr. Gompers do now. He was forced to disavow the McNamaras because they were murderers, and now Ryan and his companion have been convicted of the same crime and the whole Iron Workers' Association has gone upon record as approving that crime. And it may be said incidentally that by so doing the association has practically issued orders to its members that all non-union jobs are to be dynamited in the future as they have been dynamited in the past.

The Cement Bag Bill.

The senate at Sacramento may well have been bewildered by the amazing conflict of testimony presented for its consideration in connection with what is known as the cement bag bill. Ostensibly the bill is directed against certain dangers to health incidental to the cement industry by requiring that all cement be enclosed in dust-proof receptacles. Actually it is intended to bludgeon certain non-union workmen into subjection to union rules by bringing the whole cement industry under the supervision of the labor commissioner as provided in the original bill. Large numbers of laborers were in attendance in order to supply the direct evidence that was needed to guide the senatorial wisdom. About half of these men testified that the cement industry was a sort of last resort of the needy, and that it was always avoided because of its danger to health. The other half gave evidence to the effect that they preferred the work of the cement mills to all others and that their health had never been affected.

The medical evidence was just as contradictory. A physician employed by the Longshoremen's Association said that the health of cement handlers was "greatly undermined," while another physician testified that he had examined a large number of cement mill men from all over the state and had nowhere found any signs of harmful effects. Another physician from Vacaville and still another from Suisun said that they had never had any complaints from the men.

Of course the labor-union officials were well to the front with assurances of industrial trouble unless they were allowed to do what they liked, how they liked, and when they liked. Their predictions were probably accurate, seeing that the power to fulfill them is in their own hands. The passing of this particular law will place the cement and bag manufacturers under so heavy an additional cost that it will be impossible for them to continue their business in the state unless they are able to unload the additional cost upon every user of cement through the community. But the destruction of one more industry or a heavy addition to the cost of building material is not likely to weigh heavily with legislators so ludicrously ignorant of the first essentials of economic law.

Julian Hawthorne.

There will be no disposition to question the justice of Julian Hawthorne's conviction on a charge of swindling the small investors of the country. Men of experience anywhere who read the glowingly written circulars with which he flooded the mails were well aware that his cobalt mine was a dollar trap, and as they dropped those circulars into the waste paper basket they allowed themselves a moment's regret at the degradation of a great name. But it was not the men of experience for whom these circulars were intended. They were written for that larger class that allows itself to be beguiled by a flowery style and—stranger still—by the suggestion of distinguished authorship. Julian Hawthorne was the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was the greatest of all American novelists, and no one knew better than the son that great association is assumed to imply impeccability, and has therefore a market value. Very few people would have taken any notice of these swindling circulars but for the name at their foot. There are plenty of meritorious projects that are starving for funds, but no matter how obvious the fraud of these cobalt mines it was enough that Julian Hawthorne recommended them. His name, or rather his father's name, proved irresistible with the villag schoolmistress and the country parson.

The crime was peculiarly indefensible because Hawthorne went out of his way to commit it. He is th author of voluminous writings of no literary value, bu of the ephemeral sort that pays well. He had not even the excuse of the professional promoter whose busines it is to spread large nets for little fishes. It was simply a case of greed, of money madness, which we may hop will be cured by the few days in prison which is all tha the sentence amounts to. A law that makes a ward o the idiot ought not to leave the gullible investor wholly unprotected.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Suffragette Parade.

Washington, March 14, 1913.

Before coming on to Washington I had read in severa newspapers, notably the New York *Evening Post,* series of reports of "outrages" attending the suffragette parade on the day preceding the inauguration I had also read excited statements by participant in the parade, among others a public declaration by Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, marshal of one of th pageant divisions, to the effect that Miss Helen Taf was attacked by a rowdy and her sash torn from her gown. Among other elements of the story it appeared according to these reports, that the Washington police if they did not actually join in the business of "outraging" the paraders, witnessed the assaults and beatings in sympathy and amusement.

When on the evening of my arrival three days afte the event I spoke to a friend—a retired major-genera of the army and a resident of Washington—of the disgrace of the recent proceeding he met it with the statement that this was a case in which "the yellow press had achieved a supreme triumph of mendacious sensationalism." Upon this suggestion I undertook an investigation on my own account. I made inquiry of several Washington citizens, of two senators, of representative members of the police, and the editors of two Washington newspapers. I got as nearly on every side of the matter as could be done without actually rolling up my sleeves and going at it hammer and tongs after the manner of the professional detective.

Here are the facts: Certain suffragette leaders who have been conducting an active campaign in New York and elsewhere conceived the idea of a mighty suffrage demonstration in connection with the inauguration ceremonies. Their first notion was to participate in the inaugural procession itself in melodramatic fashion. They were to have a division of women in gorgeous array representative of the "petted and pampered" type of womanhood; another in rags and tatters was to represent poverty and want. Other divisions were to represent the different professions and industries in which women participate, all in costume. It hardly needs to be told that when this plan was unfolded it met with a prompt dissent. The inaugural parade at its best is a cheap and shabby thing when considered in connection with what it is presumed to celebrate, but it is not available as a means for the exploitation of political or social fads or grievances. It had been decided in the immediate instance to limit it to a military spectacle. Therefore advertising devices, volunteer carriagefuls of more or less "eminent citizens," a carefully trained pack of houn-dogs, the suffragettes, and other similar exhibits of interest and vanity were told to keep off the grass.

Then it was decided by the suffragette exploiters to organize a parade for the evening preceding the inauguration, thus in a sense connecting their demonstration with the great event and seeking to impress the country through the crowd assembled for it. From the standpoint of the advertising specialist the scheme was well conceived though intrinsically it was out of time, out of place, out of taste. It was arranged upon an elaborate plan. Besides a series of divisions representative of various phases of feminine protest, there was gotten up a symbolical dance to be enacted on the steps of the Capitol. The whole thing was in the spirit of conspicuosity, spectacularism, and if the plain truth be told, of an aggressive vulgarity. It was, too, an impertinent intrusion of a political cause upon a patriotic occasion.

If a political party, or the United Sons of Ireland, or the Combined Turn Verein, or the Brotherhood of the Back Woods had gotten up a demonstration in the same spirit, it would have excited the humors not only of the people of Washington but of the assembled crowds. The gravity and self-importance of the leaders, as well as the enthusiasm and costuming of the followers as they poured into Washington, set the town to laughing. In the preliminary stages there was not perhaps as much buffoonery as there would have been if the demonstration had been one of men, but there was enough to arouse apprehension of more to come and application was made to the authorities of police for "protection." The chief replied that while the forces under his command were getting into readiness for service on inauguration day a sufficient number of men would be on hand to maintain order. At the same time he declared that he saw no reason to expect serious trouble. He might properly have added that if there was in the plan anything calculated to make a riot it would be an act of good sense to call off the project—to cut it out, so to speak.

It is to be remembered that in addition to its usual population of four hundred thousand Washington was thronged with visitors, estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand. Everybody was waiting round to be amused; the spirit of carnival was in the air. The streets were literally jammed, the proportion of women and children in the crowds being notably large. From the very moment that the march began the universal funny-bone began to tingle. A platoon of Irish policemen which preceded the show got its full share of the popular pleasantry, and when there followed a radiant beauty all in white with helmet and sword, boldly astraddle a prancing white horse, there was no attempt at restraint. "Aint she a peach!" "This is a proud day for mother!" "'Wonder who's minding the baby!" "Dad will have to get his own supper tonight!" "Oh mama!" Exclamations like these, impertinent to be sure, but almost always good-natured, poured from the surging crowd and tended to become more intimate and personal as blushes increased. It was what theatrical men call a "scream" from start to finish. If there were those who came in serious mood they caught the contagion and joined in the universal hilarity. Of course in so great a crowd and under such inspirations and suggestions there were some demonstrations of hoodlumism. It would have been so if the parade had been in exploitation of the American Bible Society or in behalf of the foreign missionary cause. And as the streets were densely crowded there was some jostling and some disorder. If there had been ten thousand policemen they could not have kept the faces of the auditors straight or restrained their tongues. To have forced back or ridden down the crowd would have been a shocking thing in view of the fact that there were more women and children than men. One over-excited suffragette—a woman of that unlovely type always conspicuous where "movements" are the order of the day—did ride her horse into the crowd, crushing down one woman and terribly frightening many others. The police did nothing, because there was nothing they could do. There were not jails enough to hold the jibers if they could all have been arrested. And to stop the cat-calling would have been about as easy as to keep a whole orphan asylum of babies from crying. Some of the women in the parade were undoubtedly chucked under their chins and hustled about a bit very much after the manner of our New Year's celebrations in San Francisco. But if there was some hoodlumism there was less than might have been expected from a crowd of three or four hundred thousand people in carnival mood. The paraders were indeed laughed at, jeered at, and crowded somewhat in the thronged streets. But no one of them was seriously hurt. There was one death in the crush, but the victim was an onlooker, not a parader. There were two or three broken limbs and unnumbered bruises, but the sufferers were in the crowd, not in the parade. Along with the fun-making there was some gross talk, precisely as there would have been under similar circumstances in connection with any other great popular demonstration.

To sum up, there was in connection with the suffragette parade at Washington a noisy but for the most part good-natured multitude of on-lookers. The humor of the situation was irresistible. Two or three thousand women in costume, each in an attitude more or less in imitation of Ajax Defying the Lightning is a spectacle precisely calculated to stir the risibilities of a holiday multitude. One Washington lady who viewed the procession from the back of her park hack assured me that "even my horse laughed."

I could not from any source hear of any concrete "outrage" upon any of the paraders. The story of Miss Taft's experience, for which we have the pledged word of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, fairly illustrates the case. Miss Taft, so Mrs. O'Hare told an audience at St. Louis, was grossly insulted, jostled about, and had the sash torn from her dress. As a matter of fact Miss Taft is not a suffragette, was not in the parade, and I have permission to quote her own words that she has not worn a sash of any kind since she gave up playing with doll babies.

Now just a sober word before quitting this subject: The women who took part in this demonstration were beyond question for the most part earnest enthusiasts, inspired by zeal for what they felt to be a sacred cause. But the organizers and leaders were of that familiar breed of obstreperous femininity never so happy as when conspicuous, never so well pleased as when the subject of some kind of affront. I heard one such remark in my hotel lobby only this morning that she had had the "time of her life" in the parade—this parade the "outrages" of which she was loudly exploiting. Some women of less aggressive spirit who participated in the demonstration and fell under the laughter and jibes of the crowd were shocked and grieved. They could not understand why they should not be permitted to parade the streets of the American capital without being laughed at. Neither does the St. Patrick's Day Irishman understand why he should be the victim of the fun-maker when he ties a green sash around his Sunday clothes, brings forth his much battered high hat, and marches down the avenue to the tune of "Wearing of the Green."

My own reflection about the whole matter is this: Womanhood can not have its cake and eat it. If women want the kind of consideration to which they have been accustomed they must live by the conventional standards. When women cease to conduct themselves as "ladies"—when they adopt the motives of polities and the methods of the circus—they must not expect delicate consideration. If women are going to demand the "rights" of men, including the right to make themselves ridiculous, they must expect precisely the kind of treatment given to men when they do these things. There is no way for womanhood both to have its cake and to eat it. A. H.

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President and Secretary of State.

Washington, March 16.

Of the many subjects of speculation here none is more interesting—and none commands more attention—than the probable adjustment of relationships between the President and his Secretary of State. Curiously enough, Mr. Bryan, though officially the subordinate, commands the larger measure of popular interest. If it were announced that the two men were at a given hour to appear at opposite sides of Pennsylvania Avenue Bryan's side would have the larger crowd. There would, to be sure, be more high hats and a higher level of superficial "culture" in the Wilson crowd; but the Bryanites would be brawnier, would have more political enthusiasm, be more amenable to discipline, and represent more votes. It is notable that during the inaugural ceremonies the new Secretary commanded more attention—and infinitely longer and louder huzzas—than his chief, and it has been so ever since. Bryan is domiciled at the New Willard Hotel, and at the hours when he is expected to pass out in the morning and return at night there is always an eager group about the hotel entrance.

This is significant in a sense, for it shows that while Wilson is President, Bryan is still the popular idol. In the common opinion he is the Warwick of the situation—the man who made the fortunes of Wilson. And by many it is believed that Bryan will dominate the Wilson administration. He is the man of political experience, the long-recognized leader of the party, the man to whom multitudes who last year for the first time heard the name of Wilson have long looked for guidance and inspiration. Wilson commands popular respect, but Bryan commands the popular heart. His temperament, his history, even his personal disappointment, tend to endear him to multitudes who can never by any stretch of sentiment "warm up" to a man of the academic type.

At the same time it is evident that Mr. Wilson intends to be the master of his own administration. Barring a single slip—the famous letter respecting the attitude of the new administration toward the Spanish-American republics which was written and promulgated without consultation with the Secretary of State—Mr. Wilson has shown a delicate consideration for his official family. At the same time there is in the general course of his activities an unmistakable self-reliance, a disposition to speak the final and definite word in such form that there is nothing for anybody to do but acquiesce. The President is notably a polite man, but at the same time he is notably a positive man. He has not been a school teacher for thirty years, now to be without a certain tone of cock-sureness, a certain obvious respect for the infallibility of his own opinions and doings. It is yet to be demonstrated if he is a real leader, but it is plain that he is no born follower.

Now it remains to be seen how all this will suit Mr. Bryan. Will it fit in with his notions of his dignities and his sense of his own powers? Will Mr. Wilson's policies match Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bryan's ideas of what is right and prudent for the Democratic party? For be it remembered the Democratic party is distinctly more Mr. Bryan's party than Mr. Wilson's. In spite of the results of the election, Mr. Bryan is today more the leader of the party than is the President.

For sixteen years Mr. Bryan has been the philosopher and guide of the national Democracy. He is accustomed to mastery, not to obedience. Opinions differ as to the wisdom of his courses, but there is no question as to his habit of mind or as to his courage. When it suits him to strike out a new course he strikes out without asking leave of anybody; and he does it with the comfortable assurance that no matter what way he moves multitudes will follow. He is a trained bell-weather; he knows the game; he likes it; he has the assurance which practice, success, and an enthusiastic following have given him. Furthermore he knows that at any time it is within his power to nullify the popularity if not actually to break down the administration. And despite his inexperience in politics Mr. Wilson must know it too.

Under the traditions of our politics the Secretaryship of State is the premier post in the Cabinet, yet its importance is curiously dependent upon the disposition of the President. A brilliant Secretary in the service of an easy-going President has a great office, but under a President with the disposition to have a personal hand in foreign affairs it may be made almost a nullity. It is a less independent post than any other in the Cabinet, because the work of the State Department relates directly to matters with which the President, if he be active-minded, will surely have a personal interest. Now it is in his correspondence with foreign governments that a Secretary of State may shine. All the great Secretaries, including Webster and Blaine, where they achieved fame in office, won it through their diplomatic letters. Will Mr. Wilson allow Mr. Bryan to conduct the more delicate and serious correspondence of the Department of State? I question it. Mr. Bryan is a florid, turgid, inexact writer. He has a style founded on an Omaha journalistic experience and developed under the dubious discipline of campaign oratory. On the other hand Mr. Wilson is a writer of exact and polished English. Whatever else may be said of him, his literary art is for the sort of work which falls to the State Department well nigh perfect. Now when Mr. Bryan shall prepare a thunderbolt in the form of a diplomatic letter in his best Nebraska manner Mr. Wilson will turn sick at the stomach, and if I judge his character rightly he will sharpen a critical blue pencil. I venture the prediction that when it comes to important matters of international concern Mr. Wilson will be his own Secretary of State. Just as with his own typewriter he worked out the letter to the Spanish-American republics last week he will "do" the really serious letter-writing in relation to foreign affairs during his term in the presidency. It is impossible that a man of his precise taste and powers of expression should be satisfied with such letters as Mr. Bryan will write. And a few experiences of the blue pencil will surely make Mr. Bryan restive. There is no form of vanity quite so sensitive to affront as that of the man pleased with his own literary performances. And there is no writer half so well pleased with himself as the man who combines a florid taste with loose habits of expression.

The President and his Secretary of State are essentially different kinds of men. They are of different breeding, different training, different schools of thought, different purposes, different standards of judgment and feeling. They are not adapted to close and sympathetic association. Between two men so radically dissimilar team work is out of the question. Each in his way is a gentleman; they may not quarrel in vulgar fashion, but they will not get on well together.

When Mr. Wilson became governor of New Jersey he frankly assumed the leadership of the Democratic organization of that state. He regarded himself as the head of the party by virtue of his election to the governorship. This being his theory in the one situation is bound to be his theory in the other. Although a life-long conservative, he has now assumed the rôle of a reformer—not as a blind acceptor of familiar reform notions, not as a recruit of the army of Bryan, but a reformer on his own account and upon plans of his own making. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Wilson's conceptions and his ways of doing things will not in all respects harmonize with Mr. Bryan's ideas. Will Mr. Bryan, idol as he is of the party, master as he is of its popular forces, quietly stand aside, abdicate his powers, and let Mr. Wilson run the machine after his own whims and to his own purposes? This question in a thousand forms is under discussion over a thousand dinner-tables in Washington every night. Every man has a right to his guess. My own is that Mr. Bryan will go along complacently for a while. But some day not very remote they will come to the forks of the road and Mr. Wilson will go one way and Mr. Bryan another. This is my guess, and I do not present it for more than it is worth—it is only a guess. A. H.

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During the fiscal year ending in June, 1912, the revenue cutter service of the country had returned $4.36 in the form of property saved from the seas for every dollar which the government invested in this arm of the service. In addition, 106 lives were saved, 2212 persons on board vessels were given assistance, and 275 persons in distress were taken on board and cared for. The value of vessels assisted, including cargoes, was $10,545,573. To accomplish this work twenty-five cruising cutters and eighteen harbor vessels and launches were actively engaged.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Since Alfred Noyes is credibly said to be the only poet who makes a living by poetry we may well pay some attention to his opinion on its proper functions. Mr. Noyes has the laudable Anglo-Saxon dread of preaching, and so he is described as showing embarrassment when he said that the mission of poetry is "to give us back our gods." Certainly there is nothing of piety about the verse of Mr. Noyes, but there is a good deal of the heroic, and so we may suppose that his gods are the gods of the heroic, the gods that deal with large things, with large time periods, and with large emotions. The inspiration of the average modern poet is a conviction that the world wishes to share in his introspections and his sickly self-analyses. The world wishes to do nothing of the sort. If the world has any wish on the subject it is to bury them in chloride of lime. But it seems always ready to buy whatever Mr. Noyes may have for sale.

An apparently well-informed Paris correspondent gives us some of the reasons why woman's suffrage is practically unknown in France. The reasons are somewhat disturbing to that attitude of cant with which we approach everything French, with the exception of French millinery. Summarizing these reasons, it may be said that the Frenchwoman is indifferent to the suffrage because she is still a woman. First of all she retains her piety until after middle age. Secondly, she has entire social freedom unless she has a dot and is therefore desirable from the marriage point of view, and no one wants to interfere with that freedom. Thirdly, she has a prejudice against whatever robs a woman of her sex, and she believes that the suffrage will do just this thing. And, fourthly, there is "the general success and happiness of marriage" in France. Of course there are other reasons, and among them the willingness of high-grade Frenchmen to do political work without remuneration. In other words, the Frenchwoman finds that the fact of her sex will give her everything that she needs and more than she could ever get by any expedient whatever that robbed her of her sex.

Russian postage stamps with the head of the Czar have now appeared for the first time, and with them comes a novel and unforeseen difficulty. Postal clerks all over the country say that they can not bring themselves to strike that august face with the cancellation stamp, and they either refuse altogether to do so or else aim at the extreme edge with the common result that they miss it entirely. Now what is to be done with loyalty of that kind? Ridiculous, of course, and yet it may be the fault of a virtue. We may find even some sort of satisfaction in the presence of any sort of loyalty at a time when we are proud to have dethroned even the moral law, and when a sneer is considered as the unfailing mark of superiority.

Dr. Flexner has discovered the germ of infantile paralysis, and of course the feeble-minded persons who write newspapers for feeble-minded people are screaming with delight at "one more step toward the hygienic millennium." The discovery does not mean that paralysis can be cured. Not at all, since lots of germs have been discovered without cures and lots of cures have been discovered without germs. And now comes Dr. Cahinès, the celebrated French physician, who says that the ancient seem to have known as much about medicine as ourselves. Castor oil, massage, and other forms of medicine and exercise were known in ancient Babylon. In Egypt, 3500 years before Christ, "the doctors had very much the same knowledge as we have ourselves." Dr. Cahinès finishes his article in *Le Journal* with the following statement: "One is really obliged to ask one's self whether the world has progressed since the days of Sesostris to those of Pasteur, or if humanity goes back a pace in one direction when she advances in another." And for this sign of scientific humility let us be duly grateful. Perhaps human progress is an infinitely slower thing than we have any conception of, and it may be that with the right time perspective we should have to transfer a good many of our movements—perhaps most of them—from the progressive to the retrogressive side of the ledger.

Continuous reports from the Balkan war confirm the earlier rumors that the Bulgarian is a successful competitor with the Turk in outrage and murder. Some of these well authenticated stories speak of large areas of ground littered with the bodies of Turkish women and children and hint at other horrors of the kind that must not be described. Bulgarian soldiers use the flying Turkish women as the best of all moving targets, and no one is too young or too weak to be spared. Evidently we can no longer regard this as a struggle between piety and paganism, nor deck the heads of the Christian troops with the conventional halo. Nor is there much cause for surprise in all this. Cruelty is not a national attribute, nor does it wear a distinctive uniform. It belongs to the lower levels of moral evolution wherever they are to be found, and they are to be found everywhere. The barbarities of Turk and Bulgarian could be matched in an hour by the mob of any great city of civilization.

Let us thank God for Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara of Illinois, who says that the establishment of a minimum wage for women will result in a corresponding increase of pay for men, who will thus be able to marry early and so save the women from the need to seek employment at all. This, says the sapient O'Hara, "is the solution of the entire problem." And to think that the world has been struggling against poverty for these uncounted thousands of years and all for the lack of an O'Hara. How ingenious it is, and yet how simple. Take the girl who is earning $5 a week. Raise her pay to $10 a week by law. Her sweetheart, who is now earning $15 a week, will henceforth receive $30 a week, and will therefore at once marry the girl, and live happy ever after. And this miracle can be performed by the Illinois legislature in about ten minutes by the clock. But why did O'Hara delay his birth until this late season. And how is it that he is only a lieutenant-governor? It seems a shame.

How deplorable are these occasional displays of sectional jealousies that are displayed by our newspapers. Here, for example, is the Dallas *News*, which descants on "How Texas Can Feed 150,000,000 People," an eminently proper subject for discussion. Why, then, does the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* ask "How or where does the Lone Star Commonwealth expect to find 150,000,000 people who would let Texas feed them, if living within her borders is to be a condition precedent to her feeding?" And yet every one knows that Texas is one of the nicest cities in the country.

Mr. Coleridge's recollections, just published in England, contains a good story of the late Cardinal Newman. He was often very humorous in a gentle, kindly way, says the author. "I remember once his telling us after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who traveled to Italy, and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and being an advanced churchman essayed to participate in the ceremonial, kneeling when the priest knelt, and standing when he stood; and just at the conclusion of the service he noted on looking round that he was the only man in the congregation; all the other worshipers being women. 'The fact was,' said the cardinal, 'be had been churched.'"

Cardinal Manning was another intimate of the Coleridge family, and of him the author says: "He dined occasionally at my father's house, or rather responded to an invitation to do so and duly sat at my father's table, but he never ate anything whatever; he sometimes crumbled a little bread in his thin fingers, but nothing passed his lips. No attention was drawn to it, and no one pressed him to eat or drink anything. He must have eaten very little anywhere at any time, for his emaciation was extreme."

A bill sent by Governor Sulzer to the New York legislature is a welcome indication that the despotic rule of the diplomaed expert, and especially of the medical expert, is on the wane. The bill is to create a public health council, and while the present commissionship of health is to be continued it is specially enacted that this office shall not necessarily be filled by a physician, but that any one shall be eligible who "is a recognized authority in public health work." The new council itself shall consist of the commissioner of health, the commissioner of labor, the commissioner of education, and three members to be appointed by the governor, of whom at least one shall be a physician. The day will come when we shall recognize that the expert ought not to have any administrative functions in matters that concern, or may concern, human liberty. All administrative functions of this kind should be in the hands of laymen and the duties of the expert should be consultative only. In other words, he should speak only when spoken to.

Stories of the military censorship in the Balkan war are still in order, and here is one supplied by the London *Times*. A well-known correspondent, disgusted by the refusal of the censor to transmit a single line of his dispatches, ventured upon satire. "Evidently," he said, "we are to be restricted to news about the weather." "Oh, not about the weather, I think," was the suave reply of the censor. "News about the weather might contain information in regard to the difficulties of a winter campaign, or the effect on the troops; and in any event it would come under the rule of forbidden news about the state of roads and highways, because they are in these parts much affected by the weather."

The New York editor who instructed his London correspondent to ascertain if Mr. G. K. Chesterton had become a Catholic and who received and published a reply to the effect that "Chesterton not Romanist, but strongly sympathetic," has received quite a trouncing for his impertinence from a certain staid metropolitan journal that need not be otherwise described. But, after all, was it an impertinence? Mr. Chesterton is the most prolific essayist of his day, and a large amount of his writing is devoted to religious admonition and criticism. Now if Mr. Chesterton had confined himself to science or politics it would certainly be an impertinence to inquire about his religion. But seeing that he has often taken the world and his wife to task on the subject of their religion, there seems to be no impropriety if the world and his wife now show some curiosity about his. And if Mr. Chesterton has become, or should become, a Catholic we should consider it our business to be aware of that fact, so as to have it in mind when next that delightful writer wanders publicly into the festive fields of theology. It makes a difference.

A letter written by the late Dr. Furness to Professor Child gives some idea of the enormous labor involved in the work of Shakespearean research. Professor Child had written a letter of encouragement to Dr. Furness, who replied as follows:

> No one has ever yet said to me such an appreciative word anent the labor and the time that lie hidden sometimes in a fraction of a line. Not infrequently I have spent a whole evening in hunting down a single quotation. I remember that I once went through every page of Ben Jonson, and there are nine volumes in Gifford's edition, in search of a single line—and I got it. I spent nearly a whole night, till cockcrow, in search of "queasie" in the Paston Letters, and four or five words absorbed the whole of it. So, too, in Latimer's Sermons after "flibbergibe." And sometimes, as you truly say, after all the time and trouble is spent the note is struck out.

It is well that there should be individuals possessing such extraordinary patience as this, but it is a virtue that the average man does not even covet.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Garibaldian's Story.

"Aye, signor! that's Nervi, just under the lights
That look down from the forts on the Genoese heights;
And that stone set in stone in the rim of the sea,
Like a tall figure rising and reaching a hand,
Marks the spot where the chief and his red-shirted band
Hoisted sail. . . . Have a light? Ah, yes: as for me
I have lights, and a leg—short a leg, as you see;
And have three fingers hewn from this strong sabre-hand.

"See that cursèd cowled monk, black-mantled, and black
In his heart as the plague, or the stole at his back,
Stealing by like a spy down that sweet wooded way?
Well, these were the fellows we grappled. Why they—
They were as thick in the land as the locusts. The land
Was eaten alive by their indolence. Yea,
They did toil not nor spin, and yet their array
Was as purple and gold; and they laid heavy hand
On the first of the fruits, of the flocks; and the gown
Soiled the first fairest maidens of country and town.

"Look you there! Do you see where the blue-bended floors
Of the heavens are frescoed with stars? See the heights,
Then the bent hills beneath, where the grape-growers' doors
Open out and look down in a crescent of lights?
Well, there I was born; grew tall. Then the call
For bold men for Sicily.
I rose from the vines,
Shook back my long hair, looked forth, then let fall
My dull pruning-hook, and stood full in the lines.
Then my young promised bride held her head to her breast
As a sword trailed the stones, and I strode with a zest.
But a sable-cowled monk girt his gown, and looked down
With a leer in her face, as I turned from the town.

"Then from yonder green hills bending down to the seas,
Grouping here, grouping there, in the gray olive-trees,
We watched the slow sun; slow saw him retire
At last in the sea, like a vast isle of fire.
Then the chief drew his sword:
There was that in his air,
As the care on his face came and went and still came,
As he gazed out at sea, and yet gazed anywhere,
That meant more, signor, than a peasant can say.
Then, at last, when the stars in the soft-tempered breeze
Glowed red and grew large, as if fanned to a flame.
Lo! something shot up from a black-muffled ship
Deep asleep in the bay, like a star gone astray:
Then down, double quick, with the sword-hilt a-trip,
Came the troop with a zest, and—that stone tells the rest.

"Hot times at Marsala! and then under Rome
It was hell sure enough, and a whole column fell
Like new vines in a frost.
Then year followed year,
Until, stricken and sere, at last I came home—
As the strife lulled a spell, came limping back here—
Stealing back to my home, limping up out of hell.
But we won, did we not? Won, I scarcely know what—
Yet the whole land is free from the Alps to the sea.
Ah! my young promised bride? Christ, that cuts! Why, I thought
That her face had gone by, like a dream that was not.

"What a presence was hers! What a throat, what a mouth!
Why, a mouth that Rossetti, the painter, had smiled
But to see; had caught it on canvas, had set his craft wild
With talk of his picture from Northland to South!—
A mouth that half-opened as hungered for love,
That trusted all things; a mouth that went out
With daring and valor, that never knew doubt,
Yet was proud and as pure as that bent moon above. . . .

. . . "Yes, peaches must ripen and show the sun's red
In their time, I suppose, like the full of a rose;
And some one must pluck them, 'tis very well said,
As they swell and grow rich and look luscious to touch:
Yet I fancy some men, some fiends, must have much
To repent of: This reaching up rudely of hand
For the early sweet-fruits of a warm, careless land;
This plucking and biting of every sweet peach
Ere yet it is ripe and come well to its worth,
Then casting it down, and quite spoiled, to the reach
Of the swine and the things that creep close to the earth. . . .

"But he died! Look you here. Stand aside. Yes, he died
Like a dog in a ditch. In that low battle-moat
He was found on a morn. The red line on his throat
They said was a rope. 'Bah! the one-fingered man
Might have done it,' said one.
Then I laughed till I cried
When the guard led me forth, and the judge sat to scan
My hands and my strength, and to question me sore:
'Why, what has the match-man to do with all this—
The one-fingered man, with his life gone amiss?'
I cried as I laughed, and they vexed me no more.

* * * * * * * *

"Some men must fill trenches. Ten thousand go down
As unnamed and unknown as the stones in a wall,
For the few to pass over and on to renown:
And I am of these.
The old king has his crown,
And my country is free; and what more, after all,
Did I ask from the first?
Don't you think that yon lights
Through the black olive trees look divine on the seas?
Then look you above, where the Apennines bend:
Why, you scarcely can tell, as you peer through the trees,
Where the great stars begin or the cottage-lights end!

"Yes, a little bit lonely, that can't be denied:
But as good place to wait for a sign as may be.
I shall watch on the shore, looking out as before;
And the chief on his isle in the calm middle sea,
With his sword gathered up, stands waiting with me
For the great silent ship.
We shall cross to the shore
Where a white city lies like yon Alps in the skies,
And look down on this sea; and right well satisfied.

"Aye! The whole country round vaunts our deed, and the town
Raised that shaft on the spot—for the whole land is free;
And some won renown, and one won a crown,
And one won a right to sell lights by the sea.
Have a light, sir, tonight? Ah, thanks, signor, thanks!
Bon voyage, bon voyage! Bless you and your francs."
—*Joaquin Miller.*

During the year 1913 five comets are expected to make their reappearance. Holmes's comet, which was last seen in 1892, will be the first to become visible. Next month the Encke visitor will be seen. Others announced are Finlay's, De Vico-E. Swift's, and Westphal's. The last named has not been seen for nearly sixty years, and is of unusual size.

A REAL RUSSIAN OPERA.

The Metropolitan, after Long Preparation, Gives Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff."

It is easy to join with the musical and dramatic critics in asserting that the Metropolitan Opera made its production of Moussorgsky's long-heralded and much-discussed "Boris Godounoff" one of the important events in our operatic history. Those who take their opera as a sort of musical debauch and at regulated intervals, those who indulge only when their old saccharine favorites are presented, and those who appear most interested in the more modern and revolutionary compositions will alike find large attraction in this latest addition to the repertory. It is genuine opera, with striking features in its music, its acting, and its scenic setting. No factitious or subtly stimulated enthusiasm for what must still be regarded as an orchid in the garden of popular amusements is required to inspire praise for the work and its presentation. At the risk of editorial revision I am including in this appreciation much that comes from higher authority, for I believe that something more than brief and casual description is merited in the circumstances.

The opera of "Boris Godounoff" has had a varied career. At its first production, in the Opera at St. Petersburg in 1874, after many additions and retouchings by the composer, there was great enthusiasm on the part of the younger generation, the ardent spirits that pinned their faith upon the new Russian school. The more conservative found much to accuse in it. The opera at that time remained in the repertory for a couple of years, after being submitted to certain mutilations. Then it was withdrawn; and the composer died without hearing it again. A few performances of it were given in Moscow in 1889. These seemed to show to the friends of the composer the need of a thorough revision of the work by one who possessed the technical skill, the knowledge of practical music, the experience of the theatre that Moussorgsky lacked.

And so such a revision was given it by his friend, Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff. Thus reformed, "Boris Godounoff" was revived at St. Petersburg in 1896, and was often repeated. In May, 1908, a Russian company came to Paris, and, taking the Grand Opera, gave a series of performances of Russian operas, of which "Boris Godounoff" was one of the most important. Theodore Chaliapine was in this company, and his performances of the hero's part made a great impression. All the circumstances were favorable to the opera's success. The Russian company, the Russian conductor, the Russian orchestra, all thoroughly familiar with the style and significance of the work, the rich scenery and costumes brought from Russia, all united to make its performances most impressive and something apart.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's revised version of "Boris Godounoff" is the one that has been performed in Russia, in Paris, in Milan by Gatti-Casazza, and now has been heard in New York. There has been much argument about this revision, which extended not only to a correction of the writing, the harmony, and the instrumentation, but also to a rearrangement of certain scenes. According to Mr. Calvocaressi, author of a life of the composer, it was "necessary" in order that the opera might be kept in the repertory.

Director Gatti-Casazza believes the opera to be the work of the greatest original genius of all that he has staged during his directorship of the Metropolitan.

" 'Boris Godounoff,' " said Mr. Gatti, "is a work distinctly Russian, probably the first real Russian opera that New York has ever seen. Glinka is a disciple of Rossini; Tschaikowsky, of whose works the Metropolitan has produced 'Pique Dame,' is an eclectic, but Moussorgsky is first and finally a Russian of the Russians. 'Boris' resembles not in the least the work of any other composer, with the exception of Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' but as 'Boris' was written forty years before the French work there can be but one deduction; in fact, Mr. Debussy has never denied his indebtedness to Moussorgsky.

" 'Boris' is based largely on Russian folk music, and is unusual in the fact that the chief protagonist is not, after all, so much Boris as it is the Russian people or, in the opera, the chorus. Thus the work is distinctly national and, I feel, will open to the American public a fresh field in music and one that possesses great potentialities. I produced the opera in Milan for the first time in Italy, and I hope its success will be repeated here."

Moussorgsky's opera, which is taken from a story by Pushkin, differs slightly from the historical facts. According to history Boris Fedorovich Godounoff was born about 1551 and rose to be the chief adviser of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, marrying the daughter of the Czar's cruel favorite, Walynta Skuratov. Ivan then made Irene, Boris's sister, the bride of his half-witted son, Theodore. At Ivan's death Boris became one of the guardians of the young Demetrius, a son of Ivan by another wife, and at the same time became practically the ruler of the empire. Theodore died childless, and shortly afterward Demetrius also died, murdered, some said, though without particular foundation, by Boris. Boris then became Czar, and ruled, on the whole, wisely. At his death, in 1605, he left the throne to his young son, who was shortly afterward murdered.

The opera, however, starts with the hypothesis that Boris has murdered the young Demetrius or Dmitri. Boris, overcome with remorse, has sought repentance and seclusion in the convent of Novodievitch, near Moscow, and the curtain rises with the populace assembled in the courtyard appealing to Boris to declare himself Czar, which, however, he at first refuses to do. In this scene the Gloria as sung in the Russian churches is introduced with fine effect, the curtain descending upon the pilgrims intoning the chant. The second scene shows a cell in the Convent of Miracles, where Brother Pimenn, an aged monk, who is recording the annals of the empire, arouses the imagination of the young novice Gregory as he relates to him the story of Boris's crime. Strange thoughts are born in Gregory's mind when he learns that the murdered Czarevitch, had he lived to reign, would have been his own age. In the closing scene of the first act Boris at last, yielding to the popular demand, appears to participate in an imposing religious ceremonial. He addresses his people before the cathedrals of the Assumption and of the Archangels, and then, amid great enthusiasm, enters the former to be crowned.

The second act is on the frontier of Poland, where two vagabonds, Varlaam and Missail, clad as hermits and followed by Gregory disguised as a peasant, arrive at an inn. A price has been set on the head of the escaped monk, who has announced himself as Dmitri, who he declares was never slain. Presently the Czar's officers arrive. Gregory looks over the warrant they present, but in reading it changes the description of the fugitive so that it would appear to indicate Varlaam. The latter, although quite drunk, also examines the document, and has sufficient intelligence to realize that the warrant is for Gregory, whom he promptly accuses. The false Dmitri, however, is too quick for the officers and dashes from the room. The next scene shows Czar Boris's private apartment in the Kremlin. His children, the young Czarevitch Theodore, and his sister Xenia, are there with their nurse. Xenia is grieving over the recent death of her fiancée. The nurse tries to comfort her. The boy amuses himself with games, in which the nurse joins him. Boris, entering, advises Xenia to seek distraction with her girl friends, and she retires, leaving the Czar and his heir alone. Half unconscious of the child's presence, Boris gives way to gloomy meditations and discloses the mental suffering to which the memory of his crime has subjected him. He is interrupted by the announcement that his minister, Prince Schouisky, has arrived to tell him of the uprising of the people in favor of the false Dmitri. Terror seizes the Czar. He insists upon Schouisky's assurance that he really saw the dead body of the murdered Czarevitch. Left alone, his emotion overwhelms him. Spectre haunted, he sinks upon his chair, crushed and broken, almost bereft of reason.

The garden of the castle of Michek, in Poland, is shown in the opening scene of the third act. Michek's daughter, the beautiful Marina, rejects all other suitors in favor of Gregory. Prompted by love and ambition, she urges him to lead the uprising against Boris and seize the throne himself. The scene following shows us a gathering of typical Russian peasants in the Forest of Krony. They have captured and are taunting the noble Kroutchow of the false Dmitri's staff. A simpleton furnishes amusement for the urchins. Varlaam and Missail lead in denunciations of Boris. Monks arrive singing the praises of the false Dmitri. Suspected by the crowd, they are attacked, and their fate seems perilous when they are saved by the arrival of Gregory, the false Dmitri and his troops.

In the closing scene of the opera a meeting of the Douma is being held to determine what action should be taken to crush the false Dmitri. Prince Schouisky, coming in, interrupts the proceedings by describing the agony of Boris, which he had witnessed by eavesdropping. In the midst of his narration Boris himself enters the hall and overhears Schouisky's words. He denounces him bitterly and threatens him with death. At this point the monk Pimenn is ushered in. He has had a mysterious dream, in which a venerable shepherd told him how, after having been blind from childhood, he had regained his sight by obeying the order of a miraculous vision of Dmitri, the slain Czarevitch, to offer a prayer at his tomb. The monk's words terrify the Czar. He calls for his son Theodore, who rushes into his father's arms. Boris feels the end is at hand. Declaring Theodore his rightful heir and begging the mercy of heaven for his crimes, he sinks into his chair and dies.

It is somewhat unusual to speak first of the stage settings and costuming of a new opera, but in this production it seems the proper thing, for they were remarkably fine and most impressive. The Metropolitan has never done better in this respect. The cast was much more than merely satisfactory. Adam Didur sang the name-part with distinction and rapturous recognition was awarded him by the big and brilliant audience. Louise Homer sang the part of Marina, with whom Boris has a love scene in the second act, and has seldom appeared to better advantage. Mme. Sparkes, Albert Reiss, and Andrea de Segurola were notable in a long list of principals. Paul Althouse, a young American tenor, made his début as Dmitri, and achieved a success that should start him under the best of auspices. Altogether, it was, as I have said, a genuinely distinctive occasion.

Flaneur.

New York, March 20, 1913.

During several months of each year some of the great rivers of Siberia are frozen solid to the bottom, but the fishes imprisoned in the ice maintain their vitality and resume their active life when the ice melts in the spring.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Froude, for thirty-one years publisher to the University of Oxford, is about to retire as manager of the London business of the University Press.

Prince Frederick Sigismund of Prussia is the inventor and builder of a successful aeroplane, but by command of his father and the emperor, the latter his cousin, is not permitted to go up in the airship.

Professor Ernst Haeckel, the famous German savant, recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday at Jena. He is still alert mentally, but is physically weak. Since his birthday he has been personally answering congratulatory letters, writing about forty a day.

Matthew Wellington, one of the six Nasik "boys" who carried the body of David Livingstone from the heart of Africa to the coast, is still living, at Mombasa, British East Africa, and is in the government service. The six were liberated by the British from slavery, and educated at the Church Missionary Society's School, near Bombay, India. Wellington is an intelligent man, and an active worker in the church at Mombasa.

Earl Beauchamp, rumored as likely to succeed the Duke of Connaught as governor-general of Canada next fall, began his public career at twenty-three, when he became mayor of Worcester. When just turned twenty-seven he received the appointment of governor of New South Wales, and became a popular official. He is now first commissioner of works, London, and in this capacity he entertained the officers of the United States Navy in 1910.

Ferdinand Dugué, the doyen of the dramatic writers of France, probably of the world, in his ninety-ninth year, still retains a keen interest in the things of the theatre. His connection with the stage dates back to 1838, when his first play, "Castille et Léon," was produced at the Odéon. But he had made his début in literature with a novel five years before. He is a convinced supporter of the restoration of the censorship in France. In his native town of Chartres there has long been a street which bears his name.

Charles Teliler, discoverer of the secret of cold storage, has recently been decorated in Paris with the Legion of Honor. His discovery was made in 1876, but he had to endure years of hardship and comparative poverty before he could convince the Academie des Sciences that cold storage was practical. At last, to prove the truth of his claims, he hired an English boat and transported from the Argentine to France a cargo of fresh meat which was found on arrival to be as fresh as when it was packed. England then adopted his idea.

Mrs. Ella Wilson, the first woman mayor in Kansas, is going out of office next month, her stormy term concluded, but with the knowledge that the state supreme court has at last sustained her in her charges of wilful misconduct against three members of the city council of Hunnewell. She went into office in April, 1911, and at once faced hostile forces. Efforts were made to drive her from office, but she turned the tables by bringing ouster proceedings against three city councilmen eighteen months ago. She will not be a candidate for reëlection.

S. T. St. John, who has personally sold more than 3,000,000 acres of Canadian land to American farmers, landed on a Saskatchewan homestead twelve years ago with only a few dollars in his pocket. He built a shack and began farming on a small scale. His selling ability asserted itself, and he began to dispose of real estate for others. It is estimated that he is personally responsible for 7000 families which have moved to the Canadian West. Incidentally he is wealthy, and holds the position of general manager of a company whose work it is to develop new towns along the Grand Trunk Pacific. Years ago he farmed in Iowa, and made and lost a fortune in corn.

Chinfu Wang-Shai, who recently matriculated at Columbia University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the faculty of political science, is a war veteran, and a full-fledged general, though only twenty-eight years old. He was compelled to leave China when a youth because of anti-Manchu speeches. Going to Japan, he entered Waseda University, and studied political and military science. He supported himself by writing revolutionary articles for the Chinese vernacular press. Returning to China in 1910, he found his life in danger, and escaped to Korea. When the mutiny broke out in Wu-chang he took part in the fighting. Later he led 10,000 men up Purple Mountain and captured the forts at the summit. Succeeding this, Nanking fell within a short time.

Joseph Steinhart, known as the apple king, having handled as high as a million dollars' worth of fruit in one deal, trundled a push-cart in New York and sold apples at two for a cent not so many years ago. He arrived in the steerage from Germany at the age of thirteen, unable to seak English. He managed to get on the New York *World* as a copy boy, but lost his place owing to his inability to understand the language of his adopted land. Then he went to work in a restaurant. During his spare hours he attended school. He gave up the push-cart to open a store which dealt exclusively in apples. Then he became a contractor, supplying the fruit to steamship companies and other large consumers. Now he thinks nothing of buying the entire crop of certain regions.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

And the Outwitting of the Shepherd.

Once on a time in the good old days when, if houses weren't thatched with pancakes, then breadbaskets were lined with them, bannocks the like of which only the mothers in Erin used to make, there lived in Ireland in the county of Kildare in the parish of Carnalway, in the rectory thereof a veritable collie of a clergyman by the name of Edwin Titmarsh. To make this shepherd took three generations. His father and his father's father were parsons. Though not as black as he was clothed, Dr. Titmarsh was of forbidding countenance, expressive of Dont's and Thou-shalt-nots. Sleeping with one eye open, seeing to it that in his pastorate was no straying from the fold, he had long since won himself the reputation of being a holy terror.

Now in this pastorate were two extremes that came between him and his sleep more than all the rest of his charges put together, namely, Harry Bailey, the black sheep, and Ruth Helden, the flower of the flock.

These extremes met one May day of finest weather imaginable for young ducks. Unluckily in Ireland it rains thirteen months out of the twelve. In next to no time the ubiquitous shepherd ran across them and thought them ill-met indeed. The black sheep was making the eyes of his kind at the flower of the flock and she was making dewy violets at him, taking to the exigencies of the one wise man's umbrella like a young duck to water.

Ruth declined the offer of a lift home in the dog-cart. Thanks, awfully, but she and the doctor were going in different directions. Dr. Titmarsh said it seemed so, and turned his eyes heavenward like a dying duck in a thunder-storm.

"Fine day, isn't it!" Harry remarked with the voice and nonchalance of a phonograph. He lifted his cap and took advantage of the mechanical action to shake the drip off it. Not the least bit sheepish looked he. In fact, he looked not unlike the traditional wolf, the Old Nick of time. A gauntness of frame, a jauntiness of bearing, an aquilinity of nose, a Van Dyke beard, a trick of smiling in it, together with a swarthiness of complexion, gave him in the eyes of his enemies a family likeness to his famous namesake, the Old Harry.

The doctor struck his cob blindly as Balaam, his ass. The cob started heavenward on the dead jump.

Leisurely, the flower of the flock and the black sheep, snuggled together, veiled in spring rain, went the other way.

Following the example of the recording angel, let us look the other way. Hear the doctor, Harry Bailey was a dyed-in-the-wool sinner. His conduct was positively disgraceful. My word for it, it wasn't. If at all, it was negatively disgraceful. The cardinal sin that dyed him so black was one, not of commission, but omission. He never stuck that aquiline nose of his inside a church door. Those were the heydays of Kildare when swallows built their nests in old men's beards, so saintly man, so tame the birds. St. Patrick—more power to his elbow!—was still a power. If Sunday found you neither in church nor in chapel, you were as good as in the bad place.

Asked of the doctor the why and wherefore of his not going to church, Harry swore up and down that it was nobody's business but his own.

This the learned doctor denied equally up and down, claiming that it was just as much his business as Mr. Bailey's, if not more. Was he not responsible to Heaven for the sheep entrusted to his care, for every last one of them, not merely ninety and nine out of every hundred? Not that he was particularly concerned about Mr. Bailey. Mr. Bailey could go to perdition, if he would, and welcome, were it not for the example to his immediate dependents, not to say the parish at large. The church-going of the peasantry depended in no small measure upon that of the gentry. Go to church, therefore, Mr. Bailey must.

"Must! You go to perdition and mind your own business."

Now, what bare-footed beggar but knew that that was no way to talk to the cloth? Moreover, to add to his blackness, Harry Bailey kept his past dark. Of a sudden the black-winged angel had cleared the way for him from a cottonwood shack in the Northwest Territory of Canada to Abbey Bailey of County Kildare. People had been kind enough to take it for granted that he had gone to Canada in the first place for the good of Ireland. Proud as Lucifer, Harry Bailey had let it go at that. Fact is, he had gone for fun, thinking it a huge joke, to find it a grim one. From the day of his birth to that of his departure to rough it in the daughter country, he had been bound hand and foot and head until he was as helpless as a mummy to do for himself, make a living. In the race after the hind-footed dollar, he had just as good a chance against his competitors as a high-class Chinawoman in a hundred-yard dash against him.

And so it came to pass—a pretty pass between neighbors—that time and again when the good doctor and his incurable patient met, the former scanned the heavens as in search of a lost soul and the latter, looking along his nose and sniffing, searched the earth for the love lost between him and the pastor, neither seeming to find what he sought.

This umbrella episode didn't tend to mend matters. This fairest daughter of the church lacked a father, a lack which her spiritual pastor and master took upon himself to supply, and her declining his offer of a lift he construed into an act of covert disobedience to his implied command. What would her Sunday-school children think of it, should they chance to see her carrying on with this infidel under cover of a flimsy bit of silk? Whip up the cob all he had a mind to, there was no getting away from the fact that Ruth was bound that the fault should not be hers, did not the umbrella serve for two almost as well as for one. Then, his pet lamb was not only snowy but showy. The pride of the parish was Ruth Helden. When in competition with neighboring parishes, her children took all the prizes, it was ever a matter of wonder that one so lovely should be so devoted to good works, one so young, so efficient. Beautiful enough to be frivolous and flirtatious and no great blame to her, she was serious-minded and demure. The totality of interests involved was much too much to let such goings-on go any further. The doctor assured the cob that they were going to be put a stop to right away quick, and italicized the assurance with other cuts of the whip.

Well, as Satan would have it, the children did see Ruth, and one bright little bare-footed scholar who was enjoying herself hugely making mud-pies with her toes and catching big drops of rain with her tongue, put by her play to stare, and as she dropped her curtsy expressed her opinion of such goings-on by rubbing one far from godly finger across another significantly, as much as to say: "Fie, teacher, for shame!"

The next day the parish knew that Ruth Helden had walked an Irish mile with Harry Bailey, in the rain, with but one umbrella between them, that it had taken them an hour in which to do it, and it downhill all the way. The morsel was rolled on many a tongue, nor was the spice of Ruth's declining with thanks the offer of a lift in the dog-cart omitted. In short, this graciously accepted act of courtesy, in conjunction with this politely rejected act of—yes—discourtesy, set the parish of Galway by the ears. Dr. Titmarsh's parishioners, you say, were sure hard put to it for something to talk about. They sure were.

It might have ended there, had not her spiritual master been tempted of the devil to call the Sunday-school teacher to task. Ruth answered, demure as a church mouse, that she had found Mr. Bailey extremely nice, that she thought he was very well worth converting and not an infidel anyway, and that she had a good mind to ask him to go to church with her, and that she wouldn't be a bit surprised if he would, and so forth. That evening the doctor let the sun go down upon his wrath, having, as aforesaid, yielded to the temptation of the evil one.

The next morning Ruth Helden, gentle shepherdess, rose and looked dreamily out of her window at the distant Wicklow hills covered with "flocks of fleecy clouds shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind." The country folk, simple and gentle, called her the Blessed Damosel after a poem then much quoted, and as far as her hair went, Ruth had to acknowledge the corn. Yellow like ripe corn it was, corn with the wind on it, the sun in it; one looked to see the poppy of sleep shaken from it. As a great secret Ruth told the Wicklow hills that she would go out and forget her umbrella and take chances, which as an even greater secret, I tell you. No sooner said than done. She took her breakfast, no umbrella, the same road, the like chance, and no little interest in the shepherding of the clouds. She knew of no earthly reason under the sun why she shouldn't take that walk, a walk she had taken many a time and oft before she had ever heard of this thirty-first cousin by the buttonhole of the Baileys of Abbey Bailey. If he should happen to take it into his head to take the same road at the same hour, well, he paid taxes. She would tell right out that she was glad to see him, seeing as how she didn't know where on earth to turn for money for her poor. Being the best-looking lady in Carnalway, not to say, Kildare—county of the Countess of Clonmel and the Duchess of Leinster—she had to do the begging for the parish poor. Her violet eyes would grow bedewed and give off a veritable odor of sanctity, be lifted to yours hard and dry as sin, and while saintly orbs and sinful were thus engaged in a battle royal, the Blessed Damosel would lift your leather without a qualm of conscience, and cover for you, would you or wouldn't you, a multitude of sins. The Baileys—the heavens be their bed—had not given a tithe of their tithe; but this infidel would better look out for his pockets. What a pretty penny their back charity plus his now due would make! Ruth Helden's early rising, her disinterested endeavor in the face of calumny in behalf of her poor will, please Goodness, commend itself to the reader, Christian, infidel, Jew, heathen, or what-not.

Harry Bailey took a tumble to himself, out of bed into his duds—no tub, no breakfast, but, you betche, an umbrella. 'Twould never do to forget that, though the sun was laughing in his face and he had learned weather-wisdom of the prairies of the Northwest. But a man could never tell what woman or weather was going to do in Ireland. Canada was no criterion.

Had the weather but lived up to expectations and the rain downpoured, the history of yesterday might have repeated itself; for even as pity like heaven-distilled dew was gathering on the violets and Ruth's tremulous lips were being pursed to make her poor mouth, up drives the doctor in his dog-cart. No need to tell it in Gotham nor publish it in the streets of San Francisco that Harry had overtaken Ruth, much to her surprise, and remarked that it looked awfully like rain. Dr. Titmarsh caught him in the very act of calling the heavens to witness that it looked as he said. But nowhere was to be seen a cloud big as a man's hand to justify his remark. North, south, east, and west sang the little birds, and in the zenith hanging as though caged in the blue. No rough wind did shake the darling buds of May. Scarce breeze enough was there to make cowslip or violet to nod. From the Wicklow hills had dispersed the flocks of fleecy clouds, driven by the slow, unwilling shepherd beyond the beyonds. On either side the hawthorn hedges drooped under the miracle of "rosy-tinted snow." Nature had fully recovered from her good cry and for it was feeling all the better, the happier.

Having now done our best to fill the gap in conversation with a beggarly bit of description, let's get down to brass tacks.

"Good-day—I mean good-yesterday!" the doctor greeted. All this time which it had taken him to find his tongue he had been eyeing the umbrella askance, not to say, accusingly.

"Bet you a pony it rains before we get home!" Harry returned.

Somewhere was a storm brewing. Ruth could feel it in her bones, and her religious-for-rheumatism bothered her.

"Thanks awfully, Mr. Bailey, but I don't gamble. Anyway, it's unsportsmanlike to make sure bets. Of course, it all depends on how soon or how late you get home. You might possibly not get home for a week."

"Good idea!" Harry muttered defiantly, jumping at it. "What do you say, Miss Helden? Dr. Titmarsh, I'm sure, will waive ceremony and oblige us. A better day for the deed we could hardly look to find in a month of Sundays. Come, what do you say?"

Ruth didn't say a word nor even breathe one syllable of "This is so sudden!"

"If you mean marriage, Mr. Bailey, I feel obliged to say that you seem to think lightly of it, as if it were a picnic, a garden party, a wayside incident. I don't know how you manage such things in the cattle country, but here respectable persons get married in church. What do you say, Miss Helden?"

Miss Helden didn't say aye, yes, or no.

"Show me," Harry demanded of the clergyman, "the cathedral that can compare with God's out-of-doors on a day like this!—any day."

The famous St. Bridget's Cathedral of Kildare was not then restored, so the doctor couldn't very well point a comparative finger at that man-made bit of God's indoors, reconverted by the ruinous pagan ivy. Maladroitly, Dr. Titmarsh changed the subject.

"I understand," he addressed himself to Miss Helden, "that the Widow Kilgariff is in a bad way. Could I prevail upon you to visit her with me?"

For appearance sake, Ruth's spiritual master put his command in the form of a question.

The first thing Harry knew, the Blessed Damosel had been levitated into the dog-cart and she and the doctor were going lickety-brindle uphill in the general direction of the necessitous widow.

Thank Goodness, Harry Bailey, ex-cowboy, was not in church. Let us quick as thought leave him there standing in the middle of the road and see if we can't catch up with the occupants of the dog-cart. We can. Scarce are they out of earshot of wise man and umbrella than the kindly doctor bethinks him to breathe the cob.

And now, though they keep straight on and Harry stands stockstill, events take an unexpected turn. The doctor never dreams but that the flower of the flock and the black sheep are engaged. That Harry's elaboration of the good idea of not going home for a week was a for-the-first-time proposal of marriage was not to be thought of by the unromantic gray matter that filled Dr. Titmarsh's capacious skull.

The official, yea, officious, herder of the Carnalway sheep was not a marrying man, save in his official capacity. He married matter-of-factly, after due publishing of bans and the usual so-forth of formalities, without looking too closely into the color of the sheep; but the idea of himself being given in marriage he entertained as little as if he were already in heaven. But with Dr. Titmarsh, to see his duty clear was to do it p. d. q., that is to say, quick as a wink.

Clear as that May day, the doctor now saw his duty: he must marry Ruth himself, be married to her. For the faithful to jilt the infidel was no sin. Quite the contrary. Heaven knew he had his hands full with this great family of his, without himself adding to his responsibilties, but where the interests of the church were concerned, no sacrifice could be too great for him to make. At whatever cost to self, the parish should be saved.

When, however, he tried to make her duty equally clear to Ruth, he found that he had his hands full of reins, of cob, so to say. Ruth pursed up her lips and made noises, earthly noises which sounded alike unearthly in the ears of man and beast. At any rate, the doctor looked scared to death and the cob tried desperately to outrun the cart.

Under the circumstances, Ruth thought it safer to walk home, and said so.

Having duly inflicted themselves upon the widow by way of comforting her in her affliction, they started for home safely, the one walking, the other, driving. Her eyes full of the nakedness of the widow's bit of land and gossoons galore, Ruth went homeward pensively, the pace of sorrow. Had you offered her a penny for her thoughts, she would have taken it, so poverty-stricken of her poor was she.

Soon, however, exhilarated of the wine of spring, she mended her pace, wiped her eyes free of the nakedness of the land, and forthwith had a vision of the doctor tearing past Harry Bailey still standing, standing still, in the middle of the road; of herself sauntering up to him nonchalantly, glad to see him, of the opportunity to make her big dewy eyes, her poor pleading mouth, to complete the act which the doctor's arrival had cut short. An action of that sort left perforce unfinished is more exasperating than the name you know as well as your own but can't for the life of you remember. Of course, try as you will to make the action continuous, the rope will show the splice, the iron, the weld. The end will be tacked on. None the less, she must tell him how glad she was to see him, how much she expected of him.

In the parish of Carnalway was many a widow other than Mrs. Kilgariff in sore need of a miraculous cruse of oil. Her grief, however, was but a week old and she was a dependent of Harry Bailey's, one of his tenants. The deceased—God rest his soul—had rested his ailing body all too long before he had worried himself to death because he couldn't work himself.

Scarce had Ruth gone a quarter mile when she saw Mrs. Kilgariff's landlord crossing the fields towards the widow's. So much for her prophetic vision, the second sight of the Celt! Was he following her? Was he going to collect the rent long overdue—just to show the doctor? Evictions of the widow and the fatherless were not unknown in Ruth's Ireland. She would follow him to find out whether or not she were being followed. She had every bit as good a right as he.

But when the Blessed Damosel got to the lane leading to Mrs. Kilgariff's, it gave her such a turn that she couldn't make the turning. Even upon rehearsing the white lie of a lost handkerchief, she felt herself growing red, and realizing that, though she tried till she was black in the face, she couldn't tell it, she gave it up as a bad job.

She watched Harry Bailey stalk into the widow's cottage as if he owned the place. Which he did. Ruth saw red. Then she recalled him telling her but yesterday that such was the use of the cow country, where a man, having first fed his horse the stranger's best, waltzed right into the shack with never a by your leave or a God save all here. To be mad with him for taking the hospitality of Ireland for granted would never do. Somehow Harry hadn't walked as one intruding on grief, much less as one bent upon giving the widow her walking papers.

Thus watching and waiting, Ruth plucked a wreath of hawthorn blossoms and, her leghorn hat discarded, crowned herself queen of the May.

In an amazingly short time, out bounced the landlord like a tenant being forcibly evicted, half a dozen half-naked civilized beings at his heels. Then the widow squeezed herself into the doorway, and stood literally jammed there, crying her eyes out into her apron. Harry shook off the half-naked howling civilized, and incontinently fled. Seldom can the man that rides run, but Harry came a-running towards Ruth as if he could see her round the corner waiting for him with open arms.

What would have happened, had he kept on running, the corner rounded, there's no telling. Luckily for him, her, and us, he stopped short of an indescribable tragedy. Ruth gave him two looks, one that of a queen at a subject she is about to have beheaded; the other that of a martyr Christian maiden at her crucifier, a martyr whose thorn crown has blossomed more miraculously yet than Aaron's rod. Then she ran furiously to the widow's, almost half as fast as he had run from, leaving the ex-cowboy not knowing what to think other than that women are queer cattle, every last one of them.

The widow would not be comforted of Ruth. Ruth would know the reason why. The reason was obvious. Mrs. Kilgariff, suddenly disinterring her face, showed an apronful of money. "Mornin', hold your apron!" Mr. Bailey had bidden, and emptied his pockets into it, until she had to shpve him through the door to make him stop, and him spilling gold and silver on the floor the same as if it were dirt.

So instead of Harry Bailey catching it, she giving it to him, Ruth must now needs catch him, give her to him, together with a very different kind of an "it." Picking up her skirts far from self-righteously, she actually ran after him—after a man. The man heard her, but didn't heed, the brute! There was nothing for it but to lay a restraining hand upon his arm, bring him up with a round turn and ask him if he hadn't said something about not going home for a week, and if he had meant what he said.

Mr. Bailey managed to remember having said something like that, and owned up to its not being wholly devoid of meaning. Why so?

Oh, nothing, only she wanted to know what were his objections to going to church. Not all the doctors of divinity that were ever graduated out of Trinity College could make her believe that he was an unbeliever.

Then Harry told her how ten years before in Calgary in the Northwest Territory of Canada, a woman had kept him waiting a full hour—four times a bad quarter—in church. Then and there he had vowed never to enter a church again as long as he lived. "When I'm dead, you can do what you like with me," he told her.

Ruth vowed that she wouldn't keep him waiting one minute for her. But no. Much as Harry was now indebted to that infidel woman of then, the doctor was obliged to make it a garden party affair, and solemnize the marriage in the black sheep's incomparable cathedral.

Harry Cowell.

San Francisco, March, 1913.

LONDON BEAUTIFUL.

Lord Curzon Has an Idealistic Plan to Remodel Portions of the English Capital.

London never has been to the Englishman exactly what Paris is to the Frenchman, or what Berlin is becoming in an increasing degree to the German (says Lord Curzon, in the *Nineteenth Century*). If you meet a Frenchman abroad you will find that in his mind La Belle France means as a rule Paris; and that, wherever he builds a town, he endeavors to reproduce with as much fidelity as he can the boulevards, restaurants, and cafés, and all the gay and sparkling brilliance of that delightful city. But the Englishman does nothing of the sort. If you meet the Englishman in the remote corners of the empire and talk to him of Old England, he does not think of London, he thinks about beautiful country villages, about the surroundings of his old home, about the exquisite scenery, and the leafy lanes; the last thing he attempts to do anywhere is to reproduce London, his one idea is to get away from it. From my own experience, I would say that the first thing an Englishman does in the out-lying portions of the empire is to make a race-course. The second is to make a golf-course, and the third is to sever all connection with London by putting away his silk hat and frock coat, and appearing on all occasions in a straw hat. Therefore, I concede that London does not make the same appeal to the average Englishman that Paris does to the Frenchman.

There is another point that may be made against us. It may be said, "Have you much encouragement for your ideas in the history of the past." I speak with some trepidation, for it is within my own recollection that the city of London was willing to part with its ancient portal of Temple Bar. I remember in more recent times that Crosby Hall, the place where Richard of Gloucester lived, where Shakespeare stood, where Sir Thomas More wrote, was taken down stone by stone, and with difficulty reërected elsewhere. And if you look at what is going on in other parts of London it seems almost incredible that in a great modern cultured and civilized city a horrible phantasmagoria like Queen Anne's Mansions should ever have been allowed to rear its hideous head into the air. Even when we erect our finest buildings we indulge in the strangest freaks as regards the architects. We employ a classical architect (Sir Christopher Wren) to put the western towers on to Westminster Abbey, another classical architect (Sir Charles Barry) to build a Gothic House of Parliament, and a Gothic architect (Sir Gilbert Scott) to put a Rennaissance tower and façade on to the public buildings facing St. James's Park. All these things, I admit, have been, and I suppose it is possible to argue that they might be again.

Of course, if you look into history, there are many Londons, some of which do not happen to appeal to me at all. I have no interest in pre-historic London. It does not affect me that the mastodon and the elephant once wallowed in the swamps where the Mansion House now stands. I am not even greatly interested in the London of the Celts or the Romans, or the Saxons or the Danes, although I admit that every relic of those days ought to be most scrupulously preserved. The historic interest of London begins for me, if I may speak for myself, with the Norman days; and Norman London, Plantagenet London, Tudor London, and Stuart London are to me a matter of absorbing interest and concern. When I go down to Westminster, I always see the courtly figure of Charles the First walking from St. James's Palace on a frosty day in January between two lines of soldiers, with the bishop on one side of him and the colonel on the other, to his fate at Whitehall. And when I pass the Banqueting House there always steps out of one of its windows—I will not say which, because there is a dispute upon this point—the figure of the king. I picture him taking his place on the platform, in the midst of a little group of five, with his scarlet silk waistcoat and the George of the Garter round his neck. I see the scene, I see him lay his comely head upon the block, I see the executioner a moment later raise it to the mournful crowd. And then, as I go on, I am afraid that I take no interest in the specious buildings which are being erected by a generous government on either side of Whitehall, in which to perform their sometimes unnecessary labors. I think rather of Holbein's beautiful gateway, taken down one hundred and fifty years ago, because there was no London Society in those days to save it, in order to make way for Parliament Street. When I come down to Old Palace Yard I care nothing for the taxis and the pigeons that now occupy that place. I think nothing even of the work that is going on or that is alleged to be going on inside. I remember rather that it is the place where the old tournaments and trials by battle were held, where the head of Guy Fawkes was struck off, and where the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh carried away the severed head of her husband in a bag. Those are the pictures presented to me by living in the past in London.

But I recognize that there are many to whom London represents a much more mundane conception. I must remember my own dictum that there is not one London, but at least a dozen Londons. There is your London here, the London of business and finance, the emporium and the counting-house of the world. There is the London of industry and manufacture, in which I suppose almost everything is made or distributed or sold that is produced by the ingenuity of man. There is the London of the shipping and the docks, where the great steamers go to and fro, all the day and all the year, like the shuttles of some mighty loom, whose web covers the whole surface of the globe. There is the London, not by any means despicable, of society and amusement, with its theatres, operas, music-halls, hotels, and restaurants. There is the London of art, of our galleries and museums, which contain treasures beyond price. There is the London of monuments, of cathedrals and churches, of palaces and forts. There is the London of government, which keeps its finger on the pulse of the universe. And, finally, there is the London of which I know so little, but wish I knew more, the London of the submerged millions, that mysterious, unknown, inscrutable London that always baffles and bewilders. These are all different Londons, and I dare say there are many more that may appeal to others who are in this room, each of them speaking with a different voice to a different heart, but each of them awaking an echo which this London Society ought to be able to answer.

Now one word as to what the future is likely to be. I suppose in looking to the future we are each of us justified in having our particular fancy, and in dreaming our own dreams. My dream of the London of the future is for the south of the river. On this side of the Thames I would keep for the most part the buildings and streets and squares, in so far as they deserve it, as they are now; but south of the river I would like to make, wherever possible, a clean sweep, and to have a large conception. I can see no particular beauty, although I dare say there is considerable profit, in frowning warehouses and grimy wharves; the mud flats of the Thames and the barges lying upon them leave me quite unmoved. I decline even to see any special symmetry in the Shot Tower. I would like to see a new city grow up in the future on the south of the river, a city in which the gray streets should be opened up and the gloomy tenements swept away, in which light and air and beauty should be let into those dark places.

And then if we were to make London on that side of the river beautiful and accessible—and it is neither now—is it a dream to imagine that some day in the future we might revive the life of the Thames? London as we know it is a city of streets and pavements and long avenues and a million houses; but London to our forefathers was a city of a single water-street, and that the Thames. The taxis of London in those days were its boats, the chauffeurs were the 3000 or 4000 watermen that plied upon its waters. And here again, if I may, let me give you a picture that is always coming into my mind. As I drive down the Embankment, I see the stately palaces of the nobles stretching along the river bank from St. Paul's almost to Westminster, with the palaces of the court intervening. And then, looking at the river itself, I see it alive with boats, great and small. I see the river barges—in one of which your predecessor, my lord mayor, no doubt showed himself to the crowd (indeed, I believe that up till 1857 the lord mayor's procession always took place by water). I see the painted barges of the nobility and well-to-do persons, and the boats of the middle classes rowing to and fro, with the women singing in them in the merry summer afternoon to the sound of guitars. I see the ceaseless life of this great city, conducted as it then was almost exclusively upon the water. Although it may be impossible to bring back that state of affairs, and although I grant that the penny steamboat is neither exactly beautiful nor musical, nor, I believe, profitable, yet at the same time I can not help thinking that if a new London were created on the south fit to match the London that already exists on the northern bank of the river, something might be done to revive the vanished river glories of the past.

One of the chief works of art in Mexico City is the bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV. It is called "The Iron Horse" and "The Little Horse." It stands in the Plaza de la Reforma. Visible from many directions, it serves for a landmark to visitors unacquainted with the southwestern part of the city. It was, according to Perry's "Mexico," the first important bronze statue made in America. Humboldt declared it the second finest equestrian statue in the world, the first being, in his opinion, that of Marcus Aurelius at Rome. It has ever been unpopular with the Mexicans. It has occupied several sites in the city, and its several removals have caused it to be dubbed "El Cabillito de Troya" (the Little Trojan Horse).

There are now nine and a half million wage-earning women in Germany, due to the urgent demand of the factories for female labor. The textile factories of Prussia and Saxony alone absorb 400,000 women, and women are also employed in the factories of Bavaria, Baden, Wuertemberg, Hesse, and Alsace-Lorraine. The artificial flower industry is altogether in women's hands, and they control the toy business to a very great extent. The clock-making industry of the Black Forest, the hand-weaving trades of Silesia, and the basket industry of Thuringia find work for multitudes of women.

Tortoise shell of the better quality defies imitation, and as a result it commands a high price, especially as the supply is falling off as the demand increases. A special lot recently sold in London for $75 a pound. The shell consists of thirteen overlapping plates, thinning off at the edge, and with a thickness rarely greater than one-eighth of an inch. It can be softened by heat and will retain any shape into which it is then formed.

COMRADE YETTA.

Albert Edwards Writes a Labor Novel of Jewish Life on the East Side of New York.

Mr. Albert Edwards convinces us that we know very little of life on the East Side of New York, and especially of that patient, pathetic, enduring life that reaches us from the ghettos of Europe. And we can learn very little of it from statistics or settlement reports, and even less from the stories of labor upheavals that are peculiarly associated with the garment trades. Life on the East Side is the logical continuation of that other life in Oriental Europe. It is saturated with the traditions, the poetry, and the sentiment of centuries of oppression, and we must know something of all these if we would hopefully approach the problem of America's new population. Perhaps Mr. Edwards has chosen the best of all forms for his purpose. Certainly he has given us a novel of an extraordinary interest, whether we look upon it only from the romantic point of view or as a contribution to a great social problem. He shows us the old Jewish bookseller of East Broadway, Benjamin Rayefsky, and his daughter Yetta, amid the closely packed shelves and the tomes that the old scholar loves almost too well to sell:

> Towards nine o'clock the little shop began to fill up. First of the regulars was a consumptive lad whose attention had been caught by an advertisement asserting that a certain encyclopædia was worth a university education. Lacking money to go to college or to acquire so large a set of books, he was reading one of these compendiums in Rayefsky's book store. He had reached the letter "R," and considered himself a junior. There were others who came for regular reading, but more came to talk—and to listen to Benjamin. At ten he would close Yetta's book and, putting his arm about her shoulders, begin his evening discourse. Generally his text was some phrase from his reading which had impressed him during the day. Before long the little girl's eyes would close and her head fall over on her father's shoulder.
>
> But one night he kept her awake. There was a wedding in progress across the street. It was his custom to talk directly to some person of his audience, and this night he addressed himself to Yetta. With poetic imagination he paraphrased the idyll of Ruth, Naomi, and Boaz, making of the story an interpretation of marriage for his daughter's guidance. Some time in the years to come a man would claim her, and against that time he taught her the vow that Ruth made to Naomi.
>
> "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."
>
> He made her repeat the vow over and over again in Hebrew until she knew it by heart.
>
> "It is with these words, my daughter," he said, "that you must greet the bridegroom."
>
> Much of the gentle wisdom which her father preached to the little shopful of listeners Yetta did not fully understand. But for nine years, from the time she was six till she reached fifteen, it was the lullaby to which, every night, she fell asleep, perched on her high stool, her head on his shoulder. Much of it sank in.

When Yetta's father dies she finds herself penniless, and there is nothing for her but to join the pitiful throng of women who toil over the machines in the sweater's den and mark the progress of the deadly cough that will be the end of their labors. For the Russian and Galician Jews, we are told, never change their occupation. Their mission, once chosen, is pursued to the end, no matter how unremunerative it may be:

> The psychology of the refugees from Russian and Galician Ghettos, who come to live among us, is very hard for us to understand. Above all, the Jew is marked by single-mindedness and consistency of purpose. We have our Anglo-Saxon tradition of compromise and confused issues. We have generally several irons in the fire. We shift easily—often flippantly—from one purpose to another. The Sémite, having once accepted a goal, is hard to divert.
>
> Coming to us, as most of them do, in abject poverty, it is small wonder that many a Jewish lad decides that the Holy Grail is made of American dollars. The surprising thing is the unswerving fidelity with which they follow the quest—a fidelity which is quite absent in the legends of King Arthur's English knights. It is the same no matter what ideal they choose. Just as the money grubber will deny himself necessary food and overwork his wife and children to amass a little capital, so the East Side poet will stick to writing rhymes in Yiddish, although it can never give him a decent living, and the Jewish Socialist will hold fast to his principles through starvation and persecution.

Yetta lives with her uncle and aunt, who rob her of her earnings, and it is when her cousin Rachel "goes wrong" that she gets her first insight into the miseries of East Side life. Rachel is driven from home, and then Yetta meets her in the street and learns her story—all of it that she can understand:

> At first everything had gone smoothly. She had taken a furnished room with the girl from her shop who had lent her the hat and white shoes for her first dance. "She had a crush on me," Rachel explained. They had a led a joyous but quite innocent life, working hard all day and two or three nights a week going to dances. As far as they knew how to choose they went to respectable places. Several men had paid court to Rachel. A clerk in a dry goods store on Sixth Avenue had been in love with her. He was serious. But he was earning very little, had a marriageable sister, and wanted to wait a couple of years. She had even become engaged to one man. At first, she said, she had "been crazy about him." She had let him kiss her and make pretty violent love to her. But after a while she saw he was "a spender," too free with his money—like her father. She did not want a man like that, so she had sent him about his business. Then her room-mate "got a crush" on another girl and left Rachel alone in the furnished room.
>
> "What can you do?"—she began to cry again—"when you aint got no place to have your friend call except a furnished room? All alone? A girl aint got no chance—all alone—like that."

Yetta is beautiful, and naturally the pit that has swallowed Rachel is yawning also for her. Harry Klein, otherwise Jake, Democratic clubman and white slaver, has his eye upon her, and through his hold upon Rachel he seeks to entrap her cousin. Rachel is unwilling to be used as a tool for Yetta's ruin, so Klein goes home with her in order to invoke the persuasions of her paramour against Rachel's conscience qualms:

> Rachel turned down the hall and opened a bedroom door. The air was even worse than in the parlor. A thin-chested youth of twenty-eight or so was asleep, lying across the bed on his face. The butt of a pistol stuck out of his hip pocket. His coat and vest and shirt were on the back of a chair, his shoes on the floor.
>
> "Charlie," Rachel called.
>
> There was no response. She approached the bed cautiously and gave a pull at his foot, jumping back out of reach as soon as she had touched him. There were a couple of angry grunts.
>
> "Charlie," she called again.
>
> He sat up with a roar of profanity.
>
> "How many times have I told you to leave me alone when I'm sleeping? I'll break your dirty face for you."
>
> "Jake's in the front room," she interrupted him. "Wants to see you."
>
> "Jake?" He lowered the hand he had raised to strike her. "What in Hell does he want?"
>
> "How do I know?"
>
> "You never know nothing," he growled sourly, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He shuffled down the hall in his stocking feet. When the great ones of the earth are waiting, you can not stop to put on shoes.
>
> "Hello, Blow Away," Jake said. "I've got something to say to you. Your bundle"—he indicated Rachel—"steered me up to a honey bunch this afternoon, named Yetta Rafesky. The little doll took my eye. See? She's Ray's cousin. I just want you to explain to her—as a favor to me—that she mustn't butt in. The less talking she does with her mouth the better it'll be. You'd better impress it on her, so she won't forget? See?"
>
> Charlie—alias Blow Away—saw. And Rachel saw. She cowered down in a corner and promised not to warn Yetta—if only they would not beat her. But it was a basic belief of these two gentlemen that "a beating is never wasted on a woman." . . . It was from this time that Rachel began to kill herself with "booze." She did not like to remember how she had betrayed Yetta. And drink helped her to forget.

But Yetta was not betrayed. Her good fortune saved her. Klein has already wholly enamored her when she persuades him to take her to the Skirt-Finishers' ball, where she meets Miss Train, the social worker, and her faithful attendant Longman. Klein sees the danger to his projects from her new friends and tries to persuade her from the hall:

> "Wait," she said. "I want to talk to Miss Train."
>
> In all that hostile environment, Miss Train's silent disdain had been the most outspoken. Harry would rather have had Yetta talk with Rachel. Rachel at least was afraid of him.
>
> "Come on," he growled, and jerked her nearer to the door.
>
> "No, no. I want to stop."
>
> "Don't you begin to holler," he hissed, with a rough jerk. He tried to subdue her with his hard eyes. "Come on. Don't you make no row. Don't you holler."
>
> They were close to the dark doorway now, and somehow Yetta could not find breath to scream out her fright. He pushed her roughly into the vestibule. But his progress came to a sudden stop. Some one caught him by the collar and swung him off his feet.
>
> "Not so fast, my man." It was Longman. "Where are you trying to take this young lady?"
>
> Harry's free hand made an instinctive movement toward his hip pocket, but Longman's hand got there first.
>
> "Oh, ho!" he said softly. "Concealed weapons?"
>
> Jake nearly wept with rage. He—the president of a political club, the dreaded leader of a murderous gang—held up in such a manner for the mockery of a lot of working men!
>
> "I asked you where you were taking this young lady," Longman repeated.
>
> "I brought her here," Jake snarled, trying desperately to regain his *sang froid.* "I guess I can take her away when she's tired of the show."
>
> "Yes. Of course you can take her away, if she wants to go. But you can't if she doesn't. I didn't catch your name," he continued, turning to Yetta, "but I'd be very glad to see you safely home, whenever you want to go. Would you prefer to go with me or with this——" he looked first at the wilted desperado in his grip and then at the little circle of men who gathered about. "He's a cadet, isn't he, comrades?"
>
> There was a growl of assent.
>
> "You aint going to throw me down now, are you, Yetta," Jake pleaded, the thought of losing her suddenly undoing what he considered his manhood, "just because this gang has picked on me?"
>
> "Of course you can go with him if you want to," Longman said kindly. "But really I think you'd better not. You won't do much for freedom if you go with him."
>
> "I'll stay," Yetta said simply.
>
> And then Jake began to curse and threaten.
>
> "Shut up," Longman said laconically, and Jake obeyed.
>
> "Here," he continued to some of the men, "hand him over to the police. Be careful; he's got a gun in his pocket. Make a charge of 'concealed weapons.' And—what is your name?—Rafesky. Thanks. Miss Train wanted to speak to you—that's why I happened along just now. Won't you come and we'll find her."

Yetta had been persuaded to make a speech for "freedom" at the ball, and was now alive with the virus of social discontent. Her career as an agitator has begun and it needs only the final scene at the machine shop to send her into her new life:

> So when the short lull was over, the women took their places about the table. Hardly five minutes had passed when a paroxysm of coughing checked Mrs. Cohen's hands, and the work began to pile up. Yetta broke her thread, and by the time she had mended it Mrs. Cohen had caught up. Jake, hearing the stop, came to the door, but, seeing that Yetta was to blame, went back without speaking. Within half an hour Yetta had to break her thread again. But Mrs. Cohen was past the aid of such momentary rests. Before three the crisis came. She let go her work and dropped her head on her hands, horribly shaken by sobs and coughs. Yetta, feeling that she had helped to kill the woman, stopped her machine. Jake rushed out into the shop.
>
> "*Wos hat da passiert?*" he demanded of Yetta, nervous and angry. "Did your thread break again?"
>
> "No," Yetta said. "I stopped."
>
> "Stopped?" he repeated in amazement.
>
> "Yes. I stopped. It's a shame. Mrs. Cohen is sick and can't keep up."
>
> Jake was only too glad to find some one else to vent his vile temper upon. He ran around the table and grabbed Mrs. Cohen roughly by the shoulder.
>
> "You're fired," he shrieked. "I've had too much from you. You're the slowest woman here. Now you stop the whole table. You're fired."
>
> "No, you don't, Mr. Goldfogle," Yetta cried, as excited as he was. "You don't fire her without you fire me too. See? Aint you got no heart? She's killed herself working for you. You ought to take care of her now she's sick."
>
> "Vot you tink?" he wailed. "Is it a hospital or a factory I'm running?"
>
> "If it's a slaughter-house, Jake Goldfogle, I won't work in it."

So Yetta leaves the machine shop and seeks refuge with Miss Train, who persuades her to tell her story to the advisory council then in session. Then Yetta asks:

> "Ought I to tell them about Harry Klein?"
>
> The roomful of women—ease-loving, worldly women—also turned to Mahel to catch her answer. They had fallen silent under the spell of Yetta's simple eloquence. Some of them Mahel detested. It seemed almost sacrilegious to let this unsophisticated girl strip her soul naked before them. But she saw that Yetta was moving them more deeply than she ever could.
>
> "It hasn't anything to do with the strike," she said after a slight hesitation. "You don't need to tell it—if you'd rather not."
>
> "Please tell us."
>
> It was Mrs. Karner who had spoken. Yetta had felt that she was the friendliest of all these fine ladies. She had found encouragement in her eyes whenever she had looked at her. So taking a deep breath, she had plunged in.
>
> "You see, it was just luck—if it hadn't been for luck, I'd have gone wrong—just like Rachel."
>
> She began with the night when she had watched the Settlement dance from her window. With the wonderful cleverness of self-forgetfulness she made them feel how her heart had hungered for a little happiness; how, although she had wanted very much to be good, she had reached out her hands, pleadingly, toward the dream of joy. She made them understand how the deadening barrenness of the sweat-shop had made it easy for her to believe in Harry Klein, how he had come to her singing the Song of Songs—like a Prince in Shining Armor riding forth to rescue her from the Giant Greed. Even the fat Mrs. Van Cleave was crying behind her lorgnette when Yetta told of her first supper with Harry.
>
> "You see," she ended, "it's mostly against things like that that we girls strike. We may think it's for higher wages or shorter hours, but it's because it's so hard for a poor girl to be happy."
>
> Mrs. Karner jumped up and put her arms around Yetta and kissed her and cried against her cheek.

Yetta is now fully started on her career of socialist and agitator. She acts as picket for the garment workers' strike and is arrested for assaulting a detective whom she sees in the act of kicking a woman:

> Yetta—to use a phrase of melodrama—"saw red." Something happened in her brain. Her rather Platonic conviction of a few minutes before that somebody ought to kill the brute, was changed into a passionate, throbbing desire to do it herself.
>
> Just as his foot found its goal in Mrs. Muscovitz's side, Pick-Axe felt the sudden impact of Yetta's whole weight. It was more of a spring than a rush. As far as she had any idea, she wanted to choke him. The sudden jolt bowled him over—he was standing on one foot—and as he fell his head came down on the stone paving with a sickening thud. If it had not been for his heavy cap, the blow might have cracked his skull. As it was it stunned him. His face turned very white. The scab ran up the street too frightened to look back.
>
> "I hope he's dead," Yetta said with tight-clenched fists.
>
> But Mrs. Muscovitz felt his heart and shook her head.
>
> "Sure?" Yetta asked.
>
> "Yes. His heart's beating. Feel it yourself."
>
> "I wouldn't touch the snake with my foot," Yetta said; "come on."
>
> "Nobody but the scab seen us," Mrs. Muscovitz said.
>
> "Come on," Yetta repeated. "Let's go to headquarters."

Yetta is sentenced to the workhouse for ten days, and would have served the full rigors of her term but for the society women who are interested in her, and who, of course, are able easily to invoke the powers of a "free press" upon any side they please:

> Yetta and Mrs. Van Cleave divided the first column the next morning. In the two and three-cent papers Yetta got most of the space, in the one-cent papers the proportions were reversed. But Yetta's story, more or less diluted with descriptions of Mrs. Van Cleave's drawing-room and gown and diamond tiara—she had given the newspaper men a few minutes as she was leaving for the opera—was read by almost everybody in Greater New York. Yetta was invariably described as little, in several cases as only thirteen. Pick-Axe was ordinarily spoken of as an ex-prize-fighter—a libel on the profession, which can at least boast of physical courage.
>
> Among others who read the story was the commissioner of correction. He called up the warden of the workhouse.
>
> "That jackass, Cornett, has stirred up hell down at Essex Market. Seen the papers? Well, there'll be fifteen hundred reporters bothering you this morning, trying to interview this Rafesky girl. Don't let them. But they'll get at her when she comes out; she'll be telling her impressions of prison life to everybody. Give her some snap. Feed her. Damn her soul, don't give her no chance to kick. See?"
>
> It was about nine o'clock when this message crossed the wire. A few minutes later the warden entered the women's wing of the workhouse. There were about fifty prisoners on their knees, scrubbing the stone floor.
>
> "Yetta Rafesky."
>
> She got up in surprise and came towards him, wondering what new thing they were going to do to her.
>
> "Know anything about children?" he asked.
>
> Yetta was too much surprised by the question to answer.
>
> "Well," he said, "you don't look like you'd cut their throats. My wife needs a nurse. Come on."
>
> "Aint you got any clothes that fits her?" he asked the matron at the door. "Clean ones. Don't want things like that in the house. Wash her up. We don't want hugs. And send her over right away."
>
> "Gee," the matron said with sudden, cringing respect. "Why didn't you tell me you had a pull?"

Here we must leave Yetta before her story is halfway done. Yetta is a problem not to be solved by aphorisms, for Yetta in herself is the history of a thousand years. She is the Old World opening amazed and disquieted eyes upon the new. She represents the oppressions and the repressions of ages. She is the explosion of energies pent up during cycles of ghetto life in the ugly corners of Europe. And in convincing us of the reality of the problem furnished by the Yettas of our great cities the author has written a page of social and economic discussion not lightly to be dismissed nor easily to be forgotten.

Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

'Twixt Land and Sea.

Mr. Joseph Conrad is the only writer of sea stories who makes his characters as varied and as interesting as the sea itself. And in this he departs from all the traditions that have filled our sea stories with physical heroisms and hardihoods, or with the colorless sentiment that is called heart interest. In this volume we have three short stories that show Mr. Conrad at his best. He writes as one to whom the ocean life is the normal life, and therefore we are spared all that irritating nautical jargon with which the average landsman writer tries to impress us and fails. They are stories of human beings who happen to live on or about the sea, human beings with the same subtleties of passion as ourselves, but it is passion with a nautical setting. In other words, Mr. Conrad's emphasis is upon human character, which is the same all the world over, but which in this case shows itself through a maritime medium. There is no exaggeration in saying that they are the best sea stories that have been written.

'TWIXT LAND AND SEA. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

August Strindberg.

Here we have two plays by the Swedish dramatist, "Miss Julia" and "The Stronger," and they are preceded by an author's preface explanatory not only of these particular dramas, but of much else from Mr. Strindberg's pen. Simple brains, he says, will be offended by the mingling of motives by which his characters are actuated. Lovers of the commonplace ask for simplicity of motive. If a suicide is committed it must be attributed to bad business, or unrequited love, or crushed hopes. But never to all of them. And yet it is always the mingling of motives that we should seek. Miss Julia's sad fate is due to heredity, character, the circumstances of the moment, the dance, the night shadows, and the perfume of the flowers. Miss Julia is the man-hating, half-woman who may have existed always, but is now beginning to make a noise, the woman who never gives herself, but always exacts a price. These are good examples of the Strindberg plays, well translated by Edwin Björkman and conveniently presented.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Beauty Darling.

There are plenty of stories of the girls who never get a chance, and who seem to be as helplessly doomed by fate as a gnat in the ocean. Perhaps it is well that the problem should be brought home to us by fiction, and certainly this has never been done better than by Dolf Wyllarde in "The Career of Beauty Darling." Poor Beauty is the adopted daughter of an honest country woman who gives a few weeks' board and lodging to a rascally artist and is repaid by the ruin of the girl. Beauty runs away from home and goes to London, where she secures a chorus engagement, and then the descent into hell becomes even easier than nature has already made it. If Beauty had only been of a coarser grain she would have extracted at least some material benefits from her frailties, but she could not do even that. As old Dr. Hardinge says when he learns of Beauty's inevitable and uncompensated plight: "Such a perfect piece of flesh and blood that men could not leave it alone, but must needs spoil it as soon as may be. Oh! these girls! How they make our hearts ache when they are strong, and make us hold our breath when they are weak." And the worst of it is that nothing can be done for the Beauty Darlings.

THE CAREER OF BEAUTY DARLING. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30 net.

Mark Twain.

Three heavy volumes of biography from any lesser writer than Albert Bigelow Paine or with any lesser hero than Mark Twain would be somewhat dreadful. Even as it is we are tempted to remember that Mark Twain wrote his own autobiography, beside quite a number of books that were autobiographical in their nature. He was never at his best—perhaps he was even at his worst—in dealing with his own life story and this may explain the fact that a few pages of Mr. Paine's work are enough not only to insure the reading of all other pages, but to satisfy us that we have here a good work well done.

The life of Mark Twain was certainly an extraordinary one, and it will seem more extraordinary to European than to American readers. To a large extent it was typical of the day in which he lived, a day that has by no means disappeared. A vast new world with its wealth of unexplored possibilities conduces to a frequent change of employment in response to the beckoning finger of opportunity. Mark Twain's career, from journalism in Missouri to piloting on the Mississippi, then to the gold fields of California, back to newspaper work and authorship, and so to fame and fortune, is no unusual one in America. What is unusual is the fact that he himself remained the same through it all, making no concessions to convention, and faithful always to a philosophy that bade him obey his instincts. Mark Twain never changed his writing to suit his audience. Nothing ever suggests a shifting of the sails to catch the wind. He was notably indifferent to the feminine censorship over literature that it became fashionable to recognize, and he certainly never suffered for his refusal to make obeisance to the movements and tendencies of the moment.

Mr. Paine is to be congratulated on the restraint that marks his own estimate of his hero's place in the esteem of the world. He seems to recognize that Mark Twain's work is of uneven value and that while some of it is superlatively good there are parts that it would have been better to leave undone. Probably there are some three or four of his books that will be read in fifty years' time and the rest will be forgotten. Certainly posterity will not hail him as a sage or a philosopher or as one who has added substantially to the thought of the world. Posterity will do as we have done. It will laugh consumedly, and it will value a racy picture of a national type that must inevitably disappear with population and sophistication. And perhaps Mr. Paine has done almost as much as Mark Twain himself to preserve that picture.

The temptation to quote from the vivid pages is a strong one, but it must be resisted. Indeed it is all quotable, and a selection would be impossible. That the author was intimately associated with Mark Twain, and that he obtained his material from his own lips is a guaranty not only of authenticity, but also of much novelty and originality. It must suffice to say that the task has been done thoroughly well and that the work is delightful to read and to possess.

MARK TWAIN. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers; 3 vols., $7 net.

Mr. Masefield's Poems.

Every one who reads poetry at all reads Mr. Masefield, and all that Mr. Masefield writes, and as much of it as possible at a single setting. Mr. Masefield—be it said respectfully—is a sort of poetical thug. He assails you with violence, holds you by the throat, shakes you until your emotions rattle together. But when you recover your self-possession you wonder if this is really and truly art, or only assault and battery; whether you have been reading poetry or only rhyme suffering under a brutal enchantment.

Surely poetry ought to be beautiful, but here we have nearly two hundred pages describing the adventures at sea of an art-ridden sailor with a passion for painting pictures when not otherwise engaged in navigation. The following is a fair sample:

The boatswain caught the Dauber with "Now, you.
Till now I've spared you, damn you, now you
hark,
I've just had hell for what you didn't do.
I'll have you broke and sent among the crew
If you get me more trouble by a particle.
Don't you forget, you daubing, useless article,
You thing, you twice-laid thing from Port Mahon."
Then came the cook's "Is that the Dauber there?
Why don't you leave them stinking paints alone?
They stink the house out, poisoning all the air.
Just take them out." "Where to?" "I don't care
where.
I won't have stinking paints here." From their
plates,
"That's right; wet paint breeds fever," growled
his mates.

Sometimes Mr. Masefield gives us the perfection of rollicking rhyme, as, for example, in his "Captain Stratton's Fancy":

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are
fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a
wench;
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the
bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well
sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the
tongue;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for
sucking at the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

There need be no doubt that Mr. Masefield can win and keep his audience, so perhaps a precise classification of his work does not matter.

THE STORY OF A ROUND HOUSE. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.30 net.

The West Wind.

Cyrus Townsend Brady in this volume gives us an unusually good story of Indian fighting in Wyoming. The book opens with the murder of Amy Benham's father by a half-breed and who abducts the girl and then seeks safety from pursuit among the Indians. Of course there is a quick search for the missing girl and a thoroughly exciting yarn comes to an end with her rescue and certain sentimental episodes not unforeseen from the start.

THE WEST WIND. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

The Voice.

Margaret Deland tells an acceptable story of the love affair between the daughter of an old Irvingite who lived always in pathetic expectation of hearing "voices," and the Rev. John Fenn, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Old Chester. We are not much enamored with the Rev. John Fenn, and we are almost tempted to wish that Philippa had made the poisonous love potion a litle stronger while she was about it. But perhaps the young couple lived happily ever after, as the author evidently intended.

THE VOICE. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

Helen of Troy.

This little volume of 115 pages contains about eighty poems, many of them having already appeared in magazine form. That the author has a marked gift of musical expression needs no statement, but we grow a little tired of the introspective vein and of the self-analysis that coins every vagrant personal sentiment into rhyme.

HELEN OF TROY. By Sara Teasdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Call of Jesus to Joy," by William Elliot Griffis, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents net), is one of those ecstatic little volumes now so numerous and which appeal to the emotions rather than to the reason.

"Immortality and Modern Thought," by Watson Boone Duncan (Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net), is a defense of the doctrine of immortality, somewhat marred by an identification of immortality with one particular form of religious belief, whereas it is to be found equally, and with equal authority in all forms.

Every boy with journalistic ambitions should read "Fred Spencer, Reporter," by Henry M. Neely (Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net). It is the story of a young telegraph operator of eighteen who gets his chance and makes good. The author knows the newspaper world, and his "local color" is both vivid and accurate.

The Bergson philosophy being now in the air, there should be a welcome for a little volume entiled "The Introduction to a New Philosophy," a translation of "Introduction à la Métaphysique," by Professor Bergson, and which first appeared in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*. The translation is by Sidney Littman and the publishers are John W. Luce & Co. ($1 net).

Those who love to read plays may find something acceptable in "The Waters of Bitterness" and "The Clodhopper," by S. M. Fox, issued in one volume by Duffield & Co. as an addition to the Plays of Today and Tomorrow series. Mr. Fox takes the foibles as well as the pathos of modern society as his text. He shows us the middle-aged woman of no importance who falls in love, as well as those other dreadful women who are "up to date," and keen, and unsentimental, and unmatrimonial. It is clever work.

THE LONG CONTINUED POPULARITY
OF
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EXTENDING OVER 50 YEARS, IS OF ITSELF CONVINCING PROOF THAT THE PREFERENCE GIVEN TO IT BY THE PEOPLE IS FOUNDED UPON ITS SUPERIOR QUALITY, ABSOLUTE PURITY, AND UNIFORM EXCELLENCE
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The White House
In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.
Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

What the Windmill Did for Holland

Forms one of the most interesting chapters in history. The thrifty Hollander could not stand idly by and see so much good land going to waste, simply because it was covered with water. He installed the lusty windmill and set it at the work of reclamation. He built dykes at the same time, and in time poured a nice little ocean back into the salty deep with the aid of his lusty windmill. There were no electric pumps in those good old days, but the Hollander got along. The wind blows pretty steadily up in that part of the world, so his windmill with its huge sails worked constantly. About all the attention it required was some oil now and then when it began to squeak and keep the family awake at night, or a new piece of canvas for a sail.

Where once the sea encroached are now splendid farms of surprising fertility. So much for the good old windmill.

But here in California the mill would be but a toy compared with the splendid pumping equipment now so commonly in use by the farmer, whether for the purpose of irrigating or reclaiming. Electric power is coming to the front with marvelous rapidity, and the demand for that energy has grown so fast in the last few years that it surprises even the most enthusiastic producers of electric power.

One section serves as a good illustration. In the year 1910 there were only five horsepower motors around the city of Woodland driving irrigating pumps. Today there are in both irrigating and reclamation work not less than 2500 horsepower ready at a moment's notice to respond, through the Woodland sub-station of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, to the demands of the farmer.

In the homes, in the stores—in fact, in any walk of life—either in a social or business way, there is an increased demand for electric current.

Woodland's new sub-station, which grew out of a visit of inspection by John Britton in 1910, begun last year and recently finished, is one of the handsomest structures of the kind in northern California. It is built of reinforced concrete, finished in Mission style, and when the landscape gardener has completed his work it will be a landmark of which Yolo County may well be proud. Mr. Britton recognized the fact that a larger and more modern plant must be erected, for, with the steady increase of population, the demand for "Pacific Service" promised to tax the plant to its utmost before a great while.

So a tract of land was purchased, just without the city limits, and today Woodland has a new electric sub-station, architecturally handsome, and perfect in its up-to-date equipment. Cost was the least consideration. "Build well and build for the future," was the command. The plant represents an outlay of many thousands of dollars, but the faith in the future of that district has been amply justified by the increase of population and consequent increase of business. The city of Woodland, surrounded by some of the richest land in California, has grown from a town of 4000 inhabitants in 1910, to one of 5000 inhabitants. The call for electric power and lighting has taxed the company's resources to keep pace with the demand. An idea of this growth is contained in a previous paragraph.

"Pacific Service"—which includes electricity, gas, and water—now serves two-thirds of California's population, and covers thirty of the state's fifty-eight counties.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at
Robertson's
222 STOCKTON ST.
Union Square San Francisco

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Story of San Francisco.

Mr. John P. Young is to be congratulated upon a story of San Francisco that is likely to hold the field for a generation to come. Printed upon over a thousand pages and divided into two handsomely bound volumes it is evident after even the most cursory examination that we have here a record as detailed as the most fastidious can wish and of an accuracy that is never marred by partisan feeling or by the prejudices from which few historians are exempt when writing of their own times. Mr. Young's position as editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* for a quarter of a century is a peculiarly favorable one for the collection and the marshaling of facts. His temperament, alike cautious, judicial, and critical, is a guaranty of their proper presentation. The result is a work of unimpeachable veracity and written with a detachment that ought to, but does not always, distinguish the modern historian.

Mr. Young begins at the beginning—that is to say, with Balboa's march across the Isthmus of Darien in 1513. But it was over two centuries later before there was any real recognition of the advantages of San Francisco Bay, a fact sufficiently curious in view of the admitted need of just such a port. Even Arguello, who seems to have had a keen eye for physical advantages, lays no stress upon the characteristics of the bay and barely mentions it in his report made in 1825. Not until Figueroa reserved all land grants around Yerba Buena cove does there seem to have been any official recognition of its value, but with that recognition may be said to have come the birth of San Francisco.

It would be impossible to follow Mr. Young through his well-told story that stretches now in orderly sequence until its last page, which brings us to the end of the year 1912. Every phase of the city's growth finds its adequate record and with a pleasing avoidance of the emphasis that lesser writers place upon personalities. The story of the fire is presented with an absence of heroics, with a studious attention to detail, that are beyond praise. But the narrative of the graft prosecutions is a task of much more formidable difficulty, and the reader will turn to this section as to a supreme test of the author's ability. It is a test successfully passed. Mr. Young avoids the rocks of partisan criticism by his wholly unpartisan attitude, and by a strict adherence to accuracy that disarms all hostile comment. Every shade of political opinion that is in search of the facts, and of all the facts, will find them here.

It is impossible to compile a history of San Francisco that is not also, to a certain degree, a history of California, and no doubt the author is right when he says that the difficulties of condensation and of equilibrium were considerable. Certainly he has faced them successfully. The background of the larger history of the state is always in view, but is never obtrusive, nor is it allowed to encroach upon the stage centre reserved for the metropolis.

It may be said in conclusion that the volumes are well and profusely illustrated and with a wise choice of the views that have historical value. The table of contents is lengthy and well set forth, while side heads all through the text facilitate the work of the searcher. But the index in some respects is curiously faulty and inaccurate, a defect that should be remedied in subsequent editions.

San Francisco: The Pacific Coast Metropolis. By John P. Young. Two volumes. San Francisco: S. J. Clarke Publishing Company; $27.50.

Creative Evolution.

The Bergson philosophy is now so well known that it is hardly necessary to do more than draw attention to this authorized translation by Dr. Arthur Mitchell. While we may question if "Creative Evolution" is actually the revolutionary portent that some have acclaimed it, it remains an astonishingly clear piece of reasoning, a delight to the mind that admits order and logic even though it leaves that mind unconvinced. That the Bergson theories would throw most of the philosophies of the world upon the scrapheap is no argument against their validity. The philosophic scrapheap is not nearly so large as it ought to be, but none the less we may as well recognize that the distinguished author is in a minority of about one.

A survey of the Bergson philosophy would be out of place in the narrow limits of a book review, but there is one difficulty that seems to be almost aggressively evident. The author tells us that evolution in its every phase of manifestation springs from a single evolutionary impulse or stream which ramifies into realities as we know them. But at the same time he seems to exclude matter from that initial stream and to leave it not only upon one side, but inert and unchanging. In other words, matter affects life, but is unaffected by life, and, in a sense, remains unaccounted for.

We shall certainly hear more of the Bergson philosophy. It has all the magnetic qualities of brilliant novelty, and whether or not we allow ourselves to be seduced from the old paths, our admiration for a work of real power will be none the less.

Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $2.50.

New Books Received.

The Invaders. By Frances Newton Symmes Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Miss Mystery. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Mischief Maker. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

A Make-Shift Marriage. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The King's Blue Riband. By Beth Ellis. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Princess Athura. By Samuel W. Odell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Empery. By Samuel A. White. New York: Outing Publishing Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Tommy Tregennis. By Mary E. Phillips. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net.

A Cornish story.

The Isle of Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35 net.

A novel.

A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots. By Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

A novel.

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.40 net.

A novel.

Stephen March's Way. By H. H. Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Candid Adventurer. By Anna Coleman Ladd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

A Step on the Stair. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A short story.

The Debt. By William Westrup. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Serpent's Tooth. By B. M. Croker. New York: Brentano's; $1.35 net.

A novel.

A Superman in Being. By Litchfield Woods. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

A Modern Heloise. By Alfred Buchanan. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Turn of the Sword. By C. MacLean Savage. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel of old Japan.

Tackling Matrimony. By George Lee Burton. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A story.

The Increasing Needs of a Nation. By J. Abbott Cantrell, M. D. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

A consideration of some social problems.

What Is New Thought? By Charles Brodie Patterson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net.

An exposition of New Thought by a leader in the movement.

Household Science and Arts. By Josephine Morris. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

A two years' course in domestic science.

Martha of California. By James Otis. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A reader for the fourth year.

What Children Study and Why. By Charles B. Gilbert. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; $1.50.

A discussion of educational values in the elementary course of study.

The Joys of Living. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.25 net.

Issued in the Marden Efficiency Books.

The Progressive Business Man. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net.

Issued in the Marden Efficiency Books.

The Exceptional Employee. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net.

Issued in the Marden Efficiency Books.

The Free Life. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net.

Based upon a baccalaureate address at Princeton University.

Daughters of Dawn. By Bliss Carman and Mary Perry King. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net.

A lyrical pageant or series of historic scenes for presentation with music and dancing.

George Macdonald Stories for Little Folks—The Princess and the Goblin. Simplified by Elizabeth Lewis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 50 cents net.

With colored illustrations.

A Handbook of Norse Mythology. By Kate Mortesen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

Translated from the Danish by H. Clinton Crowell.

An English Cathedral Journey. By Kate F. Kimball. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50 net.

Including the cathedrals of Canterbury, Rochester, Lincoln, Salisbury, and others.

Harper's Household Handbook. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A guide to easy ways of doing woman's work.

Car Troubles. By Harold Whiting Slauson, M. E. New York: Harper & Brothers; 25 cents net.

An alphabetical classification of motor troubles, with their remedies.

Sinopah, the Indian Boy. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.10 net.

The early life of a Blackfoot Indian boy.

A Catechism of Life. By Alice Mary Buckton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

A catechism for the use of parents.

The Third Part of Henry the Sixth. Edited by Robert Adger Law, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

The Life and Teachings of Jesus. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., Litt. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in the Historical Bible.

With the Turks in Thrace. By Ashmead-Bartlett. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3 net.

The story of the retreat of the Turk from the map of Europe.

Problems of the Pacific. By Frank Fox. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2 net.

Will the Pacific belong to the white or to the yellow race?

Among Famous Books. By John Kelman, D. D. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.50 net.

A survey of the literary field from the gods of Greece to Mr. Chesterton.

The Sea and the Jungle. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50 net.

The record of a journey up the Amazon.

Lost in the Arctic. By Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen. New York: George H. Doran Company; $5 net.

The story of the *Alabama* expedition, 1909-1912.

Cymbeline. Edited by Will D. Howe, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50 net.

A biography.

Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life. By Berthold Litzmann. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $8 net.

Based on material found in diaries and letters. Translated and abridged from the fourth edition by Grace E. Hadow.

In Beaver World. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75 net.

An account of the beaver.

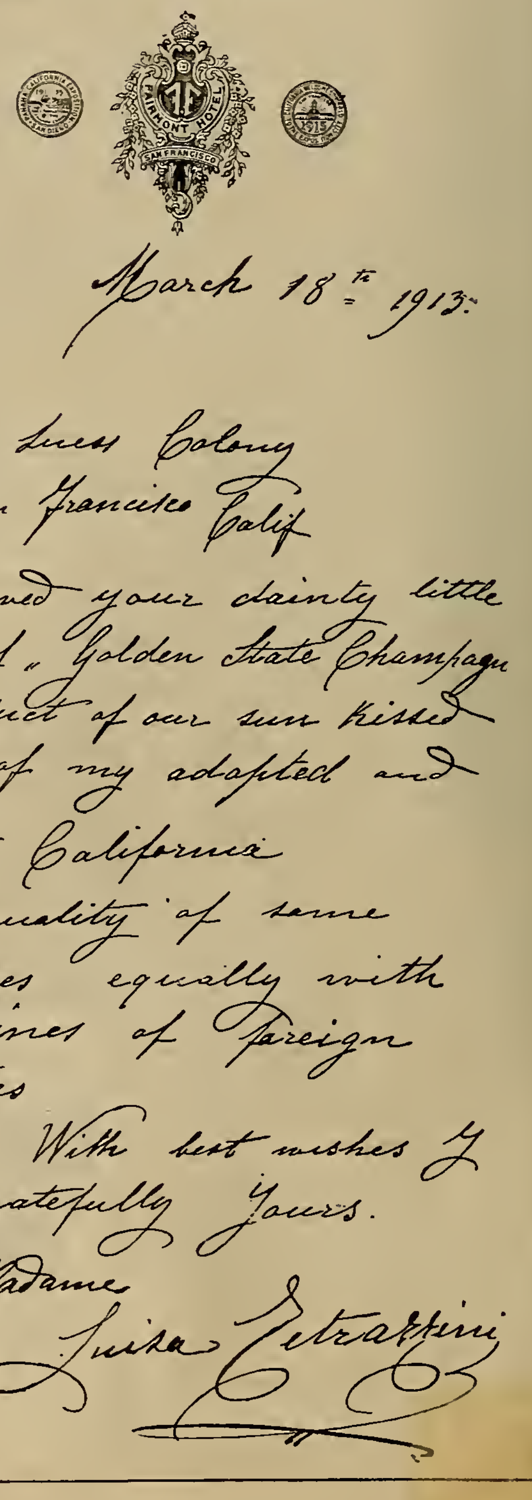
The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2 net.

An autobiography.

◆

Mr. Henry P. Bowie has in the March issue of *Scribner's Magazine* an interesting article on "The Essential Principles of Japanese Painting." It appeals to the general reader hardly less than to those who find the greatest attractions in the work of artists. Mr. Bowie's volume on Japanese art has met with a cordial reception in all circles where its value as well as its fascination is recognized.

TETRAZZINI SINGS THE PRAISE OF
GOLDEN STATE EXTRA DRY
CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE



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March 18th 1913.

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Received your dainty little basket of „Golden State Champagn a product of our sun kissed valleys of my adapted and beloved California

The quality of same campares equally with the wines of Foreign countries

With best wishes I am gratefully Yours.

Madame
Luisa Tetrazzini

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, THE LYRIC LAD.

"The Isle o' Dreams" is an echo from the mouldering past. Its cause for being is due to the fact that Chauncey Olcott is another echo. The play was written for him, because, being an echo, he requires to be especially fitted with a play, according to his qualifications, as a man's coat is fitted to his back. Modern drama would not suit him, and, therefore, along comes Rida Johnson Young, a playwright of purely mechanical talent, who obligingly renounces the Vision, and turns out plays to order, much as a meat-cutter turns out minced meat.

"The Isle o' Dreams" is a play that is founded on the traditions of the Boucicault drama. Its central figure, or hero, is supposed to be a Boucicault sort of personage, with charm, magnetism, and a tuneful voice. Characters from the peasantry of Ireland need to be much in evidence, and at frequent intervals, across the thread of the drama, there flashes the decorative presence of "the quality." There is always a castle in the background, and inevitably a scene the action of which centres around a mighty cliff, looking seawards. At this secluded spot each and every character in the play eventually holds rendezvous. The Irish hero must be a likely lad, with a ready wit, a blarneying tongue, and "a way wid the wimmen." All that is necessary for the heroine to do is to be pretty and romantic. Background and situation do the rest.

With these suggestions provided by tradition, Rida Johnson Young has turned out a play which fits Chauncey Olcott to a T, and Henry Miller has provided an excellent cast, and a picturesque *mise-en-scène*. Mr. Olcott's well-preserved tenor—albeit a little suggestive of cold storage—has not acquired a single sharp edge, and at reasonable intervals he pours forth an old-fashioned lyric which tickles the ears pleasantly, and, if you are receptive to gentle suggestions of old-fashioned sentiment, pleasingly titivates the susceptibilities.

The story, of course, makes not the faintest pretense to plausibility; that is to say, in the handling of the situations in which Mr. Olcott figures, in which comedy and sentiment are judiciously mingled, in the same spirit in which a cook sugars and spices her culinary confections. There is, of course, a reasonable adherence to the tradition of sentimental melodrama, in the scenes that centre about the presence of the English officers, and the pursuit of the spy, but the sentimental melodramatic comedy of thirty or forty years ago, upon which "The Isle o' Dreams" is founded, always unhesitatingly sacrificed the probabilities to the hero's comedy scenes.

Mr. Olcott assumes the rôle of Ivor Kelway, a likely lad, and one of the fishermen on the Isle o' Dreams. His presumable mother keeps the tap-room on the island, and the two lead the usual exciting life incidental to tap-rooms in lonely Irish villages of the drama of the past. Ivor is the kind of youth whose arm shoots out spasmodically in the embracing posture, whenever his womenkind approach him, and his old foster-mother, or mother by adoption, adores him, and spends an inconveniently large amount of her time clasped in his filial embrace.

As it turns out, the boy, who, with his mother, was shipwrecked on that coast during his toddling years, is a scion of one of the proudest families of Ireland. This lofty origin is supposed to account in part for the unexpressed but undoubted partiality of Kathleen O'Doon, of Castle O'Doon, for the humble fisher lad.

The parish priest has fortuitously provided Ivor with an education, so that when the stately Colonel McFarlan, commanding officer of the English forces on the *Sea-Gull*, which mysteriously anchors at the lonely isle, turns out, through various unravelings developed in the story, to be Ivor's brother, we are supposed to heave a sigh of relief that Ivor is, in the matter of his a b c's, entirely up to his high estate.

Through devotion to Kathleen, Ivor has gotten into trouble by helping her brother—a spy under Napoleon—to escape, but everything is happily cleared up, and the youth, thus fortunately endowed with family and fortune, resolves—so he says, although no one in the audience believes him for an instant—to remain a poor fisherman on the Isle o' Dreams.

"The Isle o' Dreams" therefore, as may be seen from this outline, is the sort of thing to which an inner voice is perpetually singing that old lay, "Fairy Tales!" We are not at all taken in. We feel that Chauncey Olcott is Chauncey Olcott playing a part, and not Ivor Kelway. When Mona, the "innocent," bursts wild-eyed into the tap-room, and, while the wind outside gives a banshee sort of a wail, utters half-wild and half-prophetic words, we say to ourselves patronizingly, "The little girl does that rather well! I see Henry Miller's stage directorship there."

We don't realize, by the way, that this prompt evocation of Henry Miller's image is partly due to family resemblance, until later we find on the programme that Mona's name is Agnes Heron Miller.

When, later, the door, after alarming knockings, opens to admit some stately and gorgeous British officers and a couple of marines, we feel a dimly familiar sensation, as if we were reliving the mazes of an old dream, and the Boucicault drama, as revived by tuneful Denis O'Sullivan, comes back to us again.

The British officers are the traditional enemies of the Irish peasantry, therefore there is a very disagreeable lieutenant, who pounds the table, shouts, and hectors, and domineers, and makes himself generally obnoxious.

Ivor, who is under arrest for conniving at the escape of the spy, of course impales this officer on the point of his Irish wit, and of course the lieutenant, in spite of an explosive temper, miraculously continues to allow him the stage centre.

The colonel, however, as he is destined to be the long unknown and far-distant brother of the popular waif of the seas, is manufactured into a stately and chivalrous personage, courteous, kind, and tactful. This rôle is played by David Glassford, who has evidently been carefully chosen by the astute Henry Miller because of a fine person, and a patrician presence.

There are, indeed, evidences all through the cast of that carefulness in the selection of the players which contributes to Henry Miller's success as a stage director. His daughter, for instance, is perfect in appearance for the rôle of Mona, and, although the character has no real vraisemblances, goes through her big-eyed phases of wildness quite in the traditional manner.

The choleric officer, played by Walter Colligan, is a good selection. So is the athletic Lanty, as played by Tello Webb, the lazy, ragged mendicant, with his face of Irish impudence. Even the French priest, small though the rôle is, is given a suggestion of foreignness, of difference, by Everett Lansing.

Alfred Moore's Father John has the kind and genial manner of a popular parish priest, and all the small peasant parts are neatly and carefully represented, and equipped with the best of brogues.

And talking of brogues, the star brogue in the piece, if we except that of Mr. Olcott, is spoken by Mrs. Jennie Lamont, who gives an excellent and really naturalistic representation of Mother Kelway, Ivor's foster-mother, It is, indeed, the only character that strikes the note of reality.

Miss Edith Browning presents a picturesque-looking but highly artificial Kathleen O'Doon, and J. C. King, as the spy brother, goes her one better in the matter of artificiality. However, one does not need to condemn artificiality in artificial rôles, and the couple look young and comely, locked in the prolonged and profoundly affectionate embraces in which brothers and sisters on the stageland of the past—and only there—are wont to indulge.

Mr. Olcott himself, along with his light tenor, has managed to preserve a youthful temperament. His blue eyes and amiable mouth have a sort of guilelessness of expression, but it is something of a strain on the imagination to fit him into the part of young Ivor. His play-acting talents are of a very light order, but still he pleases, by virtue of an agreeable personality, and spirits which seem to be still spontaneously bubbling, in spite of the stage wear and tear to which they have been subjected.

The Olcott company has its own musical director, 'cellist, and first violinist, and under Cassius Freeborn's leadership, the orchestra accompanies Mr. Olcott's lyrics with pleasing effect and gives us a musical programme more than ordinarily acceptable.

The settings of the various scenes are particularly fine, and the wild and beautiful rock-strewn cliff of the second act, with its wind-blown trees, and the figure of the ancient, sun-bleached shepherd piping in his solitude, with none to listen save some very contented looking sheep, is unusually striking in its picturesqueness of effect and correctness of composition. The sheep, by the way, are alive and realistically unlaundered.

"The Isle o' Dreams" has had money spent on it, it is plain to be seen. A good company, excellent scenery, appropriate costuming—all are judicious investments in a play which appeals primarily to the eye and ear, and leaves the intellect unreached.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

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Henry Miller produces plays to make money, but that fact has not prevented his giving untried dramatists like William Vaughn Moody, Charles Rann Kennedy, and H. S. Sheldon a chance.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Last Nights of the Grand Opera Season.

Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was produced at the Tivoli Opera House Wednesday evening with Carolina White as a star, supported by a fine cast from the opulent resources of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Only praise may justly be given the presentation. The opera won on its merits. Miss White, a singer new to San Francisco in an acting rôle, though her charm had already been recognized in a concert programme, made a most favorable impression. Her voice is one of remarkable power and sweetness, and her dramatic talent is quite as notable.

Mary Garden's wonderful performance of "Salomé" was given for the last time Thursday night. Friday night "The Jewels of the Madonna" will be repeated.

A special matinée of Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," will be given Friday afternoon at three, with Mabel Riegelman, Marie Cavan, Berat, Crabbe, and Daddi in the cast. Special prices will prevail, ranging from $1 to $2.50.

So great has been the demand for an extra performance of "Thaïs" that Andreas Dippel and W. H. Leahy have decided to present the Massenet masterpiece at the Saturday matinée, instead of "Carmen," announced for the farewell performance of Mary Garden. "Thaïs," which marked Miss Garden's operatic début in San Francisco, was repeated Sunday afternoon to a large house.

The season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company will close Saturday night, all of the principal artists appearing and the occasion taking the form of a testimonial to Manager Leahy.

The Farewell Lhevinne Concert.

Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian piano virtuoso, will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon, March 29, at 2:30, presenting a programme of quite exceptional importance and beauty. Among the works to be played will be Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81; Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's exquisite song, "On Wings of Song"; Schumann's "Carnavale"; a Rubinstein "Nocturne" and "Prelude"; a group of Chopin gems, and the rarely heard and tremendously difficult Liszt transcription of airs from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

There are few if any greater pianists than Josef Lhevinne living, and no music lover can afford to miss this last opportunity of hearing his glorious work.

Tickets may be secured at the music-store box-offices, and after 1:30 on Saturday at the hall.

Clara Butt at Cort Theatre Sunday.

At last we are to have the opportunity of hearing that world-famous contralto, Mme. Clara Butt. For years her name has been known to our music lovers, and the fact that her voice, repertory, and entire style of concert giving is quite different from anything we have ever heard in this city will make her visit a welcome change. Clara Butt is a singer of the kind who can reach the hearts of every person in an audience, no matter how large; at the Crystal Palace in London she has swayed a gathering of twenty-five thousand with her glorious voice, sympathy of tone, and sincerity of interpretation. The lovers of the classics will be delighted with her renditions of such gems as "Der Nussbaum," "Der Erlkönig," while the masses will listen with the most profound reverence when she sings such simple but exquisite ballads as Liddle's "Abide with Me," Hullah's "The Three Fishers," or Sir Arthur Sullivan's immortal "The Lost Chord."

Mme. Butt will give two concerts at the Cort Theatre, with the coöperation of Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone, who in addition to singing groups of German and English songs will unite his voice with that of Mme. Butt in some beautiful duets.

The first of these concerts will be given this Sunday afternoon, March 30, at 2:30. Mme. Butt will offer works by Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Hullah, Graham Peel, Leoni, and Sullivan, and by special request, the beautiful aria from "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saëns.

Mr. Rumford's numbers will include gems by Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Grieg, MacDowell, Parry, M. V. White, and two old Irish melodies.

The second and farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 6, with an entire change of programme.

Tickets are on sale at the music-store box-offices and on Sunday at the Cort Theatre.

Next Friday afternoon, April 4, at 3:15 Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the splendid opening programme. For this event seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty box-office.

Julia Culp Concerts in April.

Manager Greenbaum promises our music lovers that in presenting Julia Culp, the famous Dutch singer, for their consideration, he is positive that he is offering one of the greatest singers that has ever lived. Various members of the Chicago Opera Company have told the impresario that "until you hear Julia Culp you do not know what the acme of art in lieder singing is." Never has a concert singer so completely won the praises of every critic in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago; there is not one single dissenter from the opinion that she is by far the most beautiful and artistic lieder singer that has yet visited this country. With the assistance of that master accompanist, Coenraad V Bos, Mme. Culp will give three programmes here late in April.

◆

The Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company is to revive "The Beggar Student" and add that famous old comic opera to its repertory. The piece was first played in America at the Casino Theatre in New York in the fall of 1885. The company is continued without change except for the engagement of Anna Wheaton in the place of Alice Brady, who is now playing straight dramatic rôles. De Wolf Hopper, Arthur Aldridge, Arthur Cunningham, Blanche Duffield, Kate Condon, Viola Gillette, Anna Wheaton, and Louise Barthel are the principals in this organization, which might enjoyably go on forever.

◆

Friday afternoon, Marshall Darrach, the Shakespearean reader, will read "Hamlet" for the pupils of Miss Burke's school. Miss Burke has made it an invitational affair and in addition to the pupils of the literature classes there will be present many of her friends and the parents and friends of the pupils.

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VANITY FAIR.

An agonized correspondent writes to a New York newspaper to ask if there is such a thing as a first-class restaurant where one may dine quietly with one's friends without the torment of a brass band or an orchestra.

Probably there is no such place in New York, and soon there will be no such place anywhere unless an indignant public makes its remonstrances felt. And the public is not likely to do this. The public is too much of an ass. It is too abject. Moreover, the public has a vague idea that music means expense, an expense of course that is defrayed by itself, and nothing pleases the public so much as to be expensively robbed. No, there seems to be no remedy against the musical restaurant, although why we should have music from the restaurant any more than from the barber or the manicurist it is hard to say. But there you are, and there is nothing to be done.

◆

A preliminary inquiry into some of the recent outrages in London leaves no doubt as to their suffragette, or at least their feminine, origin. The circumstantial evidence is overpowering. The outrages were unquestionably committed by women, although of course the women may have been nuns, or deaconnesses, and not suffragettes at all.

The evidence of sex is, as we say, conclusive. One of the bombs failed to explode and was found intact, and it is really a little remarkable that any bomb made by a woman should ever explode except during the process of manufacture. But this particular bomb that failed to explode gave unmistakable proof of the tender white hands that labored so lovingly over it. One end of it was secured by a hairpin and the whole parcel was tied in a "feminine knot."

Either fact is conclusive, since men never use hairpins except in such ways as to destroy their identity as hairpins. We ourselves have used hairpins upon moments of emergency. We once found that a hairpin has many virtues as a substitute for the trouser button, and we recall one occasion upon which we were saved from ignominy by a hairpin. If one end is pushed resolutely through the trouser hem, then through the suspender loop, and the two ends vigorously twisted it will be found to have much efficacy, although rather a nuisance when you go to bed, especially if you are using hairpins fore and aft, so to speak. But even a detective could identify what may be called the male hairpin, because it is like nothing else upon earth. Then, too, the hairpin has virtues as a pipe-cleaner, or rather it had before they made them wavy and crinkled. But even as a pipe-cleaner the hairpin has to be straightened out, and is thenceforth unmistakable to sight and smell. Certainly no man would use a hairpin to fasten a paper parcel, but every woman would do just this thing. A woman reaches for a hairpin just as automatically as a man grasps an adjustable monkey-wrench. Of course she can't do anything with it that's worth doing, but she doesn't know this. It is an integral part of her cargo of futilities.

Then there is the "feminine knot." We all know what that is. It is almost any kind of a knot that is not a knot. It is pretty, unreliable, and treacherous. It's one virtue is that it can be undone in a moment, women having apparently learned that they must never do anything that can not be undone in a moment. A rule like this saves lots of trouble. We shall have to apply it presently to women's legislation.

◆

Lord Curzon, whose worst enemy could not accuse him of sentimentality, is among the latest to recognize that nothing short of police force can regulate the conduct of women or persuade them into any deference to public welfare. So he asks for a law to prohibit the importation into England of humming-birds, birds of paradise, and egrets. In 1911 the sales were 41,000 humming-birds, 20,700 birds of paradise, and 129,000 egrets, described by Lord Curzon as the most beautiful and innocent things in the created world which was "ransacked and ravaged in order to gratify this nefarious and abominable trade."

Of course remonstrances are not of the slightest value. The average fashionable woman would murder a baby with the same unconcern that she would murder an egret if she thought that she could in the least enhance her attractiveness by doing so. There is no such ugly cant as the current talk about woman's humanity.

◆

Mr. Price Collier has an interesting article in the March *Scribner's* concerning the position of women in modern Germany. Mr. Collier writes: "One can judge, not incorrectly, of the status of women in a country by the manners and habits of the men, entirely dissociated from their relations to women. When one sees men equipped with small mirrors and small brushes and combs, which they use in all sorts of public places, even in the streets, in the street-cars, in omnibuses, and in the theatres . . . you are bound to think that these persons are in the childhood days of personal hygiene, as it can not be denied that they are, but also that their women folk must be still in the Eryops age of social sophistication not to put a stop to such bucolic methods of grooming. In no other country in the cultured group of nations is the animal man so naïvely vain, so deliciously self-conscious, so untrained in the ways of the polite world, so serenely oblivious, not merely of the rights of women, but of the simple courtesy of the strong to the weak. It is the only country I have visited where the hands of the men are better cared for than the hands of the women, and this is not a pleasant commentary upon the question of who does the rough work and who has leisure for a meticulous toilet. In the streets and the public conveyances of the cities, in the beer-gardens and restaurants in the country, in the summer and winter resorts from the Baltic to the Black Forest, from the Rhine to Bohemia, it is ever the same. They seat themselves at table first and have their napkins hanging below their Adam's apples before their women are in their chairs; hundreds of times have I seen their women arrive at table after they were seated; not a dozen times have I seen their masters rise to receive them. Their preference for the inside of the sidewalk is practically universal."

◆

We hear so much twaddle nowadays about the divine right of women to manage the "housekeeping" of the nation that we are naturally alert to evidences as to a feminine capacity to keep house of any sort, national or otherwise. It has long been our furtive conviction that if there is any branch of activity that is mismanaged root and branch, cellar and garret, it is housekeeping. Whether women could command a warship, a police force, or an army is an open question. It has not been tried, and therefore we will hold our judgment in abeyance. But women have tried their hand at housekeeping and they have dismally failed at it. Let it be said candidly that there is no reason why a community that is willing to allow women to go on keeping house should not be equally willing to allow them to command the army. For the army is far less important than the housekeeping.

Take, for example, the case of Mrs. George P. Jackson, of Evanston, Illinois. Mrs. Jackson bought a piece of meat and paid the regular price per pound for a purchase of that weight. When the meat was sent home she weighed it and found that two pounds had been cut away. The butcher, haled into court, explained that it was the trade custom to cut away the trimmings—bought and paid for by the customer—and that no lady had ever complained before. Of course not. No one who has observed the ways of the woman housekeeper would suppose that she would object to paying for ten pounds of meat and receiving eight. That is the feminine conception of domestic management—a steady and undeviating acquiescence in graft, a consistent choice of the easiest way.

Therefore by all means let us do what we can to divert the attention of women from the things that matter—housekeeping, for example—to the things that matter less, such as the army and navy and the law courts. But let us stop canting about this thing. Let us say openly and honestly that we really can not afford to allow women to interfere with such vital things as housekeeping, and that if they must be busy about something—and of course occupation is good for them—it would be better for them to devote themselves to such relatively unimportant things as legislation, which really makes very little difference to any one. But get them away from housekeeping at all costs.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

An English censor once passed a play called "London Life." In the third act of the play the hero, entering a restaurant, calls for a chop and a jug of musty ale. Opposite this speech the censor wrote: "During Lent the order must he a glass of water and a plate of dry toast."

◆

Joel Chandler Harris, the author of Uncle Remus, was at his desk one night when an old-time reporter looked over and said: "Joe, how do you spell 'graphic'? With one 'f' or two?" "Well," said the kindly Uncle Remus, who was too gentle to hurt even a common adjective, "if you are going to use any, Bill, I guess you might as well go the limit."

◆

A yeomanry squad was drilling, and, heing out of practice, most of them were suffering from hruises caused hy the unsteadiness of one another's movements. "I helieve you have cut my head open," shouted a recruit to a nervous comrade, who had given him a serious knock. "Well," said the distracted sergeant-in-charge, "now is a good time to put something in it!"

◆

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening hy an affirmative answer. "If I were you," suggested the operator, when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer." "Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

◆

A Scotchman was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, hut when the animal came to a sheep drain he would not go over. So the man rode hack a short distance, turned and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey when at top speed would jump the drain. But when the donkey got to the drain he stopped sharply and the man went over his head and cleared the drain. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking the heast straight in the face, said: 'Verra well pitched, hut, then, hoo are ye goin' to get ower yerself?"

◆

Florence Rockwell tells how a certain actor well known on the American stage engaged in a most effective battle with Iago when he was playing Othello. The players met, and Othello, seizing Iago hy the throat, hegan to choke him. The stage fight was realistically presented, so much so, in fact, that after the performance a friend approached the erstwhile Othello and spoke to him. "That was a most effective fight you put up tonight," he said; "in fact, you seemed to he very much in earnest." "In earnest? Indeed I was. Why, confound the fellow, he was trying to push me out of the spotlight."

◆

When Ralph Delmore, who was assisting in staging "The Confession," was giving instructions one day to the actors as to what they should wear during the snowstorm in the first act he said: "I want the men to wear the heaviest overcoats during this scene, as it is supposed to be the coldest night in twenty years. Now, don't forget this." Mr. Delmore repeated this order several times to impress it on the minds of the actors, when one of them, undouhtedly new to the stage, and who had no lines at all to speak, approached him. "I have no overcoat, Mr. Delmore, but suppose I wear my heavy flannel underwear?"

◆

A short while ago there was started a movement to have the kilts of a certain one of the British "Highland" regiments discarded in favor of ordinary trousers. It was objected that the men would he discontented at this change, and the colonel ordered that a census of the regiment he taken in order to ascertain the wishes of the men themselves. The colonel is the descendant of a long line of Scotch lairds and strives earnestly to uphold the old traditions. The sergeant who took the census of the regiment finally appeared with his report. "All of the men with the exception of three are in favor of the change, sir," he said. "Indeed!" the colonel said. "Tell me the names of these three true clansmen. They should he promoted." The sergeant read from his list: "They are, sir," he said, "Patrick Doolan, Hans Steinshrenner, and Moses Ikenstein."

◆

Though he is himself, in private life, a clergyman, George Birmingham, the Irish novelist, loves a good story on the clergy, and one of the most amusing sections in his hook, "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," deals with the foibles and misadventures of Irish pastors. One of his tales may he quoted: "A north of Ireland gentleman heard from the lips of a clergyman of the death of an inveterate enemy of his who had harassed him for many years. 'Well,' he said, 'it's a comfort to think that the devil's got that fellow at last.' The clergyman, being a clergyman, felt bound to protest against this uncharitahle view of the dead man's condition. He insinuated a hope that, in spite of all that had passed, the poor man might have escaped the extreme penalty. 'Well,' said the other, 'if the devil hasn't got that fellow, all I can say is that I don't see much use in keeping a devil at all.'"

◆

A little sparring match hetween the church and the law recently amused Duhlin. The case concerned a certain kinematograph film of a hiblical suhject which is to be shown in Duhlin. Threatened with an injunction, the kinematograph syndicate produced several clergymen as witnesses to the edifying effect of the film. One of them was a distinguished Irish Jesuit. "Do you approve of actions simulating such scenes in cold hlood for the purpose of making money out of it?" he was asked. "I can not answer yes or no," was the cautious reply. "The question is a very plain one," said the judge, a well-known lion of the har a few years hack. "It is not a plain question to me," replied the Jesuit. "If a person asked me did I think it right that a judge on the hench should distrihute justice, which is one of the highest virtues, and do it for the sake of his salary——" "What on earth has that to do with it?" hastily interposed the judge. "Persons may have several motives," replied the Jesuit. "We can not live in this world as ethereal beings, and if a person's motives are to do good and *en passant* he also makes his living hy it I see no ohjection."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Lonely One.

I had a friend,
  I loaned him ten;
I haven't seen
  My friend since then.

Another friend,
  He borrowed five,
I doubt if he
  Is still alive.

For one more friend
  I signed a note;
He disappeared—
  I was the goat.

I'm now convinced
  That, in the end,
A feller is
  His own best friend.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

◆

Belle Martin's Dilemma.

Belle Martin—charming maid—
  Two suitors had;
Gay Tom his dollars paid
  For each new fad,
Sent orchids oft to her,
  And sweets galore;
Spent all his "thirty per,"
  And mayhe more.
John was far more sedate—
  Widower, too;
Five children, large estate,
  Name in "Who's Who";
Asked for her hand, hut tried
  No orchid hids.
"Which shall I choose?" she cried,
  "Orchids or kids?"

—*Grace McKinstry, in Judge.*

◆

To the Tix of the Clox.

There was a young lady named Knox
Whose promptness gave every one shox;
    When asked by a mate
    Why she never was late,
Replied, "I wear clocks on my sox."

—*New York Tribune.*

◆

The Height of the Artistic.

I did a canvas in the Post-
  Impressionistic style.
It looked like Scrambled Eggs on Toast;
  I, even, had to smile.

I said, "I'll work this Cuhist hluff
  With all my might and main,
For folks are falling for the stuff,
  No matter how inane."

I called the canvas "Cow with Cud,"
  And hung it on the line.
Altho' to me 'twas vague as mud,
  'Twas clear to Gertrude Stein.

I have forgotten her remark;
  'Twas something, tho', like this:
"The sinking rising lightens dark
  To he, while heing, hliss."

I hung this canvas, as I say,
  And everything went well,
Until upon a fateful day
  An accident hefell.

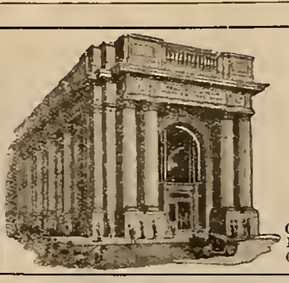
There came unto the picture hall
  A melancholy man;
He saw my picture on the wall
  And straight to laugh hegan.

This laugh, which echoed through the room,
  Expanded to a roar;
I never heard a person hoom
  In such a way hefore.

His collar burst, his huttons popped,
  His coat and weskit split;
Then down upon the floor he flopped,
  And floundered in a fit.

Ten days and nights, while hope was faint,
  I watched that wretched man;
And since, I never dare to paint
  As funny as I can.

—*Chicago Tribune.*



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace Wilson, to Mr. Hugh Ogilvie Fairlie. Miss Wilson is a sister of Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney and Miss Madge Wilson. Mr. Fairlie formerly lived in Chiswick, England, where his mother resides. He came here four years ago to establish himself permanently in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have announced the engagement of their sister, Miss Sydney Davis, to Mr. Carl Wolff. Miss Davis is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Willis Davis, and a sister of Mr. Willis Davis. She is related to Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen, Mr. Horace Davis Pillsbury, Mrs. H. Clay Miller, and Mrs. Edward Van Bergen. Mr. Wolff is the son of Mr. Henry F. Wolff and the late Mrs. Wolff, and the brother of Mrs. William P. Humphreys (formerly Miss Paula Wolff) and Mr. Henry Wolff.

Mrs. Robert L. Coleman was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. William Hickox Taylor and Mrs. H. A. Hempbill of New York.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club and entertained in bonor of Mrs. Wendell Baker of New York.

Mrs. William Miller Graham gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Ex-Ambassador Charles Page Bryan was host at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis complimentary to Mr. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner at her bome on Broadway in honor of Mr. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister.

Miss Marion Newhall gave a dinner Wednesday evening and accompanied her guests to the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Weir entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the home on Jackson Street of Mrs. Weir's father, Mr. W. F. Whittier.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Ruth Slack will give a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Arabella Morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner preceding the opera.

Mrs. A. D. Howard of Boston gave a family dinner Sunday evening at the Hotel Peninsula. Mrs. Howard is the mother of Mrs. Frederick Whitwell of Boston, Miss Frances Howard, and Mr. Edward Howard of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Silas Palmer was bostess Monday at a vaudeville-tea at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Dent Hayes Roberts was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. William Randolpb Hearst.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst entertained at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in Pleasanton complimentary to her son and daughter-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Hearst were the guests of honor at dinners given recently in Los Angeles by Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin gave a dinner-dance last week at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Haig Pattigan.

Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett was host at a stag dinner at his bome on Washington Street Thursday evening, when he entertained tbirty guests.

Miss Olive Craig was hostess Tuesday at a tea complimentary to Miss Marie Bullard, fiancée of Mr. James Towne.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman gave a dinner Friday evening preceding the Charity Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a similar affair at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis also entertained at a dinner, and later accompanied their guests to the ball.

The Misses Piscbel will be hostesses at a dauce Monday evening at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury have issued invitations to a dinner Wednesday evening, April 2, in honor of Miss Henriette Buckler of Kentucky.

Captain William Bennett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bennett gave a dinner Wednesday evening preceding the Presidio hop in honor of Miss Amy Gardener, daughter of Colonel Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A.

Mrs. Hilary Williams of Bremerton and Miss Earle of San Diego were the complimented guests at the hop given Monday evening at Fort Winfield Scott. Mrs. Williams is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Williams, U. S. N., who is stationed at the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Captain Leonard Waldron, U. S. A., and Mrs. Waldron entertained a number of friends at a bridge party at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, Miss Casey, and Miss O'Connor were guests at the Easter dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Fithian at Hotel del Coronado.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum have leased for the summer the country home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, who have rented Stag's Leap, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy sailed Thursday for their home in Paris. During the past month they have been the guests of Mrs. Marshall Field in Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels in New York.

The Hon. Charles Page Bryan left Monday evening for his home in Washington, D. C., after a six weeks' sojourn in California. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan in Burlingame and other friends in various parts of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Dillingham have returned from Coronado and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett of San Mateo lett Monday for a week's visit in San Diego.

Miss Virginia Newhall is spending a few weeks in Berkeley, where she is enjoying her automobile and entertaining her friends informally.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett has returned to her home in Burlingame after an extended stay with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar Brown have returned to San Francisco to reside permanently. Since their marriage they have lived in Worcester, Massachusetts, and are now established in an apartment on California Street near Scott. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Ethel Melone of Napa.

Mr. Charles Keeney is spending a month in Seattle with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker, who are temporarily residing at the Hotel Perry.

Mr. Eyre Monroe Pinckard left Wednesday for Washington, D. C., where he will be married April 15 to Miss Dorothy Williams. He was accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, and his brother, Mr. George M. Pinckard, Jr.

Mr. William Gring of Santa Barbara has been spending a few days at the University Club.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and the Messrs. Allen and William Carey Van Fleet, Jr., spent the Easter holidays in Rome. Mrs. Van Fleet's sister, Mrs. Fred Green of this city, has recently joined the party in their travels.

Among the titled visitors in town are Count Guy de Lastergie and Countess de Lastergie, Prince Albert Radziwill and Princess E. Radziwill.

Mrs. Edwin Janss of Los Angeles and her little daughter are visiting Mrs. William Cluff in Menlo Park, where they will remain until the return from Honolulu of Dr. Janss.

Mrs. Lane Leonard has returned from a brief visit in Pleasanton.

Miss Henrietta Buckler of Kentucky is visiting Mrs. V. K. Maddox at her home on Broadway.

M. Constantin Brun, the Danish minister, has returned to Washington, D. C., after a week's visit in this city.

Mrs. Julian Sonntag and her daughter, Miss fla Sonntag, bave returned from a visit to the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Albert Russell and her three children will leave Tuesday for Europe to spend the summer with Mrs. Russell's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Murphy have purchased a home in Palo Alto and will leave next week to establish themselves for the summer.

Miss Maud Younger is in Paris with her father and mother, Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger.

Mrs. Obed Harvey and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey, have returned to their home in Galt after a brief visit during the opera season.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have returned from the Yosemite Valley and are established on Devisadero Street, where they have rented the flat of Mr. and Mrs. W. Germaine Vincent, Jr.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke and her little daughter have arrived from Miramar and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy before returning to their home in Portland.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent a week with her father, Mr. A. Chesebrough, who is making an extended stay in the southern city.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer will spend the summer in San Rafael, where they will occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule returned Monday from a two weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. Louis Parrott is slowly recovering from a severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emily Tubbs have returned from Calistoga, where they spent the week-end.

Miss Lee Girvin has returned to her home in Burlingame after a visit in town with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean will leave Monday for San Rafael, where they will open their country home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, will leave early in April for South America and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darrach left Thursday for Southern California and will sail April 5 for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Hoffacker are established in their new home, which they have recently purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell accompanied her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, to New York, where they will remain during April.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury have been spending the past ten days in Montecito.

Mrs. Walton Hedges sailed Saturday for an indefinite visit in the Orient.

Mrs. Carr and Miss Eliza McMullin left Thursday for New York en route to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge have returned from a visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle and her son, Mr. Douglas MacMonagle, will shortly take possession of their home, which for the past three years has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Miss Ysabel Chase has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor open their country home in Menlo Park April 1. During the winter they have occupied the residence on Clay Street of Mrs. William Wood, who is traveling in the Orient. Mrs. Wood has recently sold her house to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness.

Judge William H. Seamans and Mrs. Seamans of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, arrived in this city Monday on a tour of California.

Miss Sydney Arundel has arrived in New York from London, where she spent the winter with relatives. Mr. John T. Arundel went East to meet his daughter.

Mrs. Milton S. Eisner will leave April 9 for a tour around the world, returning to America via Europe.

The Misses Kate, Lizzie, and Sophie McLean, formerly of this city, have arrived from Baltimore to spend several weeks with friends.

Miss Olive Wheeler has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels at their Coronado home.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Hemphill have come out from the East in a private car to visit the places ot interest in California.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. S. K. Colhy, Miss Lucy Cormack, Miss Ella Palmer, Mr. A. B. Costigan.

Lieutenant Harry G. Ford, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Monterey, came to town last week for a brief visit.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., has gone to his new post at the Bremerton Navy Yard, where he has recently been ordered.

Lieutenant Henry C. Maddux, U. S. A., will sail July 5 for the Philippines.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and spent a few days in town before going to his country home in Napa County.

◆

Berlin has an institution, founded about two years ago by a woman. The object of the "Sister School," as it is called, is to train well-educated girls for domestic service. The students are generally daughters of professional men, and the curriculum comprises cookery, housework, the care of children, and needlework. When application is made for the services of a "sister," the matron, or some other woman connected with the school, calls upon the applicant, forms an opinion of the "situation," and arranges terms. Each "sister" must be allowed a free afternoon every week, one Sunday every other week from four o'clock, and a fortnight's holiday in the year. Six weeks' notice is required on each part. The salaries paid range from $7.50 to $12.50 a month, with, of course, board and lodging. Sisters wear a brown uniform, are treated as social equals, are not required to take meals with other servants, and are addressed as "Sister Marie," "Sister Hedwig," etc. The demand for their services is so great that the head of the Sister School declares that she could place 500 girls a year, instead of fifty, and similar institutions are about to be established in other German towns.

◆

Ernest E. Buckleton, a wealthy English capitalist, clubman, and globe-trotter of 10 Crockett Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool, England, enjoys the distinction of being the first to make a hotel reservation for the year of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, having engaged a suite at the Hotel Oakland at that time. The reservation was made after a short stay with his daughter at the hotel while on the homeward trip from the Orient.

◆

Miss Vivian Grant will give several musical affairs at tbe Grant home in Berkeley during the following month. One will be an operatic musicale, at which the opera will be discussed. Miss Grant will play two piano pieces and two violin pieces from famous operas, and the stories of these will be told, and pictures shown. One evening will be devoted to works of Chopin and there will be a Liszt evening.

◆

The home of Lieutenant Francis P. Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway has been brightened by the advent of a son, who was born at the home in St. Louis of Mrs. Hardaway's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cates. Lieutenant Hardaway has returned to his post at Fort Winfield Scott.

◆

Klaw & Erlanger have formed a company to exploit by means of motion pictures the plays they own and are interested in.

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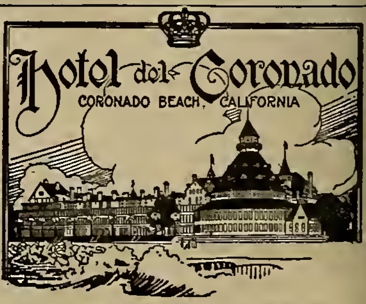

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Mayor Rolph issued a proclamation Wednesday appealing to the people of San Francisco for aid for the flood sufferers in Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Allen K. Knight, 502 California Street, San Francisco, treasurer of the American Red Cross Society, has been designated by the President of the United States as the proper party to receive and forward, through the San Francisco chapter, all contributions to this relief fund. The office of the committee will be in room 624 Butler Building, Post and Stockton Streets.

Charles F. Baker, former assistant cashier of the Crocker National Bank, now accused of embezzling $200,000 from the institution, appeared before United States Commissioner Francis Krull Wednesday morning and waived preliminary hearing. He subsequently was held to answer to the federal grand jury.

The supervisors have faced about on the Spring Valley Water purchase and have withdrawn the proposed resolutions submitting the entire matter to a vote of the people April 22. They have passed another resolution adopting the suggestion of the company that negotiations directly between the city and the company for purchase be resumed.

Portola festival week for October 22 to 25, when the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa will be celebrated, received the official endorsement of the municipal government this week.

Registrar Zemansky reports that the total registration for the special election to be held April 22 is 137,988, of which 90,673 are men and 47,315 women. Classified according to political affiliation they are: Republicans, 91,830; Democrats, 30,465; Progressives, 520; Socialists, 6837; declines, 7896; Union Labor, 247; Prohibition, 193.

Rupert T. Hooper, former clerk of the Mercantile Trust Company and under indictment for the confessed embezzlement of $14,500 of the company's funds, has been released upon depositing $5000 cash bail.

Customs officials say that they are becoming more and more convinced that, despite all their vigilance, it is difficult to make opium smuggling unpopular. A year ago opium was bringing as high as $40 a five-tael tin. Today the highest grade of smoking opium is selling in Chinatown at from $7 to $10 a five-tael tin. This is taken to mean that contraband opium is coming into this port in larger quantities than it was before the drug was placed on the contraband list.

Japan will open a new consular post on this coast. The large number of Japanese immigrants who have located in the San Joaquin Valley and Southern California resulted in the new post being located at Los Angeles. Acting Consul-General A. Oyema, who has had charge of the San Francisco office since Consul-General M. Nagai left for Japan, will be transferred to the southern office.

The California State Floral Society is holding a spring flower-lover's show this week, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 27, 28, and 29, in the Norman Hall, Fairmont Hotel, from ten a. m. to ten p. m. There is music afternoons and evening by Sir Henry Heyman's orchestra. Charlotte L. Williams is chairman of the exhibition committee, assisted by Mrs. J. R. Marten, Miss Alice Eastwood, Mrs. M. D. Roberts, Mrs. R. Wolfson, and John Hinkel.

◆

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Cort Will Offer "The Merry Widow."

"The Merry Widow" will once more be seen and heard at the Cort Theatre next Sunday night, March 30, celebrating the five thousandth performance of the Franz Lehar masterpiece in America. Because of the occasion, appropriate souvenirs will be presented to all ladies in the audience.

That the play-going public of the country is still enthusiastically interested in Henry W. Savage's delightful production of "The Merry Widow" is well evidenced by the fact that in this, its fifth season in America, the Viennese operetta is making new box-office records throughout the country.

The names in the cast are familiar to San Francisco. Savage has recruited for the single "Merry Widow" company on the road this season the best actors and singers from the various organizations that have been identified with the piece. The gay heroine will be in the graceful hands of Mabel Wilber, the most charming prima donna who has played the rôle in this country. She has played the part something like 2000 times. The same record for the part of Prince Danilo is held by Charles Meakins, who will again be seen in that rôle at the Cort. Popular Oscar Figman, suave and unctuous, will be the diplomat Popoff. Arthur Wooley and F. J. McCarthy are two fun-makers who will have their old rôles. Newcomers will be found in Olga Roller, Vernon Dalhart, and others. A feature of the production will be "The Merry Widow" orchestra. Of course, the Maxim girls will be conspicuously in evidence, garbed in the most costly of Parisian gowns. Popular-priced matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Prince of Pilsen" will say farewell with the performance this Saturday night.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia Theatre.

Chauncey Olcott might have given us a problem play by singing "Mother Machree" to some other fellow's mother, or he might have come in a political play with himself as the much-misunderstood "Tim" Sullivan, singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" nevertheless. But Chauncey says, "I'll give 'em the same thing—only different," and the result is an Irish play, "The Isle o' Dreams," with which he has played to gratified audiences at the Columbia Theatre ever since the opening performance last Sunday night. The annual engagement of Mr. Olcott at the Columbia Theatre spells prosperity both for the star and the theatre management.

There are more than a score of people concerned in the cast of "The Isle o' Dreams," including Mrs. Jennie Lamont, who makes an excellent Mrs. Kelway; John Sheehan, as Phelim O'Flynn, a wild Irish lad; Miss Agnes Heron Miller, as Mona, one of those imaginative half-wits associated with Irish poetry; Miss Edith Browning as Kathleen O'Doon, and David Glassford as Colonel McFarlan, who has revealed himself as an actor of singular force.

The last week of Chauncey Olcott's engagement begins next Sunday night. Matinées will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance is anounced for Saturday night, April 5.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week seven entirely new acts.

"An Opening Night," which Joseph Hart will present, will be the headline attraction. It is from the pen of the famous George V. Hobart and tells a human story in which pathos and humor alternate. It is in three scenes, the first being a room in a flat in the Bronx, New York City; the second the exterior of St. Gregory's Church, and the third the stage of "Uncle Sam's Theatre." The plot deals with the adventures of a young married couple, Paul and Virginia Gordon. Paul has wedded against his father's wish and the couple have a cruel time endeavoring to make ends meet. Incidental to the play the new game of "Zim Zam" is introduced. It takes a cast of twenty-five people to present "An Opening Night."

The Big City Quartet has for each member a soloist of excellence. Fred G. Rover is the first tenor, Charles Bates the second tenor, James Emerson the baritone, and Gus Reed the basso.

Charles F. Semon, "the Narrow Fellow," whose ability as an eccentric comedian and musician has made him a great favorite, will be included in the novelties.

Harry H. Richards and Bessie Kyle will appear in a skit entitled "A Regular Club Fellow." It illustrates the difficulties of a young wife whose husband is a club fiend.

Bobby Barry, who has been on the stage since childhood, and who was a hit as one of the two boys in Joseph Hart's original production of "Foxy Grandpa," and as the star in "The Girl and the Taxi," is now equally fortunate in vaudeville. He will, with the assistance of Amy Mortimer, present a skit called "After the Race."

Mme. Dolores Vallecita will introduce her troupe of Indian Leopards. They give their performance in a cage built of solid aluminum twenty-one feet wide, sixteen feet in depth, and ten and a half feet in height. The manner in which Mme. Vallecita has succeeded in training and taming these treacherous wild beasts is marvelous. She seats herself at the piano while the leopards, grouped around her and free from any restraint, play the musical bells.

There will be a new programme of Edison's latest and greatest invention, Talking Moving Pictures.

Next week will be the last of Mlle. La Tosca and Sam Mann and company in "The New Leader."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The biggest drawing card that the Pantages Theatre has presented since opening its doors will be the appearance of the great and only John L. Sullivan at the local vaudeville house, opening at next Sunday's matinée. It is several years since the old gladiator has visited this city, and as it will probably be the last time that he will tour the circuit there is little doubt but that the theatre will be taxed to capacity at every performance. The fistic arena will never produce a man that has won his way into the hearts of the American public as John L., and his reception in the Pantages houses along the circuit has been tremendous. He is not doing any boxing this trip. He dons evening togs, and topped by a silk hat unravels a bunch of good yarns.

The added attraction is one of those comedy playlets entitled "Examination Days." The Jules Held Company of ten are in the cast, with clever Dan Collins, the original stuttering kid, as the principal comedian. "The Convict Jimmie Valentine" dancers are the Purcella Brothers, who have one of the most original dances in vaudeville. Leffingwell and Myers will present a travesty on the man who stays out nights, entitled "A Night at the Lodge." Lotta and De Vaul have a scenic novelty called "The Pipe-Dreamer's Model." Prevost and Brown, known as the "Corkscrew Kids," have a variety of twisters that defy duplication. Two striking girls are Mae Seamen and Flo Killian, who have a dressy offering termed the "Tailor-Made Maids."

The coming engagement of Rose Stahl at the Columbia Theatre is to be limited to eight nights and two matinées. It is now two seasons since the popular actress has visited San Francisco. She will appear in her latest success, "Maggie Pepper," called a department store romance, by author Charles Klein.

John Drew in his new comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," will be seen at the Columbia Theatre early next month.

Nat C. Goodwin is announced to appear at the Cort Theatre soon in "Oliver Twist." It has been said that the distinguished character actor has, in the Dickens play, given the stage his most brilliant achievement. The sureness of his histrionic touch, the subtlety of his art, and the magnetism of his personality are constantly evident. Goodwin uses the Comyns Carr version of the play. A notable cast will appear in support of the star.

◆

Melodrama is in the dumps. Companies have recently tried it at the National and the American theatres, but it would not go.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru, via Manila direct................................Saturday, May 17, 1913
S. S. Shinyo Maru (New), via Manila direct........................Saturday, June 7, 1913

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why do you blame environment for Binks's grouchiness?" "He lives on a cross street."—*Buffalo Express.*

Suitor—I have no bad habits. I don't smoke or drink. *Father*—Neither has my daughter. She doesn't play or sing.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Have you a profession?" "I'm a professional Princeton man, the noblest profession there is—for the next four years."—*Washington Herald.*

"I've just returned from abroad, you know. How is your poor father?" "We lost him." "Dear, dear." "Yes; the nurse married him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Owner of the Car—Why did you leave your last place? *Chauffeur*—The guy I worked for went crazy. Started shingling his house when his car needed new tires.—*Puck.*

Mr. Sapleigh—I find it dooced hard to collect my thoughts, you know. *Miss Keen*—Father says it's always difficult to collect small amounts.—*Boston Transcript.*

Villager (to parson, who has assisted to push cart up hill)—May all the blessins of heaven rist upon your honor; one donkey never could have done it!"—*London Mail.*

"That's a bad-looking thumb you have, waiter," said the diner. "Does it hurt you?" "No, sir," replied the waiter. "It is parboiled. It gets that way from serving soup."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Mrs. Randall—Those two women don't speak any more; each claimed to have the smartest child in town. *Mrs. Dart*—Which was right? *Mrs. Randall*—Neither of them—I have.—*New York Globe.*

"What shall I write this young lady about her story? I don't like to decline it harshly." "Tell her it is too sad for our magazine." "But this is supposed to be a humorous story."—*Washington Herald.*

"Sir!" she exclaimed when he kissed her, "you forget yourself." "Possibly," he replied calmly, "but I can think of myself any old time. Just now you are occupying my undivided attention."—*Boston Transcript.*

"She says she thinks she could learn to love me." "Yet you do not look happy." "It is going to be expensive. Had her to the theatre last night, with a little supper afterward. The first lesson cost me $25."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Mrs. Knagg—Talk of conscience! I don't believe you know what conscience is. *Mr. Knagg*—Sure, I do. It's that inward monitor that, when you're wrong, prompts you to think up an excuse for blaming some one else.—*The Counselor.*

Boy—The coal man says he can't let you have any more coal until you've paid the bill you owe him. *Harduppe*—You go back and tell him that if he allows me to freeze to death, he'll never get a dashed cent.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Darling," he murmured, as soon as they had been seated in the high-priced restaurant, "you can have anything you want on the bill of fare. Shall I read it off to you?" "No," replied the dear girl, "just read it to the waiter."—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

"I'm sorry I ever married you!" shrieked the bride, on the occasion of Their First Quarrel. "You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I don't believe the story, do you?" "What story?" "About Mrs. Youngbride. They say she went into a butcher's shop the other day, and seeing a side of spareribs on the counter, she remarked: 'Why, I didn't know you kept xylophones here.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Eminent Professor—And you see, my dear young lady, the electrons or B particles which are expelled from the atom lose their kinetic energy by impinging on the gaseous molecules, which they ionise, and when the velocity is reduced sufficiently are eventually swallowed up. *Dear Young Lady*—Oh, I see; but what fearfully rough luck on the electrons.—*Punch.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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Wrong in Principle, Vicious in Practice.

Objection to the so-called red-light bill, passed by both houses of the legislature and now awaiting action on the part of the governor, is not due—certainly not so far as the *Argonaut* is concerned—to sympathy with the night life or the wish to promote it. The wrong of this bill lies in its infringement of personal rights. It permits some people to obstruct and inconvenience other people. It imposes some people's ideas of propriety upon other people who have other ideas. It undertakes to accomplish by law a reform of manners which is essentially a matter of morals, properly subject, not to law, but to suasion. It gives to the officious meddler in other people's affairs the illegitimate weapon of an irrational law and incidentally one which can not possibly be made effective in a community where there is ingrained respect for individual and personal rights.

Impertinent and futile enactments of this kind tend inevitably to promote the mischiefs which they are planned to restrain, with a multitude of others growing out of and connected with them. Such a law makes an autocrat of every officer of police, for it puts into his hand a club which he may use as a means of exacting graft. It is a direct promoter of the low trade of the spy and the blackmailer. It turns many persons merely of light mind into nominal criminals. It locks doors which should be opened and puts up shutters where there should be none. Another evil effect is to scatter broadcast and cover with disguises things less vicious in their effects when concentrated and subject to observation.

But the most serious of all is the fundamental objection already referred to—the infringement by law upon private and individual liberty. Once admit the right even of the better elements of a community to regulate the private conduct of other elements of a community and the door is open to grave oppressions and abuses. History is full of instances of the practical viciousness of this sort of thing. In the long run it is the greatest of all social evils, for without liberty there can be no vital and general development of the character fundamental to individual self-respect and community virtue.

John Pierpont Morgan.

The period of John Pierpont Morgan's greater activities came to its climax in connection with events which preceded and marked the financial flurry of 1907. Some ten or fifteen years before this date there came a general movement for consolidation and concentration in finance, industry, and in transportation. It was a movement calling for large powers and large resources, and it found them in Mr. Morgan, already a man of established character and fortune and in the prime of individual qualities which taken in their breadth and scope have not been matched in any other man of this generation.

A great observer and thinker has pointed out that the man of supreme achievement is the man whose qualities and circumstances match his times—the man with a genius for action, who in his spirit, his capabilities, his ambitions, and his morals is neither behind nor ahead, but in precise harmony with the current of events. Mr. Morgan's career approves this philosophy. There was need for imagination and insight, and Mr. Morgan had these qualities in preeminent degree. There was need for courage of high order, and Mr. Morgan possessed it. Absolute integrity with the power to command private and public confidence was essential, and Mr. Morgan again answered the need. Large individual wealth was necessary both for its own powers and for the faith which great resource inspires in others, and at this point Mr. Morgan had a princely equipment. It came about naturally therefore under the universal impulse toward consolidation and concentration that all eyes turned to the house of Morgan. Early in the movement, before Mr. Harriman rose to share leadership in it, every project of magnitude, by whomever conceived, came knocking at Mr. Morgan's door. Leadership in financial and industrial organization, captainship in the greatest movement of material affairs that the world has known, was thus thrust upon him because he was master of forces powerful enough to carry them forward.

The fashion in public thought is not today what it was in the early 'nineties. Much which then stood upright under the flag of enterprise, honored of men and approved of the law, would now be called by other names. It was a time which regarded any progressive end in view as justifying whatever means might be essential to its achievement. Nobody looked askance at a stock-watering operation if the project were one having in it the assurance of making good—nobody discredited operations which could supply a bankable guaranty of soundness. It was a day which justified material progress on much the same principles which may be presented in justification of successful military operations after the event. In these swift waters Mr. Morgan swam at his ease. One great scheme of consolidation after another was moulded into form under a hand which wrought with unwearying industry and with unvarying success.

The popular opinion of today condemns some things done by Mr. Morgan and others who followed his lead in the heyday of his greater activities. There is more light than there was then, a subtler interpretation and perhaps truer understanding of economic law, a quickened apprehension of equity among men. But in the splendid progressive 'nineties the call was for progress—for material progress—and the great organizers and leaders, Mr. Morgan chief among them, believed their operations to be a public service. They did their work under the inspirations of this belief. Proof of their essential honesty of mind lies in the openness of their operations, in the frankness of their methods, in the confidence of their contemporaries. Mr. Morgan was already rich in an individual sense beyond the dreams of ambition before he became a very colossus of finance; and it is to be remembered that by his achievements and his gains in the last half of his life no personal advantage came to him. His wealth indeed doubled and redoubled, but for himself he got from it all nothing in the way of comfort, luxury, or privilege which might not have been his if he had retired at the age of fifty. The net increment to Mr. Morgan himself was more labor, more responsibility, the hazard of established fortune, the burden of a great fame.

Every era is the parent of that which follows it. No time could be what it has been—the time we live in could not be what it is—but for that which has gone before. The conditions of American life in their largeness and variety in 1913 are what they are because of the great movement led by Mr. Morgan twenty years ago. Is there anybody among us, however conditioned or of whatever social opinions, who would willingly go back to conditions which preceded the movement in which Mr. Morgan was so potent a factor? There are few, we believe, who will answer this question affirmatively, and among that few there will hardly be found the wisest among us. Judged by the events and consequences flowing out of it, the world, we think, is a better place to live in than if John Pierpont Morgan had never lived in it and if the work he did had never been done. If this falls short of implying assent and approval with respect to all the theories and all the operations in which Mr. Morgan held a part, it does at least justify and honor a career which has singularly touched the imagination of the world.

Mr. Morgan came from two breeds of the old American stock, both distinguished for talent and culture—the Morgans of New England and the Pierponts of South Carolina. By inheritance he was wealthy from his childhood, coming at his father's death to the headship of a great established financial institution. His education, both at home and abroad, was both liberal and thorough and his capabilities as a youth were so marked as to have called forth from the preëminent mathematician of Göttingen University the prophecy that Morgan might if he would be his own successor. Living much abroad in his youth and in close relations to international affairs, he acquired early the taste for and skill in world finance which later marked his career. In the truest sense he was an American of high patriotic spirit, but there was in him nothing of that narrowness which is a product of misinformation and the sense of mystery concerning things away from home. At all times profoundly interested in art and literature and having always available ample means, he early became a collector of books, manuscripts, and objects of art. With the growth of his fortunes in recent years his liberality in searching out things beautiful or precious through association has been unstinted. In his galleries and storehouses in this country and in other storehouses in London and elsewhere, he held treasures beyond estimate as to value. These are destined, so we have been informed, to enrich the public treasure houses of this country. Yet Mr. Morgan was no rude disturber of proprieties in his acquisition of objects of art. American though he was, he was yet a citizen of the world. London, Paris, Rome, Göttingen, and many other European cities have been in an artistic sense beneficiaries of his bounty. The sums that he has given away in the forms of beautiful and precious objects and in buildings in which to house them at home and abroad are vast almost beyond conception. Probably he did not know himself to what degree, measured in terms of money, his generosity reached.

That Mr. Morgan throughout his life—he was born in April, 1837—was at all times a private citizen is in a sense an indictment of our American system of selecting officials. Powers so vast and varied ought to have been brought to the public service. And there is no doubt that Mr. Morgan would willingly have entered public life if the way had been open. The mean arts of the politician he had not, nor the equally mean ambitions. But a system of selection calculated to discover supreme talent and employ it in the public service would easily have commanded his time and devotion. Many times in unofficial ways his counsels were given and his great resources applied in sustaining the public credit. He had the spirit which actuated our great historic patriots and he had talents equal to the best that have ever been employed in our affairs publicly or privately. That a spirit so high, that powers so great, were ever "unavailable" in the political sense is a fact which carries its own suggestion of one grave inadequacy in American life.

The President and Legislation.

President Wilson's consistency of principle in matters of legislation is to be subjected to a test in a question passed up to him this week by a group of Democrats who have been preparing a scheme of tariff revision. There are two ways of going about this business. One is the submission of a single comprehensive bill making cuts in many schedules; the other is submission of a series of bills each dealing with a specific thing, thus putting each proposal on its own merits. Regarded from the tactical point of view there is great advantage in the former plan; for it brings to bear the whole weight of party discipline in support of the scheme of reduction.

But with respect to one of the left-over measures of the late Congress, the President has declared his objection to forced measures of legislation. The case was that of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, vetoed by Mr. Taft because it carried a rider prohibiting the expenditure of any part of the funds appropriated for prosecuting causes supported by organized labor. When it was suggested that this left-over measure put Mr. Wilson in an embarrassing position, his answer was that he objected on principle to any measure carrying a rider—that is to any measure seeking to enforce action on one object by connecting it with some other object generally desired. Thus the President by declaring a policy founded on principle at one stroke avoided a "hole" which yawned before him and put himself, as a factor in the law-making power, upon high and legitimate ground. Now the plan for a single tariff reform bill, calculated to smother specific objections and to command approving votes under the party whip, involves the very principle which the President has condemned. It would enforce votes for specific cuts by making these cuts features of a bill to which the party is committed as a whole. It would compel individual members of Congress either to defy party discipline or to vote for some cuts which they do not approve and do not wish to support. As a means of getting results it would be effective, but at the cost of putting aside a principle which the President has laid down. It will be interesting to observe his course.

In this connection it is interesting to note that, idealist though he may be, Mr. Wilson is quick to learn certain tricks of the political game and not squeamishly scrupulous about employing them for the ends he has in view. For example, it is observed that he is holding back a great number of official appointments due to be made in the several states. It is announced authoritatively that before proceeding in this matter the tariff bill must be gotten off hands. The purpose is plain enough. Mr. Wilson wants support for his tariff bill. He will demand it from all the Democrats in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. And inferentially, those who support his bill will have his favor, while those who fail him will be in disfavor. The connection of the situation thus to be created and the filling of offices in the several states is plain enough. Those who look to the President to appoint friends and political supporters will heed the suggestion—they will support the President's proposals relative to the tariff and other matters. The device is not new. It is as old as organized action in legislation and in politics and it has been employed by every President from Washington down the line.

The Legislature.

The comments of the newspapers upon the proceedings at Sacramento would have an element of humor if the situation itself were less serious. Probably the same might be said of the feelings of the public at large if there were any way to ascertain those feelings, which there is not. But so far as the newspapers are concerned they speak as though the legislature were acting in a wholly unexpected way, and they even adopt a tone of indignation that would be suitable enough in a despotically governed country, but that seems incongruous under a democracy. For the legislature was elected by the people themselves, who were presumably aware of the mental incapacities of the men they chose. It is a peculiarity of our system that no man can successfully seek a popular suffrage unless he is on handshaking terms with every man, woman, and child of his constituency. There is not a single hysteriac at Sacramento who was not known by the people who voted for him to be what he is, and who presumably voted for him because they knew it. Nor do we remember that the newspapers placed their records or their experience at the service of the electorate. They made no appeals for the choice of broad-gauge men with a knowledge of what laws can and can not do. They issued no plea for intelligence or for character. If they spoke at all it was to recommend particular political labels without reference to the capacity of the man wearing the label. Small wonder that with all the emphasis upon the label and none upon the man the electorate should favor the orator of the corner grocery or whatever other local figure happened to be most impudent in his righteousness and noisy in his self-assertion. The legislature at Sacramento faithfully represents the mood of the moment, the mood that allows itself to be governed by the women's clubs and by the dancing dervishes of Rooseveltism and Johnsonism.

The mood, let us hope, is passing away, but the ill effects of folly are apt to linger uncomfortably. It was a mood induced by a frantic Progressivism that had persuaded the public that it was in a perilous condition and that nothing could save it except restrictive legislation. It need hardly be said that when we ask for restrictive legislation we always mean that it shall be restrictive as far as other people are concerned, but never so far as we ourselves are concerned. But with a general and incoherent mandate to restrict and to persecute placed in the hands of feeble-minded men it is small wonder that the legislature should proceed to restrict and to persecute every one. The average elector was willing enough in his ignorance that the legislature should "get" a railroad company or a telephone corporation, but now he finds to his bewilderment that it is likely to "get" him too. Without even being aware that such schemes were in contemplation he finds that he may presently be committing an offense if he plays a game of whist, smokes a cigarette, or drinks a glass of beer. He finds himself likely to be saddled with extraordinary responsibilities for every one whom he employs, and that his own activities, even the most personal and the most innocent, are to be limited, regulated, and licensed. In short he finds that every department of his private and public life is to be invaded by a pestilent officialism that makes a mock of liberty, initiative, enterprise, and free will. That is the price that he must pay for the luxury of electing to the legislature men with all the ferocious zeal of fanatics and converts and with the minds of tadpoles. But it is hard to see that the elector has a grievance. It is true that it was the other fellow who was to be reformed, and not himself, but he should have weighed the possibilities before voting for penitent prize-fighters and the strutting pietists of the village.

There is only one remedy, but it is the last one that ever occurs to the electorate. There is an abundance of good men in California who would do justice and fear not, and whose laws would add to the prosperity of the state and the confidence of its citizens. But they are not the men who clamor for election or who ever will. They have to be sought out and invited. So long as we carefully select the mountebanks, the hypocrites, and the imbeciles, so long we shall have such disgraceful exhibitions as we now see at Sacramento, so long we shall have mountebank, hypocritical, and imbecile legislation. We are getting practically what we asked for and voted for, and as soon as we feel the need of something better we have only to ask for it and to vote for it.

The Slav War.

The fall of Adrianople means that there is nothing but a line of forts between the victorious Slav armies and Constantinople, and those forts are so close to Constantinople that the sound of the artillery can be heard day and night. But for the stringency of the military news censorship we should recognize this war for what it is—one of the greatest in size, one of the most hideous for its reckless and wanton massacres, that the world has ever known. From returning travelers and from the few private letters that escape censorship we get some slight glimpses of burning villages, of women and children ruthlessly slaughtered by the thousand, and of a whole panorama of barbarous horrors in which Turk and Christian seek to outdo each other in cruelty and lust and murder.

That Europe makes only such feeble efforts to stop a war fraught with such perilous possibilities to herself is due to the surprising magnitude and success of the Slav armies. The allied nations that have been abject for centuries, that have cringed before the whip of the great powers of Europe, have stepped in a moment to full adultship. They have themselves become a power which upon their own soil is almost as great as any in Europe, and it is this fact with its consequent disturbance of the European balance that is causing such apprehension throughout the Continent. For the first time in centuries Europe finds that her orders are blandly disregarded, and now she is asking herself what she can do if the Slav armies should take Constantinople and so precipitate a discussion that Russia and England have dreaded and postponed during half a century. The war itself is bad enough, but the difficulties likely to show themselves after the war may easily be worse.

Stevenson's Tomb.

Upon more than one occasion the *Argonaut* has protested against the increasing habit of exploiting the public schools and of regarding the children as so much material always available for receptions, movements, and all the innumerable forms of modern cant. Now comes an "appeal to the school children of California for subscriptions to maintain forever" the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is hard to speak with restraint of folly so pernicious as this, and as hypocritical as it is unwholesome. Will any one pretend that there is a spontaneous desire on the part of our school children to "maintain forever" the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of any one else? Or that the majority of our school children have ever even heard of Robert Louis Stevenson—unfortunately for them. The project is, of course, the work of a few busybodies who see a chance of personal notoriety, who picture themselves as heading deputations and posturing before the public. Fortunately Mrs. Stevenson has put her foot down heavily on the whole business. Her husband's tomb, she says, is already adequate and is practically indestructible. If the children of California wish to show their love for him they can do so by endowing a child's bed in a hospital.

How Stevenson would have hated the sort of cant that leads to movements of this kind, and the spurious sentiment that remains unmoved by the real human needs of the day, but that is always ready to flutter and pose over some futility. Sincerity was the keystone of Stevenson's character and shams were his abhorrence. Certainly he would have denounced as a sham any proposal that the school children of California should be robbed of their pennies or that they should beg pennies from others for such a purpose as this.

Discussion of Vice Questions.

There is much too much talk these days in the press, from the pulpit, and elsewhere about "white slavery" and the causes which promote it. With respect to this discussion we venture the suggestion that it does vastly more harm than good in that it puts into many minds thoughts which would better be barred out. For it is true now, as ever, that much reflection about vice—particularly sexual vice—leads through defined stages to acceptance—we "first endure, then pity, then embrace." That man or woman whose mind becomes possessed by a persistent interest in sex matters is on dangerous ground. Therefore, we say, discussion of vice questions is, on the whole, provocative more of harm than of good.

The Democratic Conscience.

Democratic congressmen have evidently had some twinges of conscience, or of the fear that is often mistaken for conscience, since the passage through the House of the pork barrel bill. It will be remembered that this bill bestowed 289 public buildings upon 289 separate electoral districts at a total cost greater than the average citizen can even conceive of. That the greater number of these electoral districts needed no public buildings had, of course, nothing to do with the question. The congressmen advocating and voting for them needed a reputation for statesmanship, and statesmanship nowadays means the ability to loot the national treasury and to distribute the plunder in the home town.

But publicity has had its salutary effect, and the Senate has passed an amendment to the effect that no town shall have a new postoffice unless its postal receipts amount to $10,000 annually, which is rather less than $30 a day. Now the town whose postal receipts do not average $30 a day is not much of a town, and yet this amendment will eliminate sixty-nine out of the 289 beneficiaries of the original bill. Whether the House will agree to the reduction remains to be seen, but if it is forced to do so there will be sixty-nine of its members who will feel that a tooth has been most painfully pulled.

Since publicity can do so much it is a pity that we do not have more of it. We might then see the growth of a public opinion that would refuse to regard as a joke the plundering of the national treasury for corrupt purposes. A congressman who uses his own money for purposes of bribery is regarded as a criminal, but to use the public money for the same purpose is a triumphant proof of local patriotism. It is a strange perversion of judgment and one that publicity might remove. The fact that Congress approves the theft by regular process does not make it less of a theft, nor does a vote lessen the dishonesty of the congressman who asks for, and gets, a $75,000 building for a village of 1100 people. And yet we talk about the high cost of living.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, March 20th.

Among the concrete admonitions of a now long-past youth, this has stuck in memory: "My lad, the true aristocrat is the best democrat." And it has been recalled with a very special emphasis by observation since his inauguration of the course of President Wilson. No administrative régime in recent years has carried itself with such an aristocratic atmosphere, wholesomely speaking, yet none has been so marked by a democratic spirit. There was five times as much gold lace in and about the White House during the Roosevelt presidency, even when the visitor going in was more than likely to meet a prize-fighter or a swaggering professional politician coming out. Mr. Wilson, while limiting the ceremonial of the presidential office, has prodigiously augmented its real dignities. The promise of the "open door" has been kept; the President is as accessible to those who have any claims upon him as any predecessor. But the open door is that of a quietly ordered private establishment as distinguished from that of a county courthouse. Anybody who has the right to come is received, and if an appointment has been made it is kept to the minute, but nobody swaggers in with a half-smoked cigar in hand or left outside on the window-sill, and nobody loafs around. Plain men are there in numbers, but nobody affects the manners of the cowboy. I doubt if a single guffaw or one loud haw-haw has been uttered in the executive office since Mr. Wilson entered it. Nobody gets slapped on the back or is told to "Call me Woody."

Business begins early at the White House these days. In a spirit almost Spartan, the secretary to the President, Mr. Tumulty, reacbes his desk at eight o'clock and has the morning's mail ready for the President when he comes in promptly at nine. There is a full hour in which the two work together. Then prearranged conferences are held, each upon the exact moment assigned and incidental visitors are received—that is, members of Congress and others who have a right to come without definite engagements. In line with custom, the many who come merely to shake hands with the President are permitted to wait in the outer office, and when everything else is off hand they are invited in in the order of their coming, subject to established rules of precedence. If at twelve o'clock all are not disposed of the President enters the outer office, and passing around the room, greets each caller.

The etiquette of the executive office follows a strict rule. A member of the Cabinet has precedence over a senator. Foreign ambassadors or ministers come next. Then senators; then members of the House of Representatives. A member of the House may be the first visitor and he may wait hour after hour, but a member of Cabinet, an ambassador, or a senator will be invited in to see the President before him, no matter what the order of their arrival.

It has long been a habit of members of Congress to escort more or less distinguished persons who wish to pay their respects, and under the fixed system of precedence it is a distinct advantage to go under the convoy of one whose privilege of audience gives an advantage under the rule. For example, old Kafke, the junk dealer from south of Market Street, if he should go to call on the President with Senator Perkins or Senator Works, would get in ahead of President Jordan or Archbishop Riordan if the latter should go with a member of the House. Mere visits of courtesy are many, but the President, unlike his immediate predecessor, has a way of disposing of them quickly. It is his tact in this respect, with his dismissal of the vast swarm of office-seekers, that has already done so much to conserve time and energy for serious work and to augment the superficial dignities of the executive office.

My own observation of the President and his family has been at arms' length—at the National Theatre one night this week, the attraction being Billie Burke in about the poorest play I have seen in years. The winsome Miss Billie was sadly misplaced between a noisy stage Jew and a noisy stage Irishman, with a noisy stage German in the too near background. I left the theatre before the performance was half done and I could but admire the courtesy which held the President and his party in their seats to the bitter end. The President, with his wife, two daughters, and several friends, came in promptly upon the hour, entering boxes which had not after the old fashion been decorated, this, I was told, by the President's own wish. Nor did the band strike up the Star-Spangled Banner after the familiar fashion. The popular greeting was a cordial hand-clapping, but not more than a dozen persons rose from their seats. Mr. Wilson, seen from a distance of forty feet, looks professor-like and in a sense youthful. He is slender, of good color, and has the look of a student. His hair is gray upon close inspection, but at little distance, and at first view, the effect is dark, so much so as to give him the look of youth. He does not to me look like a rugged man physically. There is a certain quality in his skin suggestive of what the doctors call *arterio sclerosis,* and his mouth, a pleasant one in its expression, is dominated by an outfit of large but inferior-looking teeth. His fine face, especially about the temples, is seamed with lines. He looks more worn than he should at fifty-six. My reflection was that here was a man who ought to look out for himself—live much in the open, take moderate but regular exercise, avoid stimulants, and keep a cow.

Nobody seeing the President's wife and daughters or keeping note of their doings could question the sufficiency of their social attitude. In a theatre box, they make no beauty show. But there is about the group something very much more engaging than mere curves and color—a certain candor of look and manner and a very obvious intelligence. I will not, I hope, be accused of triviality in noting that, like the President, they are scrupulously well dressed. But their style is not that of the Ritz-Carlton; and I venture the guess that no one of them smokes cigarettes, drinks cocktails, or ever says "damn" even under her breath. There is, albeit the goodness of their clothes, something old-fashioned in the look of them. I wonder if the fact that Mrs. Wilson paints landscapes which can not be marketed at a charity fair even at cut prices and that Miss Jessie is billed for an "address" at Lynchburg, Virginia, next month has raised in my mind a certain suggestion of the coeducational type. At any rate there is about them a distinct atmosphere of mentality. They are absolutely good form, but it is the form of mind and morals as distinct from the form of mere fashion. It is truly a happy looking, wholesome looking group of women. Mrs. Wilson's portraits as they appear in the papers are singularly truthful. I should say, if the phrase had not gone out of fashion, that she was on the sunny side of middle age. She is exceedingly comely and just at the line where it would be prudent to leave off sweets. If one may judge at a distance of forty feet—this being my nearest approach—she is a woman of entire graciousness of manner and not yet quite used to being a centre of observation. Her pose, if it may be called a pose, is that of active cordiality and she comes perilously near being a smiler. She has the look of perfect health, and one who sees her finds it easy to accept the testimony of friends that she is a woman of very exceptional character, a model wife, and a wise mother.

It is quite possible that four intelligent and interesting women may make radical changes in the social atmosphere of the White House. Yet the conditions of executive hospitality are positive and definitely fixed in habit. Only three or four women in the history of the executive mansion have really had very much to do in the business of its administration. Dolly Madison queened it in a way. Harriet Lane, niece of President Buchanan, was a real mistress of the White House. Mrs. Hayes, albeit a woman of character, made her husband's social career as President a joke. Other so-called mistresses of the White House have gone with the stream, and this is the very wisest course. For the motives of White House hospitality are essentially political and essentially masculine. Womanhood may add grace to the house of the President, but womanly grace is not the main nor an essential purpose. Tradition and custom prescribe a social order which is based fundamentally on considerations at variance with ordinary social usages and obligations. The two most successful women in the White House of recent times, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Roosevelt, lent themselves gracefully to the duties of hostess, but they did not undertake anything like arbitrary or positive control of White House life in its public relations. For private friends they gave private entertainments. But the formal duties of the house, including the occasions, the times, the arrangements, were all managed by officials skilled in the business and attached to the presidential establishment for the express purpose of conducting its social administration. If Mrs. Wilson is wise, she will limit her initiative to domestie and private affiliations, giving only her very gracious presence to the entertainments which custom and ceremony make imperative.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that all efforts to create an official American court have failed. It has been tried again and again by the socially ambitious wives of officials, but has invariably come to nothing. Official social life in Washington does not lend itself to feminine domination. Neither custom nor law accords to any woman, even the wife of the President, any official rank. The motives of entertainment relate—in the official sphere of which I am speaking—to masculine purposes, and until the whole atmosphere of American life changes it must continue to be so. Your official, whatever else he may be, is assuredly a political diplomat, and he can not afford even for the sake of pleasing the ambitious ones of his household to draw an exclusive line; and a social order of which exclusiveness is not the cornerstone can never exercise the spell of privilege and mystery essential to a "court."

Mr. Wilson in his tendencies and dispositions is as far as possible from the character of social exclusiveness. He has made it very plain that in his official family he prefers the democratic spirit. When it was objected by at least two men to whom he tendered Cabinet positions that they lacked the means for an elaborate social career, his reply was that he did not wish his administration to be distinguished by elaboration and extravagance. Certainly, no matter what efforts may be made to give an official stamp to Washington society during this administration, it will not find favor at the White House. Socially President Wilson and his family will undoubtedly be at Washington precisely what they were at Princeton—a typical American household of the intelligent, sound-moraled, well-mannered, kindly sort. And in the wide world there is no better.

A. H.

If the little band of the Progressive elect down Los Angeles way will persist in washing their dirty linen in puhlic they can hardly be surprised that passers-by should stay for a moment to see how very dirty it is. Now there is no present means of ascertaining whether the charges brought by Mr. E. Tobias Earl against Mr. Meyer Lissner are or are not true. Perhaps it does not very much matter. But that Mr. Earl should accuse Mr. Lissner, Mr. Marshall Stimson, and Mr. Russ Avery of conspiring with a desperately wicked gas company and a still more desperately wicked drink trade to deliver Los Angeles into the hands of the reactionaries is a disquieting evidence that brotherly love is still a theory. It is like charging a bishop with gambling in the vestry. Surely the battle of Armageddon will never be won this way, and it is equally sure that those who are battling for the Lord should refrain from saying nasty things, however true they may be, about their comrades in the ranks. The unregenerate are apt to laugh.

M. Poincaré, president of France, has been honored by a membership in the Order of St. Andrew, recently bestowed on him hy the Czar.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

During the last few years probably a score of books have been written on the waning influence of the churches, and certainly more than a score of reasons have been advanced. But here is a newspaper paragraph that contains more solid food for thought than all these books put together. It seems that 200 Methodist clergymen have just met in conference in New York. One of the chief topics for discussion was the literal interpretation of the story of Jonah and the whale, while we are told that the Rev. Dr. Jay Benson Hamilton, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, read from "a carefully prepared manuscript" an extended plea not only for the verbal inspiration of the Scripture, but of the English translation of the Scriptures. And yet we profess to wonder that people do not go to church, and be insulted by intellectual drivel of this kind.

George Bernard Shaw's frank avowal that he is not only a genius, but that he can make money at it, must be considered to have a strictly literary limitation. Certainly he will never make money as a statesman. "Great Britain's policy," he says, "ought to be to secure the conclusion of a triple alliance with the two countries, the terms being that if France attacked Germany, Great Britain would combine with Germany to crush France; if Germany attacked France, Great Britain would combine with France to crush Germany." But perhaps both France and Germany would decline to make such a treaty. Moreover, why should Great Britain enter upon a colossal war merely for the purpose of keeping the peace. Mr. Shaw, as an Irishman, will see the point.

How many people know that there are some Asiatic Jews who speak Spanish? When the Jews were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, a large number fled from the persecution of the Christian to the protection of the Mohammedan. They settled in Asiatic Turkey, Greece, and the Balkans, and a movement is now on foot to transfer several selected families to America. Their language is more correctly described as a Castilian-Hispano-Portuguese dialect of Latin, and it is said that many of them speak also Hebrew, modern Greek, and Arabic.

After a few more revolutions in Mexico we shall lose track of the nomenclature in that interesting struggle. In fact we shall forget which are the rebels, as successive waves of revolt regularize the insurgents and outlaw their opponents. There was a time when the Maderists were rebels, and the Porfirio Diaz men were regulars. Then the Maderists became regulars and the Diaz men—Porfirio or Felix—took their place as rebels. And now the Maderists are rebels once more, and Diaz, or Huerta, represents everything that is respectable and conventional from the strictly governmental point of view. But it seems that the Maderists prefer to be called "constitutionals," and heaven forbid that we should be indifferent to their preferences. But it is all very confusing, and prevents us from bringing to bear upon Mexican news that same crystal-clear intelligence which we are wont to direct upon such topics as the tariff or the currency.

An interesting photograph in an English illustrated newspaper shows a large force of Mohammedan soldiers drawn up in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem on Easter morning. It need hardly be said that these armed and swarthy Moslems have no intention to participate in the ceremony. They are there by order of the Turkish government to prevent the rival Christian sects from murdering each other. Greeks, Catholics, Copts, and Armenians all assemble to worship the Prince of Peace according to their own rites, and although the Turkish authorities have made a strict allotment of time there is always danger of a clash, and then bloodshed is certain. But what an amazing spectacle, that of Moslem soldiers in a Christian church in order to prevent Christian pietists from cutting each other's throats before the altar.

And while upon the subject of Turk and Christian it may be of interest to reprint an extract from an editorial in the *Stampa*, one of the chief Servian newspapers. The subject is the siege of the Turkish fortress of Scutari, and the *Stampa* says: "No quarter must be shown. Scutari must be leveled to the ground and the inhabitants remaining within its walls can not look for mercy. Every man within Scutari must be considered an enemy." What have the Balkan apologists to say to this? The massacre of the whole population of a city, soldiers and civilians alike, seems hardly consonant with that halo of crusading righteousness that has been pressed upon the brows of the Balkan fighters.

Among the amazing anomalies of modern government is the hate and contempt inspired by its legislatures. Thus we read that four dictagraphs have been found in the Pennsylvania house of representatives, and a horrified rumor tells us that other dictagraphs have been concealed in the senate chamber. Now the dictagraph is chiefly notable for its value in recording the furtive conversations of criminals, and possibly this is percisely the reason why the ingenious little instruments were installed in the Pennsylvania legislature. But who would suppose that these legislators were the publicly elected representatives of a democratic people and the custodians of our liberties?

The Boston *Herald* vouches for the fact that a well-known playwright was recently reading a play to an equally well-known actor and happened to mention as part of the text the name of Ananias. "Who's he?" said the actor. "I never heard of him, and if I never did the audience is likely to be equally ignorant!" Quite likely, indeed. The writer recently met a young man who is about to take his place as a public school teacher in California and who admitted in the course of casual conversation that he had never heard of Martin Luther. And he remembers a lady in Sacramento, his next-door neighbor, who had never heard the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, or of Sarah Bernhardt.

Those who associate all kinds of autocratic powers with the German emperor would do well to consider his fruitless efforts to eject farmer Sohst from the imperial lands on the Cadinen estate. We need not enter into the cause of the dispute, except to say that it relates to the leasehold of the farm and to a claim for the cost of repairs. The fact remains that the imperial landlord wishes to be rid of a tenant, that the tenant refuses to go, and that three suits for ejectment have resulted in favor of the farmer and against the emperor. All the king's horses and all the king's men can not get farmer Sohst off the land so long as the high court in Berlin says no. Moreover, the high court says that the emperor must pay the costs, and he will have to do so. A somewhat similar case occurred in the time of Frederick the Great. A small landowner refused to sell a piece of ground that the king was anxious to purchase, and was reminded by the royal agent that he might easily lose the land and the price, too. "That would be impossible," replied the man, "because I should appeal to the high court in Berlin."

Professor Kristian Birkeland, described as an eminent Norwegian physicist, is being quoted throughout America as saying that the earth is 1,000,000,000,000 years old, but that humanity has existed upon it for only about 100,000 years. Now we should regret to seem failing in reverence for a scientific verdict, and it is one of our pet ambitions to receive all scientific verdicts with an appropriate and abject credulity. And yet we are in difficulties. We have lately been reading of certain human remains pronounced by an almost unanimous science to be much older than the 100,000 years allowed by the Norwegian savant. And when it comes to the age of the earth we find between the estimates of the highest authorities discrepancies so vast as to stagger the imagination. But they all profess to be quite sure of their accuracy, so what is a poor layman to do? Our capacity for belief is almost unlimited, but, try as we will, we can not believe statements that are mutually destructive.

When General Rosalie Jones led her little army of suffragettes through a town in Maryland she found herself reinforced by a delegation of negro women proudly bearing the orthodox banner inscribed with the inspiriting words, "Votes for Women." The reports say that a chill as of arctic winds pervaded the ranks of the elect and that they wilted like premature roses. But be of good heart, ladies. There are only about nine million negroes in the United States, nearly half being illiterate. A woman is a woman, whatever her color, and we have much to hope from the inclusion of our colored sisters in the rights of the franchise as well as in other prospective rights, such as the recall of Supreme Court justices. The more the merrier.

Here is another extract from the diary of ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey. "The salvation of Turkey," he says, "can only be in deep religious belief. There lies our future. England, France, Russia, are in my hands. One word from my lips will suffice to open a holy war (Tschihad). Then Christian nations will see their doom. That time has not come yet, but it is bound to come when millions of brave Moslems will shake off the yoke of the Giaour—eighty-five millions living in British colonies, thirty millions in Dutch colonies, etc. Two hundred and fifty millions pray every day for Allah and the Khalifa. Can one really think that the Moslem is a weak instrument in the concert of nations?" Two hundred and fifty millions of people who are in the habit of saying their prayers "gives to think."

The new president of the French republic, M. Poincaré, places himself on record as saying that if Frenchwomen want to vote they will probably do so, but he does not believe that the time is close at hand. Marcel Prévost says that women must choose between political power and the "privileges of weakness" that they now enjoy. They can not have both. Yves Guyot is of opinion that women will get the vote and that politics will suffer according. Neither in Australia nor in Finland, he says, has feminine intervention proved beneficial.

Dr. Bertillon, the French criminal expert, says that the gentleman robber is a fiction, and to be found only in fiction. A good many cultivated people believe that they would make good criminals, but as a matter of fact they do not try, since cultured instincts always shrink from conflict with the law. Watch a criminal, and however well he may play the part of gentleman. he will presently commit some offense against taste in dress or manner. If he is a foreigner it may be overlooked upon that account, and therefore the so-called gentlemen thieves are usually to be found among the "internationals." Of course Dr. Bertillon is not to be understood as saying that a cultivated mind implies any moral superiority, for we all know that it does not. But the cultivated mind usually dreads a conflict with the police, and when it sins it selects those sins that are outside the scope of the criminal law. And most of the larger sins are outside the scope of the criminal law.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Discovery of a "Zone of Silence" in the Alps is said to have been made by workmen employed in the construction of the highest section of the Jungfrau Railway. Heavy charges of dynamite were set off, and, according to account, with surprising results. The detonations were heard within a radius of thirty miles, then within a zone of the next fourteen miles there was silence, but further up to a concentric circle of fifty miles the noise was again heard clearly.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST.

When springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Whyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snow-bound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savor of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali, the kindly, said,
"Better is speech when the belly is fed."
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah mouth.
Four things greater than all things are—
Women and horses and power and war.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword,
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund Ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: "Of the Russian who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what heaven or hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
That unsought counsel is cursed of God
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
For he carried the curse of an unstanched speech.
Therewith madness—so that he sought
The favor of kings at the Cabul court;
And traveled, in hope of honor, far
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
There have I journeyed, too—but I
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
He hearked to a rumor, and snatched at a breath
Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith'—
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
These have I also heard—they pass
With each new spring and the winter grass.

"Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Cabul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming, spoke.

"Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
As a mother might on a babbling child;
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
And he said to the boy: 'They shall praise thy zeal
So long as the red spur follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now?
Great is thy prudence—wait then, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran?
Surely an hour shall bring the van.
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear.'
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?

"A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the twentieth day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear.
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung like a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points, and died.

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
Of the gray-coat coming who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
Two things greater than all things are,
The first is love, and the second war.
And since we know not how war may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of love!"

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A report issued by the state fish and game commission says there is a scarcity of grizzly bears in California, there not being more than a half-dozen known to be left of all the hundreds that used to roam the Sierras. The statement is also made that 30,000 deer are killed annually in the state, 10,000 by hunters and the remainder by mountain lions, coyotes, and other animals that prey on them.

A WALL STREET LANDMARK.

The Drexel Building to Be Torn Down to Make Way for a New Morgan Banking House.

For forty years the Drexel Building at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets has been a landmark in New York's financial district, and for half that time one of the places of prime interest to be pointed out to visitors. It has always been marked and known as the Drexel Building, in spite of J. Pierpont Morgan's overshadowing importance in the great banking institution which it has housed. Now it is to pass, and in its place will rise the structure which Mr. Morgan thought of for years before arriving at the decision that the time to build had come. Many of its tenants have already found new abiding places, leaving with regret most dignified and comfortable quarters, that were attractive in every way though old-fashioned and lacking some of the advantages of late invention. Among these tenants were several who had occupied their offices for more than thirty years. Associations that have rooted during a generation are not easily and painlessly swept away, and there is something more than idle chatter in the memories stirred by this change. On the Broad Street side of the building, in the wide ledges of the upper windows a flock of pigeons has been fed daily for a long time, and the birds still wheel and flutter around the feeding-places that are no longer tended. The windows will not open again until the wreckers begin their work next month.

Though the Drexel Building was intended primarily for the use of the banking-house, which occupied the first floor and the basement, there were more than a hundred rooms above which were given up to tenants. Entrance to these rooms and the old-fashioned elevator shaft was on the Broad Street side of the building. The marble directory board in this entrance was covered with brass name-plates, many of which have been taken down to be displayed in other surroundings. The building is far from being fire-proof, but there has never been but one alarm of fire on the premises, and that, occasioned by the carelessness of decorators working in an upper room, was soon over without serious damage.

The offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. have never been like those of most banking-houses. Steps at the corner, directly across from the old United States treasury, with its dingy figure of Washington facing toward them, led to the main offices. A wide passage-way opened through to the back of the building, with no bar to arrest the steps of those who had business in the private offices of the partners. These offices are two large rooms on the right of the passage, lighted by broad windows looking across to the Stock Exchange. Glass partitions separate the private offices from the main room and the passage-way, but they do not obstruct the sight, and the doors are usually open, allowing visitors to see at once if the individual they seek is at his desk. In the first of the offices sit Messrs. Bowdoin, Hamilton, Lamont, and Porter. In the next room back there are but two desks, one used by Mr. H. P. Davison, and the other by Mr. J. P. Morgan, Jr. Mr. Morgan, Sr., used to have the desk now occupied by his son, but more recently he has had a room in the Mills Building adjoining, to the rear. Some time ago the banking-house felt the need of additional room, and a broad doorway was cut through the wall into the first floor of the Mills Building.

There are other contrasts to be noted in the banking-house, beyond the simplicity of its arrangements. As is natural, the institution attracts the interest of intelligent and ambitious young men who have begun life in the financial line, but it is not merely through the rating of the house. It is known to be a good firm to work for. It selects its men carefully, but once employed they are seldom allowed to go. They are treated with much more than ordinary consideration, and their loyalty is a matter of frequent mention. There is about the force an air of freedom and lack of constraint usually noticeable by its absence in banks. The partners smoke at their desks, and even the clerks get out their pipes in the late hours of the afternoon. An humble but most devoted member of what seems actually to be a big family is the old janitor, who has been absent from his place of service but two days in thirty years. This is literal, for his home has been up under the roof of the building, and the moving means more to him than to the others.

All the tenants will be out next month and then the wreckers will begin the work of demolition. The new building will be only four stories high, and it will be used exclusively by the banking-house. The new quarters may be more modern in the way of tiled floors, fire-proof elevator shaft, and general up-to-dateness, but they can not take on an appearance of greater dignity and comfort. While the new structure is going up the bank will occupy the first floor of the Mills Building, which has been remodeled for the purpose.

Much of the financial history of the country has centred in the building that is soon to be only a memory. No writer on financial topics can ignore the importance of its position. Some of the more impressive features of its life have furnished materials for hundreds of pages. To those who find interest in such topics they are still familiar, and in the years to come they will not be forgotten. But in its old home or the new one to which it will move this fall, the banking-house of J. P. Morgan & Co. will continue to hold the respectful attention of the financial world. Some day—at a time which most will hope is not close at hand—the story of its rise and power will be written at length, and the genius of its head have the appreciation which is its just due.

Flaneur.

New York, March 25, 1913.

◆

Circassian walnut, the most popular of all woods for furniture and interior finish long before America was discovered, is sold by the pound or the ton, and not by the foot. As early as 116 B. C. it was introduced into Italy from Persia. The present price at shipping ports ranges from $80 to $100 a ton, and single trees have brought as much as $300 each, because of the beauty of the burls. Russia is the chief present source of the Circassian walnut used in this country. The logs are so heavy they will not float, and are sold from the forest with their bark on. Only the heart wood is used, and it is the crooked, irregular logs that possess the best-figured wood. Even very old trees rarely have a clear length of more than ten feet. Among the substitutes sold in this country are satin walnut, tassel wood, and red gum. Other substitutes are Caucasian walnut, Japanese pterocarya, Jamaican or West Indian walnut, and nogal.

◆

Once regarded as a pest, the mole has become a valuable asset in the Netherlands for its skin. During the last two years the moleskin industry has sprung into prominence, and great quantities of the skins have been produced. One shipper last year is credited with netting $75,000 through his operations. The skin substitutes well for seal. The professional hunters pay the farmer from 10 to 15 cents a skin. As a result of these wholesale activities the mole is becoming extinct in Holland, and it is thought that a law will be enacted regulating the matter, as scientific opinions among the Hollanders differ regarding the harmfulness of the little animal. One of the dangers recognized in the working of the little animals is possible harm to the sea-restraining dykes.

◆

Worthy of its name is the Premier Diamond Mine, the largest in the world, twenty-five miles east of Pretoria. There 15,000 Kaffirs are employed, in addition to 1000 whites. The Premier produces something like $10,000,000 a year. At the present time about 12,000,000 loads of "blue," as the diamond-yielding earth is known, are dealt with every year, and such are the resources of the property that it is estimated that during the next forty years the present annual output will be maintained. The workings are comparatively shallow, being but little more than 350 feet deep, and it is considered practical to work to a depth of fully 1500 feet. The quality of stones is increasing as depth is obtained.

◆

As a city of queer trades, Birmingham, England, holds interesting position. For example, it is the principal source of the world's supply of Jews-harps, and for the past sixty years the trade has been carried on in a venerable quarter of the city. In regard to police whistles it is known that one Birmingham firm just outside the jewelry quarter has equipped more police forces in all parts of the world than any other firm. Great quantities are sent to the United States, as well as to South America, India, Canada, and the colonies. Handcuffs, manacles, and other instruments of detention have for many years been a specialty of Birmingham manufacture.

◆

Where once towered the highest peak in this country is now only a part of the shell, and within it lies wonderful Crater Lake, in Oregon. This is the view taken by geologists. This was Mount Mazama, a great volcano, which, probably before the dawn of life upon earth, towered high above any mountain now within the boundaries of the United States. Thousands of years ago it disappeared into the bowels of the earth. Crater Lake, six miles in diameter, is 2000 feet deep in places, and parts of the walls rise perpendicularly another 2000 feet.

◆

Welshmen now lead in the command of British ships, both as masters and mates, according to census reports, with Scotland second, and England third. The Scots rule the engine-room. Of the total number of Scottish seamen, 21.8 per cent are rated as engineers. In the steward's department Englishmen are supreme. Ireland comes to the front with firemen and A. B.'s.

◆

When a ship is posted at Lloyd's a bell is tolled once. In the very unusual event of a vessel arriving in port after being posted the bell is struck twice, and the caller makes his announcement from the rostrum amid a breathless silence. On the day insurance money is payable, all who were on the missing ship are legally considered dead.

◆

Watermelon seeds are now worth $5 gold per 100 pounds at Tientsin, China, while pumpkin seeds are quoted at $3.25 and $1.10 per 100 pounds, respectively, for the best and lower qualities. These seeds are served at Chinese dinners as salted almonds are served in America.

◆

Recent statistics as to the life history of the inmates of the Elmira, New York, Reformatory, the prison to which offenders under the age of twenty-five are sent on their first conviction, show that 60 per cent of them were raised in orphan asylums.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Geoffrey O'Hara, who has been commissioned by the Secretary of the Interior to preserve and develop the music of the American Indian, is a composer of note, and at present an instructor in music under the bureau of Indian affairs. He will live on the reservations and record and arrange the native music for use in the Indian schools.

Edwin Lutyens, recently elected associate member of the Royal Academy, London, is a native of that city, and a well-known architect. In 1890 he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy. In the spring of 1912 he was appointed a member of the committee of experts to advise the government in the building of the new capital of India at Delhi.

Rear-Admiral George E. Patey, who has just been appointed to command His Majesty's Australian fleet, began his naval career as a midshipman, and was aboard the *Shah* during the action with the Peruvian ship *Huascar* in 1877. Four years ago he was promoted to the rank of admiral. He has held the position of assistant director of naval intelligence.

Professor Rudolph Eucken, Ph. D., of the University of Jena, now lecturing in the East as exchange professor, was awarded the Nöbel Prize in 1908 for the most remarkable work of the year in the range of idealistic literature. He is considered the most influential of the German philosophers of the day, and his works have been translated into the European languages, and even into Japanese.

The Reverend Doctor William H. Morgan, who will begin his duties this month as pastor of Calvary Methodist Church, New York, the largest Methodist congregation under one roof in the world, rose to his present position from an iron foundry, where he worked as puddler for eleven years. Up to the age of twenty-three he could not read or write. He is at present pastor of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church at Newark, New Jersey. The New York church to which he goes has a membership of over 5000.

William Mulholland, under whose supervision the Los Angeles aqueduct, costing $23,000,000, has progressed to the point of successful completion, went to work for the Los Angeles Water Company years ago as a ditchtender. He lived in a cabin in the hills, and when not working along the ditches was deep in study. In 1882 he had become superintendent and chief engineer of the company. He is a native of Ireland, and when a youth came to this country with a fair education, a few dollars in his pocket and unlimited ambition.

Francis X. Matthieu, sole survivor of the historic Champoeg convention on the Willamette River, in 1843, and the man who cast the deciding vote that the Oregon provisional government should be organized under American instead of British alliance, was recently stricken with a severe illness at his home in Portland, Oregon. He is a native of Montreal, Canada, and has just entered on his ninety-fifth year. At the time of the Champoeg convention he crossed the river to the American side, his vote breaking the deadlock. The convention was composed of 102 settler delegates.

Louis Lepine, often called the most famous chief of police in the world, has resigned from the office which he has held in Paris for twenty years. He has figured in hundreds of celebrated cases, and his name has been made almost a household word by novelists and dramatists. Lepine is sixty-seven years old, a veteran of the Franco-German war, and a former governor of Algeria. In striking contrast to the generally accepted theory that criminals can best be kept under surveillance and apprehended by secret methods, he went on the theory that publicity in hunting them down was an essential factor.

Thomas E. Kirby, the "man with the million-dollar voice," generally recognized as the world's leading art seller, who has for over a quarter of a century averaged $1,000,000 a year by his individual sales, is the business head of the American Art Association, as well as its auctioneer. It is said of him that he put New York on the map as the world's art centre. He was born in Philadelphia over sixty years ago, and has been an auctioneer from boyhood. In 1886 he set a record by selling $450,000 worth of paintings in one evening. Three times he has obtained the record auction price for an American painting, the artist on each occasion being George Inness. Kirby is a quiet, business-like man, who employs no tricks of gesture or of elocution in selling.

Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, whose election for the full six-year term as United States senator from Illinois has ended the long deadlock in that state, is a lawyer with a brilliant reputation as an orator. He obtained his title by his service on the staff of General Frederick D. Grant during the Spanish-American war. He is not a stranger in Congress, having served the State of Washington in the lower house in the Fifty-Fifth Congress. Following the war with Spain, Colonel Lewis was credited to the joint high commission on Canadian and Alaskan boundaries in London. He has lived in Chicago since 1903, and was corporation counsel for two years. Born in Virginia, he was educated in the South and grew to manhood there. In 1886 he went to Seattle, Washington, where he began his political career. He has traveled extensively, and is a member of the Historical Society of Paris.

THE HONOR OF THE FAUBOURG.

How Hermengarde Was Saved.

The Vicomte de Bonnereuil, an insignificant but embittered old gentleman, the vicomtesse, melancholy and pious, and their three daughters—Hermengarde the eldest, handsome and haughty, Annie and Kate, the two younger ones, light-minded and vivacious—occupied the ungrateful position of poor relations in the family of their cousins the Signerols. The genus poor relation is not uncommon in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in the circle where fortunes fly away every day and can not be remade, except by marriage with the banking interest or with trade; and though such marriages can hardly be called exceptional, they are not quite the rule, either.

The whole family had put their wits to work to provide for the dreadful old vicomte and his wife and daughters. The Marquis de Signerol had given them the mansard floor of his old hotel in Saint-Dominique Street, quite respectable apartments for a younger son for instance, and furthermore paid for their fires and lights.

The Marquise de Signerol dressed the three sisters every season, and other relatives gave the girls presents of spending money on their birthdays. I omit other sources of revenue, for the Bonnereuils belonged to the noble army of genteel beggars. Oh! their begging was of the most refined and dignified kind, as befitted people who were quite aware that the keeping up of appearances in their case was a matter of concern to the whole Faubourg. They sought alms in the name of a principle. So they lived along with their five thousand francs income, supplemented by about as much more incidentally acquired; but they raged inwardly, gave themselves protesting airs, and went about with perpetually discontented faces.

They suffered agonies at the sight of their opulent cousins' luxury and fashion. The Signerols were kind to them, and invited them to informal dinners and to almost all their evening parties. But the three sisters could not show in new gowns as often as they wished, and it gnawed them to the heart's core. When they came home from a walk during calling hours, the swell equipage in the porte-cochère—not for them—filled them with bitterness and resentment.

If the marquise sent them out in her landau for a turn in the Bois with her little sons, the girls were haunted by the fear of being taken for the children's governesses.

In the bosom of the family, they had to endure their father's irritability. He reproached them by continual allusions with not being boys.

Oh, if he only had a son!

A son might have rescued them all from poverty. A son could have made a rich *mésalliance* with some banker's daughter or merchant's heiress, selling his name very dear, since names are for sale and even confer vast honor upon those to whom they are sold. But how could a man dispose of three dowerless girls? They must be old maids or nuns.

This perpetual harping on one theme gradually impressed the eldest of the Bonnereuil girls, Hermengarde. She was a strong-willed girl, of stately brunette beauty, fully decided upon tasting life, and within whom, under her well-drilled grace and the thin veneer of a convent education, throbbed the warlike brigand ardor of her far-away ancestors. Her poverty maddened her. What is a name? Is not the true noble the one with the power to seize and to retain? If a name is marketable, why should she not sell hers? The wife's name is easily hyphenated with the husband's. Doubtless the trade would be harder for a girl to make than for a man, but what would be the harm of looking about one?

And she looked about her.

At about the same time Ernest Foussard, the eminently modern business man that all Paris knows, owner of a sugar refinery, two sailing vessels, three newspapers, and four minor theatres, realized, in running over his books, that he had just gathered in his twentieth million. Married to the landlady of a family hotel, with a bank account, and soon left a widower, he had thought at first that he would not marry again, arguing that a man without a wife—be he bachelor or widower—is freer to enjoy ladies' society. But now that his fortune was made, now that he had everything—swell house in Paris, picture gallery, historic château in the country, his nomination by the conservative interest at the last election, and, last and most conclusive, that he was verging on fifty—the idea occurred to him to take a wife who should bring him the sole thing he lacked—a great name to tack on (by and with the consent of the senate) to his patronymic Foussard, and thereby, sooner or later, after a resistance which he foresaw and half approved, his entrée into the mysterious, inaccessible circles of the Faubourg.

And he looked about him.

Now, in the course of their looking about them, Hermengarde de Bonnereuil and Ernest Foussard met.

The first time was at a charity fair, where he paid her a thousand francs for a pair of cuff-buttons in her booth. He had first got thoroughly posted about her and knew that she had nothing in the world but her great name and her great eyes.

A few days after he sent her a number of barrels of sugar and a mammoth bundle of clothing "for her charities."

Her noble papa wrote to thank him. The following week Foussard called on the Bonnereuils outright. He was received and saw Hermengarde.

He came again.

Let us abridge.

Ernest Foussard and Hermengarde had found each other out at the first glance, but both went through with the required acts of the comedy with the proper amount of discretion and seriousness. Foussard pleased the viscount by the purity of his monarchical convictions, and won over the viscountess by the purity of his religious convictions.

At the end of three months he proposed for the hand of Hermengarde.

The viscount was all lofty regret.

"Sir," he said, "it pains me that you have had the imprudence to formulate a request which our principles compel us to meet with the most express denial. It pains me, I repeat, for I have felt drawn toward you—yes—very much drawn toward you, I am sure."

"At least," replied Foussard, "grant me one favor. Be kind enough to lay my proposal before Mlle. de Bonnereuil. If she, too, refuses my grief will be overwhelming, but as I shall then know there is no hope for me I believe I shall be able to summon more resolution to quell this fatal passion, sustained by the feeling that I am obeying her wishes solely."

"Sir," said the viscount, "you are one of nature's noblemen and your words prove the delicacy of your sentiments."

* * * * * * * *

When the viscount told his daughter of Foussard's proposal she said simply: "At last!" And then added: "The Signerols will froth at the mouth."

"Do you mean to accept him?" cried the father.

"I should say I do!" said Hermengarde; "I've had all the poverty I want. Besides, think a moment. Did not our Cousin Sillery, and the little Prince of Castelfidardo, and old Count d'Artenay all marry Jewesses within the year?"

"That's not at all the same," said the mother.

"Well," argued Hermengarde, "Mr. Foussard can be a Papal count whenever he wishes. If he likes he can be legally Foussard de Bonnereuil until the Foussard is dropped altogether for the sake of brevity. You know it as well as I do."

"But if I refuse to give my consent?" said the viscount.

"I am twenty-two years old, my dear father. I shall be sweetly obstinate, and—I know you so well!—you love your daughter so much that you would not have the heart to remain angry with her long."

"My child, you astonish and pain me indescribably."

"You do not speak like a girl who occupies your position in the world," added the viscountess.

All this did not prevent the viscount from writing to Ernest Foussard:

> Sir: It is my duty to inform you that, to my great surprise, my daughter receives your proposal favorably. I confess that I have opposed her resolution with all my strength. But the feelings with which you have inspired her are such that she has announced her intention of proceeding, if necessary, to legal remonstrance against my paternal authority. Such is the present situation. I beg of you to grant a father, bowed down with grief, the respite of a short time to master his emotion.

* * * * * * * *

When the viscount told the Signerols about Foussard's proposal and Hermengarde's answer there was war and tumult. The marquis and his wife declared that the mere notion of such a marriage should fill a gentleman with repugnance. The viscount agreed with them, but they went too far; they declared they would never suffer that Foussard—"that off-scouring, that Thing"—to cross the threshold of their home again. The viscount protested against such stringent measures; bitter words were exchanged, the viscount departed abruptly, in a lofty rage; the very next day he moved out of the Signerol top floor, and, with his wife and daughters, established himself in a little flat—Rue de Bac.

There was general consternation throughout the Faubourg. Doubtless this was not the first *mésalliance* which had occurred there; that was exactly it—there had been quite too many these last few years. Besides this one was altogether too conspicuous. Foussard was in particularly bad odor; he was mere raw money—money naked and not ashamed, amassed too fast and by ways and means really too—modern. Such a marriage would signify, with much too insolent distinctness, that money can buy everything, that everything indiscriminately is for sale, and that, in order to make the same match as a Rohan or a Montmorency, the vulgarest of tradesmen had only to put up his coin. Then again, if this Foussard was a man to conduct himself with discretion and veil his success—but not at all, every one felt that he would shout it from every pinnacle of notoriety, emblazon it, advertise it on all the walls, fences, and railway stations if he could. Three morning papers had already announced the thing under initials, as transparent—as wedding cards.

Portly dowagers climbed the five flights that led to the Bonnereuils and exhorted Hermengarde for hours together, passing from the melting to the indignant, and from threats to prayers. She remained obdurate.

One of the most admired clergymen of the Faubourg, the Rev. Father de Sainte-Amarante, came to admonish the young insurgent in his turn. He could only extract these words: "They don't want me to sell my name? Well, a thing that can be sold can be bought back."

We must infer that the excellent father understood this dark saying, for he immediately held a long conference with the Vicomte de Bonnereuil. We shall never know the precise words exchanged by the pair, but when the viscount escorted his visitor to his modest landing, the holy man said to him in a low voice: "Let us sum up, monsieur le vicomte. We said an annual pension of forty thousand francs, of which twenty thousand go to you and your cherished younger daughters, upon the condition that they shall marry only men in their own social circle; and twenty thousand for Mlle. Hermengarde upon the same condition. Am I quite accurate? Agreed? I undertake to submit your proposition to the Marquis de Signerol, and to the marquise, and to all those whom it will interest."

The proposition was accepted. Father de Sainte-Amarante hawked about among the dwellers of the Faubourg a sort of subscription list for the Bonnereuil pension. The profane called these visits "the good work for poor relations." But the list filled rapidly, for self-esteem entered into the matter, as if the amount of each subscription were the measure of race feeling in each subscriber and the gauge of his blood's azure. Some families that could ill afford it, that kind that worries along on thirty thousand francs a year, even preserving a decent air of grandeur about the ancestral manor, these imposed veritable privations upon themselves. The most highly heroic mite, however, was undoubtedly the contribution of Chevalier d'Outarville.

The Chevalier d'Outarville is the last chevalier extant. Of course he had been page at the court of Charles the Tenth. He was a natty old fellow, full of superannuated politeness, replete with prejudice and disinterestedness. He lived on a tiny income with one old servant, a white-haired Parisian, Joseph Bonhomme.

One evening, when by chance the chevalier did not dine out, and as he was eating his modest meal at home, he said aloud: "What times these are! That little Hermengarde de Bonnereuil! In my day—ah, well!"

Old Joseph sympathized respectfully with a silent nod.

The chevalier continued: "It is a great work to prevent such dishonor. Why can not I contribute? But we are not rich enough, my old Joseph!"

Full of lofty sadness, the chevalier only played with his dinner.

The meal was short that evening. Joseph, as much overwhelmed as his master, appeared to be reflecting deeply. The next morning, however, when he brought the chevalier's chocolate, the old servant was almost blithe.

"Monsieur the chevalier may take heart again," he said; "I have gone thoroughly over my books. With precaution and judgment, by pruning a little in every direction, if I get up a little earlier to go to market, we could save fifty francs a month. And I promise monsieur the chevalier that it shall not be too perceptible to monsieur the chevalier."

* * * * * * * *

Ernest Foussard received the following letter from the Vicomte de Bonnereuil:

> Sir: Having consecrated to the most serious reflection the respite I begged you to grant in the matter we all have so much at heart, it becomes my melancholy duty to inform you that my daughter no longer looks favorably upon your suit. We hesitated for a long time, with so much esteem has your character inspired us, but we feel constrained to admit that there are certain paramount principles to which we must sacrifice everything. You will the better appreciate this feeling as these principles are, at bottom, your own, and you will approve their stern and, at times, sad autocracy. Believe me, ever, etc.

The honor of the Faubourg was saved.

—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Lemaitre by Annie Lake Townsend.*

Windmills played no small part in the reclamation of the land covered by the Haarlem Sea, in Holland. Steam pumps were also used. The undertaking began in 1848, and was completed in thirty-nine months. Hoofddorp, a flourishing little village in the very centre of what was formerly the Haarlem Sea, is the principal market, which now, as a terminal of the new railroad, promises to become a live city in a dead sea, instead of a dead city on a live sea. Hoofddorp is but a short ride by automobile from Amsterdam, over a perfect road. The ground-level in this area is from three to five yards below the water-level of Amsterdam, and forms a deep basin inside the ring-dyke, while the ring-dyke and the inclosed canal is only a little higher than the sea, Amsterdam itself being slightly below sea-level.

Perhaps the most extraordinary tattooing idea ever carried out was that of a coachman, who, at the time of the Dreyfus trial, had his body and legs covered with no fewer than 120 illustrations of the case, including portraits of the leading personages. Altogether the work occupied nearly two years.

This year the Royal Geograhical Society will not award the founder's medal, but with the king's approval a casket with suitable inscription will be presented to Lady Scott to contain the patron's medal and the special Antarctic medal awarded to her late husband in 1904.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says that "man has shown no improvement either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel-laying of the latest dreadnought."

Once the President answered his own letters. Today the White House staff includes forty secretaries.

JOHN MUIR'S RECOLLECTIONS.

The Famous Naturalist Tells an Unassuming Story of His Boyhood and Youth in Scotland and America.

John Muir's early autobiography should not pass unnoticed at a time when the causes of human character and of human traits and tendencies are receiving some of the attention that the subject deserves. The author had, of course, no such psychological intention. His evident object was to tell the story of his life as simply and as impersonally as possible. But nevertheless the psychological value is clearly there. The somewhat dour Scotch Puritanism amid which he was born, the rigors of the parental discipline, the unending struggles against poverty, the incessant calls upon ingenuity and upon sacrifice, must have had immense value as character builders, but there must have been some basis upon which to build and for which we find nothing to account either in heredity or in environment. A multitude of other boys must have met similar experiences, but we have never heard of them since, nor can we find anything in Mr. Muir's heredity to explain his love and comprehension of nature, his extraordinary mechanical ability, nor the largeness of vision that has characterized his life. He tells us that when he was five or six years old there was no certainty of punishment that could deter him from wandering over the Scotch fields or to the seashore on the Sunday afternoons when he should have isolated himself among the domestic pieties. When he was only three he was thrilled by the discovery of a field mouse and her young, and "no hunter could have been more excited on discovering a bear and her cubs in a wilderness den."

The boy was sent to school before he was three years old, and a Scotch school in those days—and indeed at the present time—was a place of discipline aggravated by piety. In addition to his lessons he had to learn hymns and Bible verses, and it was a memorable day when his father gave him a penny for learning "Rock of Ages" and so made of him a capitalist. At the age of seven or eight he went to the grammar school, where discipline in very truth became a terror. Here is Mr. Muir's sketch of a curriculum that by modern and more effeminate standards seems almost incredible:

> In the first few Latin and French lessons the new teacher, Mr. Lyon, blandly smiled at our comical blunders, but pedagogical weather of the severest kind quickly set in, when for every mistake, everything short of perfection, the taws was promptly applied. We had to get three lessons every day in Latin, three in French, and as many in English, besides spelling, history, arithmetic, and geography. Word lessons in particular, the wouldst-couldst-shouldst-have-loved kind, were kept up, with much warlike thrashing, until I had committed the whole of the French, Latin, and English grammars to memory, and in connection with reading lessons we were called on to recite parts of them with the rules over and over again, as if all the regular and irregular incomprehensible verb stuff was poetry. In addition to all this, father made me learn so many Bible verses every day that by the time I was eleven years of age I had about three-fourths of the Old Testament and all of the New by heart and by sore flesh. I could recite the New Testament from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation without a single stop.

In those days there were no "educational problems," no learned analyses of the child's mind, no solicitude lest his educational cargo should be greater than he could carry. The whole day was spent in school and the whole evening in home lessons:

> We carried our school-books home in a strap every night and committed to memory our next day's lessons before we went to bed, and to do that we had to bend our attention as closely on our tasks as lawyers on great million-dollar cases. I can't conceive of anything that would now enable me to concentrate my attention more fully than when I was a mere stripling boy, and it was all done by whipping—thrashing in general. Old-fashioned Scotch teachers spent no time in seeking short roads to knowledge, or in trying any of the new-fangled psychological methods so much in vogue nowadays. There was nothing said about making the seats easy or the lessons easy. We were simply driven pointblank against our books like soldiers against the enemy, and sternly ordered, "Up and at 'em. Commit your lessons to memory!" If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin excited the memory to any required degree.

The grammar school reader of that day impressed itself upon the mind of the boy because it contained a description of wild life in America by the Scotch ornithologist Wilson. In another reading lesson the American forests were described. The final removal of the family to America seems to have been unforeseen, since the author tells us that his father came one night to the fireside with the exciting announcement, "Bairns, you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn." They sailed next morning from Glasgow on a six weeks' voyage, and went at once to Wisconsin, where the various kinds of wild life seemed to constitute a paradise to the eager mind of the boy. The dog that was given to them was the constant object of attention and study, and the children soon learned that he could read character, always knew what was going on and loved to be employed. And what an extraordinary power of scent he had:

> One sharp winter morning when the ground was covered with snow, I noticed that when he was yawning and stretching himself after leaving his bed he suddenly caught the scent of something that excited him, went round the corner of the house, and looked intently to the westward across a tongue of land that we called West Bank, eagerly questioning the air with quivering nostrils, and bristling up as though he felt sure that there was something dangerous in that direction and had actually caught sight of it. Then he ran toward the Bank, and I followed him, curious to see what his nose had discovered. The top of the Bank commanded a view of the north end of our lake and meadow, and when we got there we saw an Indian hunter with a long spear, going from one muskrat cabin to another, approaching cautiously, careful to make no noise, and then suddenly thrusting his spear down through the house. If well aimed, the spear went through the poor beaver rat as it lay cuddled up in the snug nest it had made for itself in the fall with so much far-seeing care, and when the hunter felt the spear quivering he dug down the mossy hut with his tomahawk and secured his prey—the flesh for food, and the skin to sell for a dime or so. This was a clear object lesson on dogs' keenness of scent. That Indian was more than half a mile away across a wooded ridge. Had the hunter been a white man I suppose Watch would not have noticed him.

There was a horse, too, in those early days and he had to bear his share of experimentation. Upon one occasion, Mr. Muir tells us, he offered this extraordinary animal the body of a mouse, and "she deliberately took it into her mouth, crunched and munched and chewed it fine and swallowed it, bones, teeth, head, tail, everything. Not a single hair of that mouse was wasted. When she was chewing it she nodded and grunted, as though critically tasting and relishing it." But eventually poor Nob was sacrificed on the altar of the parental piety:

> My father was a steadfast enthusiast on religious matters, and, of course, attended almost every sort of church meeting, especially revival meetings. They were occasionally held in summer, but mostly in winter when the sleighing was good and plenty of time available. One hot summer day father drove Nob to Portage and back, twenty-four miles over a sandy road. It was a hot, hard, sultry day's work, and she had evidently been over-driven in order to get home in time for one of these meetings. I shall never forget how tired and wilted she looked that evening when I unhitched her; how she drooped in her stall, too tired to eat or even to lie down. Next morning it was plain that her lungs were inflamed; all the dreadful symptoms were just the same as my own when I had pneumonia. Father sent for a Methodist minister, a very energetic, resourceful man, who was a blacksmith, farmer, butcher, and horse doctor as well as minister; but all his gifts and skill were of no avail. Nob was doomed. We bathed her head and tried to get her to eat something, but she couldn't eat, and in about a couple of weeks we turned her loose to let her come around the house and see us in the weary suffering and loneliness of the shadow of death. She tried to follow us children, so long her friends and workmates and playmates. It was awfully touching. She had several hemorrhages, and in the forenoon of her last day, after she had had one of her dreadful spells of bleeding, and gasping for breath, she came to me trembling, with beseeching, heartbreaking looks, and after I had bathed her head and tried to soothe and pet her, she lay down and gasped and died. All the family gathered about her, weeping, with aching hearts. Then dust to dust.

We have descriptions of many of the birds of Wisconsin, and especially of the common gray geese, who would arrive hungry and wing-weary, with nearly an inch of snow on their backs. But they never lost their wariness, and the hunter who would secure a trophy must hide himself before the birds arrived, for no one could approach them afterwards:

> It was the ambition of boys to be able to shoot these wary birds. I never got but two, both of them at one so-called lucky shot. When I ran to pick them up, one of them flew away, but as the poor fellow was sorely wounded he didn't fly far. When I caught him after a short chase he uttered a piercing cry of terror and despair, which the leader of the flock heard at a distance of about a hundred rods. They had flown off in frightened disorder, of course, but had got into the regular harrow-shape order when the leader heard the cry, and I shall never forget how bravely he left his place at the head of the flock and hurried back screaming and struck at me in trying to save his companion. I dodged down and held my hands over my head, and thus escaped a blow of his elbows. Fortunately I had left my gun at the fence, and the life of this noble bird was spared after he had risked it in trying to save his wounded friend or neighbor or family relation. For so shy a bird boldly to attack a hunter showed wonderful sympathy and courage. This is one of my strangest hunting experiences. Never before had I regarded wild geese as dangerous, or capable of such noble self-sacrificing devotion.

Life in those days was extraordinarily strenuous. The prairie ranch demanded a toil that was incessant and merciless. In fact the author tells us that his work stunted his growth and earned for him the title of "Runt of the Family." At twelve years of age he was working at the plow, and he was expected to plow as well as a man. He had to chop out the stumps to make way for the McCormick reaper, and as he was the eldest boy he had to do the greater part of all the other hard work of the farm. He split rails and made the fences and was proud that he could do it:

> In those early days, long before the great labor-saving machines came to our help, almost everything connected with wheat-raising abounded in trying work—cradling in the long, sweaty dog-days, raking and binding, stacking, thrashing—and it often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was too closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, oftentimes suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. The fat folk grew lean and the lean leaner, while the rosy cheeks brought from Scotland and other cool countries across the sea faded to yellow like the wheat. We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry. The same was in great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day seventeen hours long loaded with heavy work, while I was only a small stunted boy; and a few years later my brothers David and Daniel and my older sisters had to endure about as much as I did. In the harvest dog-days and dog-nights and dog-mornings, when we arose from our clammy beds, our cotton shirts clung to our backs as wet with sweat as the bathing-suits of swimmers, and remained so all the long, sweltering days. In mowing and cradling, the most exhausting of all the farm work, I made matters worse by foolish ambition in keeping ahead of the hired men. Never a warning word was spoken of the dangers of over-work. On the contrary, even when sick we were held to our tasks as long as we could stand. Once in harvest-time I had the mumps and was unable to swallow any food except milk, but this was not allowed to make any difference, while I staggered with weakness and sometimes fell headlong among the sheaves. Only once was I allowed to leave the harvest-field—when I was stricken down with pneumonia. I lay gasping for weeks, but the Scotch are hard to kill and I pulled through. No physician was called, for father was an enthusiast, and always said and believed that God and hard work were by far the best doctors.

The cruelties of pioneer life seem to have whetted instead of dulling the boy's appetite for learning. He persuaded his father to buy him a higher arithmetic and he finished it in one summer in the short intervals between the end of dinner and the afternoon start for the fields. Then he took up algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. His father was willing enough that he should learn, provided the learning could in no way be considered as adverse to religion:

> Fortunately, several of our neighbors had brought a dozen or two of all sorts of books, which I borrowed and read, keeping all of them except the religious ones carefully hidden from father's eye. Among these were Scott's novels, which, like all other novels, were strictly forbidden, but devoured with glorious pleasure in secret. Father was easily persuaded to buy Josephus's "Wars of the Jews," and D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," and I tried hard to get him to buy Plutarch's Lives, which, as I told him, everybody, even religious people, praised as a grand good book; but he would have nothing to do with the old pagan until the graham bread and anti-flesh doctrines came suddenly into our backwoods neighborhood, making a stir something like phrenology and spirit-rappings, which were as mysterious in their attacks as influenza. He then thought it possible that Plutarch might be turned to account on the food question by revealing what those old Greeks and Romans ate to make them strong; and so at last we gained our glorious Plutarch. Dick's "Christian Philosopher," which I borrowed from a neighbor, I thought I might venture to read in the open, trusting that the word "Christian" would be proof against its cautious condemnation. But father balked at the word "Philosopher," and quoted from the Bible a verse which spoke of "philosophy falsely so-called."

It became increasingly difficult to read at all. It was the rule to go to bed at eight o'clock, but sometimes the boy was able to linger for ten minutes before attracting his father's attention, and they were golden minutes. Upon one occasion his father reprimanded him severely, and added, "If you *will* read, get up in the morning and read. You may get up in the morning as early as you like." For a boy with such a load of labor as this boy had the permission was probably considered to be meaningless, but actually it opened up a new avenue of possibilities:

> That night I went to bed wishing with all my heart and soul that somebody or something might call me out of sleep to avail myself of this wonderful indulgence; and next morning to my joyful surprise I awoke before father called me. A boy sleeps soundly after working all day in the snowy woods, but that snowy morning I sprang out of bed as if called by a trumpet blast, rushed downstairs, scarce feeling my chilblains, enormously eager to see how much time I had won; and when I held up my candle to a little clock that stood on a bracket in the kitchen I found that it was only one o'clock. I had gained five hours, almost half a day! "Five hours to myself!" I said, "five huge, solid hours!" I can hardly think of any other event in my life, any discovery I ever made that gave birth to joy so transportingly glorious as the possession of these five frosty hours.

A word should be said on the mechanical ingenuities developed under the stress of necessity. The boy had already constructed some extraordinary clocks that were the wonder of the neighbors, and there was another invention that we may allow the author to describe in his own words:

> Nevertheless I still indulged my love of mechanical inventions. I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in dark winter mornings just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp. Then, after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open, and allowed to remain there the number of minutes required. Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall, then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on, all the day being divided according to the times of recitation, and time required and allotted to each study. Besides this, I thought it would be a fine thing in the summer-time when the sun rose early, to dispense with the clock-controlled bed machinery, and make use of sunbeams instead. This I did simply by taking a lens out of my small spy-glass, fixing it on a frame on the sill of my bedroom window, and pointing it to the sunrise; the sunbeams focused on a thread burned it through, allowing the bed machinery to put me on my feet. When I wished to arise at any given time after sunrise I had only to turn the pivoted frame that held the lens the requisite number of degrees or minutes. Thus I took Emerson's advice and hitched my dumping-wagon bed to a star.

Here we must leave a notable and unassuming book, but with a still unanswered question in our minds. Did Mr. Muir achieve his distinction because of these early vicissitudes or in spite of them? Perhaps the question will never be answered, but we may at least observe with profit that here was a boy who underwent all those hardships that are now the object of so much maudlin sentiment and that are supposed to be fatal to youthful development and who emerged from them unscathed.

The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. By John Muir. With illustrations from sketches by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2 net.

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A writer in *Bailey's Magazine*, of England, has been figuring on the cost of the annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, and says the expense to each crew may be approximately estimated at $3000 for each. He then says that as the contest rarely takes more than twenty minutes, the cost works out at about $300 per minute, or about $8 every time the oars dip into the water. The cost of the boats is placed at $250, and the oars at $70, the rest of the money going for preparation from October until the day of the race. The writer seems to think that $3000 is a good deal of money to spend on a college crew (observes the New York *Evening Post*). It would be interesting to know what he would think of many times that amount spent upon the American college crews for the annual races.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Burning Question.

The "burning question" is divorce—*cela va sans dire,* and especially the divorce that is complicated by children. Warren Dean and his wife find that they are incompatible. The wife, Olive, is satisfied that she has a career as a violinist, but duty to husband and child stand in the way. Being a modern woman, she repudiates the duty with all that hot indignation usually assumed by the modern woman when foiled in a pleasure. Insisting on a trip to Europe in order to take lessons, she sends a letter to her husband from the steamer announcing that she will never return, and she then covers her tracks by allowing it to be supposed that she had committed suicide while crossing the English Channel. Naturally enough, Warren falls in love again, and on the very day of his second marriage Olive turns up like a bad penny, having discovered that her musical genius is less than she had supposed. So we have a decidedly awkward *impasse.*

The story is well told, but it can not be said to throw much light on the problem of divorce, if indeed there is any problem of divorce apart from the wider question of the slow and steady extinction of the moral sense with its recognition of duty.

The Burning Question. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

Democracy and the Church.

The attempt to identify the teachings of Jesus with some particular form of human government will always arouse a certain amount of resentment. All such attempts arise, of course, from the egotism of the age, which may be expressed syllogistically somewhat as follows: The present democratic age is the flower of human social evolution. The religion of Jesus indicates the path to social perfection. Therefore the religion of Jesus has produced the present democratic age. The error may lie in the assumption that the present democratic age is indeed the flower of human social evolution. It may be an aberration. Certainly an aristocratic form of government, so far as it observes the moral law, is quite as entitled to claim support from the teachings of Jesus as is a democratic government, and with quite as much reason. We may readily assent to the proposition that a perfected form of human government would automatically issue from perfected human natures, but until we have attained to the perfected human natures we have no right to assume what that form will be, and still less to assume that it will be a form like our own.

But Dr. Smith's book is a valuable one, if only as a lucid and well presented history of democracy. Where we may join issue with him is in his attempt to show that democracy was the result of Christianity, rather than coincident with it, and in his assumption that the realized and adopted religion of Jesus will necessarily take the form of democracy in human government. And, as has been already said, we may reasonably resent any and all attempts to use the religion of Jesus, however reverentially, as a political weapon or as support for any particular abstract theories of human government.

Democracy and the Church. By Samuel George Smith, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50 net.

Broken Arcs.

The title of this novel by Darrell Figgis is taken from "Abt Vogler"—"On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round." It is a story well told around a somewhat commonplace plot. A country girl, sent prematurely to her first situation, is betrayed by a fashionable lover, and as her pious father refuses to receive her she finds herself an outcast. Adopted by a benevolent couple, she survives her trouble and poses as their widowed daughter. She falls in love again with the son of a wealthy physician and eventually we are permitted to see the clouds roll away after some tangled skeins have been unraveled. In one or two places the author allows himself to deviate into coarseness and without visible excuse. A young man's misconduct may sometimes be a necessary part of a story, but the cruder details should be left to the imagination.

Broken Arcs. By Darrell Figgis. New York; Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35 net.

A Mexican Journey.

Mexico occupies so large a place in the public mind that there should be a wide welcome for a travel book so comprehensive, so intelligent, and so vivacious as this one. Mr. Blichfeldt is not among those who compile volumes on the strength of a hurried scamper. He traveled leisurely and widely, and his observations find a place before an extensive background of general knowledge of Mexico and acquaintance with its people. Moreover, he knows how to discriminate between the things that matter and those that do not, and when to these virtues are added a style that makes reading a pleasure it will be seen that we have an exceptional book and one not to be overlooked.

Special interest attaches to the chapter on "Customs and Comparisons," and if the author is disposed to praise it is a virtue that is never overdone. In some respects Mexico may be called progressive. She was ahead of most American cities in street lighting, and in some other ways, too, while Mr. Blichfeldt believes, somewhat sanguinely, that there is a general and sincere longing among the people for the guaranties of liberty, a genuine respect for law, and a full consciousness of the necessity for order and individual submission to the sovereign will. The Mexican physician, he says, knows as much of the theory of his profession as his American brother and has done more general reading, but he is weak in the practical application. The Mexican carpenter can do nothing that requires ingenuity, but in plain and simple work he will do better than the American and will insist upon the need of good workmanship. Altogether we have a very entertaining book, well written, well printed, and well illustrated.

A Mexican Journey. By E. H. Blicbfeldt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2 net.

Just Before the Dawn.

The title of this important book is irritatingly nebulous, since it contains no intimation that it is a section of Japanese history. It is the story of a reformer named Ninomiya, who lived shortly before Commodore Perry's visit and who must have been a man of extraordinary force and originality. At a time when Japan was a pure autocracy Ninomiya was able to raise himself from his peasant's estate and to promulgate a social philosophy that was opposed to the whole spirit of the day. At a time when a benevolent and paternal despotism was the ideal of Japanese life Ninomiya preached a doctrine that forbade the asking of anything from the government in the way of relief, that discouraged practically all material charities, and that recommended the individual to work out his own salvation by labor and thrift. Religion he held in light esteem, but he insisted upon virtue. Human nature was not to be trusted as a guide, but must be controlled and restrained, character being cultivated as a fertile field by the removal of the weeds and the encouragement of the grain. It is strange that we have not heard more of a reformer whose success was so great that there are at present over six hundred societies in Japan founded upon his teachings. We may therefore be all the more grateful to the author for introducing to us a character whose influence should not be overlooked by students of Japanese evolution.

Just Before the Dawn. By Robert Cornell Armstrong, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

This Stage of Fools.

In this volume Mr. Merrick gives us seventeen short stories, many of them with a theatrical basis and all of them built upon ideas that are worth while. Mr. Merrick is a craftsman of high, but not of the highest, rank. He knows just how a story should be told, and he tells it with a certain smooth and convincing fluency that owes nothing to sensationalism or mystery.

This Stage of Fools. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.20 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Songs Under Open Skies," by M. Jay Flannery (Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati; $1 net), is a small volume of unobjectionable verse, but better suited to private circulation than to general publicity.

Those who like to excite themselves over the polygamy of Mormonism may find something stimulating in "The House of Shame," by Charles Felton Pidgin (the Cosmpolitan Press; $1.25 net). It is written with vigor and realism, but it seems to contain little that is new.

The perfection of brief biography is to be found in a little volume entitled "Nell Gwynn," by Cecil Chesterton (Small, Maynard & Co.). Perhaps the subject is hardly worthy of the workmanship, but those who want a moving picture of the famous beauty will find it here, as well as twenty illustrations, mainly of the famous beauty herself.

Among new books on the Civil War which still arrive in an unbroken stream is "The Attack and Defense of Little Round Top," by Oliver Willcox Norton (Neale Publishing Company; $2 net). The author was an eyewitness of Gettysburg and to his own observations he has added the official reports of Union and Confederate officers, as well as numerous letters not hitherto published.

Among later additions to the library of volumes produced by Orison Swett Marden with such astonishing rapidity is "The Joys of Living." Those acquainted with Mr. Marden's work will need no other introduction to his latest book. It belongs to the "efficiency" class which seems now to be so popular. The publishers are Thomas Y. Crowell Company, and the price is $1.25 net.

It would be hard to speak in too high praise of The Wisdom of the East series now being issued under the general editorship of L. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net per volume). The latest addition to this library of Oriental classics is "Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure," translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph. D., etc., with an introduction by Hugh Cranmer-Byng.

The White House

NEW BOOKS

"The Story of My Boyhood and Youth"
By JOHN MUIR $2.00 net

"The Woman Movement"
By ELLEN KEY $1.50 net

All the latest English and Foreign Publications

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

To the series of attractive biographies now in course of issue by Small, Maynard & Co. has been added "The Story of Marie Antoinette," by Francis Buckley. One of the notable features of this series is the wealth of attractive illustrations that embellish its volumes. This particular volume contains twenty portraits of Marie Antoinette from contemporary sources, a picture gallery that is almost unique and that is of the highest interest.

Among admirable gift books for intelligent children is "Ten Girls from History," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser (Duffield & Co.; $2). It is issued as a companion volume to "Ten Boys from History," and gives the life stories of Jeanne d'Arc, Victoria, Sally Wister, Cofachiqui, Jenny Lind, Eliza Lucas, Lady Jane Grey, "Gentle Annie," Madeleine de Verchères, and Adrienne de Lafayette. The stories are well told, and the narratives sustained by illustrations.

H. K. Carroll, LL. D., who was in charge of the Division of Churches of the Eleventh Census, has compiled a volume entitled "The Religious Forces of the United States," enumerated, classified, and described. The volume contains the returns for 1900 and 1910 compared with the government census of 1890 and a general review of the conditions and characteristics of Christianity in the United States. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons and the price $2 net.

New Books Received.

The Man Who Would Not Be King. By Sidney Dark. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Woman in Black. By Edmund C. Bentley. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Impossible Boy. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Bishop's Purse. By Oliver Herford and Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Eternal Maiden. By T. Everett Harrè. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.20 net.

An Esquimaux story.

The Gloved Hand. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Juogment House. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Nest. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

A novel by the author of "Tante."

The Wings of Pride. By Louise Kennedy Mabie. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Running Sands. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Grandeur That Was Rome. By J. C. Stobart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A survey of Roman culture and civilization. A companion volume to and continuation of "The Glory That Was Greece."

Alphonsus: Emperor of Germany. By Herbert F. Schwarz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

A tragedy.

New Comeoies. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Five plays of Irish life.

Brand. By Henrik Ibsen. Published by the translator at Portland, Oregon; 75 cents.

Translated by J. M. Olberman.

Comparative Religion, by J. Estlin Carpenter, D. Litt.; The Newspaper, by G. Binney Dihhlee, M. A.; Napoleon, by Herbert Fisher, M. A., F. B. A.; Dr. Johnson and His Circle, by John Bailey; The Victorian Age in Literature, by G. K. Chesterton; Painters and Painting, by Sir Frederick Wedmore; The Origin and Nature of Life, by Benjamin Moore, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S.; The Literature of Germany, by J. G. Rohertson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net per volume.

Issued in the Home University Library.

Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words. By Louis A. Flemming. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

A practical aid in expressing ideas through the use of an exact and varied vocabulary.

The Silver-Burdett Arithmetics. Book Two. By George Morris Philips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

For grades five and six.

Panama—Past and Present. By Farnham Bishop. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents net.

A complete history of the Isthmus.

Veronica. By Florence Morse Kinsley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

"A tale of the Christ."

Three Farms. By John Mătter. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.20 net.

Containing the author's experiences on three farms, in France, in the Canadian Northwest, and in Indiana.

Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen. Translated by Fydell Edmund Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.60 net.

Including songs from the dramas, together with the scene of Aase's death from "Peer Gynt," to which is added a new and revised edition of the same translator's version of "Brand."

Essays on English Poets and Poetry. By Francis Jeffrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

From the *Edinburgh Review.* Issued in the New Universal Library.

Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

A new edition.

Motor Boating for Boys. By Charles G. Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

A book of practical guidance.

Scientific Auction Bridge. By E. V. Shepard. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

An exposition of the game.

The Coming Mexico. By Josepb King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50 net.

Issued in the World Today series.

Healing Influences. By Leander Edmund Whipple. New York: The American School of Metaphysics.

A review of mental healing.

The Cat's Elegy. By Gelett Burgess and Burges Johnson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 60 cents net.

Humorous verse.

Finerty of the Sand-House. By Charles D. Stewart. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents net.

Humorous Irish sketches.

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The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

The rich, cool lather of Pears' does not result from free alkali, fats or rosin.

Pears' and purity are synonymous.

Matchless for the complexion.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Woman Movement.

The theories of Ellen Key have already been so widely discussed that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce this translation of "The Woman Movement," by Mamah Bouton Borthwick, A. M., with an introduction by Havelock Ellis. It is the object of the author to show the probable effect upon women of a "movement" of which she seems to exaggerate both the reality and the importance. Human nature, in spite of some localized effervescences, remains both stolid and impassive. Its essentials show very little discernible advance within the limits of history, and while it pleases us to talk of new eras and ages, of critical periods, and times of transition, these terms do little more than mark our sense of self-importance that is reflected on the conditions in which we happen to find ourselves.

The author seems therefore to assume too much when she speaks of any probable or radical change in the nature of women—or of men. The number of women who are in the least conscious of the developments of which we hear so much is infinitesimal. If economic stresses have driven very many women into the wider circles of life, they have not robbed them of the desire to return to the narrower circles. It is economics with which we have to deal, and not any general shifting of the human viewpoint. A better distribution of wealth that would popularize marriage would probably have a surprising effect on a "movement" that owes far less to a supposed expansion of woman's nature than to the increasing difficulties of marriage.

Nor can the author be acquitted wholly of a tendency to platitude. She says, for example: "If woman is to keep her superiority as the alleviator of the sufferings of others, the protector of others, solicitous for the welfare of others," etc. She has no such superiority now. Quite the contrary. The fact that the whole of civilization is contemplating, or passing, laws to prevent the wearing of murderous hatpins—argument and entreaty having alike failed—ought to warn us against conventional utterances that come perilously near to cant. And there are many such utterances, based upon conventional eulogies that are well enough as eulogies, but that must be challenged when they appear as arguments for grave and radical changes. The author is a vigorous and a powerful thinker, and it is mentally stimulating to read her. But her enthusiasms give a certain magnifying power to her vision against which it is well to be upon one's guard.

The Woman Movement. By Ellen Key. Translated by Mamah Bouton Borthwick, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Seven Keys to Baldpate.

This amusing extravagance centres around Billy Magee's desire to isolate himself from his fellow-men in order to prove to the skeptical critics that he can actually write a story that shall be worthy of their attention. So he persuades his friend Hal Bentley to allow him to occupy Baldpate Inn during the winter months, when it may be said to be the loneliest spot on earth.

But Magee is disappointed in his search for solitude. No sooner is he safely installed, and inclined to wish that he wasn't, than he finds that there are other tenants in the hotel, and soon he finds himself one of seven, all of whom have their own reasons for seclusion, and their own reasons for not making those reasons known. So we find ourselves in the midst of an interesting mystery and of course under the usual obligation to solve it.

Seven Keys to Baldpate. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.30 net.

Witching Hill.

Mr. E. W. Hornung adds one more ingenious story to an already long list. A London building estate of the most modern kind occupies the area once owned by the heinous Lord Mulcaster, who had "committed every crime in the Newgate Calendar." Presumably through the mysterious effects of association the humdrum city-going tenants of the new suburban houses find themselves involved in various modernized versions of the misdeeds of the dead and buried old rake. Certainly we have a good assortment of scandals and crimes, the whole being woven into a connected narrative. It makes good reading for a leisure hour.

Witching Hill. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

Socialism and Democracy.

Although Dr. Samuel P. Orth ventures on some prophecies as to the future of Socialism in America, his volume is practically a history and analysis of the movement in Europe, or, to be more accurate, in France, Belgium, Germany, and England. And in one point at least he shows us that the Socialist labor movement in Europe has made an intelligent advance over the movement in America. He tells us that it is abandoning the illusion that the interests of the worker are different from the interests of the rest of the community. Certainly there is small sign of such recognition here, where an exclusive halo of sanctity and an aristocracy of privilege are still supposed to belong to the manual worker. Another abandoned illusion is the probability of sudden changes. Society was once supposed to be explosive. It refuses even to burn, and so we have one more example of the "persistence of human nature."

So far as the general purpose of the book is concerned, the author has done his work well and with an evident conscientious and impartial industry, although he makes the common mistake of assuming the possibility of predicting the course of present democratic tendencies. And yet it has happened more than once that democratic tendencies have advanced directly to autocracy. Pendulums swing.

So far as America is concerned the author predicts that our socialism will be conservation. Control of mines, forests, and water will have the effect of placing raw material under government surveillance—and this is Socialism.

Socialism and Democracy in Europe. By Samuel P. Orth, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.

Art in Egypt.

Any book upon Egypt that bears on its title-page the name of Mr. Maspero is entitled to serious consideration, and the publishers of the General History of Art series are therefore to be congratulated upon securing a contribution of such weight. The series itself is well known, not only for the clarity of its descriptions, but also for the wealth of the illustrations that crowd each other upon every page. This particular volume possesses about six hundred well-made illustrations, and the aid that they give to the reader is considerable. Mr. Maspero explains that he does not include in the art of Egypt the rude images customary among new-born peoples and therefore he confines himself to the adult period. Furthermore he expresses the hope that Egyptian art will receive an even fuller measure of appreciation than is now the case, and to this end his own admirable books will contribute substantially.

Art in Egypt. By G. Maspero. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Columbia University is to have a Queen Wilhelmina lectureship on the Dutch language and literature, to be established by the government of Holland.

There are 199 members on the rolls of the Harvard Club of San Francisco. The club is forty years old, and was the second Harvard Club ever formed. In the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for March there is a sketch of the progress of the club, written by H. Davis, '49. Mr. Davis gives especial credit to the efforts of George B. Merrill, '59, for gathering relics and memories that survived the fire of 1906.

In a personal letter to the *Argonaut,* one of the oldest and best known of California's writers and critics says of "The Inverted Torch," the first volume of poems by Samuel John Alexander, published in 1912 by A. M. Robertson: "It is wonderful work; it gave me profound happiness. I do not know why more has not been heard of this remarkable book. We have no other Californian who is capable of writing with such melody and force. In fact, not more than three persons in fifty years have done work like this in California. Who is Alexander? Please write me about him."

Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* has added a valuable and stirring chapter to the written history of the past fifty years in "The Aftermath of Reconstruction," published in the April number of the *Century Magazine.* It pictures vividly the changed conditions, the realization of hope in the success of new energy applied to the cotton-fields, and the slow but certain destruction of old barriers to opportunity.

Harper & Brothers have reissued Woodrow Wilson's life of "George Washington," first published in 1896, now printed with the proud legend on the title-page under the author's name: "President of the United States."

Alfred Noyes's appearance in this country seems to have had a decided influence upon the sales of his books, according to the Macmillan Company's reports of orders for the two volumes of poetry they have printed for the English poet. It has been necessary to send both "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Golden Hynde" to press for new printings.

Beginning with the April issue Henry Holt & Co. will publish in this country *Bedrock,* the quarterly journal of science which has been successfully appearing in England for a year. The editorial committee consists of Sir Bryan Donkin, E. B. Poulton, G. Archibald Reid, and H. H. Turner.

One of the most striking short stories printed this year is "A Letter Home," in the March number of *Everybody's Magazine.* It was written by W. Townend, a young and gifted story-teller, who has traveled half way around the world since his first engagement with a London paper a few years ago. He has seen much of Europe in his wanderings, and also much of America, as he is in California at this time. "A Letter Home" is a strong and original setting forth of a situation that has never been handled with more artistic reserve.

A leisurely told but entertaining story of modern times in Cincinnati is "Van Cleve and His Friends," a novel by Mary S. Watts appearing as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Excellent characterization and the ability to describe with sympathy the effect of some painful problems of real life are notable in the author's work.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, daughter of the Earl of Orford, whose memoirs recalling the early Victorian days were of widespread interest, died March 24 at her home in London. She was the daughter of Horatio Walpole, the third Earl of Orford. Besides her literary work she was interested in botany, horticulture, and fine arts.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Sweetheart: Thompson Street.

Queen of all streets, Fifth Avenue
  Stretches her slender limbs
From the great Arch of Triumph, on,—
  On, where the distance dims

The splendors of her jeweled robes,
  Her granite draperies;
The magic, sunset-smitten walls
  That veil her marble knees;

For ninety squares she lies a queen,
  Superb, bare, unashamed,
Yielding her beauty scornfully
  To worshippers unnamed.

But at her feet her sister glows,
  A daughter of the South:
Squalid, immeasurably mean,—
  But oh! her hot, sweet mouth!

My Thompson Street! a Tuscan girl,
  Hot with life's wildest blood;
Her black shawl on her black, black hair,
  Her brown feet stained with mud;

A scarlet blossom at her lips,
  A new babe at her breast;
A singer at a wine-shop door,
  (Her lover unconfessed).

Listen! a hurdy-gurdy plays—
  Now alien melodies:
She smiles, she can not quite forget
  The mother over-seas.

But she no less is mine alone,
  Mine, mine! . . . Who may I be?
Have *I* betrayed her from her home?
  I am called Liberty!

—*Samuel McCoy, in Poetry.*

The Oak That Fell This Morning.

The little wood across the way
Is hushed to mourn a death today:
The ancient oak is down.
A quiver shook its mighty trunk,
And trembling to the earth it sunk.
With broken limbs, it now lies prone—
A giant overthrown.

And as I gaze I hear one say,
"Come, let us plant a tree today!"
A hundred years ago!
Where are the fingers that let fall
The acorn? And the lips that call?
Whose eyes behold from sunken mound
An oak-tree on the ground?

What hope for you? What hope for me?
An insect dies—and thus, a tree!
To start is but to end.
An hour, a day, or chance a year!
Can this be all—one phase of Here?
Through endless morrows' ebb and flow,
The answer quickens, "No!"

—*Jane Belfield, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

To a Motor.

To mark old hamlets, primrose-kirtled, where
  simple folk seem glad to dwell;
To mark in door and window hurtled the smudge
  and stench of chosen hell;
To mark his holiest necromancies befouled so
  never man can read them;—
You Thing! Suppose we part? My fancy's to
  throttle needs, not to feed them.

—*Louise Imogene Guiney, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Vermont.

Wide and shallow in the cowslip marshes
  Floods the freshet of the April snow.
Late drifts linger in the hemlock gorges;
  Through the brakes and mosses trickling slow,
      Where the May-flower,
  Where the painted trillium, leaf and blow.

Foliaged deep, the cool midsummer maples
  Shade the porches of the long, white street;
Trailing wide, Olympian elms lean over
  Tiny churches, where the cross-roads meet;
      Fields of fireflies
  Wheel all night like stars above the wheat.

Blaze the mountains in the windless autumn,
  Frost-clear, blue-nooned, apple-ripening days;
Faintly fragrant, in the farther valleys,
  Smoke of many bonfires swells the haze;
      Fair-bound cattle
  Plod with lowing up the meadowy ways.

Roaring snows, down-sweeping from the uplands,
  Bury the still valleys, drift them deep.
Low along the mountain, lake-blue shadows,
  Sea-blue shadows, in the hollows sleep.
      High above them,
  Blinding crystal is the sunlit steep.

—*Sarah N. Cleghorn, in Century Magazine.*

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

San Francisco Argonaut: A volume that has not only all the value of completeness, but also the charm of a competent enthusiasm. . . . A thorough and conscientious piece of work. . . . It has a literary value of its own, and one of no mean order.

San Francisco Chronicle: Mr. Hart has made a thorough study of Sardou's life and work, and the result is a volume that is not only very readable, but is of value for reference. . . . The stories of the plays are very well done. . . . This volume will be of much interest to any one interested in the drama.

New York Sun: A useful summary of the work of the most successful dramatist of recent years. . . . It is a very interesting book that will be serviceable in many ways.

Buffalo Express: A valuable acquisition to the dramatic literature of the day, and a book for which there is need. A comprehensive and sympathetic chronicle of Sardou's life. . . . The story of his struggles, failures, poverty, and, at last, his triumphs, reads like a fairy tale.

Philadelphia North American: Mr. Hart's careful and appreciative study discloses . . . the laborious methods by which the dramatist attained to fame.

Albany Journal: Much about Sardou, of whom little has been written, may be found in this comprehensive volume. . . . The author writes in interesting narrative form of the early life of Sardou, giving many anecdotes.

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THE ANNUAL FASHION SHOW.

A New York "Sun" Reporter's Description of the Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue.

There is still some bickering down Tchataldja way, they say, and Adrianople is stubborn, but the Bulargians have captured New York (says the New York *Sun* of March 24). The Easter parade in Fifth Avenue yesterday revealed to dazzled eyes the gorgeousness of the Bulgarian blouse, the Bulgarian girdle, and the Bulgarian ribbon which isn't a ribbon—it's a riot.

On the word of a Lady Who Knows, a girl might just as well have stayed at home and minded the parrot unless she could display between Madison Square and the Plaza one of those Bulgarian effects which look like a Post-Impressionist's sketch of the solar spectrum. A ray of sunlight had no chance whatever with these Bulgarian wrappings. It busted into a million pieces before it fairly lit.

You have seen pictures of Tolstoy pottering about his estate in a loose blouse, and maybe you have watched Russian peasants enter America through the gates down where Castle Garden used to be, wearing things that looked like shirts which hadn't been properly tucked in? Very well, then. That gives you a sort of ground plan of the Bulgarian blouse that all the girls are crazy about this year, but unless you elbowed it in the Easter parade you missed the high lights of the thing.

Take a mujik's baggy blouse, color it Pompeiian red, drape a wide yellow sash loosely around the hips, add a skirt so narrow at the bottom that no lady can step more than twelve or fourteen inches at a time, and slit at one or both sides so as to show at least $1.50 worth of a $3 pair of silk stockings, and you have some idea of the show that crowded spectators four deep against the house walls of the Fifth Avenue sidewalks and convinced the old gentlemen in the club windows that life was worth living after all.

Who says there isn't an Easter parade. All Thomas rot! As long as two sidewalks for two miles are packed and jammed with girlies wearing things that would make a cubist painter scream for assistance; as long as Harlem and Newark, and Brooklyn and Muncie, Indiana, and Pittston, Pennsylvania, and Painted Post, New York, rush to Fifth Avenue every Easter to wise up on the newest fashions in gowns and hats and shoes; as long as half a million people trek up and down and back again to welcome spring and spring's gayest plumage; as long as there is a display of color and an exhibition of style that would bother Belasco to reproduce, so long there will be an Easter parade.

There was a time, a generation ago, when the Best People stalked solemnly to and from church while the others watched reverently from the side lines. Nowadays the Best People week-end in Tuxedo or Lenox or somewhere else, and the proletariat, whose only Social Register is the city directory, own the Easter parade and possess the avenue utterly from opposite Dr. Parkhurst's church to the Vanderbilt mansion. Yesterday's parade proved once more that there is no show like it anywhere.

It began just before noon while the churches in Fifth Avenue were still crowded with worshippers and the organs were still pealing sonorously and triumphantly the meaning of the day and season. It lasted actually all of the sunlit afternoon, although the glory of it was most brilliant before 1:30 p. m. From any eminence, such as the hill that slants southward toward the Waldorf-Astoria, one could enjoy the kaleidoscope, the solidly crowded sidewalks, the close packed masses of people whose heads, bobbing to the swaying of the bodies and topped with hats of extravagant color, made one think of an enormous flower garden disturbed by gusty breezes. The effect of the crowd en masse was so striking and so curious as to make you think that maybe there is something in this cubist stuff after all.

Drifting along the avenue at noon, just when the parade was getting up steam and every side street was pouring girls, girls, and more girls into the rapidly filling thoroughfare, you noticed first of all that the photographers, snap-shotters and moving picture folk were ready to go into action from strategic positions. At Forty-Seventh Street, across the roadway from the home of Helen Gould Shepard, a moving-picture machine was briskly at work for hours, and near by a battery of cameras caught the crowd head on as it moved southward along the west sidewalk. There were photographers in front of the Public Library, posted near the Marble Collegiate, St. Thomas's and the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian churches, in ambuscade along the iron fence of the Vanderbilt mansion, and stationed at a dozen other vantage points.

One nimble snapshotter operated from the top of a lamppost, to which he clung with a monkey's sureness while he made pictures of the freakiest gowns and the prettiest girls. Often you saw a covey of these picture people scurrying along the avenue in hot pursuit of a Bulgarian blouse that was coy or frightened.

About one o'clock, when the parade was in full swing, you got some notion of the practical value and commercial side of the annual fashion show. From a hundred small towns near and far milliners, shop-keepers, hat designers, dressmakers, buyers and manufacturers who were keen for the first glimpse of the new styles and the latest color effects had come to make notes.

What Fifth Avenue wore yesterday Wilkesbarre will wear next Sunday. The Bulgarian blouse of the Easter parade will be imitated in Ogdensburg as soon as the style scouts can hustle home. Sharp-eyed milliners and dressmakers were on the watch for fashion's new freaks, and they made hasty notes of every effective and striking gown or hat that passed before their eyes. Many of them had come hundreds of miles for a free tip on the latest wrinkles.

From Twenty-Third Street to Fifty-Ninth there were hundreds of keen-eyed observers from the downtown wholesale clothes houses, who were there for work, not play. Wherever you walked you found the style scouts, eager for a line on Poiret's models or the niftiest thing from Paris or London. They had a lot to remember, because the Easter parade this year just about put it over all other parades for shrieking colors and noisy styles.

It might as well be said right here and now that the Bulgarian blouse, and the sash that went with it, wasn't the whole show by any means. Take the hats. Lids are little this season, only blobs of color, enough to roof the head. There was the Canoe, which is all that its name implies—a boat-shaped hat with a shaded feather jutting up like a mast. The Canoe is about the newest hat as is.

But even the Canoe was lost sight of when you caught the Slashes. The Slashes isn't a hat. It's a misdemeanor. It's a slit running northward from the hem of the skirt to somewhere south of the knee and displaying considerable hose. One had no difficulty in perceiving that gray is a grand color for hose. It is popular because it looked like very thin black. All the girls are crazy about shoes with colored tops. When you weren't busy wondering how far a girl could go with the Slash and still be a lady, you were watching the blue-topped and white-topped and green-topped and gray-topped shoes.

No mere male could survive the color riot and still remember just what shades are the newest and most fashionable this spring, but the Lady Who Knows said very positively that unless one had something in Nell Rose one might as well go and live in Standing Rock, South Dakota. Nell Rose is a kind of cerise, which is a kind of lively red. Then, too, there were combinations of gray and rose, of purple and cerise, of snuff and black, of terra cotta and black, of Alice blue and dark blue, and there were lots of girls who wore black and white stripy things.

There were men in the Easter parade, of course, but they were just plain men in human high hats and black coats. They made a sort of background for the Bulgarian blouses. You never realized the calm courage that lies in man until you saw yesterday one of the many escorting girls who looked as if they had stepped out of Matisse's wildest artistic handspring and who tried to look as if he didn't mind it. Leading a suffragette parade was nothing to that stoicism.

From a parade and every other standpoint the day was pretty nearly perfect. The sky was blue and the streets were flooded with sunlight. There never was a bigger crowd in the avenue on Easter Sunday. For all of the daylight hours the sidewalks were packed and there was just about room enough in the broad roadway for the automobiles, the hansoms, and the four-wheelers.

◆

"Patriots," by Lennox Robinson, is one of the several new plays to be presented by the Irish Players during their visit to Boston. This comedy, though its historical and economic significance is said to be singularly worldwide in appeal, is at the same time essentially Irish and extraordinarily timely in its relation to Irish conditions. With fine irony it shows what a remarkable change has come over Ireland in eighteen years, how the soul of the rebel has been smothered, how radicalism has given way to political indifference, how chronic discontent has become inarticulate.

◆

California passed the 100,000 mark in the registration of motor vehicles, March 31, according to the monthly report of Secretary of State Frank Jordan's office, and it is estimated that the state, in the five years of registration, has invested $150,000,000 in automobiles.

◆

The Italian government will contribute 200,000 lire, about $40,000, toward the expenses of the Verdi centenary celebration next summer. The sum will be utilized for the Verdi monument, to be erected at Parma.

◆

London music halls make money. The famous Empire has just paid an annual dividend of 20 per cent, and has, in addition, a profit and loss surplus of over $200,000.

◆

The annual spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will be held at the San Francisco Institute of Art, beginning April 4 and ending May 2, 1913.

The Goethe National Museum.

The Goethe house, in Weimar, also known as the Goethe National Museum, is the latest of the interesting places of that class to be brought up to date. In keeping with a resolution which was adopted by the landtag, a "burglar and fireproof addition" will be erected, in which the Goethe collection will be housed "for study and for exhibition purposes," and a modern heating plant will be installed in both sections of the museum. Writing on the subject, a tourist says: "No one can dispute the propriety of safeguarding the treasures, but will they not look queer in their modern shell, and queerer still when seen by electric light, which will probably come next? With modernity breaking in everywhere there will soon be nothing left for us who travel to see the real antique."

◆

A literary mystery of a hundred years ago is recalled by the special centenary number, recently issued, of the Newry *Telegraph*, an Ulster tri-weekly. In its pages on April 19, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry," appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron, or Campbell, or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed, would doubtless have been proud to claim it. But the author was the obscure curate of Balyclog, in Tyrone, Rev. Charles Wolfe, and the fame of the piece was but a posthumous fame for him. Not until his death, of consumption, in 1823, at the early age of thirty-two, did the authorship become known to the world. And Wolfe, who wrote much other verse of merit, is remembered only by that one poem which sprang from the columns of a provincial newspaper to universal recognition in the big world of letters.

◆

Gaston Scargent, the only American-born singer engaged at the Covent Garden Opera this season, is to have the distinction of creating important rôles in two new operas. The first is in "Julien," by Charpentier, and the second in "Du Barry," by a young Italian composer, by name Camassi. Seargent is also to play the part of the Wells Fargo agent in "The Girl of the Golden West," in which Caruso also will appear. Though born in Philadelphia Seargent has never sung in America. He has achieved considerable success during his six years' association with Covent Garden productions and possesses a bass voice of fine range and power. He is going to Paris soon to make his début in opera there.

◆

Debussy, when he produced his "Pelléas et Mélisande" eleven years ago in Paris, was called revolutionary by the French critics (says the *Musical Courier*). Today he is accepted by them as a typically Gallic composer whom the public understands and other music writers imitate. Nothing succeeds like being abused.

◆

This year's Sonzogno prize contest at Milan brought fifty-four opera applications from all parts of the world, of which one only was considered worthy of a public performance. The name of the opera is "Inana," and the composer is an unknown Milanese musician named Arrigo Pedrollo—certainly an Italian name.

◆

Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, who plays the old mother in "The Five Frankforters," now running in New York, was a child actress in Berlin nearly fifty years ago.

◆

The revival of Millöcker's "The Beggar Student" in New York has proved the enduring attraction of genuine comic opera.

Comparative Values of Fuels

From an economic standpoint the study of comparative values of fuels presents some highly interesting features, and especially is this true in this day of close competition, when overhead costs must be reduced to a minimum. With the strides made in productive improvements innumerable changes have been brought about, and as a result the luxuries of yesterday are but necessaries of today, with little regard to rank or station in life.

Throughout the country change is progressing, and as this article is chiefly concerned with gas, it will adhere closely to that subject. "Every large gas company in the country is trying to revolutionize the gas business for industrial purposes, and is succeeding. Today, from Maine to California, managers, stewards, and chefs are great users of gas as an every-day progressiveness. Until recently oil was the universal fuel used in hotel ranges on the Pacific Coast," writes L. L. Campbell in the *Pacific Service Magazine*. "This was probably due to the fact that California is the great oil-producing state, and the proximity of the oil fields made oil very cheap as a fuel. But the introduction of the Lang gas range on the Pacific Slope has, to a certain extent, revolutionized the fuel problem.

"The Lang gas range, by burning from one-quarter to one-third less than any other on the market, has brought gas as a fuel to a more competitive basis with oil. The fact that many people in San Francisco and vicinity have installed the Lang range in preference to an oil or coal burner," is indeed significant.

It was not so many years ago that coal was the chief fuel in use in the great kitchens of the leading hotels, but with its advantages were also many disadvantages which vexed the spirit of the chef. First, somebody had to kindle the fire, and time was lost while waiting for the range to heat thoroughly; there was coal to cart and ashes to haul. Besides there was always the danger attendant upon overheated flues.

But since gas gained a hold, it has rapidly risen in favor, and at the present time it is acknowledged by hotel men to be more desirable as a range fuel than oil or coal. The fact that the Lang gas range has made such progress in the heart of the oil-producing district puts a different light upon the fuel question confronting the hotel men throughout the entire country. There seems to be little doubt that the time will come when all hotels and restaurants will be entirely equipped, for all kitchen purposes, with gas and steam.

Certainly the growth of the gas industry points to such a consummation, and nowhere is progress more noticeable than in the territory covered by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the pioneer California company which furnishes "Pacific Service" to thirty of the fifty-four counties of California. Looking back over a period of five years, increase in the use of gas supplied by "Pacific Service" is highly gratifying. On December 31, 1907, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company served 122,304 patrons with gas. When the year 1912 closed, this number had increased to 196,133 satisfied consumers.

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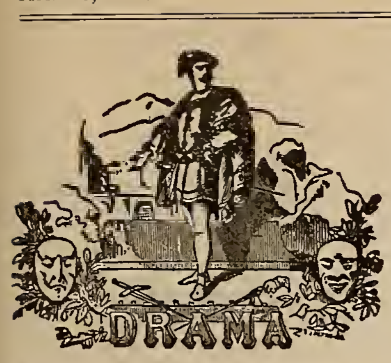

HEART INTEREST AT THE ORPHEUM

Vaudeville managers are able to pay good prices for novelties, and more than willing, but entertaining novelties are not abundant. The 1913 crop is undoubtedly held back by drouth and the imminence of frost. High prices and constant demand seemingly have little effect on the production. It is a disturbing situation, for weekly changes of bill bring the old stuff around so often that it is getting frazzled at the edges. Something must be done.

This is not to say that all effort in the field is paralyzed. There are new things on the programmes, but they are of a different sort. The monologists, the song and dance teams, the musicians (genuine, and comedy), the jugglers, acrobats, and performing animal acts continue, the same yesterday, today, and next week. They have not been crowded out, but it is their good fortune to have weak competition. Enforced drafts have been made from the musical comedy and dramatic companies, but only rarely with satisfactory results. The stars of the legitimate twinkle dimly on the variety stage, as a rule, lacking the proper material for display. There are few good farces for their use, and fewer bits of real dramatic strength.

Farce writing is a lost art. Thirty-five years ago the bill in nearly every theatre in the country included a farce. The farces were not used as "curtain-raisers" but as afterpieces, and for "sending the audience home in good humor." Most of them came from England, and their humor was often sadly changed by the trip across the Atlantic. The minstrel companies had good afterpieces, American in the extravagance of their fun, but they would not suit the taste of the time if produced in changed circumstances and surroundings. They were never printed and probably died with the retirement of the old black-face comedians who carried all the lines in their memories.

Not more than twenty really good humorous sketches have been seen on the vaudeville stage in the past ten years. Will Cressy's little comedies of rural life always have merit, but they are usually suited only to comedians of his type. George V. Hobart has written two or three. Digby Bell was here a week ago in one of the best that recent months have shown. J. C. Nugent has appeared in two, though his personality was the big thing in each. They are scarce, and it is hard to understand why.

Humor being seemingly out of their reach, the vaudeville sketch builders now strive for heart interest. It always won with the gallery in the good old days of melodrama, but that is another story. Vaudeville audiences have been nurtured on other sweets and sours. In this week's bill at the Orpheum there are two offerings that make it a feature, but neither would be even measurably successful without the assistance of the good character work that accompanies it.

"The New Leader," by Aaron Hoffman, is admittedly a vehicle for Sam Mann, the comedian, who does all his acting in the orchestra pit, but on the stage there is a little comedy of reconciliation participated in by two vaudeville players which strikes the note of pathos as nearly as may be. Mr. Mann makes his rôle of the German orchestra leader distinctly effective, as much by its sympathetic interest in the distressed couple as by its rough and ready exchange of stage courtesies with a bullying stage manager. Harry F. Gilbert, as the stage manager, is invaluable as a provocative.

George V. Hobart is the author of "An Opening Night," a little play in three scenes, which is reminiscent of some of Edward Harrigan's dramas of East-Side New York life. Its situations are placed in the Bronx, but the long list of characters is made up of semi-rural conceptions. The heart interest in this effort is centered in a poor but optimistic young couple who win a small fortune in a prize competition on the opening night of a new theatre. But the telling points in the play are scored by the eccentric types presented with much realism. The stuttering druggist, the German grocer, the laughing landlady, the pugilist politician, the theatre manager, the policeman, and the scrubwoman's daughter, are all worthy creations. It doesn't matter if the dramatic thread that draws them together is very thin and weak; it serves. But it isn't a farce, and its lack of snap and sp[illegible] is only partially redeemed by the c[illegible]noir effects, the speech-making, and the discovery of one of the players in the audience.

The remarkable thing about this production, one of Joseph Hart's numerous enterprises, is the big cast of well-equipped people carried. There are at least a dozen speaking parts, and a number of auxiliaries. The company is large enough and quite capable of doing something really worth while, instead of this hurly-burly, which Mr. Hobart probably put together in an hour and a half. It should serve as an example to stimulate aspiring playwrights—in its apparent importance if not in its character.

Aside from these semi-dramatic offerings and the Edison Kinetophone—which gives a scene from "Chimes of Normandy" with speaking and music—there is little above the ordinary standard of excellence on this week's programme. Charles F. Semon, the attenuated pipe, piccolo, and horn player, still steeped in the deepest melancholy, has one or two new quips in his patter. The Big City Four is a quartet more notable for its ability to sing in the right key than for individual charm of voice. It does "The Rosary" better than any of the six different singers and instrumentalists have done it on the six programmes of the six preceding weeks. "The Rosary" is not a novelty, at this writing. However.

Mme. Dolores Vallecita and her leopards furnish the thrills requisite for a closing number. The spotted beasts may be less dangerous than they look, but if anybody earns the salary that the Orpheum management pays this week, it is the fearless little woman who locks herself in the cage with them.

But what the vaudeville stage needs is novelties, preferably of the dramatic kind.

George L. Shoals.

◆

Remarkable from several points of view is the Scandinavian art display now on exhibition for a month at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It is one of the few occasions when Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have united in exhibiting. Although most of the painters represented are widely known in Europe this is the first time that most of them have exhibited in this country. Of the 165 pictures to be seen in Boston, six are by Anders Zorn, perhaps the best known in the country of the Scandinavian group. The Norwegian portrait painter, Henrik Lund, accompanies the paintings on their visit to this country, acting as artistic director.

◆

John Drew's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will open on Monday night, April 14. Charles Frohman's notable star is to make his appearance in Alfred Sutro's comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," which has been hailed by press and public as the best comedy Drew has had in years. Mary Boland is John Drew's leading lady. She has achieved such success in the past few seasons that it is expected that she will be Charles Frohman's next star.

◆

The honors that Massenet enjoyed in his lifetime are falling almost wholly to the Parisian composers who have broken with the academic tradition. A few months ago Charpentier succeeded Massenet in the institute, and now Faure has been elected to the dead composer's seat in the Royal Academy of Belgium.

◆

Martin Beck's new Palace Theatre was opened March 24 in New York with a long and carefully selected vaudeville programme. The house is large and handsomely fitted, much on the order of the Orpheum in this city, but with wide lobbies and promenades on the plan of the English music halls.

◆

Nat C. Goodwin, America's foremost character actor, will appear at the Cort Theatre for a single week's engagement following the run of "The Merry Widow." He opens Sunday night, April 13, under the direction of Oliver Morosco. His vehicle will be "Oliver Twist," the immortal Dickens tale.

◆

The Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon will extend from April 21 to May 14. For the twenty-fifth time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The birthday revival play will be "Henry IV" (Part II), in which Mrs. Benson will appear.

◆

Mme. Emma Calvé is reported to have the intention of retiring from public life at the end of her present season in America. She owns a castle in the Province of Gascony, France, and it is her desire to open a school for singers there.

◆

The birthplace of Stephen Foster, composer of "Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe," has been bought by the Board of Trade of Pittsburgh and presented to the city.

◆

Dr. Wiley Praises Golden State Champagne.

At luncheon at the Commercial Club recently, Dr. Harvey Wiley, former chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, said he regarded the Italian-Swiss Colony's Golden State, Extra Dry "Grand Prix" Champagne as high-class in every particular, unmistakably fermented in the bottle and entitled to a splendid success.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Rose Stahl at the Columbia Theatre.

The country store is an institution peculiar to the United States, and the big department store which has found a place in the mercantile life of every community today is but a huge country store. As the country store belongs to us, so do the people who work in the department stores. Their environment and the problems they must meet in daily life arise from conditions which could exist nowhere else in the world. It was inevitable that these people, of whom there are so many thousands, should attract the attention of the dramatist, and Charles Klein has placed them on the stage in "Maggie Pepper," but it remained for Rose Stahl to make the author's creation a living, actual being.

In her new character Miss Stahl is no less human and no less appealing than she was as Patricia O'Brien, the girl of the stage. Maggie Pepper is a typical girl of the department store. Miss Stahl in her interpretation is said to bring home to the folk who only buy things in such institutions the fact that the girls with whom they trade are human beings and not mere automatons placed there merely as a convenience to the patron. Maggie Pepper has achieved as great a success through Miss Stahl's splendid acting as did Patricia O'Brien. The engagement of Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper" at the Columbia Theatre has unavoidably been limited to eight nights, and a Wednesday and Saturday matinée, beginning Sunday night, April 6.

"The Merry Widow" at the Cort Theatre.

Like Cæsar in his triumph, Henry W. Savage's all-star revival of "The Merry Widow" came, saw, and conquered San Francisco at the Cort Theatre last Sunday, and big houses have greeted it at every performance since. The second and last week of the engagement begins on Sunday night, April 6, with popular price matinées on both Wednesday and Saturday.

The brilliant list of players is headed by Miss Mabel Wilber, the most fascinating of all who have sung the title-rôle in either America or the thirty odd other countries in which "The Merry Widow" is now a classic, and she is just as delightful as she has been in the same part on every other visit to San Francisco. Charles Meakins, in the rôle of Prince Danilo, has never been seen to better advantage, while Oscar Figman gives as finished a performance of the part of Baron Popoff as could be conceived. These three players, as well as Arthur Woolley in the part of Mr. Nish, and F. J. McCarthy as Novokovich, have all played their parts together more than two thousand times and they act with the precision and certainty of a wonderful machine.

No mention of "The Merry Widow" would be complete without reference to the chorus, whose freshness and enthusiasm makes the whole performance a bubbling, laughing joy.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The headline feature of next week's Orpheum bill will be Homer B. Mason, Marguerite Keeler, and their company in a diverting episode by Porter Emerson Browne, entitled "In and Out." It affords both stars splendid opportunity for the display of great humorous ability and constitutes a merry half-hour's entertainment.

Daisy Jerome, declared to be one of the most beautiful girls on the London stage and one of the foremost of English singing comediennes, will play a brief engagement. Miss Jerome is American by birth, but was educated and took to the stage in London, and this is her first engagement in her native country. She has won recognition in France, Germany, Austria, and England, and is known not merely in the music halls, but as well in extravaganza and musical comedy. With songs written exclusively for her use and rendered in her own manner, Miss Jerome promises to add San Francisco to the other cities that include her as one of their chief favorites.

The Musikalgirls, a quintet of charming young women who are accomplished musicians, will be heard in a repertory of classical and popular numbers. The quintet consists of Estelle Beach Granger, soprano; Mary Wilczek, violin; Eleanor Piper, cornet; Edith B. Swan, trombone and euphonium, and Estelle Churchill, drums.

Sandor's Burlesque Circus, a European novelty, will be included in the new acts. The performers, all great Danes, are of the greatest value. They are of the famous Bismarck breed, and three of them are well-known German police dogs. As instances of canine training and intelligence these animals are simply marvelous.

There will be a new programme of Edison Talking Pictures.

Next week closes the engagements of the Big City Four; Charles F. Semon; Dolores Vallecita and her trained leopards, and Joseph Hart's production of "An Opening Night."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The new show opening at Pantages next Sunday afternoon comprises an exceptionally strong bill of eight acts. The show carries two headliners, La Estrellita, the Spanish danseuse, and the famous Florence Family. La Estrellita is one of the greatest local favorites that has ever played San Francisco. She has lately returned from Europe and will tour the Pantages Circuit on a special engagement, after which she will leave for London, where she will appear for one year. The Florence Family, billed as specialty acrobats, are making their fourth visit over the Pantages Circuit. There are four men and two ladies in the troupe, and they give one of the best of gymnastic acts. Charlie Sweet, known as the musical burglar, is one of the best-known comedians in vaudeville. Aside from his eccentric and original comedy, Sweet is an excellent pianist. One of the big hits on the new bill is a "course dinner" to be presented by Lola Milton and company. The act is a burlesque on the modern café, and Miss Milton as the cook offers a very clever character impersonation. Her support is also above the average. A bicycle act called "A Jag a Wheel" will be shown by Valentine and Bell. It is one of the few bike acts that carry real novelty tricks. Beth La Mar, the effervescent, will offer a repertory of the newest Broadway rag hits. "The Boy from Georgia," Emil Subers, in a funny monologue on the high cost of living, and the Crescent City Four, harmony vocalists, will round out the bill.

Eddie Foy in "Over the River," his greatest musical comedy vehicle, will be an early attraction at the Cort Theatre. Werba & Luescher direct Mr. Foy's tour.

Chauncey Olcott gives his final performance of "The Isle o' Dreams" this Saturday night at the Columbia Theatre.

AMUSEMENTS.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
The HIGHEST STANDARD of VAUDEVILLE

HOMER B. MASON, MARGUERITE KEELER and their Company, presenting "In and Out"; DAISY JEROME, England's Youngest Comedienne, known as "The Electric Spark"; The MUSIKALGIRLS; SANDOR'S BURLESQUE CIRCUS; BIG CITY FOUR; CHARLES F. SEMON; DOLORES VALLECITA and her troupe of Indian Leopards; THOMAS A. EDISON'S Latest and Greatest Invention, TALKING MOVING PICTURES — New Programme. Last Week JOSEPH HART'S "An Opening Night."

Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Beginning SUNDAY NIGHT, April 6
8 Nights—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
First time in the city
The Henry B. Harris Estate presents
ROSE STAHL
in her great comedy success
MAGGIE PEPPER
Charles Klein's Department Store Romance
New York 6 months—Chicago 4 months—Boston 17 weeks—Philadelphia 8 weeks
Next attraction—JOHN DREW.

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Henry W. Savage Offers
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THE MERRY WIDOW
With MABEL WILBER, CHAS. MEAKINS, OSCAR FIGMAN and 60 GIRLS

Wednesday and Saturday Mat. Prices—50c to $1.50. Nights, 50c to $2. Some Lower Floor Seats $1.50.
Commencing Sunday, April 13—NAT. C. GOODWIN in "Oliver Twist."

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason

Week starting Sunday Mat., April 6
LA ESTRELLITA
Premier Spanish Danseuse
FLORENZ FAMILY
Sensational Comedy Acrobats
CHAS. SWEET
The Musical Burglar
5 OTHER FEATURES—5
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

BUTT-RUMFORD
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This Sunday aft at 2:30
CORT THEATRE
Tickets $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's and Sunday at theatre.
Coming—JULIA CULP.

VANITY FAIR.

The Limit.

(Ladies' clothing tends to become scantier.)

Daphne, once I wondered—
  When I knew you less—
How you might be sundered
  From your love of dress;
Now I see 'twas slander,
  Totally unfair,
And with new-born candor
  I the truth declare.

'Tis not woman's pleasure
  Costly clothes to don,
Lightly does she treasure
  What she now puts on;
She regards but little
  Furbelows and frills,
Wishing more to whittle
  Down to naught her bills.

Daphne, at your dressing,
  Now I can not scoff,
Since I feel the blessing
  Of your leaving off;
Only now I wonder—
  Whisper soft and low—
What is left to plunder,
Outer garb or under:
  Can another go?

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

◆

A clergyman of a large church has issued a plaintive and printed appeal to lady worshipers not to steal such small and portable objects as may happen to be within their reach during divine service. It is true, he says in effect, that they belong to a privileged sex, but none the less there should be some limitation to their immemorial right to have whatever they want and to do whatever they please. Perhaps they can not help pilfering in a general way, but at least they might refrain from pilfering in church. He may be squeamish in such matters, over-sensitive, so to speak, but there does seem to be an incongruity involved in going to church and then stealing the books.

The clergyman in question relates the experience of a seatholder who found himself displaced from his usual seat by two ladies. On the book rack was his parish magazine, rolled, wrapped, sealed, and addressed. Toward the end of the service he was surprised to see one of the ladies take up the package, examine it, read the address, and then tranquilly place it in her muff. Why not? She wanted it.

The clergyman then goes on to speak of women's dishonesty in general. They steal like rats, or lawyers. They infest the hotels and restaurants, not that they may eat, for of course they would have to pay for what they ate, but in order to use the writing paper provided for patrons, and the dressing-rooms that are furnished with pins, tapes, and the thousand trifles that women use to hold themselves together. Some of these surprising women carry on a regular and extensive correspondence upon hotel and restaurant stationery, and of course never pay a cent for it, directly or indirectly. When they use the dressing-rooms they steal the towels, soap, and hair-brushes, and if they should be forced to take a meal away from their homes they steal the spoons, napkins, and even the small cruets. Men, says this indignant clergyman, are bad enough, but they don't pilfer.

◆

Mrs. Drummond, the leader of the militant suffragettes in England, is still a woman. We had our doubts upon that point, but they have been removed by a letter addressed by that resolute character to the editor of the London *Daily Express*. Mrs. Drummond has remained unmoved by the attacks upon herself and her sublime cause that have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Daily Express*, but there is a point at which patience ceases to be a virtue and at which a feminine indignation does well to boil over. And that point was reached when journalistic audacity went so far as to publish a portrait of Mrs. Drummond, and a portrait four years old. Then the dauntless soul of the militant suffragette arose in arms. Laying aside the dynamite bomb that she was just tying with pink ribbons she grasped her pen and wrote: "In regard to the photograph of me you print today in the *Express* I shall be glad if you will kindly tell me where you obtained it, and further, I must ask you to refrain from printing it again, as there are many later photographs, this being at least four years old."

◆

We should like to see the portraits and the domestic records of some of the young women who have lately been passing resolutions to the effect that they will never marry a man who has an income of less than $5000 a year. We can quite believe that they will keep those resolutions, and that the absence of temptation will render the task an easy one. There is not likely to be much competition for these particular damsels who thus placard themselves as for sale. They need not put a reserved price upon themselves. There will be no bids.

◆

And while on the subject of the marriage auction room we may spare a word for the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. And what funny things these young Christians talk about, to be sure. Here they are resoluting to the effect that a girl who is unwilling to marry on less than $5000 a year ought to receive an allowance from her father, who is probably responsible for putting such ideas into her head.

Now it is not our business to advise these sturdy young pietists of Chicago. They need so much advice—driven home with a club—that we should hardly know where to begin. If we were a girl, which we are not (giving three cheers), we would rather marry a kangaroo than one of them. But if they must marry, and perhaps it is just as well, we would counsel them not to go running after young women who issue specifications of what they need. Let them go down to the department stores and try honorably to ingratiate themselves with some of the girls there, most of whom are a thousand times too good for the likes of them, and who will be too womanly to put money right at the head of the list. It is a peculiar pleasure to speak in this way of the department store girl, because just at the moment she is the victim of "reformers," who apparently will stick at nothing in the vilification of women's characters, so long as the women are too poor to retaliate. It seems too bad to put the Y. M. C. A. young men upon their track, but perhaps it doesn't matter. They wouldn't stand much chance.

◆

The prohibitionist is always ready to quote scripture in support of his crusade. The man who persists in looking upon the wine when it is red is reminded of an authoritative injunction to the contrary, and we have been told so often that wine is a mocker that we are almost persuaded to believe, especially when we have not the price. But we hear very little of texts to the contrary, and there are some. For example, in Proverbs we find the following stimulating words: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

◆

And speaking of the small vices that are usually found in combination with the great virtues it is interesting to note that the English Bishop of Peterborough is in hot water just now for the sin of smoking a pipe. And it was a briar pipe, too, which of course made the offense so much worse. A meerschaum might have been considered more in keeping with his sacred office, while a cigar, an expensive one, might have passed unnoticed. But a briar pipe!

Mr. Spurgeon once created a somewhat similar scandal among the elect, but he is said to have turned the tables upon his accusers with the remark, "I smoke an occasional cigar to the glory of God." If Mr. Spurgeon had said that he smoked cigars because he liked them, and for the same reason that other people drank cups of tea, he would have had the law and the prophets upon his side. The man who smokes a cigar to the glory of God is doing an indefensible thing, but the man who smokes because he wants to smoke is beyond the reach of criticism except from those who never do anything because they want to, and their criticism does not matter.

◆

When Dr. William Waugh, chief surgeon of the Jefferson Park Hospital in Chicago, said that the ancient and honorable practice of wife-beating ought to be resumed he was probably aware that he would incur the disapproval of the women's clubs. Indeed it is strange that Dr. Waugh is still alive, but the latest reports show that he yet breathes and that his life may be prolonged indefinitely if he can but keep out of sight.

And yet there should be no rancor toward this medical luminary in Chicago. He wishes no ill to women. He says that they like being beaten, that they not only need it, but that they welcome it and that a large amount of marital infidelity could be kept out of the divorce courts, could be avoided altogether if husbands would only do their duty with stick or strap.

Now it may be that there is something to be said for Dr. Waugh and that he is not quite such a son of Belial as he appears at first glance. Perhaps women really do like to be beaten. It is certain that women are never aroused to such a state of ecstatic sympathy as for the wife-murderer, and the more fiendish the murder the more they overflow in compassionate sentiment for the criminal. The last notable case was that of a genius somewhere in the Middle West who murdered his young wife and then drove home sitting on her body. After conviction the prison was besieged by adoring females, who decked the cell with flowers and begged for locks of hair in memory of a man who had not beaten, but murdered, his wife. Now women rarely act in that way toward men who murder men, but they usually act in that way toward men who murder women. Why? Is it because they admire a display of brutal force toward their own sex? And would not these same women feel a certain sense of gratification at being beaten by their husbands.

◆

Jeweler—That ring is only plated, sir—hardly suitable for an engagement ring. *Customer*—Oh, well, I guess it will last as long as the engagement will.—*Boston Transcript.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

An old reprobate of seventy protested, with outstretched hands, to Justice Hawkins against a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude, or "slavery," as his severe, but upright, lordship loved to call it. "Oh, my lord, my lord, I can never do it." "Never mind," came the answer. "Never mind, do as much as you can."

◆

There is a story told of Grammont, who one day dined in state with Charles the Second of England. Charles bade the count to notice that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect to guests of the king not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont. "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

◆

Two doctors met for the first time at a reception. Both were famous, though each adopted a different system of treatment. Said the one, loftily, as he shook the other by the hand, "I am glad to meet you as a gentleman, sir, though I can't admit that you are a physician." "And I," said the other smiling faintly, "am glad to meet you as a physician, though I can't admit that you are a gentleman."

◆

When, in 1883, Professor Freeman was examining Battle Abbey, he found himself dogged by a person, who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with: "I don't want your help. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply; "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland."

◆

A typesetter in a printing house became very adroit in explaining the large number of misprints for which he was responsible. Even when he changed his work and became a waiter in a restaurant his skill did not forsake him. One day he had served a guest with a plate of soup, and was turning away, when he was called back sharply. "This is an outrage!" cried the indignant diner. "I find a needle in my soup! What does this mean?" "Just a misprint, sir," explained the former typesetter. "It should have been a noodle."

◆

In a poor school in Bermondsey, England, the master was dealing with the subject of the Prodigal Son. He described to the boys how the young man insisted upon having his share of wealth while his father was still alive; how he went away to a far country, and how he there spent his money in riotous living. "Now," said the master, "what does that mean—spending his money in riotous living?" "Going rarnd abart drinking from one public house to another," answered one scholar. "Hem!" said the teacher. "What do you say?" And he pointed to another boy. "Spendin' his money goin' to movin' pictur' palaces, sir, every arternoon and evenin'."

◆

The Alliance, in a small Tenessee town, is in the habit of meeting in the same hall as the Knights of Pythias. One night, not long ago, a member of the Alliance saw a light in the hall, and, supposing his order was in session, sauntered up and knocked on the door. The door was opened, and an inquiring face appeared. "I plow, I hoe, I spade," solemnly remarked the Alliance man. "The devil you do!" replied the man on the inside, closing the door. The Alliance man told the story to his fellows. They were alarmed. "Why, you have given away our password!" they exclaimed. "Yes," complacently responded the hero of the story, "but I found out theirs."

◆

He got one of the newest models, and invited a small party of friends to take a spin through the country roads with him. He wanted to show off. He let the car go as fast as it could and they covered a surprising amount of territory in a couple of hours. On the way back, however, dusk came on rapidly, and though the speed was slower the certainty of the proper turning was smaller. And finally the friend who sat with the driver whispered: "Leslie, we are off the road. We are lost!" "Nonsense," growled the owner of the car. "This is the same road we came out on." "No, it aint." "How do you know it aint?" "Where's all them dead chickens and dogs we left behind us?"

◆

Neither man nor boy is ever at a loss for excuses, for not knowing what they have no mind to know, or for not doing what they have no mind to do. The wittiest that is recorded in college annals is the reason given in the senate house for not answering the question: "Who were the minor prophets?" "I do not fill this in," wrote the candidate, "because the inquiry is so invidious." A schoolboy has now improved upon this by handing in a written medical certificate to excuse his non-attendance. "I certify," the medical authority was made to say, "that this boy is unfit to attend school for three hundred and four days." The schoolmaster thought it odd, the interim being so long and, at the same time, so particular in its date; and, upon inquiry, it turned out that the doctor had written "3 or 4" days, which the boy had altered to three hundred and four.

◆

"There are a great many quaint characters in the mountainous regions of Kentucky," said Congressman Wilson to a New York reporter. "I'll tell you a little story by way of illustration: Shortly after I was admitted to the bar, and was riding the circuit, I was appointed by the court to defend a middle-aged fellow who was indicted for the murder of his mother. I took my client to one side for a private consultation, and plumped the direct question at him: 'Did you kill your mother?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I did kill her.' 'Why did you do it?' I asked him. 'I killed her,' he answered, 'because she wasn't worth wintering.'"

◆

In a New York studio a large class of women and girls were sketching from a semi-nude model, a young Italian, who was posed with his head thrown back, his arms fantastically wreathed over his head, and his legs extended in some sort of wild Bacchanalian caper. One young woman was sketching the model's shoulder, when she observed that he was smiling at her in a very familiar manner. Somewhat disconcerted to discover that she had apparently made a conquest of this guileless child of Italia, she began to sketch his knee, as more remote from the artillery of his sentimental glances. In a remote corner of the room giggling arose, and she perceived that the smiles of the flirtatious model were taking effect upon some lively girls among the students. They subsided shortly, but the young Italian still continued firing off smiling glances in every direction. At about the centre of the class was a German girl, serious to the core, absorbed in her work, and fierce in manner as a female Bismarck. Suddenly she came under the battery of the Italian's smiles, and, without an instant's hesitation, her voice rang out like a clarion: "You schtop dat schmiling; ve don't vant you to schmile." The figure of the model relaxed instantaneously, and he stood straight as an arrow before the class, the impersonation of offended and wrathful dignity. After an appalling silence, he remarked, in the severest tone: "Ladies, I am here before you zimply as ze model of ze 'Dancing Fawn'; ze smile goes wiz ze pose."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Wiser Now.

He knew so much of women's ways!
We listened to him in amaze,
For he could talk for days and days
  Of woman—well he knew her!
But, though we see him every day,
Now not a single word he'll say;
He's lost his old hold, boastful way—
  You see, he's married to her.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

◆

A Patient Man.

I'm not a man with temper quick;
Another man I seldom kick
  When irritated.
I try to keep my temper sweet;
I try to regulate my feet,
  As I have stated—
And yet some day I'll throw downstairs
Some guy who peddles mining shares.

I'm not a person violent;
I carry no dull instrument,
  Or club or billy.
I seldom any one assault
Or knock a person who's at fault
  Entirely silly—
Yet some cold day I know I'll floor
The man who doesn't close the door.

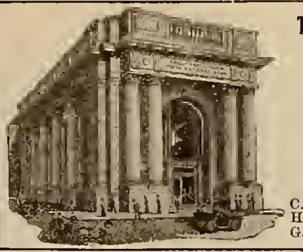
I'm not a man who loses calm;
At nothing have I thrown a bomb
  And ever bit it.
I very, very seldom bite,
And mayhem hardly think is right
  When I commit it—
And yet some day I'll chew the ear
Of him who sends book agents here.

I'm not a mean or ugly chap;
I hate a row, dislike a scrap,
  And don't forget it.
I seldom use a gun or knife,
And when I mark a man for life
  I oft regret it—
And yet some day I know I'll maim
Some guy who tries the programme game.

I'm not a real blood-thirsty man;
I keep as peaceful as I can,
  And seldom murder;
And, when some wife with sob and tear
Has begged me spare her husband dear,
  I've often heard her—
And yet I know I yet will slay
Some loafer on my busy day.
—*Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.*

◆

The family of Mr. Torrance was about leaving the town of Strathhaven for America. Tibby Torrance, an old maiden sister of Mr. Torrance's, was to accompany them. Before they left some of the neighbors were talking to Tibby of the dangers of the "great deep," when she suddenly exclaimed: "Aweel, aweel; it's been a dry summer, and I think the sea'll no' be very deep."



THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital.....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
Officers:
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Sig. Greenebaum......Chairman of the Board
Washington Dodge.............Vice-President
Jos. Friedlander..............Vice-President
C. F. Hunt.......................Vice-President
R. Altschul..............................Cashier
C. R. Parker, Assistant Cashier Wm. H. High, Assistant Cashier
H. Choynski, Assistant Cashier G. R. Burdick, Assistant Cashier
G. F. Herr, Assistant Cashier A. L. Langerman, Secretary

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,079,373.37
Deposits............................ 26,882,124.40
Total Resources..................... 45,791,813.97
Isaias W. Hellman........President
I. W. Hellman, Jr....Vice-President
F. L. Lipman.........Vice-President
James K. Wilson Vice-President
Frank B. King..............Cashier
W. McGavin ....Asst. Cashier
E. L. Jacobs............Asst. Cashier
C. L. Davis.............Asst. Cashier
A. D. Oliver............Asst. Cashier
A. B. Price.............Asst. Cashier
DIRECTORS:
Isaias W. Hellman Hartland Law
Joseph Sloss Henry Rosenfeld
Percy T. Morgan James L. Flood
F. W. Van Sicklen J. Henry Meyer
Wm. F. Herrin A. H. Payson
John C. Kirkpatrick Chas. J. Deering
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Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22d
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund....... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors.................59,144
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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412 Montgomery St. San Francisco
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Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT
Capital..............................$1,000,000
Total Assets......................... 7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders............. 3,266,021
BENJAMIN J. SMITH
Manager Pacific Department
Alaska Commercial Building - San Francisco

J. F. Templeton, Managing Director J. H. McGregor, President Ernest J. Down, Sec.-Treasurer
P. A. Landry, Northern Lands T. A. Kelley, Timber Dept. Bateman Hutchinson, City and Local
Gore & McGregor, Ltd.
B. C. Land Surveyors Civil Engineers
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CHANCERY CHAMBERS, LANGLEY STREET
VICTORIA, B. C.
P. O. Box 152 Phone 684
McGREGOR BUILDING, THIRD STREET
S. FORT GEORGE, B. C.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO
United States Assets..................$2,464,562.05
Surplus............................. 1,018,318.63
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
129 LEIDESDORFF STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
W. L. W. MILLER, Manager.

Geo. E. Billings Roy C. Ward Geo. B. Dinsmore
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Mary Page Dutton and Mr. Douglas Waterman took place last week at the Hotel Greenewald in New Orleans. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Josiah Howell, of this city. Mrs. Waterman is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton. Mr. Waterman is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Waterman of Alameda and a brother of Miss Edith Waterman. Mr. and Mrs. Waterman have gone to Salvador to reside.

Miss Katherine Hooper and Mr. Joseph Kellogg Hutchinson were married Saturday, March 29, at the home on Gough Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hooper. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson will reside in this city upon their return from a wedding trip.

Mrs. Glenna C. Wilmarth and Mr. Herbert P. Blanchard of this city were married Wednesday, March 26, at the bride's home in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard will travel until June 1, when they will establish themselves in this city.

The wedding of Miss Marie Bullard and Mr. James Towne will take place Wednesday evening, April 30, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Miss Olive Craig will be Miss Bullard's maid of honor, and her chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Ethel Mordecai, Joy Wilson, Marian Gibbons, Louise Kellogg, Emily Du Bois, and Nora Evans. A reception will be given at the home on Pacific Avenue of Miss Bullard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard.

Admiral Walter C. Cowles, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cowles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Cowles, to Lieutenant Leo Sahm, U. S. N., of the *South Dakota*.

Mr. and Mrs. John de Ruyter gave a dinner complimentary to Count Guy de Lesteyrie and Countess de Lesteyrie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Lieutenant F. W. Hammond, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hammond, who are now stationed at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a dinner at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean, who returned Tuesday to their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a dinner Saturday evening in honor of Miss Sydney Davis and Mr. Carl Wolff.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Richard Lounsberry, of New York.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon which was followed by an afternoon of bridge.

Mrs. James Bishop entertained a number of children at the matinée opera, "Hansel and Gretel."

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford gave a tea recently in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bernard Waterlow Ford.

Mrs. J. A. K. Nuttall was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Crawford Green entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. John Burke Murphy, who, with her husband, Captain Murphy, U. S. A., is en route to their new home at Fort Columbia.

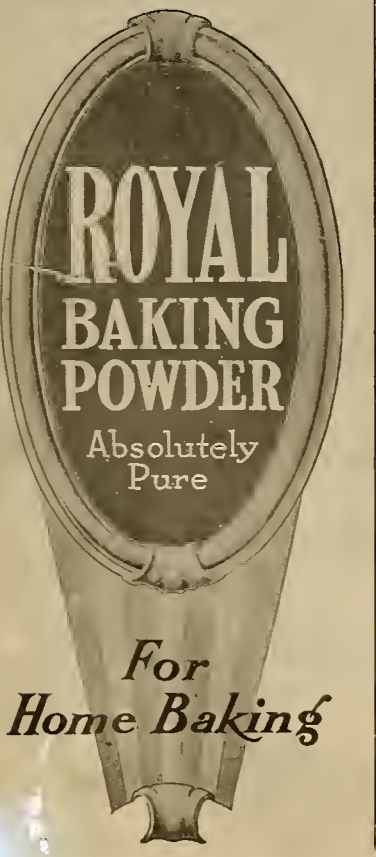
Mr. Felton Broomall Elkins will be host tonight at an informal dance at the Polo Club in San Mateo.

Mr. Edric Wolseley gave a dinner last Saturday evening at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green gave a dinner recently at their home in San Mateo to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Green.

Mrs. John Drum was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home on Broadway.

Miss Marie Bullard was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea Wednesday, when Miss Louise Kellogg entertained a number of guests at her home on Pacific Avenue.



Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Jennie Stone gave a children's party Saturday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her little nephews, Masters William, Andrew, and Egbert Stone.

Mrs. Charles H. Schlacks was hostess at a tea complimentary to Mrs. J. H. Howard of Denver.

Mrs. Robert Greer gave a luncheon at the home of her parents, Dr. C. N. Ellinwood and Mrs. Ellinwood, and entertained twelve guests.

Mrs. Irving Moulton and her daughter, Mrs. Horatio Baker, were hostesses at a bridge-tea Wednesday at Mrs. Moulton's home on Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon, when their infant son was christened by Father McQuaid. The baby was named Joseph King Harris, after his maternal grandfather, Mr. Joseph Libbey King. Mrs. George L. Cadwalader and Mr. William Landrey were the sponsors.

Miss Olive Craig gave a tea in honor of Miss Marie Bullard.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained at the Fairmont Hotel last Thursday, complimentary to Mrs. Frederick James V. Skiff. Mrs. Lowenberg was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown.

The University Assembly hall was given at the Hotel Oakland Wednesday evening with a large attendance.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, and Mr. Knox Maddox returned Tuesday from Montecito, where they spent ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron and their little daughter will leave May 15 for Europe, where they will spend the summer. During their absence their cottage in Burlingame will be occupied by Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., Mrs. Wallace, and the Misses Ruth and Marie Louise Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker have leased a country home on Long Island, where they will spend the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and their daughters, the Misses Ethel and Margaret Moore, have returned to their home in Oakland after having spent the past six months in Europe.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman and their children sailed Saturday for the Orient.

Mr. Robert McKee of New York is at the Fairmont Hotel for a brief visit. Mr. McKee formerly resided in this city.

Mr. John Cushing of San Rafael sailed last week for Honolulu for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Ruth Winslow sailed Wednesday from Cherbourg for New York, where they will spend ten days before returning home. Mr. and Mrs. Oxnard will open their country home in Woodside soon after their arrival.

Mrs. Malcolm Douglass Whitman (formerly Miss Jennie Crocker) has arrived from New York and will spend six weeks at her country home in Burlingame. Mr. Whitman will come West to accompany his wife on her homeward trip. Mrs. Whitman is accompanied by her two stepchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, left Monday evening for New Orleans en route to Panama, South America, and Europe. They expect to return home in October.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan have bought a lot in the Howard property on the Crystal Springs road, with the intention of having a house built.

Mrs. Richard Hammond, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Janet Coleman are en route home from New York and Washington, D. C. Mrs. Hammond and Miss Boyd have recently returned from Panama.

Mrs. Mackay-Smith and her daughters, the Misses Virginia and Gladys Mackay-Smith, arrived last week from Washington, D. C., for a few weeks' visit in California. Mrs. Mackay-Smith is the widow of the late bishop of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. John McMullin is contemplating leaving May 1 for a visit with relatives in Kentucky.

Mrs. S. L. Bee will spend the summer in the East and will be accompanied by her protegée, Miss Dottibel Latham, who will continue her vocal studies in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs and their daughter, Miss Emily Tubbs, returned Monday from their country home in Calistoga, where they spent ten days.

Miss Laura McKinstry spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame.

Mrs. Louis Parrott will leave for Europe as soon as she recovers from an illness which obliged her to cancel her reservations.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett have returned from Southern California.

The Rev. Edward Morgan left Saturday for Europe to travel with relatives until September.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent moved to Woodside Tuesday, and are established in their country home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker moved Monday into the flat on Washington Stret recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have been spending the winter with Mrs. Baker's mother, Mrs. Randell Hunt.

Mr. Roy Bowers has returned to Hollister after having spent a few days with Mr. Dudley Gunn.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Vail have rented their home in Montecito to Mr. Winston Churchill for the summer, during which time they will travel in Europe, where they will be joined by their daughter, Miss Miriam Vail. Miss Vail is attending a school in Fontainbleau.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott have leased a home near Presidio Terrace, and will give up their cottage in San Rafael June 1.

Miss Nan Vail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vail, has returned from Mare Island, where she was the guest of Miss Priscilla Ellicott.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse have returned to their ranch near Merced after a visit in town during the opera season.

Mrs. Richard Lounsbery of New York is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter in town.

The Messrs. George Dearborn, George H. Barnes, and J. T. Gwathmey have returned to their home in New York after a few weeks' visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore have gone to Paso Robles for a two weeks' outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon have returned to Los Angeles after a few days' visit in town.

Miss Ethel Shorb has returned from an extended stay in Europe.

Mrs. Josiah Howell has returned from New Orleans and has joined Mr. Howell at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mr. Edric Wolseley will sail May 21 for Europe.

Mrs. Downey Harvey returned to Monterey Monday after a week's visit in town.

Miss Carol Stewart has arrived from New York and is the guest of Miss Marian Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone took possession of their Burlingame home Tuesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and their daughter, Miss Lee Girvin, moved into their new home in Menlo Park. They have been occupying the Rathbone cottage during the winter.

Mr. Charles G. Lathrop is convalescing from an illness that has confined him to his home in Stanford University since his return from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Welch have returned to Berkeley after a year's absence in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Warner Hart have given up their cottage in San Rafael and have taken an apartment in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their little daughter left Tuesday for Woodside, where they will spend two months with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Hon. Lars Anderson, American ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Anderson arrived Monday from the Orient en route to Washington, D. C. Mr. Anderson is related to Mrs. Robert Chester Foute of this city.

Mrs. William B. Pringle of San Mateo and Mrs. Bernard Ransom of Oakland have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor P. Ayres have returned from Australia, where they traveled extensively.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monserrat have rented their town house to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Graves and are at the Hotel Bellevue, where they will remain until they open their country home in Los Gatos. Mrs. Monserrat's sons, the Messrs. George and William Lieb, are established at the Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron moved to Burlingame Tuesday and are established in their new home, which has just been completed. They spent the winter with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bonestell have returned to Fresno after a visit with the Misses Beaver at their home on Walnut Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darrach will sail today for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell have been guests the past week at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. John Sroufe Merrill has gone East, having been called by the death of her sister, Mrs. Snyder-Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and their daughter, Miss Leslie Page, returned to their home in San Rafael Tuesday after having occupied the Donohoe residence on Broadway during the winter.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels and Mr. Wakefield Baker arrived at Coronado last week on the yacht *Venetia* and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels.

Major Carl Gamburg Andresen and Mrs. Andresen have arrived from Fort Leavenworth and are at the Mare Island barracks, where they will remain indefinitely.

Captain George B. Bradshaw, U. S. N., has arrived from the Bremerton Navy Yard and is at Mare Island, where he will shortly take command of the *Yorktown*.

Mrs. Howson W. Cole, wife of Dr. Cole, U. S. N., is spending a month at the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Dr. Philip A. Lovering, U. S. N., formerly of Mare Island, has gone to Washington, D. C., with the intention of resigning from the navy. During his absence Mrs. Lovering and their children will remain at St. Gothard's Inn in St. Helena.

General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chaffee came from Los Angeles last week to spend a few days with friends in this city.

Commodore Henry Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull, of Santa Barbara, have been recent visitors in town.

Lieutenant Philip Sheridan, U. S. A., arrived last week from his post in Arizona and sailed Saturday for Honolulu, where he will be married April 9 to Miss Elizabeth McGunnegle, daughter of Colonel George K. McGunnegle, U. S. A., and Mrs. McGunnegle.

Captain W. M. Cross, U. S. N., governor of American Samoa, and Mrs. Cross arrived from Pago Pago and have gone to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Dion Williams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Williams spent a few days at the Hotel St. Francis en route from Washington, D. C., to the Orient, where Lieutenant Williams has recently been ordered.

Major Robert M. Thornburgh, U. S. A., will sail today on the *Logan* for his new post in Manila.

Major Jere B. Clayton, U. S. A., of Vancouver Barracks, Washington, has been appointed inspector-instructor of the officers of the Medical Corps at the Multnomah County armory in Portland, Oregon.

Admiral Walter C. Cowles, U. S. N., Mrs. Cowles, and Miss Edith Cowles arrived Monday from Honolulu. Admiral Cowles will be in command of the Pacific fleet and will go to San Diego, from where he will take the cruiser *California* to Guaymas.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco are Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Poett, Mrs. George G. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Bouvet, Miss Whitaker, and Mr. Stanley Whitaker, from San Francisco.

Women interested in handsome linens—real lace trimmed and exquisitely embroidered—should take advantage of the Great Sale, which commenced today at D. Samuels.

We purchased upon most advantageous terms a collection of magnificent linens trimmed with the rarest of real laces. They will be offered to the public upon a commission basis of profit.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

With a silver spade Mayor Rolph will lift the first dirt from the site of the new city hall and thus begin the work on Saturday, April 5. There will be other formalities and exercises, including the singing of 500 children, at the site on Van Ness Avenue and Fulton Street.

Contributions to the relief funds for the Ohio and Indiana flood sufferers had reached an aggregate of $80,000 on Wednesday. There have been many donations by societies and individuals not reported to the general committee.

A new federal grand jury was organized Wednesday, with James K. Wilson as foreman and Samuel G. Buckbee as secretary.

William S. Goodfellow, aged sixty-three, veteran San Francisco lawyer, died April 2 at his home in Oakland. He came from England to California in 1875, and practiced alone ten years, when the firm became Jarboe, Harrison & Goodfellow. When Judge Harrison entered the judiciary, Charles Eells became a partner. Mr. Goodfellow was a member of the Pacific Union, Olympic, and Bohemian clubs. He is survived by a widow, three sons, and two daughters.

The parcel post department of the San Francisco postoffice received 125,000 parcels in March and dispatched 330,000, a total of 455,000. The January figure was 290,000; the February total 360,000. A steady increase in business is shown.

The first game of the regular Coast League baseball season on the San Francisco grounds was played Tuesday, when the Portland Beavers defeated the San Francisco Seals by a score of 3 to 2 in ten innings.

The dedication of the new Moose Building at the corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Jones Street took place Wednesday evening, in the presence of the members of San Francisco Lodge No. 26, Loyal Order of Moose, and under the auspices of the Supreme Lodge. The building covers a lot 137x137 feet, is two stories, constructed of red brick with marble and cream terra cotta facings, and has a fine lodge hall and clubroom.

Memorial services were held at St. James's Episcopal Church Sunday evening, March 30, in honor and memory of Mr. William G. Badger, the pastor, the Reverend S. J. Lee, officiating. Mr. Badger was the founder of the old St. James's Episcopal Church, which was located on the present site of the Olympic Club on Post Street. He was identified with Grace Church, also St. Alban's Sunday-school, up to the time of his death. Mr. Badger was also one of the early presidents of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was the organizer of Bunker Hill Association, which held its annual exercises in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill for over forty years. Many of the old members of St. Alban's Sunday-school were present at the memorial services.

The estate of Andrew B. McCreery, who died April 1, after a brief illness, is worth between $2,000,000 and $2,500,000, according to legal representatives of the heirs. This fortune represents but part of McCreery's accumulations. Within the past twenty years it is estimated by close friends he gave to his sons, Richard S. of San Mateo, Walter A. of San Francisco and Burlingame, and Lawrence of London, and to his wife, Mrs. Isabelle Swearingen McCreery, fully $1,000,000 each. The will gives to his widow one-third of the estate; to Richard McCreery, one-third; to Lawrence, one-sixth, and to Walter, an incompetent under guardianship of Attorney McPike, one-sixth. To Richard S. McCreery, $50,000 in trust for the latter's son, Lawrence Buchanan McCreery, until he is twenty-one. To Mrs. Minnie Emilia McCreery, wife of Walter A., from whom the latter is separated and to whom he pays $1000 a month, $100,000 in trust for the support of her and Walter's five children, until each reaches the age of twenty-one; then to divide share and share alike. To Mrs. May McCreery, wife of Richard S., $50,000. To Elizabeth and Marie Guy of Omagh, Ireland, nieces, $10,000 each. The executors are also directed to pay to such charitable institutions in California as Richard McCreery may designate, 10 per cent of the net income of the estate for five years. All of the bequests are subject to the payment of numerous smaller legacies.

◆

A letter from Fort Banks, Winthrop, Massachusetts, reports the death at that place of Mrs. Marsh, wife of Colonel Frederick Marsh, lately in command of the artillery service about San Francisco Bay, and well known socially here. Mrs. Marsh's death occurred on March 12 as a result of pneumonia.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson has been brightened by the advent of a son, who was born at the home on Vallejo Street of Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have resided at Fort Bragg since their marriage a year ago.

Farewell Concert of Clara Butt.

The main topic of conversation in musical circles for the past week has been the wonderful voice and exquisite artistry of Clara Butt, the world-famous contralto, and the singing of her gifted husband, Mr. Rumford. Never has a more enthusiastic and delighted audience left a concert room in this city, and the critics are unanimous in their opinion that in presenting these artists Manager Will Greenbaum earned the gratitude of all sincere music lovers. Such an afternoon of beautiful song is but rarely offered, and the result will be a crowded house to bid farewell to these superlative artists at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, April 6, at 2:30.

The programme on this occasion will include some of the most beautiful works in the literature of song. Mme. Butt's offerings will include the "Largo" by Handel; Brahms's "Sapphic Ode" and "Cradle-song"; Schubert's "The Erl King," and a group of ballads in English, including Liddle's "Abide with Me." By special request she has consented to sing Schubert's "Die Allmacht" as an added number.

Mr. Rumford's selections will consist of songs by Richard Strauss, Brahms, Grieg, and Schumann, besides some charming old Irish and English songs, and the old Sicilian air, "Land of the Almond Blossoms."

The voices of the two artists will join in a rendition of the duet, "Snowdrops," by Liza Lehmann.

Tickets for this quite exceptional musical treat may be secured at the music-store box-offices and on Sunday at the Cort Theatre.

Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will leave for a long tour of the Antipodes and expect to return early in the new year, and Mr. Greenbaum hopes to be able to induce them to give some concerts at that time.

◆

Violin Recital by Hother Wismer.

Hother Wismer, violinist, will give his annual recital on the evening of April 22, at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Wismer will be assisted by Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, who will sing a number of beautiful songs, and by Mr. Uda Waldrop, pianist, who will accompany the singer and the violin selections. Mr. Wismer will play the Brahms concerto, a suite by Sinding, and other numbers.

Mr. Wismer's recitals are always notable events. For years he has been prominent in musical affairs here, and he has won by marked ability and a devotion to the highest art the especial regard of music lovers generally, in addition to that of a large circle of pupils and personal friends. Few San Francisco players or teachers have had so wide an influence or so loyal a following. The programme for his recital this month will be announced in full next week, and its excellence is assured by past achievements, as well as by the talent and charm of the artists who will assist.

◆

The Julia Culp Concerts.

The next attraction to be offered by Manager Greenbaum will be Julia Culp, the world's greatest lieder singer, assisted by that master-accompanist, Coenraad V Bos.

H. E. Krehbiel of the New York *Tribune* wrote of Mme. Culp: "She is a musical interpreter of song, filled with love for the lyric art and wonderfully equipped to exemplify it." Such praise from a New York paper is rather unusual, and such critics as William Henderson, Richard Aldrich, and Philip Hale all agree with their confrère of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Greenbaum has been endeavoring to secure Mme. Culp's services for the past four years, but until this season it has been utterly impossible for the artist to leave Europe. He feels that in presenting Julia Culp to our music lovers he is offering them one of the most glorious artists living—a singer who is destined to become as popular and beloved in this country as is Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Schumann-Heink.

The Culp concerts will be given during the week commencing Sunday, April 27.

◆

Ysaye.

The closing attraction of the Greenbaum season will be a series of concerts by that master of the violinists, Eugen Ysaye. It is a little over eight years since we have had a visit from this artist, and his return will be more than welcomed. Ysaye stands at the very head, the acknowledged king of the violinists, and all his colleagues are proud to have such an accomplished musician, artist, and man to reign over them. Men like Kreisler, Zimbalist, Thibeaud, and Kubelik glory in the greatness of Ysaye, for they all love him for his many endearing qualities and the great kindliness he has always exhibited for the younger stars.

Ysaye will also play at the Greek Theatre at a special concert on Commencement Day.

◆

The California State Dental Association will hold its annual convention at the Hotel Oakland June 2 to 5, inclusive. In addition to the regular membership attending there will be delegates present from Washington, Oregon, and Utah. R. B. Griffith of Sacramento is president of the association; Dr. H. H. Griffin, San Francisco, vice-president.

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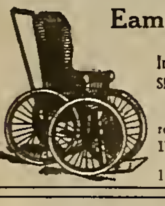

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Housekeeper—Why do you charge so much for your ice? *Iceman*—Well, mum, the water was high where we cut it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Willie—What's sociology, dad? *Crabshaw*—After you have worked and earned a dollar, my boy, sociology tells you how you shall spend it.—*Judge.*

"Pop, did you hurt yourself last night?" "Hurt myself! What does the child mean?" Why Jimmy Smith's papa said he saw you fall off the water wagon."—*Baltimore American.*

"Mr. Snoops is a rather insignificant-looking man." "Well, if you had been withered by a wifely eye as much as Mr. Snoops has you'd look insignificant, too."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Wombat and myself saved a lot of time by doing Europe together." "How so?" "He inspected the outside of the historic buildings, while I went through the interiors."—*Washington Herald.*

"Before marriage I used to sit up until midnight wishing he would go home." "Yes?" "Yes, and since we are married I sit up until midnight wishing that he would come home." —*Houston Post.*

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? *Author*—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—*Baltimore American.*

"A man never knows how many friends he has until he experiences real sorrow." "Oh, I don't know. Did you ever have it known that you had shot and brought home a deer?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Dear Old Lady (using call office telephone for the first time, to operator at the exchange)—And as you've been so nice and attentive, my dear, I'm putting an extra penny in the box for yourself.—*Punch.*

Father—Young Willoughby doesn't seem to call on Grace very often of late. Wonder if it's a case of dampened ardor. *Son*—I think likely. He proposed to her while out canoeing, and she threw him over.—*Judge.*

Father—I'm sorry to have to say, my son, that from what I hear about town, you must be running into debt. *Son*—You are mistaken, sir. I am already in debt; my creditors are doing all the running.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What is a political leader?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "sometimes he is very much like the orchestra leader; the man who provides the gesticulation and general excitement while somebody else is doing the real work."—*Washington Star.*

"Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Ingersoll?" smilingly inquired the book salesman, as he reached under his coat for the sample bindings. "Sure, I am," replied Mr. Goldberg, the jeweler; "undt it's a good vatch for der money!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," said the man who complains. "Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "that's one way o' sayin' it. You might also mention that it's easier fur a man to sell a gold brick in a town where they don't know him."—*Washington Star.*

Show Girl (burtsing into manager's office)—Quick! There's a fire behind the scenes, the gang is rushing about like mad and screaming their heads off. Looks like a panic. What will we do? *Manager*—Do? Ring up the curtain, of course, and let the audience think it is the opening chorus.—*Puck.*

The Judge—Unless you have a most satisfying excuse I shall have to fine you for contempt of court for failing to respond to the jury summons. *The Taleswoman*—I meant no disrespect, judge, but I hadn't a thing suitable to wear, and I couldn't find a ready-made jury costume any place.—*Woman's Cause.*

"I want an engagement ring—something cheap that looks good." "Don't you want it solid?" "No. Something for about 75 cents." "Certainly. We have them." "That's what I want. You see it's like this—seven girls have thrown me over in the last six months, and I've lost a perfectly good ring each time." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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Help That Hurts.

The minimum wage bill for women adopted by the last Oregon legislature is working a pitiful hardship upon women of the least expert and least capable type. Many who have been earning small wages are being thrown out of work because employers, if they must pay the wages prescribed by law, prefer men. As a relief measure there is a movement on foot under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association to establish a training school of "domestic science" where the unemployed girls may acquire skill necessary to enter household service. This, however, will only partially relieve the hardship which the minimum wage bill has imposed upon girls who have no homes.

Here in California we find that the law limiting the hours of employment for women is working another kind of hardship, in that it has thrown out altogether or reduced to less profitable labors many women formerly employed in the relatively well paid work of bookkeeping. There are times when eight hours' work will not clear up the desk of the bookkeeper, and this fact has made the employment of women in many establishments impracticable. In a case which has come to the notice of the *Argonaut* a young woman who for many years had been earning a salary of $90 a month was first "laid off" because of the legal limitation of working hours and had finally to accept a place of reduced importance, or more onerous general conditions, at $50 a month. Her fortunes, like those of many another similarly situated, appear to have been marred permanently by a fool law enacted under the inspirations of emotionalism and upon inadequate comprehension of the conditions which govern industry.

◆

Senators by Popular Election.

A radical change in the fundamental law under which senators of the United States shall hereafter be elected popularly rather than by the state legislatures has come about almost unobserved in the hurly-burly of great political events. This change signifies little, practically, in several states, including our own, which already by domestic arrangement have provided for popular choice of senators preliminary to legislative action. But it does mean much, taking the country over, for it applies to the Senate the principle hitherto in practice with respect to the House of Representatives. The Senate, hitherto representative of the states in their corporate capacity, will hereafter represent the people of the several states directly.

For full two generations this proposal has been the subject of continuous and at times acrimonious agitation. The cause is not far to seek. It has related directly to practices more or less corrupt under which legislatures have been brought to make senators of men who would never have been so made by the popular choice. Rich men on their own account have "bought" their way into the Senate, to the end of enjoying its privileges and dignities. Again, great interests have "promoted" the election of men favorably disposed towards capital or easily subject to influences which capital may bring to bear upon them. This is very far from being the rule, but the practice has been frequent enough to cause scandal and to involve the Senate as a whole, for all its large responsibilities and its exalted dignities, in a kind of public discredit.

Selection of senators by delegated authority—by state legislature—has smacked of what fire-eyed agitators have styled "aristocracy"; and while this charge has been patently absurd it has not been without its effect upon a popular mind more and more disposed to the democratic as distinct from the representative idea in government.

Time for discussion of the fundamental considerations involved is now passed, for the change from representative to popular selection is an accomplished fact. It remains only to be seen whether under the system of popular selection we shall have men better or as good, men as honest or more honest, men as capable or more capable than under the old system. Enthusiastic champions of popular as distinct from representative methods are cock-sure that great advantages will come out of the new system. But those who, like the *Argonaut,* prefer the old and the tried to the novel and the questionable, who believe that there are advantages in representative as distinct from the popular idea in government, will remain in doubt, reserving judgment to the findings of events.

Most certainly, in spite of many flagrant instances of abuse, even of corruption, the average character and ability of the Senate has been distinctly higher than the average character and ability of the House. Other conditions, including the assumed higher dignity and the longer tenure of office, have had something to do with it; but something, too, we believe, has been due to the deliberate and selective wisdom of an electorate limited to members of legislature as compared with the whole body of the people. If, in many instances, legislatures have elected to the Senate men who probably would not have been chosen popularly, still something may be said in behalf of such choice, since it has brought to the public service men who never would have thought of presenting themselves for preferment, subject to the methods necessarily involved in a popular candidacy. It may be doubted if many of the great names which have adorned the roll of the Senate would ever have stood upon that distinguished roster if it had been necessary to make popular appeal preliminary to election. On the other hand, it is fair to recall that the greatest men in senatorial history have duly served a period of apprenticeship under popular election in the House before promotion to the so-called higher chamber. And it is still further to be recalled that in the earlier history of Congress service in the House was frequently sought by men of distinguished abilities in preference to service in the Senate, precisely as in recent times in England service in the Commons has been regarded as of higher political consequence than service in the Lords.

The change defines signally a general tendency of the times, that of substituting in many spheres of politics democratic for representative practice. This movement has been marked within the last few years. Whether it be for good or for ill is now to be made subject of practical demonstration.

◆

Democracy and the Tariff.

Nobody with mind unencumbered by prejudice or unbiased by interest seeks these days to justify protective tariff laws as founded in any scientific or other "principle." Protection for domestic industry under a system of impost charges is merely a device calculated to serve the purposes of the country at some time or at all times. It is as little "sacred" as a law prescribing that line fences shall be bull-strong, and hog-tight; and when there is no longer any need for it or when it violates any condition of essential justice among citizens it may be discarded without compunction. So much for fundamentals. The right of the law-making power to deal with the tariff unembarrassed by a false sense of values is absolute and not subject to any criticism. Whoever assumes the protective tariff, for all its historical respectability, to be an affair of principle has foolishly exalted an economic expedient into a fetish.

The protective tariff was devised in the infancy of the country and at a time when there was need, social, economic, and military, to establish the independence of the republic. The argument for it as laid down by Alexander Hamilton was wholly patriotic; the conception which carries the authority of his great name was uncorrupted by any vice of special or personal interest. That the tariff has served a great and useful purpose will not, we think, be denied in any quarter. But it has in processes of time and of economic development become involved with grievous abuses. Special interests, profiting under the system, have sought and attained influence in arranging the schedules and have so fixed them as to place upon some elements of the community hardship and injustice for the benefit of schemers and manipulators. The tariff has become, not indeed a thing wholly bad, but bad in many of its features. In flagrant instances it sustains private interests wholly without regard to the common welfare—in truth at the cost of the many for the benefit of the few. In other instances it enables combinations of capital and industry to prosper unduly. It has become to a very considerable degree an instrument of selfishness, of gross abuses, a "shelter of trusts."

Every fair-minded man has recognized the fact now for many years that the tariff scheme needs overhauling, to the end of cutting out abuses of special privilege and of public oppression. And in recent years this idea has been steadily growing within the political party which has made the protective idea one of the bases of its policy. Republicans all over the country, impressed by the lessons of observation and experience, have come to be as clamorous for tariff revision as the members of the party which has traditionally stood in opposition to the protective scheme. Some ten years ago a movement for tariff revision took definite form within the Republican party and it has grown prodigiously with process of time. Five years ago this movement dominated a Republican national convention —the convention which nominated Mr. Taft—and wrung from that convention a reluctant but positive pledge to reform the tariff schedules.

Of several causes contributing to the downfall of the Republican party last year the first and foremost was its failure to keep this promise. There was indeed an attempt to do it; but the forces within the party and dominating its action in Congress were so powerful in support of private and protected interests that the revised scheme, when finally worked out, was found to embody more definite abuses than that which preceded it. The Republican party promised bread and it gave a stone. The President saw it, and after a mild fashion protested against it, but he lacked the hardihood to put his foot firmly down in effective opposition. With a wry face he gave official acceptance to the false measure of a reform styled the Payne-Aldrich bill, and at a later time was so foolishly complacent as to commend in terms the measure which he had previously condemned. What followed is recent history. There developed an organized revolt within the party; and this revolt, adroitly seized upon as an instrument ready for its own purposes by a colossal personal ambition, so divided the party forces as to give the elections of 1912, presidential and congressional, to the party which traditionally as well as in terms stands opposed to imposts upon imports for other purposes than that of providing for the national revenues.

The government came on the fourth of last month under the control of the Democratic party. Its nominee is President and a majority in both branches of Congress represents its ideas and stands for its promises. And with respect to the tariff, the Democratic promise (as formally proclaimed by the party convention assembled at Baltimore) is as follows:

> We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of government, honestly and economically administered.
>
> The high Republican tariff is the principle cause of the unequal distribution of wealth; it is a system of taxation which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer; under its operations the American farmer and the laboring man are the chief sufferers; it raises the cost of the necessaries of life to them, but does not protect their product or wages. The farmer sells largely in free markets and buys almost entirely in the protected markets. In the most highly protected industries, such as cotton and wool, steel and iron, the wages of the laborers are the lowest paid in any of our industries. We denounce the Republican pretense on that subject and assert that American wages are established by competitive conditions and not by the tariff.
>
> We favor the immediate downward revision of the existing high and in many cases prohibitive tariff duties, insisting that material reductions be speedily made upon the necessaries of life. Articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products and articles of American manufacture which are sold abroad more cheaply than at home should be put upon the free list.
>
> We recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country, and we favor the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry.
>
> We denounce the action of President Taft in vetoing the bills to reduce the tariff in the cotton, woolen, metals, and chemical schedules and the farmers' free list bill, all of which were designed to give immediate relief to the masses from the exactions of the trusts.
>
> The Republican party, while promising tariff revision, has shown by its tariff legislation that such revision is not to be in the people's interest, and, having been faithless to its pledges of 1908, it should not longer enjoy the confidence of the nation. We appeal to the American people to support us in our demand for a tariff for revenue only.

There is nothing ambiguous about this pledge. It needs no interpretation, for anybody who can read may understand precisely what it means. President Wilson, who gave his adhesion to it before the election, has since inauguration re-declared himself, and he has called Congress together in extraordinary session and counseled it to keep faith—to recast the law in conformity with the promise. A measure has been prepared, not indeed in strict obedience to the theory of a "tariff for revenue only," but going as far towards that end as "has been deemed consistent with the public welfare."

And just here is encountered the first of many serious problems. Right or wrong, wise or foolish, equitable or oppressive, the existing tariff scheme in one way or another stands related to the economic welfare of the country and of every man, woman, and child in it. Business, manufacture, commerce, have all become adjusted to it. Throughout New England and elsewhere factories have been built; in the South and in many parts of the West, including California, a great sugar industry has been developed; in California, Florida, and elsewhere orchards have been planted; throughout the country transportation arrangements have been made—these and a thousand other developments all under the assumption, even under the implied promise, involved in the tariff scheme. To cut this system at its root would beyond doubt make universal hardship, probably universal disaster, for it would disjoint almost every productive and business enterprise in the country, paralyze industry, and set loose without work the unnumbered armies of organized industry. It would minimize values in a hundred fields, and it could not fail to pauperize for the immediate time at least vast numbers of persons. At the same time, by cutting off the customary and essential sources of revenue, it would bankrupt the government itself.

Here is a situation which calls for wisdom and restraint, for a statecraft positive in its purposes yet so moderate in its methods as to achieve a mighty economic change without accompanying economic disaster. It is possible if the President had the powers of an autocrat that he might make this change without causing a period of universal hardship. Even this is doubtful. But that this may be done by the only legal and possible method is, we think, more than doubtful. Already industry and business feel the tremors of uncertainty. In the face of undefined conditions captains of affairs, great and small, are doing, not all that they can, but the least that they must. Manufacture, business, every form of production is, pending tariff legislation, moving under slow bells. It is inevitable that it should be so, for where the conditions of next month or next season are unknown the prudent course is to limit activity, to sail close to the wind.

But the President is no autocrat. He has not in the Democratic majorities of Congress pliant and biddable forces. Among the members of his own party both in the Senate and the House there are many who represent constituencies which profit largely under the protective scheme. Louisiana, Nebraska, Oregon, and California are large producers of sugar. Pennsylvania is a producer of iron, steel, and their products. New England is a seat of miscellaneous manufacture, and Alabama and Georgia, Florida and Kentucky are producers of articles heavily protected—these states merely illustrate a fact which applies to pretty much all. Now, whatever enthusiasm for reform may be broadly felt, it is not shared by those who profit under protection. Even before the terms of the bill (it is to be called by the name of Chairman Underwood) were announced there were quiet but positive protests, and now that it is seen where the shoe pinches there is loud outcry. Louisiana will have none of free sugar if her representatives may prevent it. California will not consent to a general assault upon the fruit and wool schedules if her voice may have weight. And so down the line. Every state has its favorite item of local solicitude and most of them are duly represented in Congress, even within the membership of the Democratic majorities in Senate and House. It is not in human nature that any approach to unanimous consent will be given to the Underwood bill. First it will be assaulted here and there by those who represent local or special interests; ultimately it may have to face organized opposition on the part of all who feel themselves aggrieved. President Wilson's bland hope that no Democrat "will take upon himself the responsibility of defeating a party measure" is sweet in its simple faith, but it will hardly work out. There will, we suspect, be many a Democrat to insist before casting his vote for the pending bill that the particular interest of his district shall be "provided for." This has been the way in the past in all parties in relation to tariff legislation, and we suspect that it will continue to be the way until that distant day when the tariff scheme shall be practically eliminated or established (God knows how) upon a scientific and equitable basis.

That Mr. Wilson will succeed in recasting the tariff laws promptly, without friction, without smashing industry and prosperity, without universal hardship, or all these together, we very much doubt. This is not an age of miracles; and Mr. Wilson is hardly such a master of the powers of statecraft and the forces of economics as to achieve the impossible. Any general change affecting the bases of economic and social life is bound to strike widely and to strike hard. And this means hardship if not disaster, outcry and protest if not revolt. The situation, before the job is done, is bound to be one of the gravest import in connection alike with the common welfare and the fortunes of the old party newly in power. It can not be otherwise.

A very strong and very wise man, the late Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland *Oregonian*, a clear thinker on economics and a profound student of human instincts, used to say: "The tariff is an artificial thing which must in course of years work out its mandate and become a colossal graft. It will have to be reformed. Protection will grow into privilege, privilege will degenerate into scandal, and scandal in its turn will evolve outrage. Then somebody must slay the dragon. It will be a great, a necessary, a patriotic service. Somebody must do it. But Lochiel, beware of the day! Whatever party does this thing, in whatever spirit, will have to face reproach and resentment alike from friends and foes. Whatever party, under whatever pressure, under whatever motive, shall smash the tariff, will itself get smashed." If this prophecy shall come true it will not be the only time that that grand old man saw with the vision of a true prophet.

The Lion and the Ass.

It is not surprising that various ministers throughout the country should preach sermons on the life and death of Pierpont Morgan. The modern church is fully alive to the commercial advantages of sensationalism. The event of the day is seized as greedily by the pulpit as by the press; and while we may deplore an opportunism that is in itself unseemly there is a disposition to make allowances for church organizations that are struggling to keep their heads above the fast deepening waters of public indifference.

But toleration of clerical excesses may easily be carried too far, and it is carried too far when it is extended to excesses that have become impudences. We have an example of this in the sermon preached in Philadelphia by the Rev. Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, whose craving for the spectacular seems to have carried him into the domain not only of the irreverent, but of the disgusting. It seems that Dr. Richmond based his Sunday night discourse on the questions: "Has J. P. Morgan gone to Heaven? If not, why not?" He then proceeded at some length to answer his own abominable questions by a number of equally abominable replies. Mr. Morgan, it seems, has not gone to Heaven. The audience was not told where he had gone, but this reticence on the part of the preacher was probably due not so much to a gleam of decency as to an unwillingness to make his audience sick. Mr. Morgan had been more interested in art than in missionary work. He did not believe in "our labor unions," nor in the "great progressive ideas of our new democracy." He despised the "average newspaper." and he was not a "great Christian." Heaven forbid that there should be any unnecessary advertisement of this nasty rubbish. It is a decoration neither to a newspaper nor to a pulpit, but when it is requisite to describe a man and a preacher as a vicious humbug it is the part of fair play to state the adequate reasons. And in order that those reasons may be still more adequate one additional excerpt may be quoted. Referring to the rumor that Mr. Morgan's death was caused by the strain of the Pujo examination, Dr. Richmond is reported as saying that if that rumor be true "then I hope more of his type will be called to testify." If further examples are required they may be sought in the published reports of the sermon. They are abbreviated reports, but Dr. Richmond has everything to gain and nothing to lose by curtailment.

Now to argue against a tirade of this kind would be to waste time. There is a certain kind of noxious utterance that is sufficiently damned by publication, and this sermon has already received its condemnation from the heart and conscience of the country. But a larger question is involved. With the vulgar banalities of the fourth-class church we are familiar. We have seen the chorus girls, the prize-fighters, and the moving pictures in pulpits dedicated to the preaching of a simple and world-old morality. We have also seen the far too frequent association of the pulpit and the divorce court. We have seen all these things and made contemptuous allowance for them. But St. John's Episcopal Church in Philadelphia does not belong to the same category, while Dr. Richmond himself seems to have received some of those educational distinctions that he could never have won by decency or dignity. This is not a mere case of incurable vulgarity that must be endured because it is incurable, and that naturally shows itself sometimes in the pulpit as elsewhere. When we have removed the scum of gross personal offensiveness and impudence from Dr. Richmond's sermon there still remains a substratum of theological arrogance that is shared by a large number of ministers of the present day. It is rarely displayed so coarsely. It is even consistent with the usages of conventional decorum. But it is there all the same, and it is well that it should occasionally meet with rebuke lest toleration should be assumed to prove acquiescence.

There was a time when a sacerdotal caste, a priesthood, was supposed to have a knowledge of superhuman forces and laws from which the average man was debarred. The claim may once have been justified, but it is certainly not justified now. Popular education has disposed of it very effectually, although, as has been said, a polite silence may sometimes be misinterpreted as compliance. We are now very well aware that any one who can read the sacred writings of the world has exactly the same sources of information as the minister, no more and no less. The opinion of the minister on conditions after death, on Heaven, and Hell, and judgment, have precisely the same value as the opinions of the average intelligent man, no more and no less. There are no avenues of knowledge that are open to the minister and that are not open to every one else. The inspiration that belongs to him belongs to the world at large. There are no castes, no privileges, no "orders," in the domain of knowledge. The public library is a guaranty that here, at least, we have democracy. The minister who professes to speak with any peculiar knowledge of the ultimate destiny of any human soul is either self-deceived or a charlatan. And Dr. Richmond is too well educated to be self-deceived.

There is perhaps some excuse for the intellectual and spiritual self-conceit that is still to be found in some churches. The inertia of masses of people before new customs is well known, and so there is still a formal and automatic tendency to render ceremonious attention to clerical opinions on matters of faith and morality. Ministers, as ministers, are invited to give their opinions on legislation, literature, and the drama. But it is very little more than a convention, a habit, a usage. Indeed it is nothing more among educated people, who know that there is an equality of knowledge upon such matters among all men of heart and mind. But when ministers of the Richmond type tacitly claim the possession of special knowledge on the unspeakable mysteries of death, or dare to forecast the fate of the individual soul, it is time to utter a word of stern rebuke. They know no more of such matters than the savage on the prairie, for if there is a democracy of knowledge there is also a democracy of ignorance.

Sincerity, however misguided, is worthy of respect. Indeed it is about the only thing that is worthy of respect, and no slur will ever be thrown here upon any form of belief that accompanies moral integrity. But for the gross effrontery that in the name of religion takes the form of a vilification of the dead, that professes to forecast the judicial functions of Providence, there can be nothing but castigation.

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The Anti-Alien Bill.

Threats on the part of Japan to decline participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition if the California legislature should enact the anti-alien land bill now under consideration need not be taken seriously. Japanese policy with respect to the exposition rests upon large motives, and it will not be modified by any petty irritation. This particular phase of the matter may as well be dismissed from further consideration.

The first objection to the anti-alien proposal is its practical futility. There is no general movement on the part of Japanese, against whom the bill is especially directed, to acquire lands in California, and if there were the enactment proposed would not check it. The act therefore has no rational motive and it would in any event be wholly ineffective. Various states at various times have had laws prohibiting foreign ownership of land, only to find that they come to nothing. There is never any difficulty in making adjustments which enable any citizen of any country to own anything that he can buy in any other country.

On our southern border there is notably illustrated the futility of laws of this kind. Under Mexican law ownership of land within ten miles of the boundary is prohibited—definitely and positively. Yet as a matter of fact pretty much all the land within the prohibited district is under American ownership; and it passes from one American ownership to another as freely as lands north of the boundary line. In cases of this kind there is always the easy plan of having some dummy carry the title; and there are forty other devices entirely within the law which come to the same thing. For example, the California Land and Cattle Company, a corporation duly organized under both American and Mexican law, holds title to an immense property in the Imperial Valley on both sides of the national boundary. The stock of this company is owned in Los Angeles.

Some years ago our neighboring state of Oregon had a law prohibiting aliens from owning lands with the effect that formal title in all instances of alien ownership was held by an attorney or some other person especially chosen under an easy arrangement of guaranties.

The truth is that the bill now under consideration at Sacramento is designed purely for home consumption. It is intended for no other purpose than to coddle certain elements of opposition to the Japanese. That it will accomplish anything in the way of barring Japanese or others from the soil of California is not intended, probably not even desired. It is just a bit of cheap political buncombe, meaningless and ineffective in itself, useful only in that it may help somebody to get votes under pretense of being a Japanese baiter.

It matters little whether the law be passed or rejected, since in any event whoever wants to acquire our lands and has the money to pay for them is not likely to be estopped. At the same time it would in Japan be regarded as a gratuitous affront—futile to be sure, but none the less an exhibition of an inhospitable spirit.

The most progressive countries in the world, from Rome down, have been freest in their general attitude towards aliens. Today any American can buy anything he wants and is willing to pay for in any country in Europe. Almost universally throughout our own country state law makes no discrimination against aliens. The tendency everywhere is towards great and greater liberality. It would, we think, be very much out of keeping for California, boasted—not to say boastful—land of hospitality, to enact a law exhibiting a narrow and at the same time ineffective unfriendliness to a country with which we assume to be on terms of cordial amity.

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A Matter of Form.

In delivering his message to Congress directly and in person President Wilson has chosen to follow the example of President Washington and the elder Adams rather than the precedent established by President Jefferson, who was the first to present a formal message in written form. Jefferson was an admirable writer, but a poor speaker. He had a light and rather rasping voice, ineffective in public address, and was at the same time embarrassed and halting in his speaking style when on his feet. He chose therefore to play his strongest suit rather than his weakest; and all other succeeding Presidents have followed his example. For a full century no President has officially addressed Congress by word of mouth and few Presidents have appeared at the Capitol excepting on ceremonial occasions or in the closing hours of a session for the purpose of signing bills. There is no law with respect to this matter. Any President may do as he pleases, but the weight of precedent is in favor of the written as against the oral method of official communication.

On the whole the Jeffersonian practice has, we think, the better basis in propriety. Whatever a President has to say to Congress must in any event be in careful form. And it should be effective by its specific weight rather than through any charm of expression. Nothing could be more out of place than an official communication on the part of the President trigged out in fancy rhetoric and "touched with the fire" of unctuous declamation. The very nature of the case calls for gravity and precision and for dignities which on the whole are more likely to be maintained under the written form than through personal presentment. In speaking to Congress the President is in truth speaking to the country, and there should be no straining after any effect which may not be wrought by the written form.

In coming before Congress in person Mr. Wilson betrays the vanity of an accomplished speaker—a vanity which he would better subdue. At the same time he is certain to invite criticism on the score of an attempt to direct Congress through personal influence. He makes a very plausible and we doubt not an entirely honest presentment of reasons, but when they are summed up they do not convince. He goes to Congress either because he enjoys the exhilaration of a formal occasion with himself as the chief actor or because he thinks his presence will be effective. In either event he is likely to miss the purpose. Congress is jealous of its own authority and quite indisposed to being personally conducted. It will, we think, however courteously it may receive the Executive, feel that his proper place is at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In other words, it will resent the attentions which President Wilson seems disposed to pay to it and will prefer to have the line between the legislative and executive departments, physically as well as otherwise, clearly defined. That Congress will, after the fashion of Washington's day, make a return visit to the President and deliver a formal answer to his Message is not to be expected.

We fear that Mr. Wilson has yet to learn the values which lie in reserve. The arts of persuasion have their own utilities. Even a President may exercise them privately, but he is on delicate ground when he attempts to use them in public. Yea yea, and nay nay, remain the best of all rules for the man placed like the President of the United States in a place of executive authority. A President's powers of oratory would best be held in reserve subject to use on ceremonial and ornamental occasions.

No matter how definitely he may state his position, Mr. Wilson will find that his appearance at the Capitol will work harm rather than good to the causes he desires to promote.

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The Compensation Bill.

There are some auspicious indications that public indignation against the workman's compensation bill may yet make itself felt, not by the intelligence, but by the sense of self-interest of legislators at Sacramento. It need hardly be said that the *Argonaut* has no respect for the referendum nor for any of the mountebank expedients of modern radicalism, but those who invented those expedients can hardly complain if they should be turned against themselves. It is certain that this bill would create a situation so insufferable as to demand instant and effective remedy. If such remedy should take the form of the referendum it would extinguish not only the bill but every one responsible for it. It would sweep the administration, its machine, its camp-followers, and its corruptions into extinction. Two wrongs will never make a right, but an electorate that has been nourished on a diet of political ruffianship can hardly be expected to discriminate in matters of self-preservation.

In brief outline it may be said that this bill places upon the employer the whole financial responsibility for any accident that may befall the wage-earner. The cause of the accident matters not at all. It may be due to gross carelessness, rank disobedience, malign stupidity, or drunkenness. This amazing bill waves the cause wholly upon one side as irrelevant and demands that the employer shall pay the total bill of cost, however great that bill may be. It may include a lifetime of disablement. It may include life pensions for surviving dependents. No matter what it includes—the employer pays. The employer may be a working widow who hires a girl to do an hour's housework. If that girl burns herself while lighting the fire with kerosene in defiance of her orders the employer is liable for the whole cost of the injury, whatever that cost may be. To employ any one for any purpose on a wage scale is to face the possibilities of ruin from causes beyond control. The average citizen who employs any one under any circumstances has only to face his own situation under such conditions and we need have no doubt of his verdict on this maniacal measure.

But, say its defenders, there is a state insurance scheme which is part of the bill and which will relieve the employer from all his liability. That is true enough, and the fact that it is proposed to embark the state upon a vast insurance venture, under the control of three appointed officials who know no more of insurance business than they do of polar exploration, is but another instance of a reckless incapacity that would be incredible if it were not before our eyes. Mr. Pillsbury is one of the three men to whom this immense power is to be entrusted and who are to administer a law that so intimately concerns every citizen of the state. That Mr. Pillsbury knows nothing of insurance may be safely predicated from the fact that he knows nothing particular about anything except how to force his way to the public trough and to stay there. But assuming that the insurance feature of the bill would be a success—an impossible assumption about anything with which the ridiculous Pillsbury is connected—we may still ask why the employer should pay heavy premiums and the employed pay no premiums at all for benefits that are confined exclusively to the wage-earner. There is, of course, no reason, except the corrupt one that the wage-earners cast more votes than the employers and are therefore to be privileged and pampered at the cost of every one else.

There is no reason why there should be any mincing of words regarding this bill. To say that it is inexpedient, unjust, untimely, is a mere futility. The measure is a corrupt one, intended to create an immense network of office-holders who will owe their official life, their salaries, and the breath that they draw to Mr. Pillsbury and his confederates, who in their turn are the "gentlemen's gentlemen" of Governor Johnson. In this respect the bill is amusingly ingenuous. The three members of the accident board, themselves non-elected, are empowered to appoint any number of officials throughout the state and to pay them whatever they please. There is no limit except the toleration of the electorate. No wonder Mr. Pillsbury should be enthusiastic for a bill that places in his hands a signed blank check upon the public treasury, with powers of patronage large enough to bring water even to his experienced mouth. No corrupt oligarchy in the palmiest days of official debauchery ever conceived such a scheme as this or one so bold and so demoralizing. But the bill is not yet passed. Its passage can still be stopped, but not by reasoning or remonstrance. Reasoning is obviously useless with those who themselves have no power of reasoning, and remonstrance is invariably wasted upon fanaticism. The only effective method is to warn the legislators at Sacramento that every individual vote in favor of this bill will mean the extinction of a political career. There is no other way to prevent the chaos that will be caused by the bill itself or the even greater mischief of a resort to the referendum.

Editorial Notes.

That General Huerta is proving unequal to the demands of the situation in Mexico is not surprising. He is a soldier of the Mexican sort, wholly without political and administrative experience and notably lacking in the force of character required in the immediate crisis. In the meantime it would be interesting to know what has become of Felix Diaz, who only a few weeks ago was the lion of the hour. There are potentialities in his name and there ought to be something in the record which he made in the famous battle of the City of Mexico. He appears to have dropped out of sight altogether, which may mean that he is inadequate to the times or that he is merely awaiting his opportunity. The situation is one calling for a strong man, and any other kind of man would better keep out of the game.

We must confess to a mitigated sense of sympathy for the orange and lemon growers of Southern California who find their special interest apparently the object of enmity on the part of the tariff revisers. They voted almost *en masse* to ally California with the Progressive party, which now finds itself with a total of eighteen in the House of Representatives. This fact, perhaps, explains why the special interests of California are to be so heavily cut. California deserves it and ought not to complain. Those who stake their fortunes on erratic policies ought to be game enough not to complain when these policies bring their natural and inevitable consequences.

SPRING LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contain the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 32 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

The plans for the new bridge over the Rhine at Dusseldorf include a tower higher than the Eiffel tower or an American skyscraper.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It is significant of the democracy of the day that while every one knows that England and France have entered into some compact of tremendous importance no one outside of executive circles knows what that compact is. But the *Libre Parole* of Paris believes that it knows or wishes its readers to believe so. It learns upon "unquestionable authority" that when Mr. Winston Churchill was in Paris recently he said to the French government: "If you are attacked without a motive we shall support you to the best of our power. The British fleet will do its utmost to overwhelm the German fleet. That will take a long time. So long as the command of the sea is not assured by the British fleet there can be no question of transporting British troops to the Continent. On the other hand, we shall remain neutral if you attack or lend yourselves to attack by a policy tending towards feelings of revenge." It sounds probable when taken in conjunction with various public utterances by Mr. Asquith, but who is the "unquestionable authority" who thus unburdens his soul to a newspaper?

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, most noted of English preachers, is just home from a visit to Spain, and of course he went to see a bull-fight. *Cela va sans dire.* He says that it was quite disgusting and shocking and that he will never go again. But why did he go at all? If there is anything on earth that has been over-described it is the bull-fight, and Mr. Campbell could have obtained all the information he needed from any one of a hundred different books. If a preacher is visiting Spain or Mexico you are fairly sure to find him at a bull-fight. If he is visiting San Francisco you will find him at the Barbary Coast, and in either case he will rend the air with his indignant lamentations.

The announcement of a public meeting to demand the repeal of the English blasphemy laws is a reminder that there are such laws still upon the statute book. It will be remembered that they were invoked against Charles Bradlaugh and they have occasionally shown their teeth since that time when the arguments of some anti-clerical exponent have proved particularly convincing and unanswerable. The meeting seems to have been a good one, with a clergyman in the chair and another among the speakers, whose number included also Sir Hiram Maxim and Bernard Shaw.

Not only ought the blasphemy laws to be abolished, said Mr. Shaw, but all laws that professed to protect any religion from any kind of criticism, including irony, ridicule, the *reductio ad absurdum,* and, if necessary, attacks on the character of those who professed that religion, and, also, those genuinely religious persons who called themselves atheists, because—although this might seem a paradox to superficial persons—under the system of religious persecution in this country no one but a thoroughly religious person would call himself an atheist. What fun it would be if Mr. Sbaw himself were prosecuted for blasphemy. His speech in his own defense would be worth crossing the Atlantic to hear.

One never gets much sympathy for neuralgia—nor seasickness, presumably because they do not kill. But people have died from the results of seasickness and the list of those who have been driven to suicide by neuralgia would be a startling one. Now comes Dr. Rudolph Matas of New Orleans with a statement that neuralgia may be cured by injections of alcohol into the nerve ganglions at the base of the skull. This gratifying discovery justifies the hope that the triumphant progress of medical science will presently enable our physicians to alleviate headaches and colds.

The *Medical Press and Circular* furnishes an explanation for the popular interest in heredity and eugenics. It seems that we are all anxious to be relieved from ethical responsibility, and so we snatch eagerly at any theory that accounts for our cussedness upon the grounds of a scientific predestination. It is so comforting to be told that our propensities to horse-stealing, or arson, or procrastination, are due wholly to the vagaries of some great-aunt or defenseless, because dead, ancestor. Such a theory, says the *Medical Press and Circular,* "binds and suffocates its supporters like a pernicious weed and checks all progress. And this is where the undiluted belief in heredity will lead us." The freedom of the will implies responsibility and perhaps even penalties, ideas distasteful enough to a generation whose deeds are evil.

M. Louis D'Egville, who is giving theatrical dancing lessons in England, says that the French eminence in the ballet is due to nothing more mysterious than hard work. Any girl is supposed to be good enough for the English and American ballet who has a presentable face and figure and a certain freedom of rhythmic motion. Training in dancing just as one is trained in singing is supposed to be superfluous. And yet ballet dancing, says M. D'Egville, is an art that must be learned, and to learn it one must have at least five lessons a week of an hour and a half each as well as mime study. And no pupil should be younger than eight.

England must be in a truly desperate condition if we may accept the opinion of Colonel Cody, the English military aviation expert. Colonel Cody has invented a new aeroplane which he introduced to the public somewhere about the time of the joyous Easter season. The new invention has two features that should commend it to a glorious and triumphant civilization. It is furnished with an "explosive hook" for the purpose of grappling other aeroplanes and doing unpleasant things to them, and it leaves the feet of the operator entirely free, so that they may be used for dropping dynamite upon armies or fortresses. Such a surprising combination of excellences will naturally arouse the enthusiasm of Christendom, and the gallant colonel seems almost to be justified in saying that his invention "was the only thing that was going to save us." And yet probably there are comparatively few Englishmen aware of the terrible plight of their country, a plight from which it can be saved only by an aeroplane with an explosive hook and new facilities for dropping dynamite from the clouds.

A strange situation has been created in France by the outspoken utterance of the Cologne *Gazette* that France and Germany must soon cross swords. The government is said to be overwhelmed with applications from young men who wish to join the colors at once and to serve for three years. M. Jaurés was mobbed at Nice because he spoke in favor of peace, while M. Jules Claretie writes that "Society dinners just now are like meetings of diplomats and politicians. The question which preoccupies all minds and presses on all hearts is the question of national defense." This seems to support the theory of Ferrero that modern wars are made by democracies, and not by their rulers, which is indeed plausible enough on the theory that a hundred fools are more likely to be dangerous than one wise man.

The Futurists and the Cubists of America must show a little more agility than they are doing now or they may find that they are worshiping the wrong kind of art and that a rapidly advancing æstheticism has left them on the beach. Orphism, it seems, is now the rage in Paris, and the pictures of the isosceles triangles and the explosions in shingle factories are being carried away to the garrets. Orphism has the advantage of being within reach of every one. You merely think about something, or think that you think about something, and then make splashes of color to correspond with what you think you thought of. Nothing could be easier. Children with their first color boxes are all orphists. Now there are a good many artists just at present who are trying to express their opinions of Cubism, Futurism, and the like in terms that will not wound the delicate susceptibilities of the postoffice. But the matter is really quite simple. These apostles of imbecility are not themselves imbeciles. Far from it, seeing that they sell their pictures. But they have awakened to the fact that a large part of the public is imbecile, and that there is no such bait for suckers as monstrosity and ugliness. It is an age of profitable imposture in every department of human life. Why should not art have its share?

Now that Constantinople seems likely to fall into hands that are facetiously called Christian we are reminded of the many ancient prophecies pointing in that direction. There is a Greek proverb which says, "When a Constantine sits on the throne of Greece Constantinople will again become Christian," and there is another Italian prediction reading, "When St. Marco gives another Pope to St. Peter's, Constantinople will return to the Christian church." These conditions are now fulfilled. The present King Constantine of Greece is the first Constantine to rule since Constantine XI was killed by the Turks, and Pius X is the first patriarch of Venice to become Pope since 1453. There is another old rhyme running somewhat as follows:

> When Constantine and Queen Sophia reign in peace,
> Constantinople shall belong once more to Greece.

One is inclined to wonder why the soothsayers do not state their predictions in more definite terms. Not being in the soothsaying business ourselves, we may be apt to underestimate the difficulties, but it would seem better to have stated clearly that Constantinople would be in the possession of Greece, or Ireland, or Monte Carlo, as the case might be, in the year 1913. But perhaps the prophet, like the lawyer, thinks it well to leave a loophole in case of enforced postponement.

If there is any one still so out of date as to suppose that facts make a useful basis for opinion the facts about Japanese land-holders in California are now available. In 1904 the Japanese owned 2242 acres and leased 54,831 acres of California land. In 1909 they owned 16,949 acres and leased 137,233 acres. It is estimated that they now own 52,000 and lease 312,000.

The Italian poet D'Annunzio is evidently not a very gracious person, but there is nevertheless something to admire in his refusal of the villa offered to him by his native town of Pezeara. But he might have couched the refusal in terms a little more suave. "I do not require either worldly or spiritual presents," he wrote. "I am perfectly satisfied with myself, and live where I like, in houses chosen by myself."

It seems that there were two other royalties present at the table when Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, explained what she would do with a million dollars—or was it pounds?—if she possessed such a sum. It will be remembered that she would build a vast cathedral and art school. One of the other potentates, whose name is not furnished, had an alternative scheme. He would spend the money in a complete system of sanitation for his country. But the real wisdom was with the third of the group, for we are told that he said nothing. Now what would you do if you had a million dollars to spend for the good of the world?

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley died March 25 at Mentone, France. His body rests in Westminster Abbey, near the tombs of Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. He was born in 1833. Viscount Wolseley was one of the most famous of modern British soldiers, and had seen service in all parts of the world—America, China, the gold coast of Africa, Turkey, and India. He was famous alike for his medals awarded for distinguished service and his scars received in hand-to-hand fighting. Among his published works are: "The Soldier's Pocketbook for Field Service," 1886; "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," 1894; "Decline and Fall of Napoleon," 1895; "The Story of a Soldier's Life," 1903.

LIVINGSTONE'S CENTENARY.

Some Unpublished Reminiscences of the Famous Explorer.

This is David Livingstone's week, for its central day marks the full measure of the hundred years since he was born in a lowly cottage in the Scottish village of Blantyre. He is to be praised as a famous man in his native land, for today the university and municipality of Glasgow will celebrate his achievements, while Monday saw the unveiling of his statue in the village of his birth. The events of the week were inaugurated by a National Livingstone Sunday; a special service of thanksgiving for his life and work is being held in St. Paul's Cathedral as I write; late this afternoon a gathering will take place in the nave of Westminster Abbey around the black stone slab which marks his grave; and tonight there is to be a national demonstration in the Albert Hall.

All these happenings have carried my mind back to an April month of twenty-two years ago when it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of the explorer's two sisters, Janet and Agnes, who were spending their declining years peacefully in a modest cottage in the historic town of Hamilton. A contrast in physique—Janet tall, robust, and deep-voiced, and Agnes short, frail, and softly spoken—they were the complement of each other in temperament, the one (Janet) still justifying her father's pet name of his "daughter Hopeful," and the other not having outlived her nickname of the "daughter Much-Afraid." But they were alike in the graceful simplicity of their manner; as their brother's fame wrought no change in him, neither had its reflected glory wrought any transformation in them.

Although he had been dead many years, the two sisters told me many stories of their father, Neil Livingstone, a man of rare integrity and deep-rooted seriousness. They cherished his good name and were as jealous of his memory as of their brother's fame. Again and again they reverted to the many testimonies which had been borne to his worth and usefulness. "Ne'er a son of Neil Livingstone's," an old friend had affirmed, "will be so great a man as Neil Livingstone"; and another, who had spent his life in far-distant Ulva, bore this testimony to the father of them all: "When I read in the papers about Dr. David Livingstone and Charles Livingstone, I say, 'They could not help being what they were; Neil Livingstone was a good man.' " For many years he was a devotee of my Lady Nicotine, but there came a day when his son David told his father how he had heard that such a heavy duty was to be placed upon tobacco as would make it impossible for his parent to indulge in that luxury. That afternoon, when his pipe was handed to him by his wife, Neil Livingstone put it down unlit, saying, "If we have to give it up, we may as well begin now." He never smoked again.

When alluding to their brother the explorer's sisters very rarely spoke of him as "David" or as "our brother"; to them he was "the Doctor." Several portraits of "the Doctor" adorned their neatly furnished little home, one being a large oil painting which was executed during his first return visit from Africa, when he was so busy preparing his "Missionary Travels" that the artist had to paint while Livingstone wrote. It was on this visit that he saw for the first time his youngest daughter, Anna, the only surviving member of his family, then a little maiden of some five years. The child would steal into the room where her father was busy on his unusual task—the writing was so irksome that he declared, "I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book"—and would return to her aunts with the complaint: "Papa is so busy writing that he won't speak to his little sister."

Of course the Misses Livingstone had in their home a goodly collection of African curios; but of far deeper interest than any of those were their mementoes of their illustrious brother. They showed me the Bible he carried with him on his last heroic march, and the roughly made bag of crimson baize in which he kept it. I saw, too, a model of the hut in which he died, and the head of the spear which was hurled at him from the Manuema ambush. Then they placed in my hands the note-book of "the Doctor," and opened it at the last page he wrote. The words were in pencil, and so written as to testify to the weakness of the hand that wrote them: "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover. Sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the R. Molilamo." So read that final entry, made on the banks of another river besides that of Molilamo.

While handing me these and other relics the sisters dwelt tenderly upon their memories of their brother's final visit home. They specially recalled that on the last Sunday evening David was with them he read to his children in Tennyson's "May Queen," a verse of which had echoed through his brain in the far-off African forests as he thought of his friends and children in the mother land. And then Agnes produced a few sheets of blue foolscap manuscript; they were all that remained of Livingstone's manuscript of his first and most famous book. She had entered his room just as he was making a holocaust of the leaves, and only in the nick of time to salvage a few from the flames. One of those pages she gave into my keeping, but it is now in the British Museum, the only scrap of Livingstone's handwriting possessed by the national storehouse.

By and by the conversation turned to biographies of Livingstone, and each of the sisters agreed that no satisfactory life of their brother had been written. Their highest praise was reserved for the little volume by Tom-Brown's-Schooldays Hughes, mainly, as I found, because that book is most eulogistic of the explorer's father. Their severest condemnation was meted out to a life by a reverend doctor, who shamefully mistreated the Livingstone letters entrusted to his care, heavily scoring many of them with red pencil marks, and crumpling and tearing others in a disgraceful manner. But the most robust indignation of the sisters was reserved for those imaginative persons who had decorated their narratives of their brother's life with absurd anecdotes. One divine had been a sinner above most in that respect. At his own request he was permitted to visit Mrs. Livingstone during her last illness, and on that occasion he hazarded the opinion, "You'll be very proud of your son now, Mrs. Livingstone." To which the good mother made the altogether motherly reply, "I'm no prouder of him now than I was the day he put in my lap the first half-crown he earned." Out of that simple answer the divine in question elaborated a story to the effect that Mrs. Livingstone took from her bosom a piece of linen, and, after carefully unwinding it, brought forth the identical first half-crown David had earned! "My mother wasn't such a fool!" angrily interjected Janet; "and besides half-crowns weren't so plentiful in those days."

Long before he earned his first half-crown and consecrated his wages by offering that coin to his worthy mother, David Livingstone had done his best to lighten her toil. He was but a tiny lad, his sisters told me, when he insisted upon scrubbing the floors of the cottage home, always stipulating, however, that his mother should lock the door lest his playmates should discover him at the task. And another anecdote of his childish days foretold the calm self-reliance which was to characterize his manhood in the wilds of Africa. It was a law of the household that the children should be indoors before dusk. David had transgressed once, and on the next occasion, when his father heard him coming, he slipped the bar of the door, and waited the result. Taking in the situation at a glance, David made for the family baker's, possessed himself of a penny loaf, and then sat down on the steps outside his home, resigned, apparently to a night out. When his mother opened the door and asked, "What are you doing?" he coolly rejoined: "I'm having my supper. My father has locked me out."

Yet father and son were bound to each other by kindred ideals. And Neil Livingstone would have been the first to confess that there was no evil in his child. When David became a candidate for church membership, the father's simple testimony was: "He has always been everything that his mother and I could wish." That father and mother sleep beneath a simple headstone in the Hamilton cemetery, whereon their famous son has inscribed his gratitude for "poor and pious parents." And the son rests beneath the fretted vaults of the great minster, rightly sharing the companionship of Britain's mighty dead. But that he reached such fame from so lowly a beginning was due in no small measure to the sterling worth of the authors of his being.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, March 19, 1913.

* * *

In the city of Stettin, Germany, is a unique society for the promotion of the export trade. It was founded in 1872, and weekly lectures are given, dealing with subjects of interest to its members. A striking feature is the granting of stipends to capable young men who desire to go abroad for training in foreign countries. An applicant for a stipend must have some knowledge of the English language and of the commercial language of the country to which he intends to go. He must also submit testimonials as to character and ability. The stipend is to be large enough to cover the expenses of the journey and to tide over a reasonable period of time until employment can be found. The maximum sum granted is $360. Should the recipient later find himself in a position to repay the stipend to the association, he is expected to do so. He must give his word of honor that he will justify the confidence placed in him by making the best use of his sojourn abroad in increasing his knowledge and employing it in the promotion of Stettin's trade. He is also obliged to make quarterly reports to the association, in which he relates his experiences abroad, describes trade conditions, gives details as to production and consumption, climate, exports, and imports, and especially how Stettin's trade with the country can be promoted.

* * *

Despite the discovery of both poles, a large portion of the earth still remains unexplored. Roughly, it is estimated that about 7,000,000 square miles, or approximately one-eighth of the total land surface of the world, is still a mystery to civilization. Included in this area are vast tracts of polar region, portions of Arabia, jungle and mountain in South America, spreading wastes in Australia, regions in the Himalayas, dark haunts in Borneo, and the Congo basin, and stretches of the Sahara.

* * *

What may be a new record in night-and-day plowing has commenced near Chico, California, where it is estimated 30,000 acres will be planted this spring to rice and sugar beets. Huge caterpillar engines dragging a number of plows are in use, and at night electric lights are operated, enabling the work to continue as easily as during the day.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph M. Baker, the new secretary of the United States Senate, and who incidentally caused the President's brother to be eliminated from the campaign for the position, is a lawyer. He was formerly a librarian in the Senate, and is familiar with its proceedings.

The young Prince Frederich Leopold of Prussia is an artist of promise, and his work in black and white, exhibited at Berlin under an assumed name, received favorable criticism. He has been accepted as a pupil by Karl Hagemeister, now an old man, but recognized as one of Germany's masters.

The Marchioness Townshend, the first peeress to become an editor, is the author of a book of verse, "In the King's Garden." She has been selected as editor of the new magazine, *Our Dumb Friends,* which will be published weekly in London. It will be the official organ of Our Dumb Friends' League.

Miss Margaret E. Knight, the first woman to receive an American patent, is still busy with inventions, after sixty-two years. She produced her first bit of machinery when twelve years old. Some of her inventions have been in use for fifty years, and she is now working upon a sleeve-valve engine. Her portrait hangs on the walls of the patent office in Washington.

John M. Simonds, believed to be the oldest bookbinder now working at the trade, is actively employed in Boston, despite his age of eighty-five years. He has been a bookbinder for fifty-four years. During the gold rush to California he came to this state in 1849, mined for a time, but, meeting with indifferent success, returned East. Every day he is found at work in a bindery on Cornhill Street. He never wears glasses and is still vigorous.

Sir Leander Starr Jameson, just elected chairman of the British South Africa Company, led the historical raid on the Transvaal, December 29, 1895. He served as premier of Cape Colony for four years, beginning with 1904. It is said his election as head of the great company which rules the land north of the South African domain, much in the same way in which the India Company once ruled the peninsula of Hindustan. is likely to be as popular in Johannesburg and Bloemfontein as in London.

The Rev. David J. Higgins, living near Los Angeles, California, is probably the oldest student in this country. Over ninety years old, he has applied for admission to the Hamline University, Minnesota, for admission to complete a course for a degree of doctor of philosophy. For many years he was a Methodist preacher in Minnesota, but retired about ten years ago. The particular course he desires to pursue is philosophy of religions. He now holds both the bachelor and master's degree, and also the honorary degree of doctor of divinity.

Bishop Charles Edward Cheney, who has just completed his fifty-third year as rector of Christ's Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, has set a mark for continuous service with one house of worship. Christ's Church was his first charge, and he was its first rector. Bishop Cheney is a native of New York, and was ordained in 1858. He was consecrated as missionary bishop of the Northwest in 1873, and five years later was made bishop of the synod of Chicago. He is well known as an author, and has produced historical works as well as books of sermons.

Norbert Weiner, formerly in the front rank as an infant prodigy, has, at the age of eighteen, been made a doctor of philosophy by Harvard University. At eight he found delight in reading books in Latin, German, French, and Russian, and a year later could reason problems in calculus and trigonometry. He entered Tuft's College in 1906, and completed a four-year course in three years. The youthful philosopher is a native of Missouri, which also claims his mother, but his father is a Russian, who was for some years an instructor in the Slavic courses at Harvard.

Sir Owen Philipps, the Napoleon of the world's merchant shipping trade, having added line after line to his vast steamship holdings, has risen to his commanding position from a clerk in the offices of a small shipping concern in the north of England, where he went to work when a youngster. His father was a clergyman, and by no means wealthy, hence the youth was sent to school at Newton, in Devonshire. He mastered the details of the shipping business, and began the climb which finally took him to the chairmanship of the Royal Main Steam Packet Company. He is a giant in stature, has been in Parliament, and cares little about society.

Walter H. Page, magazine editor and publisher, who has accepted the post of ambassador to England, is a Southerner, a native of Cary, North Carolina, and is fifty-eight years old. He was one of the first fellows of Johns Hopkins University when it opened in the fall of 1876, having won a Greek fellowship under Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve. Choosing a literary career, he rapidly won distinction. Some of his most interesting work was performed during his extended tour of the South, as correspondent of the Boston *Post*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the New York *World*. In 1890 he became editor of the *Forum*, which he developed into a successful journal. From 1895 to 1899 he was the literary adviser of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and for the next three years he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MAURICE AND MAISIE.

A Story of Tragic Smiles.

Maurice was a waiter at Eugene's Grill, which—for the benefit of those who know not San Francisco—is situated on Kearny Street, betwixt and between. It must not be supposed that Maurice was satisfied with being a waiter, however. By no means. Some day he would have a restaurant of his own, and work for his own profit and advancement. To which end he had been openly economizing and putting by his money for years and years, ever since, in fact, that day when Eugene had looked him over critically, seen his teeth flash in an irresistible smile, and engaged him on the spot.

Moreover, there was Maisie!

In that restaurant which was to be—a small place, at first, naturally—Maisie would occupy a prominent position. Maurice had planned everything, even to the shape of the desk where she would sit and smile at the regular customers as they entered and keep a watchful eye on the waiters and help the proprietor—one Maurice Evans, a small, wiry, black-haired man—in a thousand different ways.

Maisie was, of course, a great help. Were Maurice inclined to be depressed, or discontented, or even irritable, which occasionally happened at the end of a more than extra busy night, he had only to think of Maisie and the restaurant to be, and immediately his troubles vanished.

One can imagine, then—though faintly—the consternation at Eugene's, when Maurice, the life and soul of the establishment, suddenly lost his joyousness; when his smile became fixed and artificial, for public use only; when he no longer welcomed each guest as an intimate personal friend; when, in fact, he almost began to resemble an ordinary waiter, who never, never forgets that he is paid to help others eat in comfort.

Eugene, who was big and portly and placid, an excellent advertisement of his own cuisine, sat at his table by the wall, just in front of the bar, and gazed at Maurice for two nights in succession before he spoke. "Maurice," he said finally in his deep rumbling voice; "what's the trouble?"

"How's t'at, boss?" said the little man, flicking at the table with his napkin. "Trouble!"

"Not worried about money, or . . ."

"You betcher life, no."

But, try as he might—and he did try: with the perseverance of a Christian Scientist suffering from toothache—try as he might, Maurice could not disguise the truth; Maisie, and no other, was the cause of his gloom.

It is difficult to throw one's whole energy into the art, or science, of waiting; it is difficult to make a guest realize that the food is ambrosia, and the Chianti nectar, and that everybody from the proprietor down to the humblest dishwasher feels glad because that particular guest is dining at that particular restaurant; it is difficult to do all this with any overwhelming enthusiasm when the only girl in the world is going to theatres, and dances, and vaudeville, and picture shows, with some one else.

Furthermore, Maurice snatched not the least comfort from the knowledge that it was he himself who had deliberately introduced the some one else, an acquaintance higher up on the social scale, to Maisie, the one girl in the whole world. He had been proud to show Maisie that Darwin Cooper, than whom Solomon in all his glory had not been arrayed more gorgeously, was a friend of his. And he had been more than proud when he caught sight of Darwin's look of admiration. For Maisie was fair beyond all other girls, fascinating, dainty, neat in appearance, quiet in manner, everything, in fact, that the only girl in the world should be.

Maurice, then, puffed up with conceit, had introduced Darwin Cooper to Maisie under the clock that stands at the corner of Stockton and O'Farrell Streets, and from that time onward that corner became a place to be shunned as accursed.

"W'at d'youse t'ink of him, hey?" said Maurice. Darwin had departed up the slope to Union Square, and they were walking down O'Farrell Street.

"He's a nice enough boy," said Maisie in an off-hand tone.

Maurice had been happy in those days.

And then the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand—as the story-books used to say—had appeared suddenly in the blue of the California sky. Or words to that effect. And spread. And spread. Until the blue vanished and the sun no longer shone.

Maurice's evenings were fittingly occupied in earning vast sums of money for Maisie and the restaurant of his very own. But Darwin had all the time he wanted: acres of time and oceans of money. Maurice knew that for a fact. Maisie, being young and a girl, liked theatres and picture shows and vaudeville, not to make any mention of candy and ice-cream.

These, then, were the circumstances that gradually changed the joyousness of Maurice to a nameless dread, and caused Eugene to gaze at him for two nights in succession before he spoke. At what moment suspicion had first entered his mind Maurice could never remember. But one day . . .

"He's just too cute, that boy!" said Maisie.

"Who's t'at?" asked Maurice with a doleful sinking of his spirits.

"Why that Darwin! An' silly! Say, Maurice, he actually wanted he should buy me a pearl necklace. Of course, I wouldn't let him."

"Of course!" said Maurice dully. He had never offered to buy her pearl necklaces, but then he was saving his money for something of far greater importance than necklaces.

"He's just too cute, aint he?" repeated Maisie.

"Sure he is," said Maurice, and wended his way back to Eugene's, sunk in the depths of black despair. He had noticed that Maisie was wearing a brand-new gold bracelet.

Maisie's papa, who was a friend of Maurice's—Maurice had revealed to him the exact amount of his bank balance—had offered sage advice. Maisie's papa, it may be explained, was a prominent citizen, a student of human nature, and the proprietor of the cigar counter outside Dan Mulligan's saloon on Market Street.

Maurice had stepped in to buy a packet of cigarettes.

"It's this way, you gotter let 'em alone, goils," said Maisie's papa. "She's only a kid, an' he's one bright boy, sure enough. An' say! Rich aint the word. B'lieve me, there's some style there!"

"Money to boin, hey!" said Maurice miserably.

"Not but what I don't think but what you're the guy I'd have preferred, Maurice, but a goil's gotta have her own way, an' if she . . ."

"Sure t'ing!" said Maurice, and then a customer picked up the dice-box to shake for cigars and Maisie's papa had to turn his magnificent intellect to more important matters.

It was on the following afternoon that Maurice decided that the time for action had arrived. Wherefore, having obtained leave of absence to transact business of importance, he took the car up Eddy Street, past Van Ness Avenue, to the flat where Maisie dwelt with her papa.

Maurice rang the bell, and after a decorous interval a spring clicked and the door opened, apparently of its own volition.

Maisie stood at the head of the flight of stairs.

"Hello, Maisie!" said Maurice. "Like to come for a walk?"

"Oh! It's you, is it?" said Maisie; and Maurice tried not to detect a faint note of disappointment in her voice.

"Won't you?" said Maurice.

A moment's indecision. Then: "Well, I'm going down town to see pop, anyways, so if you'll wait a minute we'll walk."

Twenty minutes later she joined him in the porch and they descended the steps together.

Maurice coughed. All he could see of her face under the deep brim of her hat was the tilted tip of her small nose, her childlike, pouting lips and firm chin. Maurice wished that she would turn her head so that he might catch a glimpse of her eye, if only for a second. He was never quite certain as to the color of Maisie's eyes. He spoke casually about the weather. Then, nerving himself for the ordeal: "Say, Maisie, w'en is youse goin' to marry me?"

"Don't be silly, Maurice." The girl neither looked at him, nor faltered, nor in any way showed any interest whatsoever.

Maurice suddenly grew frightened. "T'is aint no josh—Maisie; honest! You are goin' to marry me some day, same as we fixed it up, aint youse?"

"No," said Maisie calmly. "Of course I aint."

The day seemed to have turned very cold and Maurice shivered. "I t'ought"—even then he did not understand—"I t'ought t'at . . . you told me . . ." He tried another line of attack. "W'y not, goil?"

"Why should I?" said Maisie petulantly. "We were too young to know what we was talking about. I don't want to be a poor man's wife, an' you're only a waiter, anyways."

"A waiter, sure! W'y not? Are you goin' to marry some other feller?" asked Maurice in a dull tone.

"Yes," said the girl. "I am." Maisie showed her annoyance plainly. Her face—such portion as he could see without actually stooping to peer under the brim of the hat—was pink, and she quickened her pace.

Maurice quickened his. "Maisie," he said hoarsely. "Who is it? Tell me, won't you?"

Maisie made no reply.

And then along the sidewalk came Darwin Cooper, big, bland, broad-shouldered and well-fed, dressed more splendidly than any mortal has a right to dress outside a fashion plate.

A tender light shone in Maisie's gray eyes.

"Maisie," said Maurice, making a great effort to steady his voice. "Maisie, is it Darwin? Is it Darwin Cooper, hey?"

The girl bit her lip; then she nodded. "Yes, it is. It's Darwin. He's asked me to marry him an' I'm goin' to. So now you know all about it. I meant to tell you, anyhow," she ended.

Darwin approached grinning amiably. "Just coming to see you, Maisie," he said. Maisie thrust her hand lovingly into his, and they walked on side by side.

Maurice watched them until they turned a corner, then—though his heart was broken—he smiled. Glancing furtively from right to left, he took a small leather case from his pocket, opened it, and extracted a ring. He eyed it solemnly, then dropped it down an iron grating. The ring sparkled as it fell. Next, still in the same solemn manner, he threw the leather case on the sidewalk and trod on it, much to the surprise of a Chinese vegetable man.

Maurice met Maisie's papa on Market Street, three weeks after the downfall of his hopes.

"Maurice! Hello there, Maurice!" No one could escape the bibulous eyes of Maisie's papa.

"Hello!"

"Say, aint seen you for a long time."

"Nope, been busy."

Maisie's papa was bubbling over with the proud satisfaction of a father who has lived to see the realization of his dreams. "Say, my goil's goin' to marry Darwin Cooper. She's down to Paso Robles to her cousin's, an' in about a week or so they's to be married."

Disregarding the frantic clanging of a trolley-car, and then the fervent wishes of a teamster that his life might be spared for a more painful death in the near future, he crossed Market Street. For to human endurance there is a limit.

* * * * * * * *

One night a man and a girl descended the stairs into Eugene's Grill. A fact which of itself may or may not be worthy of mention. Maurice came out of the kitchen, spoke a few words to the white-jacketed bartender, caught sight of the man and the girl standing with their backs toward him and advanced at the double.

"Table for two, sir?" And he bowed politely and waved his hand toward a small table.

The girl turned as he spoke and Maurice choked and pressed his lips together tightly. The moment for which he had waited had arrived, without warning, finding him unprepared. For the girl was Maisie. Maisie, married to another, but more beautiful than he had imagined possible. Maisie, dainty as the Dresden china shepherdess on the shelf behind the bar and every bit as haughty. Maisie, whom he had not seen for months and months, and whom he had prayed never, never to see again. With her was Darwin Cooper, looking bigger and better fed than ever.

Maurice had pictured the meeting many times in a hundred different ways and a hundred different places, and in each picture he had played a not unheroic part. He had forgiven and been magnanimous, he had scowled and passed with contempt, he had even saved her life and departed, scorning thanks for what was his mere duty. The picture varied according to his moods and pressure of business. And as he remembered his dreams, he almost shed tears of shame and bitterness.

Maisie showed no embarrassment at the meeting; she merely raised her eyebrows in a languid, well-bred way, and tilted her chin slightly as she permitted Darwin to help her off with her wraps. Her manners were always charming.

They took their seats, and Maurice, smiling mechanically, presented the menu. He was the waiter, a mere graven image.

Darwin glanced at Maisie with an amused expression, and Maurice caught an answering gleam in the eyes of the girl. Whereat he hated Maisie but one degree less than he hated and loathed Darwin. But: "Yessir, the reg'lar dinner, sir? Soitenly."

Maisie ate but little; the champagne she no more than touched; between courses, she puffed daintily at a gold-tipped cigarette; and her laughter—in Maurice's ears—sounded like some wonderful music.

The café was crowded, but Maurice in his dashes to and fro watched her closely, studying her, making comparisons, noting the expression in her face, every word she spoke, each gesture and movement. But not even Maurice could detect a change. The girl was as he remembered her; very pale and quiet and self-possessed.

Tommy Simpson, who looked like Jan Kubelik and who played the piano almost as well as Paderewski himself—almost, not quite—began to play Schubert's "Serenade" and Vannucci, the stout tenor, who once upon a time had appeared in grand opera in Naples and Rome and Paris and Vienna, sang. Maurice shivered and fled into the kitchen.

Later, after he had brought strawberry ice-cream, and fruit, and little French pastries, and cheese, Maurice rolled up the blue rug which covered an open space in the centre of the floor and left the polished boards bare. Tommy Simpson, who had been refreshing himself at the bar with Vannucci, seated himself once more at the grand piano; a man spoke to him, Tommy nodded his head, grinned cynically at his audience, and immediately the refrain of a waltz, popular at that time, filled the room.

"Shall we?" said Darwin, putting down his cigar. Maisie shrugged her shoulders, hesitated, and then stood up. Maurice watched them swing into the middle of the open space, clasped in each other's arms.

Maurice had heard Tommy Simpson play that waltz every night for weeks. Usually he considered it rather pretty and jolly with a catchy refrain. But tonight he found himself reading a fresh meaning into the music. All the sorrow and sadness in the world was hidden in that one tune; a girl sobbed because she was unhappy, a dying child moaned softly in its mother's arms, the wind called through the pine trees, and Maurice wandered through the streets in the rain, without home or friends or . . .

Maurice shivered.

The refrain died away and ceased; the dancers took their seats.

"Where're we going after dinner?" asked Darwin.

"Liqueurs, sir?" said Maurice.

"Green curacoa, and . . . the usual for you, Maisie, hey? Green curacoa and benedictine. Where are we going to afterwards? . . . well we've got to get home early, but I guess . . ." He lowered his voice. Maurice, making his way to the bar, lost the answer.

He brought the coffee with the liqueurs, then went into the kitchen and sat down at the edge of a table. "I sure am awful sleepy," he said to another waiter. "Been on the run all day. If t'ey want me, t'ey can holler."

"Eugene sez you're sick. That so?"

"Nah. Eugene's dippy. But I got a sore t'roat, I guess."

When Maurice returned to the dining-room he saw Darwin leaning back in his seat, groping in his pockets. He had the check ready and advanced politely. "Enjoy your dinner, sir?" he asked.

Darwin, breathing heavily, paid no heed to the query. The girl blew a delicate thread of smoke into the air and brushed the ash off her cigarette with such grace and charm that Maurice, who, of course, disliked her more than any other girl he had ever known, clenched his teeth and feared that she would hear the beating of his heart.

Darwin searched in his breast pockets. Maurice, waiting at a respectful distance, wondered how much his tip would be. A matter of importance; for the more tips he received the sooner would he be able to afford the restaurant of his own with the desk at which Maisie . . .

Maurice pulled himself up sharply, for he recollected with a curious feeling of surprise that Maisie was a fine lady now, married, with a home of her own, and beautiful clothes, and diamond rings, and heaps of money. And she would never sit at the desk in the restaurant, for there never would be a desk, or restaurant either, for that matter, and . . .

"Damn!" said Maurice to himself.

Darwin pushed back his chair and stood up. He gripped Maurice by the elbow and guided him gently toward the bar. "Maurice, old chap, just a minute."

Maurice doubled up his fists instinctively. What in thunder did Darwin mean by calling him "old chap"?

"Say, Maurice, I've had . . . had my money stolen." Darwin spoke in a hoarse whisper. "I know I had plenty when I left home, and . . . and I've not brought along my check-book, either."

"W'at's th' game, now?" hissed Maurice. "Youse can't bunc' me by no such spiel as t'at. I'm no boob."

"Maurice, I'm strapped. It might happen to any one, and . . ."

"No money wit' you, hey?" said Maurice. "Well, w'at about it?" Out of the corner of his eye he saw Maisie seated at the table, very neat and pretty in her light blue frock and big white hat, very pretty and very faithless and cruel. He glanced once again at Darwin, and marveled at his agitation.

"Maurice, you will help me out, won't you?"

Maurice laughed. "W'at's t'at to do wit' me? Ask Eugene!"

"I wouldn't care about myself," went on Darwin in the same whisper. "But I'd look such an awful fool if I'd no money, and she'd be mortified almost to death. They don't know me here, only you, Maurice. You don't want to hurt her, Maurice, do you? If I was by myself I shouldn't care. But it's the questions and having to explain and wait while they find out about me and all that. An' we're living out of town, now, and . . ."

Maurice looked at the girl, whom, of course, he despised and hated, and loved more than anything in the world—and then he hesitated and was lost. "All right," said Maurice slowly. After all why should she be punished? It would hurt any girl's feelings to have her husband humbled by a poor devil of a waiter.

"Say, that's awful good of you, Maurice, I won't forget this, I swear I won't."

"Aw, cut it out!" said Maurice. "It aint for you, anyways, you mutt. Say, guess you'd like some more for th' show afterwards, hey?" and he walked away into the kitchen.

A minute or so later the little man reappeared with the heap of silver piled on top of the piece of paper.

Darwin collected the money with clumsy fingers, then turned even more crimson than he had been. A half dollar and a quarter remained on the silver plate. Maurice smiled, knowing what must happen if Darwin were to maintain his dignity in the eyes of the world. Maisie took out her handkerchief and fanned herself.

"That 'ull do," said Darwin, and from his tone Maurice judged him to be ashamed of himself.

"T'ank you, sir," said Maurice bowing low. "Much obliged."

Darwin helped Maisie on with her long white coat. Maurice moved quietly away.

As Maisie walked toward the door that led to the flight of steps, she paused.

"Oh! Darwin, my handkerchief."

Darwin turned back hastily. Maurice made no attempt to join in the search.

The girl waited, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot, and Maurice, summoning up all his courage, drew near. For the first time that evening their eyes met. "How you gettin' along, Maisie?" he whispered. "He's good to you, hey?"

The color flooded her face and she turned away from him, trembling. "Yes, of course, he's good to me," she said in a low voice. "I'm tired tonight."

"W'y didn't you ask me to th' weddin'?" said Maurice with a semblance of his old light-hearted manner.

"Don't you understand?" said the girl wearily. "Are you blind? Don't you see there aint been no wedding?"

Darwin, the handkerchief in his hand, approached. "Get a hustle on, Maisie," he said, holding the door open.

And Maisie with a tragic smile on her lips went out of the restaurant.

Maurice stared blindly after her.

W. Townend.

San Francisco, April, 1913.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

J. K. Hosmer Relates Some Observations During Seventy-Five Years of Men and Events in America and Europe.

Dr. James Kendall Hosmer, standing on the threshold of his eightieth year and a veteran maker of books, as all the world knows, tells us that his memory still contains certain films that can be developed as moving pictures of men and events encountered during seventy-five years in America and Europe. Certainly the films are worth development, for they contain the figures of most of the people worth knowing. The table of contents contains the names of sixty-five world-known figures, and when we turn to the pages we find in each case something worth the saying. One of Dr. Hosmer's earlier recollections is a speech by Daniel Webster in Faneuil Hall. The speech itself was not much, but it made a strange impression of power, and this reminds the author of an old totterer of those days who chirped to him as follows:

> "This Daniel Webster of yours! Why, I can remember when he had a hard push to have his ability acknowledged. We used to aver that he never said anything, and that it was only his big way that carried the crowd. I have in mind an old-time report of one of his deliverances: 'Mr. Chairman [*applause*], I did not graduate at this university [*greater applause*], at this college [*tumultuous applause*], I graduated at another college [*wild cheering with hats thrown in the air*], I graduated at a college of my native state [*convulsions of enthusiasm, during which the police spread mattresses to catch those who leaped from the windows*].'"

Dr. Hosmer met General Sherman at the house of N. O. Nelson in St. Louis and heard the warrior questioned by John Fiske for the space of five hours:

> Sherman was full of affability and took good-naturedly the sharp inquiries. "How was it, general, at Shiloh; was not your line quite too unguarded on the Corinth side, and was not the coming on of Sidney Johnston a bad surprise for you?" "Oh, later in the war," said Sherman, "we no doubt would have done differently, but we got ready for them as they came on." "Was there not bad demoralization," I said, "ten thousand or more skulkers huddled under the bluff on the Tennessee?" "Oh," said Sherman, "the rear of an army in battle is always a sorry place; but on the firing line, where I was, things did not look so bad." "Your adversaries, general, were often good fellows, were they not, and you are good friends now?" "The best fellows in the world," said Sherman, "and as to friendship, Hood wants me to be his literary executor and take care of his memoirs."

While in London in 1886 the author met Dr. Garnett, superintendent of the British Museum reading-room. Dr. Garnett conducted him personally through the Egyptian room, pausing at last before the huge scarabæus of polished syenite whose huge size required a place in the centre of the corridor:

> "I must tell you a story about this of which one of your countrymen is the hero. I was walking with him here in the collection and expected from him some expression of awe, but like so many of you Americans, he wouldn't admit that he saw anything that couldn't be paralleled in the United States until we stood before the scarabæus. Here his mood changed; his face fell, he slowly walked around the scarabæus three times and then exclaimed, 'It's the all-firedest, biggest *bug* I ever saw in all my born days'"! I palliated patriotically the over-breezy nonchalance of my countryman and thought I had got at the bottom of the joke, but that evening at a little tea I was undeceived. A small company were present of men and women, talk flowed easily and when it came my turn I told the story of the Yankee and the scarabæus which I had heard that day. As I brought out with emphasis the "all-firedest, biggest *bug*," I noticed that a frost fell on the mirth, silence reigned for a moment interrupted only by gasps from the ladies. What impropriety had I committed? Presently a little man behind the coffee-urn at the far end of the table, whom I had heard was a bit of a scientist, piped up: "Perhaps the professor doesn't know that in England, when we talk about bugs, we mean that *cimex* which makes intolerable even the most comfortable bed." At last I had Dr. Garnett's story in its full force.

It was in London, too, that the author met James Bryce, but it was before the publication of "The American Commonwealth":

> In the talk that followed the dinner Mr. Bryce showed himself at home in German as much as in English, but what surprised me most was his puzzling curiosity about minutiæ of our own politics. Why did the mayor of Oshkosh on such and such dates veto the propositions of the aldermen as to the gas supply? And why did the supervisors of Pike County, Missouri, pass such and such ordinances as regards the keeping of dogs? These, or similar questions were fired at me rapidly, uttered with a keen attention as to my reply. I was quite confused and lame on what was supposedly my own ground. How queer, I thought, was the interest and the knowledge of this stranger. But in a few months I felt better. "The American Commonwealth" appeared, revealing Bryce as a man who had set foot in almost our every state and territory, and who had an intimacy with America such as no American even possessed.

A visit to the House of Commons naturally formed a part of the author's English visit and he was so fortunate as to hear what was probably the greatest speech ever made by Lord Randolph Churchill:

> Lord Randolph Churchill made that night what I suppose was the great speech of his life, for some two hours facing the Irish members waging a forensic battle, memorable for even the House of Commons. From my perch I looked directly into his face at a distance of not many feet as he confronted the Irish crowd. Rather short of stature, he was a compact figure, and his face had in it combative energy as the marked characteristic. He outlined the policy of the new government with serene indifference to the stormy disapproval which almost every sentence evoked. When the outcry became deafening, he paused with a grim smile on his bulldog face until the interruption wore itself out. "This disturbance makes no difference to me," he would quietly say, "I am only sorry to have the time of the house wasted in such unreasonable fashion." Then would come another prod and a new chorus of howls rolling thunderously from the cavern under my feet. It is not in line with my present plan to describe this speech; that may be found in Hansard under the date. I touch only on the outside manner as he fought his fight. It was a fine example of cool, imperturbable, unshrinking assault, and I thought that in some such way his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlboro, might have ruled the hour at Blenheim and Malplaquet. Many years after it fell to me to introduce to an audience his son Winston Churchill, who, when his father was chancellor of the exchequer, was a school-boy at Harrow. I took occasion to describe briefly the battle I had seen his father wage at Westminster. It pleased Winston Churchill, then fresh from the fields of South Africa. "That was indeed a great speech of my father's," he said. Since then the son has developed into a combatant probably not less formidable than his forebears.

Dr. Hosmer was much impressed by the amenities of English parliamentary life, where "one could see that foes furious in the arena might at the same time be closest personal friends":

> Both Liberal and Tory believed in the substantial patriotism and good purpose of the adversary as a fundamental concession and that all were seeking the best welfare of England. The differences regarded only the expedients which were proper for the moment. One could see that foes furious in the arena might at the same time be closest personal friends. It was not a riddle that in the tea-rooms and the smoking-rooms Greek and Trojan could sit together in friendly *tête-à-tête*, or that such incidents could occur as the genial congratulations extended by Gladstone to Joseph Chamberlain over the fine promise of his son Austin Chamberlain making his début in Parliament; congratulations extended when the two statesmen were at swords' points—a friendly talk as it were, through helmet bars when the slash was at the sharpest.

The author gives us a pathetic picture of Emerson in his old age, when his memory had failed while his other faculties remained strong:

> I had as a fellow-guest a man who had long been intimate with him and whom he was very glad to see; talking after tea in the library Emerson said, "I want to tell you about a friend in Germany, his name I can not remember," and he moved to and fro uneasily, in his effort to recall it. "This friend with whom we have taken tea tonight, whose name also I can not remember," here again came a distressed look at the failure of his faculty, "I can not remember his name either, but he can tell you of this German friend whose name I have also forgotten." It was a sorrow to see the breaking down of a great spirit and his agitation as he was conscious of his waning power. And yet so far as I could see, it was only the memory that was going; the intellectual strength was still apparent and the amiability of his spirit was perhaps even more manifest than in the years when he was in the full possession of himself. This came out in little things; he was over-anxious at the table lest the hospitality should come short, troubled about the supply of butter and apple-sauce, and soon after I saw him on his knees on the hearth taking care that the fire should catch the wood to abate the evening coolness that was gathering in the room.

We have an amusing description of Louis Agassiz, whose knowledge was boundless and whose prestige was greater than that of any other Harvard professor:

> But the boys found in him points on which a laugh could be hung. As he strode homeward from his walks in the outer fields or marshes, we eyed him gingerly, for who could tell what he might have in his pockets? Turtles, tadpoles, snakes, any old monster might be there, and queer stories prevailed of the menagerie which, hung up, and forgotten in the professor's dressing-room, crept out and sought asylum in the beds, shoes, and hats of the household. Before the resulting consternation, masculine and feminine, he was always apologetic. He was on the friendliest terms with things ill-reputed, even abhorrent, and could not understand the qualms of the delicate. He was said to have held up once, in all innocence, before a class of schoolgirls a wriggling snake. The shrieks and confusion brought him to a sense of what he had done. He apologized elaborately, the foreign peculiarity he never lost running through his confusion. "Poor girls, I vill not do it again. Next time I vill bring in a nice, clean leetle feesh." Agassiz took no pleasure in shocking his class; on the contrary he was most anxious to engage and hold them.

A description of a visit to some of the great battlefields of the war gives occasion for the narration of an incident that befell the author near Chancellorsville while he was under the guidance of an old Confederate soldier:

> It was a good climax, when toward the end, near the Chancellor House, we met in the road a patriarchal figure, white-bearded and sturdy, on his way home from the polls. It was old Talley, whose log-house, in 1862, was the point from which Stonewall Jackson began his sudden rush upon Hooker's right. Talley, then a young farmer, had walked at the general's stirrup pointing out the way. He had interesting things to tell of Stonewall Jackson at that moment when his career culminated. "What did he seem like?" I queried. "He was as cool and business-like as an old farmer looking after his fences." On an old battle-field which had been illustrated by an achievement of the Stonewall division especially brilliant, I chanced to meet a gray veteran who had taken part in it, a North Carolinan who had come back to review the scene. We fraternized, of course. "What did Stonewall Jackson look like?" I said. Stepping close to me, the "Tarheel" extended his two gnarled forefingers, and pressed them between the tips of my cheek-bones on either side. "He had the broadest face across here I ever saw," he said. Such a physiognomical trait is perhaps indicative of power of brain and will, but I do not recall it among the usual descriptions of Jackson.

It would be easy to fill many columns with extracts from this book of meditative reminiscences. But enough has been done to show its value. Dr. Hosmer has written many good things, but one of the best among them he has left until the last.

The Last Leaf. By James Kendall Hosmer, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

George I is said to have been responsible for the word "Cabinet" as it has long applied to politics in the United States. When he was king he could not take part in the deliberations of his own privy council because he knew no English. British statesmen did not speak German. So the ministers who served this first of the Hanoverian sovereigns of the United Kingdom used to meet in the king's private room or cabinet—derived from the French *cabine*, or little room—while he was absent. Afterward they informed him of the result of their discussions. It followed naturally that the part of the privy council which was supposed to be in particular favor with the king, and especially close to him, came to be spoken of as his cabinet council.

In crop values the State of Missouri is led only by Illinois and Iowa. In general crops Missouri excels forty-four of her sisters.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Make-Shift Marriage.

Few women can be trusted to describe without exaggeration a man's love emotions. Love, to a man, is rarely more than an episode, and his life is far more likely to be spoiled by a successful love than by an unsuccessful. Therefore Mrs. Baillie Reynolds seems to have over-painted the disaster to Oliver Brendon, the brilliant young editor, when he is jilted by Vivien Faulkner, the empty-headed little beauty whose head is turned by a richer and more aggressive suitor.

First of all Oliver secludes himself in a sort of emotional paralysis and then he telegraphs to his mother tbat he has married, and will bring home his wife on the following day. It seems that be has married his stenographer, and when he introduces her to his mother he can not even remember her first name, which perhaps is excusable, as she is called Astrid. As we have been invited to look upon Oliver as a sort of paragon it is something of a shock to find tbat he treats Astrid with neglect and almost with contempt, and, in fact, that he is a good deal of a yellow dog. Astrid is a homely and rather a dowdy little woman, hut we note that she improves markedly with good dressing and also that she has brains. Of course we know at once the purpose of the story, which is that poor Astrid shall grow in grace and womanly excellences until at last her husband falls in love with her.

That tbe reader should despise a character whom the author intends him to admire is always a defect in a story, and we heartily despise Oliver because he refuses to act as men do act under love disappointments. That he should marry in such haste merely in order to pique the girl who had jilted him is bad cnougb, but that he should then proceed to insult a wife who worshiped him is not merely an aberration. It is a depravity which can not be redeemed. The author doubtless intended to depict the agony of irresponsible despair into which he was plunged, but the male reader, knowing bis own sex, will smile. It is true that "men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love," and the author, intending to depict a sentiment, has actually depicted a monstrosity.

A Make-Shift Marriage. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: George H.. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Switzerland.

Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne has had some experience in the writing of travel books, of all tasks the most lightly undertaken and tbe most woefully mishandled. But here we have the travel book as it should be, a judicious blend of description, bistory, and reminiscence, with the pervasive lubricant of bumor. He divides his volume topically as well as geographically. We have chapters on guides, on St. Bernard dogs, on winter, and on sports, as well as on localities, such as Lucerne, Einsiedeln, and Chillon. The historical parts are unconventionally presented, the descriptions of scenery are free from rhapsodies, and tbe personal reminiscences have always a wide application. Why, he asks, do women keep trains waiting till they have rcceived the personal assurances of every official on the platform and of the more respectable passengers that it does not go anywhere near their destination? And why do women mistrust the Bradshaw but accept implicitly the opinion of the bookstall boy or the cloakroom attendant? But it is of no use to confront us with problems of this sort. The book is decorated with a number of good illustrations.

Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3 net.

Modern French Criticism

The modern critic who attempts to assess the value of a book must always be perplexed as to what constitutes a literary value. Does it consist in the breadtb of its appeal to the many, or in the narrowness of its appeal to the few? Should it be national or international? Should it be bumanitarian, which fits in so perfectly—so the author points out—with a commercialism which finds a profit in flattering the average man, or impressionistic, which "encourages us to steep and saturate our minds in the purely contemporaneous"? Sainte-Beuve, who forms the subject of one of these luminous essays, says that in writing "we should ask ourselves from time to time with our brows uplifted towards the hilltops and our eyes fixed on the group of revercd mortals: What would they say of us?" Tbe author himself tells us that we should seek a standard "that is in the individual and yet is felt by him to transcend his personal self and lay hold of that part of his nature that he possesses in common with other men." This would exclude neither the humanitarian nor the impressionistic, but there must always be a plus something which makes them universal in area and in time.

It is an inquiry of such a nature that Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard directs toward Mme. de Staël, Joubert, Châteaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Taine, Renan, and Brunetière. His task, he explains, is to criticize the critics and not criticism, and he believes that in studying Sainte-Beuve and the other leading Frencb critics of the nineteenth century is to get very close to the intellectual centre of the century, and so to get on the track of the ideas of our own day in so much as they depend logically on the past.

Certainly the author treats his subject witb fine analytic skill. Mme. de Staël, for example, is the "ideal cosmopolitan" who would bind the nations together by tbeir differences rather than their similarities, like the notes on a piano. Yet Schiller and Goetbe spoke of her visit to Weimar almost with contempt, altbough Goethe referred to it later as a mighty implement for the breaking down of national prejudices. Cbâteaubriand, says the author, preferred the illusion to reality, preferring an enchantment of the imagination to a satisfaction of the intellect. Sainte-Beuve is perhaps the only author who has written so voluminously without repetition, or descent from his own high standard. As an example of tbe author's luminous summaries we may quote his comparison between Sainte-Beuve and Goethe. Sainte-Beuve, he says, gives the impression of a man who has suffered an inner defeat; Goethe that of a man who bas fought and conquered. Elsewhere in tbe same essay, and speaking of the impossibility of knowing a human soul, he says: "Wben you seem to have reached something final it turns out to be expressive of something still more remote. Human nature is an endless series of false hottoms."

It would be interesting to linger over these pregnant essays. Certainly the reader will do so, for they fill a place hitherto empty.

The Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50 net.

The Mischief Maker.

Novel readers may congratulate themselves that Mr. Oppenheim has returned to his earlier style and that we have another of his matchless romances of European intrigue and the underworld of the diplomatic life. His latest hero is Sir Julien Portel, British secretary for foreign affairs, who is beguiled by the wife of a rival into the disclosure of an official secret. As a result Sir Julicn has to retire from office, and he betakes himself in humiliation and chagrin to France, where he receives overtures from the German chancellor, who is visiting Paris incognito, to aid him in breaking up the *entente* between England and France. Tbose who know Mr. Oppenheim need no further indication of the web of intrigue in which Sir Julien finds himself nearly enmeshed. There are spies and secret agents, pretty and frail girls from the theatre, midnight assignations and assassinations. Of course it all comes right in the end. with Sir Julien vindicated in more ways than one, and the reader is almost inclined to feel that he has been allowed to peep at the subterranean machinery of politics of which no hint ever finds its way into the newspapers.

The Mischief Maker. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

The Peace Movement in America.

Since nothing succeeds like success it is well that so large a volume sbould be needed to record the success of the peace movement in America. The author devotes over four hundred large pages, not to a history, but to a description of the many peace activities now to be found in operation in our midst. We have also chapters on the Yellow Peril, which is described as "a myth dispelled," on Japan, on Richard Bartholdt, on the influence of education, of the press, of the church, and of women, and the general political situation as disclosed by peace treaties, past and prospect. It is a cheerful survey and it would be more cheerful still if we could free our minds from a suspicion that the author's spectacles are sometimes *couleur de rose* and that he has a tendency to overlook the fact that wars will never be prevented by treaties or by objective events, but by a change in popular sentiment. For example, in speaking of tbe Hearst newspapers he does so in such a way tbat the uninformed reader might readily suppose that the general influence of these productions is pacific, merely because a few sensational cartoons or articles on the general horrors of war have appeared in their columns. And in speaking of Mr. Roosevelt, the most warlike of all world figures, he allows himself a mere expression, or rather suggestion, of regret that his efforts for peace are not now so conspicuous as once they were. None the less the book is a good and an optimistic one, because it shows in panoramic form what has actually been done and gives an insight into the forces that "move to righteousness." An interesting feature is the copious portrait illustrations of those who have rendered services to the cause of peace.

The Peace Movement in America. By Julius Moritzen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.

On Hazardous Service.

Those in search of material for war stories will find them here in Mr. William Gilmore Beymer's record of the work done by tbe scouts and spies of North and South. In all we have ten narratives devoted to Rowand, Williams, Miss Van Lew, Young, Bowie, the Phillipses, Mrs. Greenhow, Landegon, John Beall, and Timothy Webster. They are not merely the formal stories extracted from official reports, but the result of careful and painstaking research. They are not only accurate historically, but they are presented energetically in a good literary style.

On Hazardous Service. By William Gilmore Beymer. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.80 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Bible for Home and School series is "The Book of Judges," by Edward Lewis Curtis, Ph. D., D. D. (the Macmillan Company; 75 cents net). This is the tenth volume of a useful series.

"Cymbeline" and "The Third Part of Henry the Sixth" have been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike, now in course of publication by the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents per volume.

A little book that should be useful to automobilists is "Car Troubles: Their Symptoms and Their Cure," by Harold Whiting Slauson, M. E. (Harper & Brothers; 25 cents net). The various motor troubles are here classified alphabetically and each is followed by its remedy.

Little children may learn singing and Frencb at the same time by the use of "Old Songs and Rounds," arranged by Charles M. Widor, with pictures in colors by Boutet de Monvel (Duffield & Co.). Although the songs are intended for children the collection contains such general favorites as "Au Clair de la Lune," "Ragotin," "Le Pont d'Avignon," and "La Mère Michel."

Under the title of "The Free Life," the Thomas Y. Crowell Company have published a booklet based upon a baccalaureate address delivered by President Wilson at Princeton University. Tbe main theme is, "All individual human life is a struggle, when rightly understood and conducted, against yielding in weak accommodation to the changeful, temporary, ephemeral things about us."

"Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns of 1862," by Isaac W. Heysinger, M. A., M. D. (the Neale Publishing Company; $1.50 net), is a general history of the war and a defense of McClellan, who would have finished the war in 1862, says the author, but for the "malefic civilian cabal" to which Lincoln himself was subject and which succeeded finally in removing McClellan from his position.

"Tbe Text and the Canon of the New Testament," by Alexander Souter (Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net), appears in the International Theological Library, a collection that seems to be the last word of erudition in its particular department. This latest volume is divided between tbe text and the canon and is as complete and as scholarly an exposition as has yet been given to the theological world.

Mr. Orison Swett Marden, whose hooks seem to arrive almost every day, has now added to his Efficiency series, "The Progressive Business Man" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net). It professes to tell capitalists, employers, managers, men in all branches, how to keep pace with the times, how to realize to the very utmost on their investment, including their plant, tbeir stock, their employees, and tbemselves.

In the preface to his "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words" Mr. Louis A. Flemming explains that the questions in his mind were not *is* this word used? nor *should* it be used? but is it a word that some one may want to know as a matter of information or to use in giving expression to some thought? A glance through his pages shows that he has produced a thoroughly practical and useful work, and one that should find a welcome among writers. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

"Lyric Diction," by Dora Duty Jones, with a preface by Mme. Melba (Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net), is an attempt to "show how the processes of articulation may be coördinated to the bolder movements of the voice in public speaking and singing, tbe vowel melodies of the poet harmonized with the music of the composer, and the integrity of the word maintained without sacrifice of tonal beauty." The book is tberefore of equal value to tbe singer and to tbe public speaker.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

The American Book Company has published "Representative Essays in Modern Thougbt: A Basis for Composition," edited by Harrison Ross Steeves, A. M., and Frank Humpbrey Ristine, Ph. D. ($1.50). The volume contains nineteen standard English essays and is as valuable for general reading as for school purposes.

The Oliver Ditson Company are entitled to tbe thanks of music lovers for a volume entitled "The Interpretation of Piano Music," hy Mary Venable ($1.25). The autbor explains that her object in offering this work to the student is "to assist him in acquiring a correct understanding of the visible language of music; to gather the significance of the abbreviated modes of a notation which must be rightly interpreted by the mind before tbe music can be conveyed to tbe ear by means of tbe mechanism of the pianoforte." No musical knowledge is needed to show that she has done her work well, and with a simplicity of diction that adds to its value.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Socialism and Christianity.

The proverbial man from Mars might well be perplexed to find a shelf of books professing to prove that Socialism is a logical outcome and an integral part of Christianity, while an equal number of equally authoritative volumes are available intended to demonstrate the exact opposite. It would seem to him that Christianity must be a singularly nebulous faith from which all theories can extract whatever support and comfort they need.

We may confess to some disappointment with Father Bernard Vaughan's pronouncement against Socialism. The non-Catholic reader may even feel some affront in the fact that a work upon economics offered at large to those who are interested in economics should display an "imprimi protest" by the Jesuit Provincial of Maryland, a "nihil obstat," by the Censor Librorum, and an "imprimatur" by the Archbishop of New York. Presumably there are still some economists in the world who feel themselves at liberty to study any social theory presented to them without any inquiry as to clerical sanctions.

So long as Father Vaughan confines himself to economics he is in every way admirable, although he does little more than repeat in fine language and with persuasive logic the well-known arguments of every conservative platform. Even here he occasionally allows himself to descend below the level permissible to the best forms of discussion, as, for example, in his discrimination between "comrades" and "patriots." We may maintain, as we do, that Socialism is wholly detestable without denying that the individual Socialist may be a patriot. Does the author deny the virtue of patriotism to the many eminent French statesmen who are also Socialists?

Sometimes the author resorts to arguments that may once have had some validity, but that are now worn out. There was a time when many representative Socialists adopted a distinctly anti-Christian attitude. They do so no longer, and there are probably quite as many avowed Christians in the Socialist ranks as there are avowed infidels. To represent Socialism as anti-Christian is distinctly unfair and defeats its own object.

Indeed the work as a whole will probably defeat its own object. As an appeal to Catholics it is unnecessary, since Catholics have already received the guidance of the church. As an appeal to Protestants it will fail through anti-Catholic bias. And it will fail equally as an appeal to economists, since economists are already familiar with its economic arguments and will find themselves wholly unable to believe that Christianity as such can be other than indifferent to a purely economic theory that has no conceivable essential bearing upon morals. The religious argument has of course been grievously overworked by both the friends and the enemies of Socialism, and it would be a distinct relief if both factions would recognize that Christianity is no more concerned with Socialism than with a silver standard, or a central bank, or red hair. And it is a serious injury to Christianity that it should thus be dragged into the arena.

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint. By Father Bernard Vaugban, S. J. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

The Impossible Boy.

The boy is by no means the only impossible character in this charming fantasy. Every one is impossible, or nearly every one, including Mr. Jones, the performing hear, but the story is told with such delightful irresponsibility as to disarm criticism. When Mr. Samuel Hill, distinguished artist, is rejected by Iris Vanderpool he naturally believes that life has become a hollow mockery. Just at the psychological moment he meets Pedro and Mr. Jones, who are traveling with a troupe of jolly showmen, and as Pedro is a natural artist burning for a chance to study in New York, what more natural than that Hill and Pedro should change places, the former occupying the well-known studio and the latter undertaking the care of the bear and the vicissitudes of the road. It is just what would happen, and we have no complaint. Of course everything comes right in the end, although we are a little uneasy for Hill when Iris falls in love with Pedro chiefly because he smiles in so bewitching a way. And the manner in which it comes right does infinite credit to the author's ingenuity, for she keeps her surprising secret until the end, and keeps it so well that we have not even a suspicion of the truth.

The Impossible Boy. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.35 net.

Prussian Administration.

It is a little significant that the Prussian system of government should be presented to us in so substantial a volume, not so much for our information as for our imitation. We are still inclined, says the author in his preface, to support the Jeffersonian doctrine that the less government our people have the better for the people. We still desire as little government as possible, but we have a different idea as to how little is possible. The idea is certainly very different, if we may judge from the pestilence of laws that have already made of America the most, instead of the least, governed country in the world. If the Jeffersonian doctrine still persists it is a pious opinion and not a practice.

But from the information point of view the book should be a useful one. It gives in outline the whole system of Prussian government, and it is set forth by the author in such a way as best to conduce to its comprehension.

Principles of Prussian Administration. By Herman Gerlacb James, J. D., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

M. Nicolaus Beaudin, the French poet and critic, has launched in Paris a new literary review of distinction, called *La Vie des Lettres*. M. Beaudin is a leading spirit among the French "moderns," and has associated with him such well-known writers as F. Viele-Griffin. *La Vie des Lettres* will deal with art, literature, and the drama, and will make a particular feature of translating poets of other nations. In the future numbers there will be many translations of English and American poets (now living), as well as German, Spanish, and Italian.

Owen Johnson, whose "Stover at Yale" last year brought him into national prominence, now has issued "The Sixty-First Second," a novel which, after appearing serially in a magazine, is now issued in book form by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

William Le Queux has returned to England from the Balkan war. He has been with the Servians in Macedonia, and is at present engaged on a new novel, the scenes of which will be laid in Belgrade and the conquered province of Uskub during the recent troublous times. Three years ago Le Queux was decorated by King Peter, and also by the King of Montenegrȯ for an adventurous journey he took among the Skreli, a brigandish Albanian tribe.

The Macmillan Company has begun a new Modern Fiction Library, of popular novels, bound uniformly in red cloth, to sell at 50 cents each.

It is reported that Emperor Wiliam is not willing to entrust unknown posterity with his obituary, but is at work upon his autobiography himself—a work which is expected to run into three volumes and to reveal many secrets of the German empire. Rumor has it that here at last will be told the true story of his break with Bismarck.

Players of today—Sotbern, Marlowe, Blancbe Bates, Mrs. Fiske, and others—are to be included in William Winter's series of "Lives of the Players," the first volume of which, "Life of Tyrone Power," has been issued by Moffat, Yard & Co.

The interest in that remarkable biography, "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin, is evidently unwaning. The circulation department of the New York Public Library mentions it at the head of the list of books, excluding fiction, most in demand.

Mr. Murray, the London publisher, has collected into a volume intended as a supplement to the "Life," Disraeli's early writings, the so-called by-products of his pen.

Henry Holt & Co. have just concluded arrangements with George Bell & Sons of London for the joint publication, early in May, of a translation of Rupin's "The Jews of the World." A special introduction has been written for this book by Dr. Joseph Jacobs, editor of *The American Hebrew*.

The John Lane Company has just brought out William Watson's new volume of poems, "The Muse in Exile." It has a preface and a paper in prose on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," in which Mr. Watson maintains that the function of the poet of today is "to keep fresh within us our often flagging sense of life's greatness and grandeur."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel is entitled "The Mating of Lydia."

In the *Century's* series on "Skirting the Balkan Peninsula," by Robert Hichens and Jules Guerin, Robert Hichens writes in the April number of the magazine of being in Athens just in time to see the late King George's arrival there on the eve of the war.

"Malaria: Cause and Control," by Professor William B. Herms of the University of California, is one of the books announced for early publication by the Macmillan Company.

Helen Sard Hughes has a clever little essay, "On the Privileges of Realists," in the April number of the *North American Review*. It seems quite pertinent to ask, with her, are some of the stories and plays now in vogue "a *warning against* so much as an *example of* certain phases of life?"

On the 3d of April Jobn Burroughs, the greatest of living nature writers, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. An illuminating study of his life and works and of the splendid personality that irradiates through all his writings is contributed to the April *Home Progress* by Charles S. Olcott. The article is illustrated with several new photographs taken by Mr. Olcott during a recent visit to Woodchuck Lodge, the naturalist's favorite retreat.

New Books Received.

The Inferno. By August Strindberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Adventures of Miss Gregory. By Perceval Gibbon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Road of Living Men. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Heart of the Hills. By John Fox. New York: Cbarles Scribner's Sons; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Maxwell Mystery. By Caroline Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

American Syndicalism. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.30 net.

The meaning of American syndicalism and the probabilities for its future.

" 'Tis Sixty Years Since." By Cbarles Francis Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

An address delivered on Founders' Day before the University of South Carolina.

The Great God Pan. By Leonard Stuart. New York: The Tudor Society; $1 net.

Ancient myth and modern story.

Man and His Future. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Sedgwick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2 net.

The Anglo-Saxon, his part and his place.

John o' Jamestown. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.35 net.

A novel by the author of "The Prodigal Judge."

An Outline History of China. By Herbert H. Gowen. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20 net.

From the earliest times to the Mancbu Conquest.

Songs of Seven Years. By Sydney Rowe. Boston: Sberman, French & Co.; $1 net.

A volume of verse.

Problems in Modern Education. By William Seneca Sutton. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.35 net.

Addresses and essays.

Modern Light on Immortality. By Henry Frank. Boston: Sberman, French & Co.; $1.85 net.

A historical survey, and deductions therefrom.

Royal Women. By Mary Ridpatb-Mann. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.

An account of Queen Elizabetb, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and Empress Josepbine.

How to Master the Spoken Word. By Edwin Gordon Lawrence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50 net.

A guide to oratory.

The Dickens Year Book. Compiled by Lois E. Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net.

With illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck.

Holton of the Navy. By Lawrence Perry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

A story of the Spanish-American War.

A Landsman's Log. By Robert W. Neeser. New Haven: Yale University Press; $2 net.

Life on board a warship.

Fifteenth Biennial Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of California. Jobn P. McLaughlin, Commissioner. Sacramento: State Printing Office.

The Economic Utilization of History. By Henry W. Farnam. New Haven: Yale Press; $1.25 net.

Some economic studies.

The Coup d'Etat. By Jacque L. Morgan. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; $1.25 net.

A political novel for 1913.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY
JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Philadelphia Public Ledger: Mr. Hart's book must form an invaluable addition to any dramatic library of reference. The work is informing and dispassionate.

New York Telegraph: A new book which will be welcomed by lovers of biography and those interested in dramatic history. . . . It recounts in an interesting and personal manner . . . the numerous trials that beset youthful genius. . . . The intimate and personal side of Sardou is strongly set forth. The plot synopses are unusually clear and complete, and very interesting to students of the stage.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: This rather bulky volume will . . . prove interesting to readers who care for the modern drama, its development and history.

Detroit Free Press: This story of the great French playwright shows again how genius rises superior to poverty and adverse criticism.

Buffalo News: An authentic and careful study of the man and of his career, which no one can read without being surprised at the scope of his work and the extent of his fame. The author writes with sympathy and interest, yet without exaggeration or undue measure of eulogy. It is a fine, thorough, scholarly piece of work.

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PLEASURES OF PLAYGOING.

A London Critic Writes of the Joys of the Many in the Theatre.

H. M. Walbrook, the dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* is the author of an article entitled "The Pleasures of Playgoing," from which the following extracts are taken:

The real playgoer is like the real poet—born, not made. He may be intensely sympathetic, and he must have the child's delight in illusion. He must be able to feel the delights of others as his own, and their troubles must make him mournful. He must feel a sense of awe when Fate strikes her blows at men and women he has never met before and never can meet again, save with a row of footlights, to say nothing of a thousand other barriers, between them. He must have a sense of humor, as well as a sense of pity; and once he has taken his seat in the play house both these senses must be capable of a complete divorce from all that is practical and commonsensible. For what could be less commonsensible than to shed a tear over the madness of Ophelia, or to feel a sense of exultation over the triumph of Portia?

A happy audience in a theatre is one which, for a few hours, is composed of these entirely unpractical people; and if here and there you see a morose person then you may be sure that you see a person who is only suffering from a hypertrophy of common sense. The late W. P. Frith, the painter, used to tell of such a person who once sat near him and his father in the pit of Drury Lane during a performance of "King John," which was exercising a most powerful effect on the emotions of virtually the entire audience. It left him unmoved. All he did was to suck oranges loudly. At last the elder Frith turned to him and said, "You don't appear to be much interested in the play, sir?" "Why should I be?" "At any rate," said Mr. Frith, rather irritated, "you might desist from disturbing other people by eating your oranges quite so loudly." The man dived under his seat and brought forth a red handkerchief, tied in a knot, and having untied it, he disclosed a nest of ten oranges. "I'm going to eat every one of these," he said, firmly, "before the play's over; so, if you don't like it, you'd better go and sit somewhere else!" That man was in all likelihood a good son, a good husband, an honest man of business and a blameless ratepayer, but he was a bad playgoer.

I knew a man years ago—a clergyman's son—who for a whole year was unable to talk with any conviction on any subject except a young actress with whom he had never exchanged a word, but whom he had seen dance with a skipping rope on the stage of the Gaiety in the burlesque called "Gulliver." Every night for twelve months that young man slept with the portrait of that young lady under his pillow; and to this very day—though he is now a devoted husband and the admirable father of many children—he has, in a place of honor in his smoking-room, a reproduction of Whistler's portrait of Miss Constance Gilchrist. How many men who never saw her off the stage have "fallen in love" with Ellen Terry? There is a burst of adoration of her, as Camma, in Du Maurier's "Trilby," which expresses perfectly what thousands have felt—her magnificent and seductive apparition as the priestess of Artemis in "The Cup." And the wonderful Ada Rehan as Peggy in "The Country Girl"—how many a man has lain sleeplessly tossing to and fro throughout the night, with that laughing vision before him, never dreaming for moment of so wild an impossibility as that it might ever be his own, in any other way than the romantic one of dreams! And Lilian Adelaide Neilson. More than thirty years have passed away since with her beauty triumphant even in death—she was laid in her grave in Brompton cemetery; yet there is a man living in London at this moment who only saw her act, and never saw her off the stage, and who visits that grave on a certain day in every year and lays a bunch of violets on it. All very sentimental, of course, and "unpractical." But, after all, life is not entirely governed by material things; and "man does not live by bread alone." And here, at any rate, it is not true that:—

> Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
> Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie,

for the pleasure of this love can last a lifetime, and there is no chagrin at all.

And who that has reached middle age and now fulfills his playgoing in the splendor of stalls or boxes does not now and then, as he takes his cushioned seat that has cost him half a guinea,

> Cast one longing, lingering look behind,

at the crowd in the pit, of which in his younger and less-endowed days he was so often a member, and—peradventure—wish that he could be one of them again? After all, life went very well then. What a joy was the waiting ten and a half hours in the block outside the Lyceum pit for the first night of "Romeo and Juliet" or "Faust"! And to stand seven or eight outside the Gaiety pit for the return of Nellie Farren and the company from Australia, or that famous night when the crowd in the gallery hung forth their great flag inscribed with the words, "The gallery boys welcome their Nellie!" And do those well-groomed, curvilinear, middle-aged playgoers, whose heads, like the trees in "As You Like It," have

> Their high tops bald with dry antiquity,

do they ever laugh now as they did thirty years ago at Mr. Terry singing "La Première Feuille" in "The Forty Thieves," or forty years ago at Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary? And don't they wish they could? What wouldn't they give to be twenty-five again, and in the pit watching Irving in "The Bells," or seeing Sarah Bernhardt for the first time as Adrienne, or Kate Vaughan waving her little lace-hemmed handkerchief as she waltzed round the stage with Edward Royce, or the plastic splendors of Violet Cameron in "Boccaccio," or dainty Florence St. John singing that delicious little minuet in the second act of "Madame Favart"! And then the oysters and stout at Gow's, or the sandwiches and burgundy at the Café Royal; and so back to some pleasant rooms in Chelsea, where there would be a pianoforte and a host who could play it, and Schumann's "March Against the Philistines" would put into its most perfect form all that they felt on the subject of pot-boiling dramatists, stupid critics, and everything and everybody that was shoddy, vulgar, bounding, and self-advertising in the world of art and letters! Many a young man in a London pit tonight will spend much such a night, and will be none the worse, but a great deal the better for it tomorrow. And thirty years hence how wistfully he will be wishing that he could spend it again!

◆

The First California Music Festival.

Encouraged by the success of its Oratorio Society the citizens of Berkeley have raised a fund for the purpose of establishing annual music festivals in the Greek Theatre on the lines of the famous festivals at Worcester and Cincinnati. The ultimate object of the movement is to make the open-air theatre the Mecca for music lovers from San Diego to Seattle once each year, and to induce the choral societies of the entire Coast to unite on these occasions. The first of these festivals will be given on the 2d and 3d of May, and the rehearsals are now under way. Paul Steindorff, the choragus of the University of California, will wield the bâton, and the arrangements are under the supervision of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University. Manager Will L. Greenbaum has been entrusted with the details of the big events.

The participants in this first festival will be a chorus of three hundred voices from the various choral societies in the Bay Cities, a school children's chorus of two hundred, an orchestra of one hundred players, and some eminent soloists, the most of whom are native Californians.

At the first concert the orchestra will play principally Wagner compositions in celebration of the great composer's birthday, and on Saturday afternoon the adult and children's choruses will unite in the first performance in this country of Gabriel Pierne's musical legend, "The Children's Crusade."

◆

Ysaye Coming.

Manager Grenebaum has received word that Gabriel Ysaye, the son of the Belgian "king of the violinists," will visit this city with his illustrious father, and that he has consented to play the wonderful "Double Concerto" by Bach with his parent at one of the concerts scheduled for the week of May 11. Young Ysaye is said to be a gifted artist, and hopes to follow in the footsteps of his father, although he has not yet made his formal professional début.

◆

Song Recital by Miss Dottibee Latham.

Miss Dottibel Latham, soprano, will give a song recital at the Colonial Ballroom, Hotel St. Francis, Thursday evening, April 24. The concert will be in the nature of a farewell, as Miss Latham is soon to go East to continue her studies. Mr. Benjamin S. Moore will be the accompanist at the recital. Tickets are now on sale at the St. Francis newsstand.

◆

A "Hands Around the Harbor" banquet, given by the Oakland Commercial Club at the Hotel Oakland Monday evening, was attended by nearly five hundred influential business men of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Piedmont, Emeryville, Richmond, San Leandro, Hayward, San Jose, San Mateo, and Redwood City. The speakers included Mayor Frank E. Mott of Oakland; Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco; William T. Sesnon, president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; C. C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition; Charles S. Wheeler, Henry T. Scott, and Robert N. Lynch of San Francisco, and Robert M. Fitzgerald of Oakland. Harmon Bell, president of the Oakland Commercial Club, was toastmaster. The dinner had for its purpose the uniting of all the financial and commercial interests of the various cities lying about San Francisco Bay in a campaign of exploitation and development of the bay region.

◆

Marjorie Rambeau, leading woman last year with the Bishop Players in Oakland, is now in vaudeville, playing at Keith's Alhambra Theatre in New York last week with Willard Mack in a sketch called "Kick In."

CURRENT VERSE.

Songs in a Garden.

I.

White rose-leaves in my hands,
  I toss you all away;
The winds shall blow you through the world
  To seek my wedding-day.
Or East you go, or West you go
  And fall on land or sea,
Find the one that I love best
  And bring him here to me.
And if he finds me spinning
  'Tis short I'll break the thread;
And if he finds me dancing
  I'll dance with him instead;
If he finds me at the Mass—
  (Ah, let this not be,
Lest I forget my sweetest saint
  The while he kneels by me!)

II.

My lilies are like nuns in white
  That guard me well all day.
But the red, red rose that near them grows
  Is wiser far than they.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
  Keep my secret well;
I kiss you twice, I kiss you thrice
  To pray you not to tell.
My lilies sleep beneath the moon
  But wide awake are you,
And you have heard a certain word
  And seen a dream come true.
Oh, red rose, wise rose,
  Silence for my sake,
Nor drop tonight a petal light
  Lest my white lilies wake.

—*Theodosia Garrison, in Scribner's Magazine.*

◆

Panama Hymn.

Lord of the sundering land and deep,
  For whom of old, to suage thy wrath,
The floods stood upright as a heap
  To shape thy host a dry-shod path,

Lo, now, from tide to sundered tide
  Thy hand, outstretched in glad release,
Hath torn the eternal hills aside
  To blaze a liquid path for Peace.

Thy band, englaived in flaming steel,
  Hath clutched the demons of the soil
And made their forge-fires roar and reel
  To serve thy seraphim in toil;

While round their pits the nations, bowed,
  Have watched thine awful enginery
Compel, through thunderbolt and cloud,
  The demigods to slave for thee.

For thee hath glaring Cyclops sweat,
  And Atlas groaned, and Hercules
For thee his iron sinews set,
  And thou wast lord of Rameses;

Till now they pause, to watch thy band
  Lead forth the first leviathan
Through mazes of the jungled land,
  Submissive to the will of man:

Submissive through the will of us
  To thine, the universal will,
That leads, divine and devious,
  To world-communions vaster still.

The titans rest; intense, aware,
  The host of nations dumbly waits;
The mountains lift their brows and stare;
  The tides are knocking at the gates.

Almighty of the human mind,
  Unlock the portals of our sleep
That lead to visions of our kind,
  And marry sundered deep to deep!

—*Percy MacKaye, in North American Review.*

◆

The twenty-fifth anniversary concert of the Arion Singing Society will be given at the German House on April 12. To commemorate the one hundredth birthday of Richard Wagner, the music committee has arranged a select programme containing four Wagnerian numbers. Fred Zech, Jr., the Arion's musical director, has, by extra rehearsals, brought the augmented chorus to a high efficiency. Mme. Paul Freygang, dramatic soprano, will be a soloist at the concert.

◆

Winthrop Ames, director of a New York theatre, has announced a prize of $10,000 for the best play by an American author submitted before August 15. The award will be made by a committee of three judges—Augustus Thomas, playwright: Adolph Klauber, dramatic critic, and Mr. Ames.

Good Intentions—Startling Results

The little act of a single person, however good the intention of that person may be, sometimes leads to most unpleasant temporary results, and brings down upon a company criticism wholly undeserving. In the end, however, after the matter has been sifted to the bottom, the concern, by promptly tracing the trouble to its source, has made lifelong friends of the critics. Human nature is generally fair, and when met frankly and fairly never hesitates to express its satisfaction.

But to return to the "little act" of the person with good intentions, Manager Frank Leach of the Oakland district of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company writes interestingly of an unusual occurrence:

"We received a large number of 'no gas' complaints, all coming from the same vicinity. Upon responding, we found indications of water in the services. This was duly pumped out. At last the cause of the trouble was located. It appears that a party moving into one of the houses undertook to install a coal range himself. This he connected to the kitchen boiler and then connected the hot water outlet pipe from the range to what proved to be the gas fuel line and then went out to look for the water cock to turn on the water. Thinking that the cock on the inlet connection of the meter was the water-cock, he turned this on, but still there was no water. He then went out to the curb, and finding a cock there, turned it on, causing the water to flow through into the boiler, out through the range and thence through fuel line into the meter and out into our service mains.

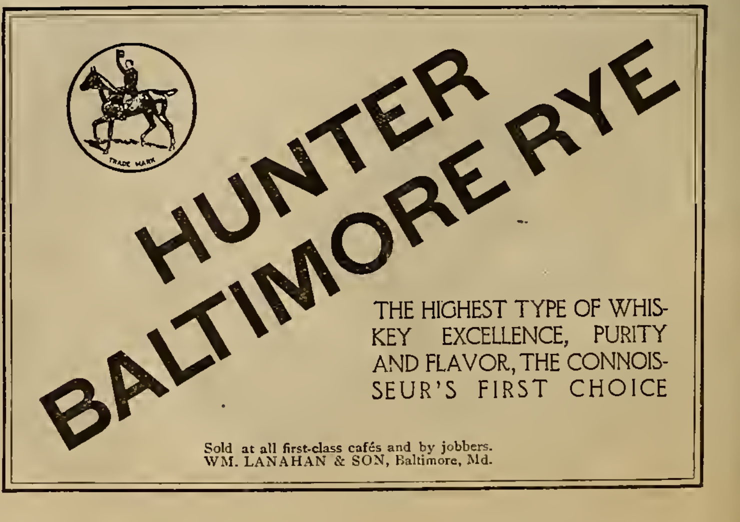
"A great amount of trouble would have been caused had it not been for the expressman who noticed the water-pipe connected to the gas-pipe and shut the gas-meter valve off, pending the return of the would-be plumber. Aside from the labor involved, there were seven meters in the neighborhood damaged. This illustrates one of the many causes for complaint which may be caused by conditions beyond our control."

Moral: Use the telephone, and a "Pacific Service" expert will be on the spot to do whatever is necessary.

No matter what gas or electric troubles one may have, there is a way to have them ended quickly. "Pacific Service" offers free expert advice to all its consumers, and had the lady who nearly blew up her gas range thought of this sooner, she would have been saved a bad fright. She 'phoned for a man, saying she had trouble with her range. It transpired that the customer had allowed the gas to flow from the oven burners for some time, in order, as she said, "to let the air out of the pipes." The result was the filling of the oven with gas, which, when the burners were ignited, immediately ignited also, and, mixing with the gas in the oven, blew out the oven door, scaring the owner nearly to death. The company's employee carefully explained how ovens and other burners in general should be lighted.

The incident presented a humorous side, but it might have had serious consequences. Satisfaction is the foundation on which any business is built, and on this firm basis is "Pacific Service" founded. In the cities, in the valleys, foothills, and in the high mountains it is making the people's problems its problems, and is successfully solving them with the aid of gas and electricity for many purposes, with more water for the farmers and orchardists in the foothills, and by fair dealing in all things. It now covers thirty of the fifty-eight counties in California, and is steadily broadening its field, enabling many private and public activities to spring up, and prosper, to the general upbuilding of the country.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the Argonaut will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.



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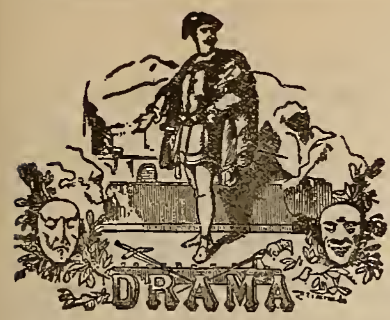

ROSE STAHL AND MAGGIE PEPPER.

What is that spell that Rose Stahl exercises, apparently without the least effort, every time she opens her mouth?

She has changed her manner in "Maggie Pepper," and presents a stilly, subdued demeanor, even when the choicest gems of American-department-store slang are pouring, in Klein's very best and brightest stream, from her lips. Her voice sinks, as the interest of the audience rises, and there spreads through the auditorium that attent stillness which is the artist's best tribute.

This was particularly noticeable during the scene at the desk, in which Maggie, moved to a sudden feeling of friendship toward the unknown young man with the top hat and the stick, and urged on unconsciously by a something compelling in his eager eyes, airs her views on the subject of the archaic methods prevailing at Holbrook & Co.'s department store, and outlines the method that she pursues in her dreams for reviving a dying business.

This, as we subsequently discover, is the pivotal scene in the play; and, likewise, the choicest. The situation is excellent. Here is a woman, presumably about thirty years of age, who, working for Holbrook & Co. for fifteen years, and impatiently holding in leash her rare business abilities, finally, as she thinks, sees her chance, and applies for a vacated position that would give her thwarted talents their exercise. But old Hargen, a has-been in business, blinded by business sycophancy, and deafened by what Maggie Pepper calls "the yes yes chorus" around him, turns down native ability, and promotes a "yes yes" applicant to the coveted post. It is while suffering from the sting of her defeat that Maggie is driven to counsel the strange young man (who hapens to be the Holbrook of the firm, just back from a gay minority in Paris) to eschew becoming an employee in such a heart-breaking business, and use his abilities, if he has any, to better purpose.

We, who are in the secret of the young man's identity, look forward with zest to the moment when Maggie will discover that she is bestowing her careless, casual counsel upon one of her employers. Rose Stahl does not disappoint us, when the moment of discovery comes. For that matter, she never does, although the dramatist may.

But Charles Klein has other surprises up his sleeve. First comes Maggie's dismissal, at the hands of the archaic Hargen, who has sensed, or heard of, her criticisms. And, as a curtain, comes her reinstatement and promotion to the desired post, from young Holbrook, who, Parisian roysterer though he has been, recognizes business ability when he sees it, and who is, fortunately, although a junior in years, the senior in the firm.

All this is set forth with every needful effect of atmosphere and acting. An excellent company is here to assist Miss Stahl in interpreting Charles Klein's thoroughly American play, and the audience, which loves to see represented a life with which it is familiar, or which it understands, follows, with the liveliest interest, amusement, and pleasure, the unwinding of the plot which shows Maggie Pepper, its central figure, as a woman not only gifted in a business sense, but dowered with that unconscious need for loving and cherishing others which amounts to an instinctive if scarcely recognized nobility.

When the curtain goes down on the first act the audience is full of delight, self-gratulation, and expectancy. The picture of this department store life has been so vivid, so interesting, so absorbing; the characters, all perfectly acted, have given us that grateful effect of idealized realism, which is the best kind of realism. We have seen them in those transforming moments of earnestness, of stress, of emotion, which are rare in the humdrum of every-day life, but which the exigencies of the drama must necessarily crowd close enough together to strike sparks from character.

The little drama that centres around Maggie's young niece, and the arrest of the hard-eyed shoplifter whose authority as a stepmother has kept the child away from Maggie, gives us the scene of breathless action which the American public loves, and which it has been trained to expect.

It is not until the performance is over, and we are on our way home, somewhat disappointed by an evening of anti-climax, although warmly appreciative of what has pleased us, that it dawns on us that Charles Klein actually completed his play at the fall of the first curtain. What follows is another play; a pieced-out continuation. The author has everything to carry on his play with except plot. Characters are there, atmosphere, background. But Maggie, who is the core and centre of things, gets her promotion, and gets her niece, at the end of the first act, which, in itself, constitutes a perfect gem; a complete, well-rounded, absorbing one-act play, full of character, atmosphere, and Americanism, and provided with a vigorously outlined plot, full of tension, suspense, and surprise, and leading up to a sort of doubly satisfactory climax. In fact, it is an incident in department-store life, in which, through its brevity, the old-fashioned dramatic unities have contributed to its success.

But it has been so extremely enjoyable that we want some more. We want further acquaintance with Maggie, with the My-Gawd shopgirl, with the appreciative young employer, with that curt, neat, likable woman-detective, with Jake Rothschild, the Jew dealer, whose sun of life radiates dollars. All these people are children of their time and generation, and they interest us, seen thus, as it were, from the other side of the counter.

And so Charles Klein is forced to invent sentimental complexities between Maggie and Joe Holbrook, and melodramatic blackmailings from Jim Darkin, consort of the shoplifter. And hard-headed Maggie, who is a women of business *par excellence,* submits to the blackmailing because, forsooth, she doesn't wish to have her young niece's name disgraced; and then comes the first chill doubt. For we know better. We know that Maggie would never submit to that monthly blood-letting. We know that it is highly improbable that Jim Darkin would imperil his cherished skin by shooting a man who was neither a pursuer nor an enemy for so little cause; that Joe Holbrook would not remain in unnecessary obscurity for ten days and let his business, under Hargen's withering ministrations, go to the dogs. In fact, we are not taken in. The play had to be pieced out to three acts, when it had virtually ended in one.

For the reason that Rose Stahl is one of the comedy lights of our stage, even if it is within necessarily restricted limitations, with an unrivaled ability for painting the daughter of the people in all her natural, racy coloring, and because Charles Klein is an expert, accomplished, and experienced dramatist, who thoroughly understands the tastes and requirements of the American public and can make his characters express themselves in the vernacular best loved by our countrymen, we derive plenty of pleasure and entertainment from the two manufactured acts; but nothing commensurate to that we draw from the first.

I once heard a very brilliant lecturer, who was an ardent admirer of Professor Moody, attempt to convince his audience that, in "The Great Divide," the departure from dramatic traditions in placing the climax in the first act was a notable and justifiable exception that proved the rule. But I found that I could not agree with him. No audience should ever leave a theatre with the feeling that the interest and action of the first act dominate and surpass that of the later ones. Nor should they perceive that the unwound reel of the first act has been neatly re-wound, and a new one started for the second.

All of which goes to prove how difficult it is to write a play, or at least an inspirational play founded on sound artistic methods. Charles Klein is, among our native dramatists, or perhaps I should say adopted, one of the most thoughtful; one of the most studious of native conditions, national tastes and ideals. Although his plays do not go deep, his thoughts and researches do. He has studied, and thoroughly studied, English and Continental drama, and perceives how much healthier, and more optimistic, is the mental and emotional attitude of our still young country. While apparently disregarding metaphysics on the surface of things, he tries to keep it working the springs beneath. But, in his close adherence to what he believes to be popular standards, in matters of sentiment, he often strikes the false note.

As, for instance, Maggie making a goose of herself by allowing herself to be blackmailed monthly to the extent of half her salary for a purely fanciful consideration. However, at this point in his play, Mr. Klein had plainly renounced his ideals for the sake of prolonging the piece to the stereotyped length.

So, from the point of view of art (which is the only point from which we should consider the work of so earnest, ambitious, and discerning an author), the play falls into confusion after the admirably complete first act, and becomes mere entertainment.

And yet, from "Maggie Pepper" we are justified in believing that Mr. Klein has made another step on the way toward his masterpiece. The study of life and character, the atmosphere of the immediate present, the recognition of what are the most impelling springs and ambitions of the life of the masses, and the technic to weld these elements and forces into an artistic whole that will appeal to the tastes and sympathies of the theatre-going public, all are there—in the first act.

Rose Stahl's best work was necessarily in this same first act. As in the pieced-out scenes in the enlarged "Chorus Lady," she was forced, in later acts, through lack of opportunity, to turn aside those rich and rare phases of her comedy talent and show us the reverse of the shield. She can turn on the sorrow-stop, and put tears in her voice; but so can lots of other players, and just as well. What we love most for her to do is to move us to laughter. And Charles Klein made the mistake in the two poorer acts of having his situations appeal more to Maggie's sense of humor than to ours. But, though her power over us lessens in these scenes of lessened art, never does she lose it. Quietly as it is exercised, her sway over her audience is immense.

The excellent support that she has deserves more than passing mention. There was splendid ensemble work to give us that effect of reality in that stock-room in which we saw some of the workings of the department store. The character of Jake Rothschild, as impersonated by Max Reynolds, was hailed with special joy by the audience, for Mr. Reynolds revealed himself as a comedian who can at once satisfy the exacting and delight all. He is that rare being, an actor who can make a comedy character speaking the Jewish dialect seem simply and unassertively realistic.

Others who deserve special mention (although it is hard to select in a cast of such general excellence) are Marie Hudson as the department store's detective; Walter Craven as John Hargen, and Percival T. Moore as Jim Darkin.

Adelle Adams shone in her short scene of desperate fear, in the first act, when she was entrapped with the goods on her, but much as we love the sinner that repenteth in real life, we find on the stage that the brand snatched from the burning speedily loses its spectacular glare, and becomes of a dull, commonplace hue. So with Ada Dargin when she covered up her claws and became good and innocuous.

John S. Robertson makes an excellent leading man for the rôle, typical, attractive, likable, and natural; and drawing freely upon the sympathies of the audience both in the business and sentimental perplexities of the youthful employer of Maggie Pepper.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Piano Recital by Miss Hazel H. Hess.

Miss Hazel H. Hess, a pupil of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, will give a piano recital at Century Club Hall, Franklin and Sutter Streets, Wednesday evening, April 16.

Miss Hess is already known as one of the most talented of the younger players in San Francisco, and her appearances at Mr. Mansfeldt's concerts have proved her gifts of interpretation as well as her technic. The programme for her recital is as follows:

Original Theme and Variations, Op. 7	Drangosch
Andante con Variazioni	Schubert
Impromptu, E flat minor	Tschaikowsky
Intermezzo en Octaves	Leschetizky
Romance, F major, Op. 51	Tschaikowsky
Stimmungsbild, Op. 1, No. 7	Medtner
Etude, Op. 25, No. 1	Chopin
Erlkœnig	Schubert-Liszt
Ballade, B minor	Liszt
Mazurka, G minor, Op. 24	Saint-Saëns
Rhapsody No. 12	Liszt
Ungarische Fantasie	Liszt

(For two pianos)
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt at the second piano

Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Miss Blanche Kaplan's Farewell Recital.

Miss Blanche Kaplan will give her farewell piano recital Tuesday evening, April 15, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The programme will include Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35; Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53 (Waldstein); Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"; Brahms's "Rhapsodien," Op. 79; Liszt's "Valse Impromptu"; and Chopin, Moszkowski, Saint Saēns, and Godowsky selections.

Miss Kaplan, who has long been the pupil of Mr. S. G. Fleishman, is an exceptionally talented young artist. She will soon go to Europe to continue her studies. Her recital is arranged under the especial favor of more than sixty of those prominent in society and musical circles, and will be a notable event.

Tickets will be on sale Monday.

Violin Recital by Hother Wismer.

Hother Wismer, violinist, will give his annual recital on the evening of April 22, at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Wismer will be assisted by Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, who will sing a number of beautiful songs, and by Mr. Uda Waldrop, pianist, who will accompany the singer and the violin selections. Mr. Wismer will play the Brahms concerto, a suite by Sinding, and other numbers. The programme will be given in full next week.

Mr. Wismer has the regard and continued interest of the music-lovers of San Francisco, earned by a long and serious devotion to his art. His study and teaching at home have shown his intense application and devotion, and twice he has gone to Europe for intimate instruction from the masters—Joachim, Sauret, and Ysaye. Few violinists have so large a repertory, and his playing is marked by wide knowledge and appreciation of the best music. His annual recitals are always illuminated by a genuine enthusiasm which is shared by his hearers.

Half-Hour of Music at the Greek Theatre.

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on next Sunday, April 13, at four o'clock, will be given by the vested choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. This choir, which is under the direction of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow, consists of fifty voices, with Mrs. Zilpha A. Jenkins, soprano; Mrs. Ruth W. Anderson, contralto; Mr. J. F. Veaco, tenor, and Mr. Charles Robinson, bass, as soloists, and Mrs. W. J. Cook as accompanist.

Julia Culp's Concerts.

With the concerts of Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford we again have had proof that "if Greenbaum presents it, it must be worth while." Our local impresario has demonstrated the fact that he understands how to select artists, for an artistic failure is very rare under his management.

For his next attraction Mr. Greenbaum announces a series of three concerts by Holland's greatest artist and one of the very finest singers living, Mme. Julia Culp.

Assisted by Coenraad V Bos, the artist-accompanist, Mme. Culp will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being two Sunday afternoons, April 27 and May 4, and Thursday night, May 1. So many music-lovers have expressed a desire to hear this artist in all three of her programmes that Mr. Greenbaum has decided to sell course tickets for the Culp concerts at a reduced figure.

Mail orders for season or single tickets may now be mailed to Mr. Greenbaum.

Mme. Culp will sing in French, German, English, and Italian.

HUGO MANSFELDT
PRESENTS HIS PUPIL
HAZEL H. HESS
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PIANO RECITAL
CENTURY CLUB HALL
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Wednesday evening, April 16th
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Reserved seats $1. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
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CHARLES KELLOGG, "the Nature Singer" (One Week Only); "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN USUAL," the Season's Laughing Novelty; PERCY WARAM & CO. in "The Bosun's Mate"; BIXLEY and LERNER, "the Melba and Caruso of Vaudeville"; ABBOTT and CURTIS, Songs and Imitations; THE THREE BOHEMIANS, Street Singers and Musicans; NEW EDISON TALKING MOVING PICTURES; SANDOR'S BURLESQUE CIRCUS. Last Week, great hit, DAISY JEROME, "the Electric Spark"
Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse
Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150
Two Weeks beginning MONDAY, April 14
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman presents
JOHN DREW
in a new Comedy in four acts
THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND
by Alfred Sutro

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Tonight—"THE MERRY WIDOW"
Starting TOMORROW (SUNDAY) NIGHT
One Week Only
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Oliver Morosco presents
NAT. C. GOODWIN
In a Mammoth Production of
OLIVER TWIST
Commencing Monday, April 21—"THE TIK TOK MAN."

PANTAGES THEATRE
MARKET STREET, opposite Mason
Week starts Sunday Mat., April 13
Walter Montague Presents a Ten Thousand Dollar Picturesque and Scenic Production
BELLE OF CHINATOWN
Cast of 12 People
7 Other Big Acts—7
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

VANITY FAIR.

A Man's Last Word.

Dear, when last night I begged you to bestow
  Your hand on me, and, far from feeling flattered,
You gave me your uncompromising "No"
  And left my heart irreparably shattered,
I swore (quite fluently) to sail awa'
And pot the larger-sized carnivora.

But, ere I buy my outfit (at the Stores)
  And brush aside for years Convention's trammels,
Please ask yourself—such tenderness is yours—
  What harm you've suffered from these luckless mammals,
That you should send me forth resolved to gain
Oblivion by plunging them in pain.

Pause and reflect how at an early date
  Maybe some stricken brute will cease his snarling
And (in the jungle tongue) ejaculate,
  "I die because of Arabella Darling."
Your tender heart could not but take amiss
The prospect of a leopard saying this.

Consider, please, how every skin you see
  Will rend your bosom with the thought (Oh! Circe!)
"Perchance its owner's death was due to me,"
  Since *qui per alium facit, facit per se;*
Would not this burden prove a lot more hard
Even than mating with the present bard?

—*Punch.*

* * *

We are all in agreement upon the general principle that however much a man may want a wife he ought not to buy one. It may be argued on the other side that a man is more likely to value what he pays for than what he gets for nothing, but then it never does to look too closely into these general principles. We may barter for a wife by promising all sorts of things that we have no intention to give, but when it comes to a frank C. O. D. bargain with a certified check across the counter, so to speak, there can be no doubt that we are endangering all sorts of sacred institutions.

But at the same time we do hear sometimes of the frank and unashamed purchase of a wife. Take, for instance, a certain divorce case that has just been heard in England and that was described by the judge as an instance of wife-buying, which it certainly was. Mr. Morand asked for a divorce from his wife on the ground that the lady had given the most unmistakable proofs of her preference for a multimillionaire named Captain Morrison. In a way it was a friendly suit, since Captain Morrison was willing to pay £5500 damages and Mr. Morand was willing to receive that sum. They were both in agreement as to the value of the lady, and while we may think that the assessment was much too high and that about 15 cents would have been a better estimate, we must confess that it is none of our business and that even the usual *caveat emptor* is superfluous. The judge took the same view and consented to the transaction, remarking that Captain Morrison was a rich man, and that he had practically bought the woman for £5500. Certainly it was a stiff price, but then prices have gone up something wonderful the last few years. Every one knows that.

Of course the story is a rather disgusting one, but we are disgusted not because Captain Morrison bought a woman, but because he bought a woman who was already a wife. There is nothing remarkable about the purchase of a woman, since it is done every day. Sometimes it is the man who offers to buy and sometimes it is the woman who offers to sell. The various associations of young women who have recently announced that they will marry no man with an income of less than $5000 a year have virtually stated that $5000 a year is the lowest price at which they will sell themselves. It may be that the goods will be marked down a little later on. They may even find their way to the bargain counter and thence to the rubbish heap, but in the meantime the price tag is there. We may profess to be horrified at the idea of buying our wives, but it is the words that horrify us and not the thing itself. For there is no transaction commoner than this.

* * *

A writer in the St. Louis *Mirror* has something to say about the domestic servant problem and, by way of illustration, relates the following incident:

> Not so long ago a friend of mine came to me in some excitement. By the exercise of some sort of "influence" he had penetrated the mysterious precincts of a temple of amusement and been allowed to witness a famous "producer" drilling the "broilers" and the "show girls" in a current lyrical comedy—and he was aghast at what he had seen and heard. Not that he witnessed anything resembling the temptation of St. Anthony. Not at all. He was merely "all worked up" at the "system" of the "producer." Said he: "I wish you could see the way he treats those girls and hear the way he talks to 'em. His pet names for them are Pin Head, Idiot, Dummy, and Damned Fool. His remarks about their persons were sickeningly vulgar and indecent, and he chased 'em around the stage as if they were a herd of cattle."
>
> "How did they take it?"
>
> "Why, most of 'em took it as a matter of course. But he was so rough with one girl that she finally burst out crying."
>
> "And then?"
>
> "He told her to 'dry up her d——d blubbering and look alive or kiss her job good-by.' It was all I could do to keep from jumping up onto the stage and manhandling him!"
>
> I did not become as excited as my narrator, having long known that such incidents were not at all out of the ordinary in such environments. I merely asked him: "Do you suppose that one of those same girls could be induced to give up her job and take one in 'domestic service' where, if she displayed a fair degree of efficiency, she would be assured of a pleasant home, considerate treatment, and, at the end of a year, would have more cash on hand than if she remained where she is?"
>
> He thought for a moment and then replied succinctly: "Not in a thousand years."

Now, why not? It won't do for women reformers to tell us that these girls don't know what is good for them, seeing that these very girls have been enfranchised in a good many states and might be called on any day to censure a supreme court judge for an error in law, or a governor for an error in policy. If we found that a particular industry was shunned by the men of the whole nation, that they would rather starve than work in it, we should not ask what was the matter with the men. We should ask what was the matter with the industry. And so we ask what is the matter with the domestic industry that is managed by women exclusively and that other women would rather beg, starve, or die than enter. And this question comes ominously and persistently to the mind when we hear the amazing claim that laws for women ought to be made by women.

* * *

We hate to disagree with the Portland *Oregonian,* and we would urge in mitigation of sentence that it is a first offense. But duty compels, and if there is anything to which we bow the knee it is duty.

It seems that the women of Corvallis have agreed henceforth to pay not more than $7 for their hats. For the moment we wondered whether we should denounce an extravagance or applaud an economy, not remembering to have seen Corvallis mentioned in the fashion reports of the great world centres of high life. But the *Oregonian* naturally knows all about Corvallis, and the *Oregonian* not only says that this is an economy, but actually deplores it, and in terms not at all complimentary to Corvallis, since it asserts that, "As soon as the savage feels new wants which he has never felt before, he begins to move upward."

Now of course this is none of our business, but if we were the women of Corvallis we should resent being called savages. Personally we do not believe that Corvallis is included in the savage portions of Oregon. On the contrary we are quite prepared to believe that its women have their clubs, and discuss Browning, and the white slave trade, and the problem plays, and all the other delightfully improper things that women feel it their duty to talk about when they are trying to find out all about our morals in order that they may then improve them. In short the women of Corvallis are doubtless doing their full share in that great and glorious work of uplift that is making this world such a dreadful place to live in. Savages, indeed!

* * *

But really the *Oregonian* should choose its words somewhat better. When it speaks of the "wants" of the savage it evidently means the "needs." We all of us *want* a good many things that we ought not to have and that could not by any possibility result in a "move upward." In fact most of our *wants* would have the distinct effect of moving us downward. We should hate to enumerate those wants, there being some among them that even our wife has not suspected, but the *Oregonian* will know what we mean, if not in the editorial room at least in the city room, and by the reporters, who occasionally have to lower their reluctant eyes upon a sin-stained world. And it is just the same way with all other savages. When the merry South Sea Islander first relieved a monotonous diet of pork by a slice from a breast of missionary he felt doubtless that henceforth he *wanted* missionaries. But he did not *need* them. No one does. But this particular want was not the mark of a "move upward." Quite the contrary.

But to return to the women of Corvallis with their $7 hats which, it seems, are economical and not extravagant. Perhaps they do feel the "new want" which the *Oregonian* craves for them, and perhaps this new want is for an opportunity to show the great giddy world that simplicity is compatible even with the fashions of Corvallis. Perhaps these dear women have been reading about Paris, and Vienna, and London, and New York, and of how the virtues of frugality and of a sartorial austerity are not now so noticeable as once they were in those thriving settlements. The matter may have been brought to the attention of the members of the Corvallis women's club and they may have resoluted to the effect that an object lesson from Corvallis, Oregon, could hardly fail of its effect and that it was their duty to furnish it. All honor to them. Long may they wear their $7 hats—in Corvallis. And then the *Oregonian* calls them savage.

* * *

Father—That young man of yours has more brains than I gave him credit for. *Daughter*—Oh, papa, you don't really mean it? *Father*—Yes; instead of coming to see me he called me up on the telephone.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

There are attractive Places of Resort every few miles on Lines of Southern Pacific

San Jose, Mt. Hamilton
Excellent Hotels. Auto boulevard to Lick Observatory. Thirty-mile electric line ride through beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Santa Cruz and Big Trees
The "Atlantic City" of the West. Hotels. Casino and pleasure piers. Cliff drives. Motoring. Golf links. Sea-fishing.

Del Monte and Monterey
Charming hotel. Beautiful gardens. 40 - mile auto boulevard. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea
Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs
Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts
Delightful places amid crags and pines. Excellent trout fishing in season.

Lake Tahoe
In high Sierras, at elevation of 6240 feet. Noted for its trout fishing. Hotels and resorts, with daily steamer trips around lake.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake
Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees
Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Paso Robles
Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf links. Tennis.

Santa Barbara
The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea - fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity
Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe
In charming surroundings. Easily reached by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An advertisement taken from a morning paper shows to what a pass a genius may come in a great city: "Wanted—A collaborator, by a young playwright. The play is already written; collaborator to furnish board and bed until play is produced."

◆

Mrs. Ponsonby, visiting Paris, is receiving her friends at a "little evening," and, thinking to have a pleasant change after talk, suggests to a guest: "And now, M. Dubois, shall we have a rubber?" "Ah, madame," said M. Dubois, with perfect politeness, but piteously, "a thousand thanks, mais—je—je—n'aime pas le massage!"

◆

A young Boston college woman was following the suburbanite about his place and doing her best to show her full appreciation of the semi-rural beauty of the establishment. On visiting the hen-yard she became enraptured. One hen was unusually well marked. "Oh!" the young woman exclaimed enthusiastically, "what beautiful foliage that hen has!"

◆

She was hurriedly adjusting her veil and had but a few moments in which to catch her car. "Oh, dear," she murmured, "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway." "That's a difficult question to answer," replied her practical husband, who was standing by. "Because they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another."

◆

He had sold his farm to a neighbor for a young heifer (this was east of the Rockies) and he was chuckling visibly as he tied the heifer to the back of the cart containing his household goods. "What you laughing at?" his wife asked him. "Why," he chortled, "that feller thinks that farm is forty acres and it's sixty acres. I've unloaded twenty more on him than he thinks!"

◆

On the plantation the dairy hands were accustomed to do the milking, squatting down in a primitive fashion until the owner introduced milking stools along with other modern improvements. The boy who first sallied forth with the stool returned bruised and battered and with an empty pail. "I done my best, sah," he exclaimed. "Dat stool looked all right to me, but de blamed cow she wouldn't sit on it."

◆

A hypochondriac, who was staying with Father Healy, at Bray, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, was one day taking a walk along the beach with his host. "I have derived relief from drinking a tumbler of salt-water fresh from the tide," said the invalid solemnly; "do you think I might take a second?" "Well," said Father Healy, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."

◆

On his eighty-fourth birthday Paul Smith, the veteran Adirondack hotel-keeper, who started life as a guide and died owning a million dollars' worth of forest land, was talking about boundary disputes with an old friend. "Didn't you hear of the lawsuit over a title that I had with Jones down in Malone last summer?" asked Paul. The friend had not heard. "Well," said Paul, "it was this way. I sat in the court-room before the case opened with my witnesses around me. Jones bustled in, stopped, looked my witnesses over carefully, and said: 'Paul, are those your witnesses?' 'They are,' said I. 'Then you win,' said he, 'I've had them witnesses twice myself.'"

◆

Several prominent literary men of Paris recently conceived the idea of making investigations among the beggars on the boulevards, by disguising themselves as members of the begging fraternity and soliciting alms. They succeeded beyond their utmost expectations, both in discovering fraud in cases of counterfeit cripples and blind men, and by the liberal fees which they themselves received. A good story is told of a number of these bogus beggars calling upon the Duc d'Aumale, with appeals for relief, to each one of whom the duke gave five francs. At last, however, a genuine beggar appeared, to whom the duke said: "I have relieved about twenty mendicants of letters today, and I recognized them all, in spite of their rags; but I don't know you; you must be a bogus literary man. Get out!"

◆

Governor Brown of Georgia told of a friend who bought a dog "to chase burglars, cats, and tramps, but no sooner had he been introduced in the domestic camp than wifey wanted him trained to carry newspapers and other things for the entertainment of society. Agreeable to his wife's wishes, my friend took the canine in hand and in a little while he had him so well trained that he would carry a package all over the town and keep it in his mouth until told to drop it. He had owned the dog about six months when he heard strange sounds in the dead of night, and, seizing his gun, he softly crept downstairs. The burglars were there, all right—— 'Where was the dog?' impatiently broke in one of the governor's audience. 'Didn't he bark?' 'The dog was there,' replied the governor, 'but he was too busy to bark.' 'Busy!' exclaimed the others. 'What was he doing?' 'Carrying a lantern for the burglars while they ransacked the house,' answered the governor."

◆

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to eleven o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a smoke." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it, when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features. Slowly removing his pipe from his mouth he said, "Be-e-gorra, Oi've wor-rked wid Germans and Hungarians, and Oi've worked with Oitalians, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me Oi gets up."

◆

The pastor of a New England church announced that the regular weekly prayer-meeting would be devoted to discussion of a certain question of general interest to the congregation. Many members of the church wished to take part in the discussion; it was therefore decided to limit each member's remarks to five minutes. When the speaker's time expired, the clergyman was to notify him by rapping a pencil on the desk. Deacon A, one of the members at whom the restriction was especially directed, had not fairly started on his remarks when the rap of the pencil was heard. "Am I to understand," asked the deacon, "that my five minutes have expired?" "Yes, deacon; I am sorry, but your time is up." "And all general remarks are limited to five minutes?" "Yes, that was the understanding." The deacon turned very deliberately to his fellow-members. "Then, brethren," he proceeded, "I shall throw the remainder of my remarks into the form of a prayer." The deacon kept the floor.

◆

R. F. Barnett, of Louisville, was going into Louisville from Memphis. On the train was a white-haired old lady, with whom chance drew him into conversation. She told him that she was going to visit her son, whom she had not seen for two or three years. He had written a few weeks before, asking her to visit him at Louisville, naming a certain hotel. At the depot she was greatly disappointed not to meet her son, and Mr. Barnett accompanied her to the hotel. He took her to the parlor, and volunteered to find her son. The clerk had not seen him, but had a letter for the lady. As soon as she read the first line she fainted, and Mr. Barnett hurriedly sent for a physician, picking up the letter. The first paragraph was: "My Dear Mother—I am now in the penitentiary." Mr. Barnett was shocked, but read further. The next paragraph said: "I have a good position with the contractors, and it is impossible to get away. Come on to Frankfort. I have already rented a house for us to live in." It took Mr. Barnett and the physician three hours to bring the mother to consciousness.

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

She Knew What Blrs.

A cannibal king thought his Mrs.
Too fond of a guard named Ulrs—
So that horrid old king
Fricasseed the poor thing,
And Ulrs mrs her krs! —*Life.*

◆

After the So-Called Art Show.

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But to the Futurist I bow—
He can both see and be one.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

◆

Wash Day.

When Eve held forth in Paradise
She found much pleasure in it,
For when she did her Monday wash
It only took a minute.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

◆

April.

April is the month for me! Finest month I ever see; dearest month of all the year, and the reason's very clear, for, of all the months there are on the blessed calendar, not another one is there so much like my Daphne fair.
First of these resemblances, April most uncertain is. You can't tell by April skies just what in the future lies; you can't reason from today what tomorrow brings your way—and dear Daphne is the same, roguishly uncertain dame!
April smiles with smiles so sweet it nigh takes you off your feet; then a moment later loom clouds compelling in their gloom; and where smiles dispelled your fears falls an endless stock of tears—just like Daphne, don't you know, alternating joy and woe.
Comes along a sunny hour making life a fragrant bower, and you dance and gayly sing with the very joy of Spring; and ere night the Spring is lost and there comes a chilling frost—just like Daphne's whimsy gaze hinting Spring and wintry days.
Yes, indeed, these April times fill my soul with joyous rhymes. Love them? You can bet I do, with a love that's stanch and true, just because they chance to be wayward, contradictory, just as Daphne is—the blessing—when she keeps her lover guessing!
—*Horace Dodd Gastit, in Harper's Weekly.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Madeline Rolfe Clay and Mr. Henry Warren Harold took place Wednesday evening at the home in Fruitvale of the bride's mother, Mrs. Clement Charles Clay. Mrs. John Van Sicklen (formerly Miss Susan Harold) was the matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Florence Henshaw, Harriet Stone, Josephine Johnson, and Marie Payson. Mr. Walter Hush attended the groom as best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. Frederick Kales, George Bowles, Dudley Valentine, and John Van Sicklen. Mrs. Harold is a sister of Mr. Philip Clay of this city.

Miss Katherine Wells Rader and Mr. Wallace A. Sahin were married Tuesday, April 1, at the home on Buchanan Street of the bride's parents, the Rev. William Rader and Mrs. Rader. Mr. and Mrs. Sahin will reside in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mildred Baldwin, and Mr. James Lowe Hall, Tuesday evening, April 2, at nine o'clock at the family residence in Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slack have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Ruth Slack, to Judge Edgar Thomson Zook, Wednesday evening, April 23, at nine o'clock, at the family residence on Sacramento Street.

The wedding of Mrs. Lillian Sutton Hopkins and Dr. George Ehright will take place Wednesday, May 7, at the residence on California Street of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins.

From Washington, D. C., comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marian Wise to Mr. Charles Carroll Glover. Miss Wise is the daughter of the late Mrs. Henry L. Wagner, who was formerly Miss Marian McAllister. She resides in Washington with her uncle and aunt, Senator Francis Newlands and Mrs. Newlands.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson was hostess Wednesday at a bridge-tea in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin, who was also the complimented guest at a tea given by Miss Julita Galpin at her home in Berkeley.

Miss Mary Heath entertained a number of friends at a tea Saturday complimentary to Mrs. William R. Thompson, who was formerly Miss Sadie Huie of this city.

Miss Theresa Harrison gave a bridge-tea Thursday at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Ruth Slack.

Miss Elizabeth Bates was hostess Friday evening at an informal dance at the home on Clay Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudley Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle gave an informal dinner-dance recently in Menlo Park.

Miss Josephine Hannigan was hostess at a tea in her apartment on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Joseph M. Masten gave a luncheon Tuesday, when she entertained a dozen friends.

Mrs. Melvin Pfaff was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Ruth Slack.

Miss Joy Wilson gave a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Marie Bullard.

The Misses May and Fannie Friedlander were hostesses at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Richard Lounsberry of New York. Mrs. William S. Tevis also entertained in honor of Mrs. Lounsberry.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Lounsberry.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray was hostess at a bridge-tea in honor of Mrs. John Rodgers Clark.

Mrs. Frank Pixley gave a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of the Hawaiian polo team.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner-dance Monday evening at their home on California Street complimentary to the Hawaiian polo team.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace was hostess Thursday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. A. D. Howard of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman gave a dinner Friday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Christine McNab gave an informal dance recently at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Ray Taylor was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Sneyd-Kinnersley of England.

Mrs. E. H. Kittredge gave a reception Monday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Franklin Baldwin, of Honolulu.

Mrs. Howard Holmes has issued invitations to a bridge party Tuesday afternoon, April 15, at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Frederick Kelham was hostess Thursday at a luncheon complimentary to her niece, Miss Dorothy Allen.

Miss Katiebel McGregor gave a tea recently in honor of her cousin, Miss Lesley Jean Meakins.

The Messrs. Charles Buckingham and Julian Kinsey and Dr. James Whitney were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday evening by a number of their bachelor friends. The affair was occasioned by the recent announcements of the engagements of Mr. Buckingham to Miss Dorothy Page, Mr. Kinsey to Miss Flower, and Dr. Whitney to Miss Elizabeth Goodrich.

A Royal Baking Powder Hot Biscuit is the luxury of eating
—MADE AT HOME—

Miss Elsa Schilling has issued invitations to a bridge-tea Wednesday, April 16, at her home in Oakland.

Mr. Dudley Gunn was host at a theatre party Tuesday evening, when he entertained eight guests.

Miss Marian Huntington gave a theatre party in honor of her house guest, Miss Carol Stewart, of New York.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were hostesses at a bridge-luncheon last week in Coronado.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston gave a bridge-tea Saturday at the Coronado Country Club.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home in Coronado.

Mrs. Cornelius Gardener was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. George Bell, wife of Colonel Bell, U. S. A.

Mrs. George D. Guyer, wife of Captain Guyer, U. S. A., gave a luncheon recently at her home in the Presidio.

Captain John T. Geary, U. S. A., and Mrs. Geary entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home at Fort Scott.

Naval Constructor Henry M. Gleason and Mrs. Gleason gave a dinner last week at their home at Mare Island in honor of Mr. John Rennie of Scotland.

Dr. de Valin, U. S. N., and Major Hill, U. S. M. C., were hosts at a dinner Sunday evening at the Hotel del Coronado.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have returned to their home in San Rafael after having spent the winter in Mrs. Alexander Garceau's house on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague have rented their country home in Menlo Park for the summer.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard left Tuesday for a few weeks' visit in the East.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois have rented a cottage in Belvedere for the season.

Mrs. Wendell Baker has returned from the Yosemite Valley and is again in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin are again occupying their home on Steiner Street after having rented it during the winter to Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman. Dr. and Mrs. Chipman are established for the summer in their country home in Ross.

Mrs. Hobart and Miss Mary Eyre will sail today on the *Manchuria* for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard.

Mr. Henry Hadley has gone to London to remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawrence of Chicago and their daughter, Miss Edna Lawrence, are established in an apartment on Gough and Clay Streets.

Miss Floride Hunt and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sargent (formerly Miss Mary Sargent) at their home in New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Warner, who recently have come to California, have leased the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Brown.

Mrs. Clarence Kempff has returned to Vallejo after a visit in town with her mother, Mrs. Charles B. Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corennah De Pue, are established for the summer in their country home in Yolo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald and their little son will spend the next two months in Pleasanton with Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Belshaw sailed last week for Tahiti and upon their return will go to their country home near Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease and Mr. Richard H. Pease, Jr., left yesterday for the East for a visit with relatives and friends. Mr. Pease, Jr., will continue his travels to Europe, where he will be accompanied by Mr. Alonzo Warren of New York.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin has returned from a visit in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Julian Sonntag and her daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, have returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Mareel Cerf and their two little daughters have been spending the past two weeks in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is established in her new home on Green Street.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill and Mr. Horace L. Hill, Jr., will leave shortly for their home in New York.

Miss Ritt of New York has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have moved to Menlo Park and are occupying the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting will leave May 1 for Washington, D. C.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have opened their home in Pleasanton for the summer.

Miss Kate Peterson, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman at their home in Tennessee, is expected home next week.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children will leave the middle of May for Europe, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin have rented for the summer the country home in San Mateo of Miss Frances Howard. Miss Howard is established at the Hotel Peninsula.

Mrs. Selim Woodworth and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, have gone East to spend the summer.

Dr. Edwin Janss arrived on the *Wilhelmina* from Honolulu and joined Mrs. Janss and their little son in Menlo Park, where they have been visiting Mrs. William Cluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin moved to Burlingame Wednesday and have opened their country home for the season. During the winter they occupied the Mintzer residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., has recovered from a recent illness that confined her to her home for several weeks.

Mr. Philip Westcott has been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin at their country home, Surrey Hills, near Cloverdale.

Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont and her daughter arrived last week from New York and are at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Lamont is the widow of the former Secretary of War.

Miss Ruth Goodman has returned to her home in Berkeley after a visit at Mare Island, where she was the guest of Lieutenant-Commander Gatewood S. Lincoln, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant returned home Sunday from New York, where Mrs. Grant went two weeks ago to meet her husband, who has been spending two months in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Miss Pauline Duncan has arrived from the East and is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., at their home in Ross. Miss Duncan is a sister of Mr. William Duncan, who married Miss Myra Josselyn.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, will not go to San Rafael this summer, as is their usual custom. Mrs. Boardman will go to Monterey, where she will be joined by Miss Winn upon her return from a camping trip with a number of young friends in the King's River country. The party will be chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have reopened their cottage at Ross for the summer.

Mrs. Alfred Brandenstein has leased for a term of years the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. J. Mack.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and their daughter, Miss Ethel Cooper, will move to Burlingame May 1 to spend the summer. During the winter they have occupied the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey and have rented the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton will spend the summer in their home in Santa Barbara, where they will be joined by their nieces, the Misses Holton of Canada.

Dr. John Rodgers Clark, Mrs. Clark, and their children will leave shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Clark's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins.

Mrs. James Parker, Jr., has returned from Merced, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse.

Mr. W. Miller Graham of Santa Barbara spent a few days this week at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Charles Keeney has returned from a visit in Seattle with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle, the Misses McLain of Baltimore, and Mr. Allen Kittle left Saturday for a trip to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. Larz Anderson, retiring ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Anderson, are among the guests at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell left last week for a brief visit in New York. They spent several days with friends in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have arrived at Hotel del Coronado, where Mrs. E. F. Preston has been spending some weeks.

Miss Maye Colhurn has returned to her home in San Rafael after having spent the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman, Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Robinson, and Mr. J. Goodwin.

Lieutenant Ralph Griswold, U. S. N., and Mrs. Griswold have gone to Coronado to remain during the stay of the cruiser *California*.

Lieutenant James A. Higgins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Higgins sailed Saturday for their new post in Honolulu after a two weeks' visit at the Palace Hotel.

Major John P. Hains, U. S. A., formerly of Fort Barry, has arrived at Fort Barry, where he has assumed his duties as commander of the post.

Captain V. J. Elliott, U. S. A., arrived last week from the Presidio, Monterey, and is visiting friends in Mill Valley.

◆

The home in Munich of Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Lyman, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen of Alameda.

◆

The home in Dresden of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hürtgen (formerly Miss Mattie Livermore) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Hürtgen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore of this city.

◆

The home in Washington, D. C., of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Biddle has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Biddle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy.

◆

The home in Piedmont of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Buck, Jr. (formerly Miss Zaida Zahriski), has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The following statement of amounts paid by the city on audited demands in the nine months ending March 31, 1913, has been prepared by Auditor Boyle: General Fund: Salaries, $3,121,497.76; board of works (salaries and maintenance), $1,325,709.35; miscellaneous, $1,439,034.84; total, $5,886,241.95. Common School Fund: $1,348,199.93. Sundry Fund: Miscellaneous items amounting to $10,634,622.68. Total audits to March 31, 1913, $17,869,064.56.

The dog show of the Golden Gate Kennel Club opened at the Auditorium Tuesday evening. The exhibition is successful in its show of fine specimens of many favorite breeds, and in attendance.

William Hancock Knight, formerly a harbor commissioner of San Francisco, and at one time public administrator of Alameda County, died at his home in Oakland April 7. Mr. Knight came to California in 1850 from Connecticut. He was eighty-eight years old.

A benefit for the flood and cyclone sufferers was given under the auspices of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, at the Tivoli Opera House, Thursday evening.

The board of health, after hearing, has released the first shipment of frozen Australian beef, which for ten days had been held up in cold storage while sanitary inspectors discussed whether the meat had been properly tagged or stamped.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company 250,000 shares of the capital stock of the company were represented. The following directors were elected for the coming year: F. B. Anderson, Benjamin Bangs, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, S. P. Eastman, E. L. Eyre, I. W. Hellman, Jr., C. Osgood Hooker, Homer S. King, E. J. McCutcheon, Louis F. Monteagle, Captain A. H. Payson, and J. M. Quay. The annual report of President W. B. Bourn was read and approved and the stockholders, by resolution, expressed entire confidence in the board and what it has done and is doing. The directors elected the following officers: President, W. B. Bourn; vice-president, Captain A. H. Payson; vice-president and manager, S. P. Eastman; treasurer, Benjamin Bangs; secretary and assistant manager, John E. Behan; assistant secretary, T. M. Edmunds. The financial report shows that after meeting all interest and dividend and other charges the company had a surplus of $177,904 in 1912. The balance sheet of the company, as of December 31, shows assets and liabilities of $69,874,718. Of the assets, $57,316,361 are in the plant account.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Nat C. Goodwin at the Cort Theatre.

Nat C. Goodwin commences a week's engagement at the Cort Theatre Sunday night in Dickens's famous "Oliver Twist," and will portray the rôle of Fagin.

Mr. Goodwin has not been seen in this city for a number of years, nor has "Oliver Twist," and the Comyns Carr version has never been presented here before. This is the dramatic version now in use at His Majesty's Theatre, London, and is used by Mr. Goodwin through the courtesy of Sir Herbert Beerbohm.Tree. It varies materially from all other versions seen in this country, and tells a lucid story rather than displaying a series of portraits. It is also less brutal, the result of which should be pleasing to our latter-day taste.

Fagin, according to New York critics, is Mr. Goodwin's most powerful characterization. It gives him splendid opportunities to display his rare abilities as a character actor, and he has not overlooked the slightest detail. He portrays Fagin's emotions, from the supreme chief of the thieves' den to the alluring fox and the crouching and crawling snake, with a voice that runs from the quaver of senility up to the snarl of the entrapped wolf, running off again into flashes of saturnine humor, drolly terrible. He is, in fact, Fagin as Dickens has pictured him.

Oliver Morosco, under whose direction the play is presented, has surrounded the star by a cast of rare excellence, and mounted the attraction, which is in five acts and nine scenes, in a lavish and artistic manner. Miss Marjorie Moreland will be seen in the rôle of Nancy Sikes, Miss Norma Mitchell as Oliver Twist, Miss Victory Bateman as Mrs. Maylie, Miss Enid Markey as Rose Maylie, Mr. Herbert Standing as Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Percy Standing as Bill Sikes. Others in the cast are Louise Fanning, Emma C. Cauz, Virginia Rose, George Rand, Karl Marks, William Chapman, William Walbert, John Frane, Louis Egard, Richard Barbee, Otto Williams, Leonard D. Hollister, Jack Belgrave, Frank Gray, and Lew Haynes.

John Drew at the Columbia Theatre.

In the brilliantly clever comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," by Alfred Sutro, John Drew will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, April 14, after finishing his successful engagement at the Empire Theatre, New York. This is the first Alfred Sutro play seen in this country since "The Walls of Jericho." Mr. Sutro came to New York for the first performance of the drawing-room comedy three months ago.

Mr. Drew's company this season is again headed by Miss Mary Boland as leading lady. Others in the cast are Miss Nina Sevening, the English actress, last seen in America as the adventuress in "Mid-Channel"; Alice John, Margaret Watson, and Hubert Druce.

"The Perplexed Husband" is in four acts. The scenes are laid in London and the entire action transpires within three days. The period of the comedy is not only of today, but in its unraveling it touches upon the timeliest of contemporary topics—woman suffrage, and "the new woman." The situations hinge upon what happens when she is confronted by the suddenly transformed "new man." Mr. Drew gives one of his perfect finished performances, lauded alike by the press and his public.

Matinées will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Charles Kellogg, "the Nature Singer," whose engagement is limited to one week, will be the headliner at the Orpheum next week. Mr. Kellogg was born in the mountains of California two hundred miles from a railroad. He has never eaten meat, fish, or fowl, and he claims that this fact, together with the teachings of his parents to the effect that there was no such thing in the world as fear, makes him a harmonious part of the universe, with all animals, birds, or fish. He can call any living thing to him by means of inaudible sounds. No living thing will harm him. By means of this intimate contact with animals he has learned to communicate with all animals, and he can sing the songs of all birds. He does this in his act. He lights fires by the friction of two sticks, and gives other exhibitions of marvelous woodcraft.

Everett Shinn's meller-drama, "More Sinned Against Than Usual," which is to be presented next week, is a four-act play cut down to the required vaudeville time limit. It is an immensely funny travesty on the old-time melodrama and its stereotyped characters.

Percy Waram and his company will appear in W. W. Jacobs's comedy, "The Bosun's Mate." Mr. Waram's immense success as Ned Travers, the retired soldier, proves him to be a comedian of the highest order. The little play is well worthy of the reputation of Mr. Jacobs.

Bixley and Lerner style themselves "The Melba and Caruso of Vaudeville," not on account of their vocal ability, but because they introduce a burlesque in which they successfully caricature those famous grand opera stars.

William Abbott and Julia Curtis will entertain with songs, dances, and imitations. Miss Curtis successfully intermingles the mimicry of certain stars with birds and animals. Anna Held, for instance, fades into a feline impersonation. Tetrazzini into a thrush. She also imitates Mme. Olga Petrova singing "My Hero" in four different keys.

The Three Bohemians, street musicians and singers, who play cleverly on string instruments and sing with sweetness and pleasant effect, and New Edison Talking Pictures will be the other novel acts. Paul Sandor's Burlesque Circus, and the famous English comedienne, Daisy Jerome, will close their engagements with this bill.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The new offering for Pantages patrons, opening at Sunday's matinée, is headed by a vaudeville revision of the "Belle of Chinatown." Walter Montague has given the play an entire new story with a unique plot distinctly of a local atmosphere. The "Belle of Chinatown" carries a cast of twenty-one and is mounted with elaborate care. The actual outlay for the costuming represents an outlay of ten thousand dollars. Sylvia Lee, a winsome comedienne, has the title-rôle of the "Belle of Chinatown." The Four Prevosts are the added attraction, with an acrobatic absurdity entitled "Fun in a Turkish Bath." The tumbling quartet have the audience in an uproar while bouncing in and out the "trick" bath houses. Willie Hale and Brother do juggling without an effort at comedy, and from advance reports the two Hale boys are chasing the headliners for honors. "The Tall Tale Feller" is what Ed Gray calls himself, and his stories are said to be freshly milled from the newest jokesmiths. Williams and Tucker have a slang "classic" termed "Skinny's Finish," which is the big laughing success of the new bill. There is a jolt or two of light pathos in the little playlet, but the comedy situation predominates. Lloyd and Black, in a vaudeville jest, and Leonard and Drake, presenting odd bits of animal mimicry, complete the new bill.

"The Tik Tok Man," which will be the Cort Theatre attraction following the single week's engagement of Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist," is by L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," and the music is by Ferdinand Gottschalk. "The Tik Tok Man" will play a limited engagement here before being sent to Chicago and New York. The cast is in every way a notable one and includes Morton and Moore, Dolly Castles, Josie Intropodi, Eugene Cowles, and other well-known musical comedy features.

Rose Stahl will give her final performance of "Maggie Pepper" at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. The ten performances of the engagement have seen the theatre crowded to the doors, and theatre-goers apparently have voted "Maggie Pepper" a fitting successor to "The Chorus Lady."

Charles Frohman has arranged a special Western tour for his new star, Blanche Bates, who is to be seen in A. E. W. Mason's drama, "The Witness for the Defense." Miss Bates will be accompanied by an especially fine supporting company.

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Geo. L. Shoals,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1913.

(Seal) Hugh T. Sime,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires July 2, 1913.)

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you believe in a minimum wage for girls?" "Sure. I pay it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Does your husband often come to the church sociable?" "My husband isn't sociable anywhere."—*Widow.*

"Is Bliggins a man of his word?" "Only when he gets to singing 'I won't go home till morning.'"—*Washington Star.*

"How did your patient turn out?" "Miserably. We got every cent of his money before we had a chance to operate."—*Life.*

Political Boss—Want a job, eh? Are you one of the men that voted for Kelly? *Applicant*—I'm three av thim!—*New York Globe.*

He—Then you married me simply for my money? *She*—Do you think an investigating committee could discover any other reason?—*Judge.*

"Who painted Subbub's house?" "He told me the name of the concern. I think he said it was done by Fitz and Startz."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Briggs says borrowing is a disease." "Well, anybody who would try to borrow from Briggs must be in the last stages."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

He—She has everything she needs to make her happy. *She*—But it's the things she does not need that a woman needs to make her happy.—*Rochester Times.*

"Do you think it is unlucky to postpone a wedding day?" "It may be, but if you don't postpone it you will be married, so what are you to do?"—*Houston Post.*

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam." "What does he say?" "He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—*The Bohemian.*

Pater (to indolent son)—Why don't you go to work; you have attained your majority. *Son*—Yes, dad; but mine isn't a working majority.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I don't want my boy to be fast when he grows up. What sort of training should I give him?" "Why not make him a messenger boy?"—*Baltimore American.*

Nell—He actually begged me to kiss him. *Belle*—What did you say? *Nell*—I told him I might be sorry for it afterward. *Belle*—And were you?—*Philadelphia Record.*

"What are you doing for our cause?" asked a suffragette worker. "Doing?" replied the man. "I'm supporting one of your most enthusiastic members."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lady—You must ask mamma. *Suitor*—But your mother has gone on her travels. *Lady*—Yes, but she's left an answer in the affirmative in the gramaphone.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"Plimson is living ahead of his income." "You are right. If Plimson were to stand still for five years, I don't believe his income would overtake him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Youth—Oh, everything bores one nowadays. Worst of it is, when I'm bored I can't help showing it. *Lady*—Oh, but you should learn to disguise it under a mask of gayety, like me.—*Punch.*

Leading Tragic Man—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house! *Stage Manager*—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead.—*Tit-Bits.*

Village Orator (seconding a proposition for the repair of the reading-room roof)—I think you all agree that the roof does leak very bad. Especially is this noticeable in wet weather.—*Punch.*

Young Man—I should like to ask your advice, sir, as to whether you think your daughter would make a suitable wife. *Lawyer*—No, I don't think she would. Five dollars, please.—*New York Mail.*

Suffragette (just home after a strenuous day and expecting important correspondence)—Have any letters come for me? *Daughter*—Yes, mother, but I tore them up for a doll's paper-chase. *Suffragette*—Tore them up! I never *heard* of such behavior! Haven't I often told you that letters are sacred things?—*Punch.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Job and a Bribe.

The now famous "compensation" bill before the legislature at Sacramento is first of all a scheme for organizing and supplying Governor Johnson's political machine. Practically it puts the state treasury with all its resources back of Mr. Johnson's projects. Again it is a colossal bid for support from the "masses" as against the "classes." It appeals to the selfish and sinister element in the character of every employed man or woman, and since there are more employees than employers, the calculation is to so entrench the Johnson organization that it can not be shaken loose from its control of the state government. Viewed in any aspect, it is a gross and shameless business. And unless we mistake the spirit of California, it will react against those who have proposed it. Not even those for whose alleged benefit it is proposed will, we believe, consent to accept it. Organized labor, under selfish leadership, may indeed be willing to grasp at any class advantage, however extreme and unfair it may be; but the greater number of people who work for wages will, we believe, be disposed to reject a proposal so patently unfair and obviously designed first for political jobbery and second as a class bribe.

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Some Present Political Tendencies.

Every now and again there comes to public notice some blind and deaf enthusiast, some belated partisan of the movement which supported Mr. Roosevelt last year, pointing with a dogged bravado to the four-million-and-odd votes cast for the Bull Moose, asking with fine emphasis, where is the hard heart that in the face of the figures can deny the existence of a Progressive party. All the same there is no Progressive party, for of the four-and-odd-millions who hearkened to the call practically all have moved back or moved on into old or new affiliations. In the matter of concrete "results" there is barely enough left to show that there was last year an eccentric political movement of some importance, just as stranded drift on the seashore indicates the storm of yesterday. There are, for example, some fifteen or eighteen members of the House of Representatives elected as Progressives, but they make a small and negligible minority element, tending to become even smaller and more negligible; for do we not discover in the case of Mr. Kent, who has abandoned his "party" to join the Democrats, a tendency certain within a few months to destroy the very name as well as the substance of organized Progressivism?

There was and is in these United States a very positive and a widely supported progressive movement. But this movement was and is a thing separate and apart from the wave of emotionalism which, seized upon by Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, carried him to so high a mark in a losing campaign. The real progressivism is a movement within the two traditional political parties rather than a movement independent of them and seeking to establish itself under an organization of its own. It began in the two parties at about the same period—some sixteen to twenty years ago—and it has practically dominated the Democratic party since the first candidacy of Mr. Bryan in 1896. In the Republican party its first notable exemplar was Senator La Follette, whose marked activities in Wisconsin began full twenty years ago; and it has in late years found notable recruits in the public life of Iowa and other Western States. Some seven or eight years ago it gained a foothold in New York under inspirations associated with the name and the career of Governor Hughes.

Today, Democratic progressivism, modified by the temperament and character of President Wilson as compared with that of Mr. Bryan, occupies the seat of authority. It is enthroned in the presidency and its proposals constitute the programme of the party which holds immediate responsibility for the conduct of affairs. If the party is not wholly and devotedly progressive in its spirit, at least a point has been reached where opposition has been reduced to silence, if not acquiescence. In the Republican party, progressivism is strongly entrenched, its champions being none other than the foremost men in senatorial and congressional life, notably Senator Cummins of Iowa, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, Senator Borah of Idaho, Governor Hadley of Missouri, and many others of like solidity of character. Neither in one party nor in the other does progressivism in its vital aims or aspects bear a close relationship or resemblance to the Roosevelt movement, which was essentially an emotional and personal affair connected with the grievances and the ambitions of one man.

Local elections in several states illustrate the incompetence of the Roosevelt brand of progressivism, so called, to sustain itself as a permanent political force. Chicago gave Roosevelt 24,183 more votes than Wilson and 76,533 more votes than Taft in the November election. Chicago was the very head centre of the Roosevelt movement. Yet only the other day with a Bull-Moose candidate in every ward, only three were elected, as against twenty-two Democrats, eleven Republicans, and one independent. Concurrently we find a similar result in St. Louis. The Bull-Moosers named for mayor Frank H. Gerhart, the man who financed the Roosevelt campaign in Missouri and received the enthusiastic thanks of his patron for so doing. The Republican opposing candidate was Henry W. Kiel, a delegate to the Chicago convention and a supporter of Mr. Taft. Mr. Roosevelt in the recent mayoralty campaign in St. Louis denounced Kiel bitterly for his support of Taft and said he was not a fit man to be mayor. The issue between Gerhart and Kiel was plain and unmistakable. The total vote cast approximated 125,000, the largest ever recorded in a municipal election, and of this total the Bull-Moose candidate received only 4611 votes. The Republican candidate who had been denounced by Colonel Roosevelt was elected over Dr. Simon, the Democratic candidate. The Socialist candidate, with 6000 votes, was ahead of the Bull-Mooser, who was a bad fourth in the race.

Straws do indicate the direction of the wind; and they show unmistakably what it is in this instance. There is no Roosevelt Progressive party. There was of it never anything but an emotional movement, a movement which practically died with the failure to break a great national tradition and carry Mr. Roosevelt again into the presidency.

It is plain that the numbers who joined in the Bull-Moose movement last year acted under the impulse of political adventure. They were enamored of a man and his pretensions and they stepped aside from long-sustained party affiliations for the moment, but only for the moment. In voting for the Bull Moose they did not enlist in a Bull-Moose party. What might have happened if Roosevelt had succeeded in winning the presidency no man can know, but with his failure those who supported him fell back naturally and apparently with a sense of relief into old-time party affiliations.

Those who speculate upon the fortunes of political parties would do well to study the career of Populism, which appeared as a political movement in the years when Harrison and Cleveland were the leading figures in the political life of the country. There was a time when it looked as if Populism would swallow up not only Democracy but the larger forces of Western Republicanism. It ran like a prairie fire in the years between '88 and '96, attaining its climax the last-named year in the joint candidacy of Democracy and Populism. But it went as quickly as it came. It went because the established parties left it no ground to stand upon. Whatever in its creed was workable—whatever could be turned to rational political account—was taken over by the old parties, leaving the Populist party without a cause. Never strong in its organization, it ceased to exist altogether when the motives of its inspiration were seized upon by the old parties and incorporated in their working programmes. Precisely so it is in the case of Rooseveltian Progressivism. It can offer nothing which either or both of the old parties do not propose upon sounder assurances of success. It remains without a cause; therefore without mandate, without working inspirations. Its leadership, while lacking the forces essential to success, is at the same time too positive and too selfish. Under the exhilarations of an active agitation and of a fierce campaign, voters in great numbers may rally around an aggressive and imposing figure: but it is one thing to support a champion in a fight and quite another to accept this same champion in the character of pontifical authority in quiet times.

There is too much of Mr. Roosevelt for the calm and steady business of every-day party life. He crowds the stage. He too definitely subordinates everybody else. His high pretensions grow stale and his political and moral philosophies lose their inspiration when men take time to observe the engrossing selfishness and vanity of the man. However impressed men may be by a spectacular personality, the illusion quickly vanishes when the excitements of agitation are succeeded by the realities of work-a-day routine. It has proved so in this case. The four-and-odd-millions who voted for Mr. Roosevelt in November do not constitute a political party, as the voting in the Chicago and St. Louis elections shows. They have, with the exception of a few unreasoning enthusiasts, returned whence they came—reassociated themselves with the old parties under the motives of established sympathy and habit and perhaps under the confidence that more may be expected from either or from both for real progressivism than from a movement without political substance in the forms of tradition and organization and without stable and assuring leadership.

Effects of the progressive movement are now taking form in Democratic politics, and in plain view. The spirit of progressivism is the spirit of the newer Democracy. It accepts Mr. Bryan in the rôle of hero and friend, and makes him a great official under party authority, but it has rejected the man himself in his higher aspirations. Democracy is triumphant, but Mr. Bryan is not President. The radicalisms of his personal programme are in the background. And in the place to which Mr. Bryan aspired we find a remolded, academic conservative, brought by the exigencies of the situation to championship of essentially progressive aims. Democracy is imbued with progressivism, but it is a progressivism tempered by traditionalism and interpreted in the spirit of the East and the South as distinct from the more robust spirit of the West. Between the progressivism of Bryan and the progressivism of Wilson there is wide difference in temperament, taste, habits of thought. It is not easy to conceive Mr. Bryan in a golf cap nor President Wilson in a wide-brimmed prairie hat. President Wilson avows himself an ultra-progressive. None the less he is the kind of progressive who respects constitutions, who accepts the limitations of law, and who may be depended upon to avoid eccentric and radical courses. He is a reformer, plainly enough, but he is no smasher of things.

In the working out of Democratic policies under President Wilson there is likely to enter an element which in recent years has had relatively slight influence upon the making of national policies—the South. The South is Democratic, but it is essentially conservative. It is conservative by temperament and history; for, having had little in the way of foreign immigration, it is still traditionally American in its population and in sentiment. The South is conservative, too, under its long-cherished tradition of states' rights; and within the week we have seen a possible effect of this influence in the course of the administration. The President is not pleased with certain anti-alien proposals before the California legislature, but he will, he declares, take no action in the matter. The California legislature may be wrong; nevertheless the matter in hand is its own business, for California is a sovereign state. In a like situation some six years ago President Roosevelt voiced his displeasure in loud trumpetings, accompanying them with emphatic thumpings of the Big Stick. Here is a concrete illustration of the difference between progressivism exercised under constitutional and temperamental restraints and the progressivism which accepts no restraints upon the individual will or whim of the executive. In the judgment of moderate men it clearly scores a point for the Wilson type of progressivism. Again, the South is conservative under necessities imposed by its relations to the black race. After many years of struggle the Southern States have worked out for themselves a system under which intelligence and property rule the land. This system rests upon conservative foundations and the South will not consent that they be undermined.

The progressive spirit in Democracy, therefore, while very positive, is subject to clearly defined limitations. It is not likely to plunge into the extravagances which some years ago shamed Kansas and Colorado, which more recently have made chaos and all but anarchy of the political affairs of Oregon, and which now are holding carnival at our own State Capitol at Sacramento. Whether progressivism thus interpreted and applied will satisfy the Western Democracy and command the continued allegiance of Mr. Bryan with that element of the party which accepts his guidance is an interesting subject for speculation. Speaking with entire frankness, we doubt it. Academic progressivism, under such restraints as the conservative South will impose upon it, is not likely, we think, to satisfy that element in Democracy which Mr. Bryan has formed and schooled. Under other conditions it might have been content to take a modicum of water with its whisky, so to speak, but flushed by a successful campaign, exhilarated by hopes which success has inspired, there is bound to be disappointment and discontent, and probably there will be rebellion. Democracy is in the saddle and it is dominated by the spirit of progressivism. But Mr. Wilson's interpretation of progressivism is likely to be one thing and Mr. Bryan's quite another. Under the broad flag of Democracy there are in fact two schools of political thought if not three. They may call themselves by the same name, but they have different standards, different ideals, different goals; and there is likely to be a devil of a rumpus when they come to a sharp parting of the ways.

Republicanism, under the humiliations of defeat, is in a humble frame of mind. Standpatism has been so definitely rebuked as to have given over the whole substance of its pretensions. In the Republican party, as in the Democratic, the spirit of progressivism dominates the hour. But it is not the progressivism of Roosevelt. It is that whose claims were asserted by Senators Cummins and Borah, the late Senator Dolliver, and in some respects over-asserted by Senator La Follette at a time when Mr. Roosevelt was soliciting campaign contributions from Big Business, exchanging compliments with Mr. Harriman, and making quiet arrangements with the Steel Trust. Progressivism was strong enough to control the administrative policy of Mr. Taft, and now for three years or more it has dominated the policy of every Republican candidate for office. That it will dominate party policies in the immediate future there can not, we think, be a serious doubt. And this means nothing less than practical ascendancy in Republican councils of men who stand, not indeed for hysteria and radicalism—men of the Hiram Johnson type—but of men who stand for traditional Republicanism as modified by changed times and the logic of events, including the defeat of last November. Not the men who left the party to follow the wild wanderings of the Bull Moose, not the wild asses of the desert and the impassioned self-lovers, but the leaders of calm mood and of definitely progressive ideas will, we think, make the policies and direct the courses of the Republican party of the immediate future. The day of standpatism is, we think, passed not to return, and the standpatters—the old guard—reared under the sense of privilege inspired by long-sustained success, drilled in the school of radical and extreme protectionism, will hereafter march in the rear. Republicanism will be progressive and its guides and prophets will be men of progressive spirit—men of the Cummins and Borah type. Very significant was the vote cast for Vice-President in the late Electoral College. It was perfunctory, merely complimentary; but it was given to Governor Hadley of Missouri, a man who in the Chicago convention stood in positive opposition to pretty much all the things represented by the candidacy of Mr. Taft. There was prophecy in the choice.

Hauling Down the Flag.

Under the act of Congress enacted last session governing the Isthmian Canal that waterway is to stand closed against ships owned or controlled by railroad companies. The Pacific Mail is owned wholly or in part by the Southern Pacific, therefore its vessels come within the prohibition of the law. It is inevitable, therefore, that the Pacific Mail shall either tie up its ships or sell them; and now for some months they have, according to common report, been on the market. Rumors to the effect that the Pacific Mail has sold out lock, stock, and barrel to the Hamburg American Company are possibly—probably—true. Under the German flag the Pacific Mail ships will have privileges denied to them under the Stars and Stripes.

Thus we have as the first fruits of our great enterprise at Panama the transfer of the few remaining ships in foreign trade to foreign ownership. If this deal shall be accomplished there will remain, so we are told, only two American vessels plying to foreign ports.

Comment upon the facts would seem to be superfluous.

Rye Bread and Skim-Milk.

Among the many unfair charges directed against the legislature at Sacramento there is one that calls for special protest and repudiation. Doubtless that august body has its faults, like the rest of us, but that it should be arraigned on a count of radicalism is patently unjust. For of radicalism it has no trace. Radicalism is the process of getting at the root of a thing. Radicalism is complete and inclusive. The man who would cut down a tree by lopping off its twigs one by one with a shears may be all kinds of other things, but he is certainly not a radical. For a radical would attack the root and so destroy the whole tree in one operation. The legislature is in the position of the man with the shears. Laudably determined to put an end to all sin and all suffering, it attacks the causes of sin and suffering one by one by the exquisitely simple process of enactment that henceforth they do not exist. Now this method may be described in many ways, most of them unfit to print because of their homely and robust vernacular, but radicalism is the last name that should be applied to it. Radicalism is the one thing that it is not.

And so with a sincere desire to help, the *Argonaut* ventures to indicate a way to a true and comprehensive radicalism. Disclaiming all the glories of discovery it hastens to place the laurels of the pioneer upon the head of a Berkeley professor whose wisdom should receive the recognition that it deserves. This high authority is responsible for the statement that a diet of rye bread and skim-milk is sufficient to sustain all human capacities at their highest level. Now when a Berkeley professor says anything we may assume that it is so. To doubt the infallibility of a Berkeley professor would be to display a captious and a carping spirit which is far from us. Henceforth a diet of rye bread and skim-milk becomes one of those ideals that it will be our pride and privilege to recommend to our friends.

Now here is the opportunity for a true legislative radicalism. Why not make this diet compulsory? An act of some three or four lines would be enough. It could be worded so simply as to be within the comprehension even of a state senator. It would enact that henceforth a diet of rye bread and skim-milk should form the exclusive sustenance of every citizen of California. And in order to meet the practical needs of true progressivism there could be a further clause empowering the appointment of a progressive inspector—at a salary to be named by himself—for every ten or a dozen houses throughout the state with authority to imprison, disfranchise, deport, or mutilate any one guilty of exceeding the aforesaid diet. In this way the gates of freedom would swing wide open and the good, the true, and the beautiful would be enthroned forever.

Now it is to be hoped that the legislature will not dismiss this project as chimerical or visionary. There is more in it than meets the eye. It bristles with benefits. It exudes the very atmosphere of philanthropy. Its physical advantages are among the least of its recommendations, and for these we have the word of a Berkeley professor. It is so radical that all future legislation upon any subject whatsoever will be unneeded. It opens out a vista of human contentment and happiness that almost embarrasses by its brilliance. For example, it settles the tariff problem forever—immediately so far as food products are concerned, prospectively for all other things. Let the degraded foreigner keep his disgusting condiments. With the clear vision notoriously associated with rye bread and skim-milk we can afford to look with disdain upon the commodities of pampered and effete civilizations.

Then again take the case of vice, assuming that vice still exists after the adjournment of the legislature, and it is the part of wisdom to face even the most remote possibilities. How can vice prosper on a diet like this? Its last flickering embers would be quenched in skim-milk. It is impossible to suppose that the night life of our cities, their gay and giddy restaurants, their red-light districts, all that saturnalia of pleasure of which rumors seem to have reached Sacramento, could continue to flourish upon such mild stimulus as is afforded by rye bread and skim-milk. Even the riotous red blood of the rising generation would be subdued and tempered by a regimen so austere.

But the tale is by no means complete. Other blessings crowd into the mind so fast as to defy enumeration. For example, this beneficent measure would settle the Japanese problem, since every Asiatic immigrant would fly the state. Minimum wage bills would at once be obsolete, since even the humblest salary would suffice for a family commissariat and leave a margin for contributions to the Progressive Cause, if indeed any Cause whatever would be needed. The trust question would sink into insignificance, since we should be independent of all the manufactures that are now based upon false standards of comfort. And as for the drink evil it would simply cease to be, since very few of us would make beasts of ourselves upon skim-milk or gormandize upon rye bread. And think of the brood of minor evils that would follow the drink trade into extinction.

It would be impossible to enumerate even the greater blessings that would follow such a law. They crowd into the mind with bewildering enticements. They make all other legislation seem pale and ineffective. Eliminate the common cause of greed, luxury, and passion, and we have the solution of every social problem. We shall have reached the goal of civilization, the destiny of the ages, the summit of human advance. And to think that this can be done by such simple—one might almost say despised—agencies as rye bread and skim-milk, that a Berkeley professor should be the instrument under Providence of so great a benefaction, and that a legislature at Sacramento, in spite of its many and grievous mental afflictions, should be in a position to carry that benefaction into operation.

It is to be hoped that there will be no hesitation, no weak submission to the protesting voice of the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is the opportunity of the age. The necessary bill can be drafted and carried before any one hears of it. Ten minutes will be enough. There may be a little early opposition to its enforcement, but common sense will prevail. And generations yet unborn will bless the wisdom of a Berkeley professor and of a Sacramento legislature that first introduced us to the simple, frugal, sufficient, exclusive, and compulsory diet of rye bread and skim-milk.

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An "Interesting Experiment."

The appointment of Mr. Page to the English ambassadorship is noted by the London *Nation* as "an interesting experiment." Continues the *Nation:*

> President Wilson has reverted to the scholar diplomat as the type of man most qualified to represent the United States abroad. In doing so he has paid a silent but striking compliment to the good sense of the British people. He has assumed that what we most value in an American ambassador is not his wealth and his ability to lavish it on magnificent houses and huge entertainments, but his personality and his achievements and the extent to which he brings with him the true flavor of American life.

All this is very courteous and we hope not too good to prove true. At the same time we can but recall that the same experiment was tried at Berlin a few years back and that it came to dismal failure. For several years the ambassador at Berlin was Charlemagne Tower, a multimillionaire who had the means and the mind to maintain an elaborate official and domestic state. He lived in a great house, gave fine dinners and regal receptions, kept the band playing and bade champagne to flow. All this greatly pleased the emperor, who, it appears, is ambitious to maintain a splendid court after the fashion at London. When it came to selecting a successor to Mr. Tower, President Roosevelt picked for the place Dr. David Jayne Hill, an ex-professor, a writer of solid distinction, and a world authority on international law. Dr. Hill's fortune was those common to scholarship and the private virtues. He took a cheap house on a side street and lived low. His wife, a frugal woman, went to market herself every morning on a bicycle with market basket on arm and even outdid the German dames in the sweet simplicity of her goings and comings. The emperor did not like it. He took it as a distinct affront that the United States should be represented at London by a man who spent with lavish hand and at Berlin by one who counted his pennies and kept the change. There is no doubt about it. The great European courts like things done on a grand scale. It wears the look of international consideration and it helps trade. It promotes the gayeties which give color and life to a court; and in these days the more color and life there are at court, the more profound the impression made upon the populace. England liked Mr. Reid not only for his graces of scholarship and character, but for the dollars he spent so liberally; and it gave him consideration, both social and political, which hardly any other American representative has ever enjoyed. Mr. Page as a gentleman and a scholar and a man of unquestioned social grace will undoubtedly find welcome in England. But we suspect that the leaders in politics and society would be just as well pleased if we were to send them a man with thousands to spend where Mr. Page can only spend hundreds. But whatever may be the English preference, the President is right. It would be a mistake to so establish the tradition of lavish living by American ministers that only men of colossal wealth would be available for the great diplomatic posts.

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Editorial Notes.

When Mr. Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and other admirable works of more or less historical fiction, writes of things he really knows something about he is admirably lucid and understandable. But when he carries his repute as a master of fiction into spheres foreign to his understanding, he is turgid and meaningless. His address the other night at Scottish Rite Temple, regarded as a mere jingle of phrases, was pleasing enough, but we suspect Mr. Churchill himself would find it difficult to interpret what he said in terms comprehensible to directness and simplicity of mind. When, for example, Mr. Churchill undertakes to "explain" the "predicament" in which the third party found itself as "a flat contradiction of the inviolability of the rights of property and of private contract, which are the very warp and woof of our Declaration of Independence and of our constitution"—when Mr. Churchill says this he is simply wading round in phrases so vague that he does not understand them himself. And like unto this for obscure generalization and for rhetorical incomprehensibility is this other over-fine expression culled from the report of his speech: "It were no kindness, then to give our starved and overworked neighbor, as a natural right, food and money, clothing and warmth, unless we give him also the new viewpoint, confer on him the new motive; unless he get likewise the spirit which will enable him to enjoy life in using it nobly; unless we bring into his existence the beauty and truth and enlightenment which will make it worth while to him and to others." Really Mr. Churchill, if he would preserve his repute for clear thinking and definite saying, would do well to address himself to themes where he has something better to offer than meaningless, even though glittering, generalities.

That is a truly happy thought of somebody at Sacramento for a constitutional convention to remold the basic law of the state. This calm and wise hour ruled by reason and moderation, when all influences in the political sphere tend to sanity and poise, is precisely the time to rewrite our basic law. It might enable us to get the red-light bill and the workman's compensation act, Mr. Pillsbury's magic lantern, and all the other whimsies and isms of the hour, not merely in the form of statute law, but fixed permanently in the constitution. It would be a great achievement—truly a great achievement! By all means let the thing be done while the spirit of virtue is still in the ascendant at Sacramento and while brother Hiram is still in the saddle of authority.

Senator Campbell's bill now before the legislature at Sacramento making it illegal to sell liquor to any person wearing the uniform of the United States army or navy is hardly calculated to encourage enlistments.

Nebraska defeats votes for women. Utah voted to reject direct election of United States senators. Kansas declines to authorize the recall of public officers. Seattle rejects the single tax for the second time. Arkansas has repealed its anti-trust law. Washington state has declined to allow ballot on the recall of judges. Kansas has rejected the initiative and referendum. Oregon rejected the single tax. Massachusetts rejected votes for women. Maine rejected votes for women. Really the country is not so progressive after all. Or has progressivism changed its spots? Perhaps that old reliable and dependable factor in American politics, Sober Second Thought, is getting in its work.

Miss Clara A. Jess, the first and only woman Justice of the Peace in California, has resigned the place to which she was appointed at Daly City about a year ago. She found the responsibilities of her office albeit she had actually little to do, 'too great a nervous strain.' "I doubt," she said, "whether women could stand the strain, though there is nothing in their impulses and emotions preventing them from rendering just as good decisions as men. Then the women didn't give me any organized support. If they had, it might have been different. I am not so sure as I was about women voting, and all that. Sometimes I think that the I. W. W.'s have the right idea—that the ballot doesn't amount to much anyway." All of which is distinctly worth the attention of those interested in observing the social effects of woman's "emancipation" in California.

The nomination of Mr. Phelan to the diplomatic post at Vienna is in line with many another similar payment for financial and political services rendered. For Mr. Phelan was an active supporter of the Wilson movement in California and the largest contributor of ready money both to the national and local campaign chests. And it is to be said that Mr. Phelan is not without certain qualifications for the post. He has wealth, a very considerable degree of personal culture, and he can be very well-mannered. If not imposing he is at least presentable, and it may be expected of him that he will carry himself creditably in a post of very considerable dignity. Vienna is some seven thousand miles distant from San Francisco, which by many will not, in this connection, be considered an unfortunate circumstance.

The suffragette farce in England has been carried to the point of burlesque by the release of Mrs. Pankhurst after serving a few days of her seven-year sentence for incendiarism. But there are now signs of a more rigorous policy toward these murderous viragos. It is understood that Mrs. Pankhurst will be rearrested as soon as her health is restored. It is further stated that Mr. Asquith has notified the home secretary that his resignation from the cabinet will be demanded if there is any further connivance upon his part with a procedure that makes a mockery of the law. That is as it should be. Either the law or militancy must abdicate, and the prime minister is evidently determined that it shall not be the law. To point out the inconsistency of "hunger strike" methods with any conceivable theory of sex equality would of course be time wasted upon any minds in need of such an indication. But the fact remains that Mrs. Pankhurst and her accomplices are simply trading upon their sex privileges and upon the male chivalry that they noisily repudiate. No one supposes for a moment that a male criminal would be liberated because he refused to eat. He would be allowed to starve himself and die without causing a single official qualm or a whisper of public protest. And this same treatment would have been accorded to Mrs. Pankhurst and her maniac followers if they had been taken at their word and placed upon the sex equality that they profess to want, but that they actually repudiate.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Anti-Alien Bill and the State Constitution.

San Francisco, April 17, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: It seems to me that the authors and movers of the alien owners' land bill, now pending before the legislature, have overlooked the provisions of the constitution. That bill now applies to all aliens of any race, therein differing from its provisions as first introduced, which were only applicable to foreigners of the Mongolian race. The constitution of this state reads as follows:

"Section 17. Foreigners of the white race or of African descent, eligible to become citizens of the United States under the naturalization laws thereof, while bona fide residents of this state, shall have the same rights in respect to the acquisition, possession, enjoyment, transmission, and inheritance of property as native-born citizens." (Section 17, Article II.)

It is apparent that as far as past purchases or leases of real property by aliens are concerned this provision of the constitution strikes them with nullity. And as for the future, the provisions of the act are dangerously vague and uncertain. The amendments which have thus far been made to the bill are in the direction of making its provisions applicable to all aliens, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, etc. The only result of this amendment will be to make its provisions totally void as to all aliens, including those of Chinese and Japanese origin. For neither Congress nor a state legislature can spread a net wide enough to catch all possible offenders, leaving it to the courts to step in and separate the innocent from the guilty. An act which applies to all aliens, in terms, can not be made applicable to the Chinese or Japanese races by construction.

Finally, the reservation of rights accrued under treaties between the United States and foreign powers reduces the whole bill to an absurdity. The rights of property are the principal subjects of all treaties. If the rights of property as guaranteed by treaties are to be preserved inviolate, then there will never be any case for the operation of the statute.

It is not strange that this provision of the constitution should have been overlooked. For a mob of legislators intent upon injuring their fellow-men to look at the constitution and to follow it would have been too much to expect from our solons at Sacramento. Crittenden Thornton.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Even the London *Spectator* falls victim to the temptations of the literary comparison. Which, it asks, is the greater humorist, Mr. Dunne or Artemus Ward? Of course there can be no answer to such a question until we are first agreed upon a definition of humor and upon some ratio of greatness. We may as well ask ourselves which is more beautiful, a mountain or a lake? But the *Spectotor* refrains from answering its own question. Mr. Dunne makes us laugh more often, but Artemus Ward makes us laugh more loudly, and for the self-surrender of that loud laugh one can forgive him anything. "The world," says the *Spectator*, "has not known many writers who could make her laugh out loud, and when she finds the golden gift she can ill afford to criticize. And, indeed, the humor of Artemus Ward defies analysis." But we are still at liberty to prefer Mr. Dunne, and probably most readers on this side of the Atlantic do prefer him.

Any radical can be turned into a reactionary by the gift of a government appointment, and the Socialists of Germany are just now wondering what to do to correct this frailty of human nature. Elmer Roberts, author of "Monarchical Socialism in Germany," points out that every collectivist addition to the responsibilities of government are used for the creation of a swarm of office-holders to administer that addition. Every office-holder begins at once to "fancy himself," and therefore to become conservative and respectable. He has now a life provision, so he need not agitate. His prospective pension gives him a glow of satisfaction with things as they are. He is entitled to wear some kind of uniform and so becomes a flunkey. And after a certain length of time he will receive a medal from the emperor, and thenceforth he will perspire loyalty at every pore. So the last lot of that man is worse than the first, and now the German Socialists don't know what to do about it.

Beatrice Harraden, the authoress, acting through the intermediary of Mr. Roosevelt, calls upon American men to do something for Miss Zelie Emerson, who "is now being forcibly fed in Holloway jail and is in a precarious condition." But what can we do? March upon London? The Atlantic Ocean puts a damper upon such enthusiasm as we might have, especially with travel rates as high as they are now. But suppose Miss Emerson had not been fed forcibly, but had been allowed to starve herself. Would her condition be less precarious? And would Beatrice Harraden have intervened on her behalf?

The editor of *L'Araldo Italiano* is responsible for the statement that the late J. Pierpont Morgan received only one order from the Italian government, that of the great cross of Sts. Mauritius and Lazarus. This order was not conferred because of Mr. Morgan's wealth, nor for his interest in Italian archæology, but because he returned to Italy the cope of Ascoli after having bought it for a large sum. It is conferred only upon persons who have distinguished themselves in civil or military careers, in science, art, literature, commerce, or beneficence, and there are only sixty persons who have this honor.

The Boston *Transcript* says that "a Philadelphia scientist is on his way to the Hawaiian Islands to spend three months studying the habits, evolution, and variations of tree snails. We do not believe that a Philadelphian can complete the job in three months, but it must be admitted that he will obtain some valuable data on speed."

The fantastic situation produced by the California legislature gives special interest to the recent message sent to the Kansas legislature by Governor Hodge. Present methods of law-making, says the governor, are obsolete and absurd. A number of men summoned every two years are required within the space of fifty days to consider hundreds of bills of which they know practically nothing, to pronounce for or against them, and then to leave the state without remedy for their mistakes for another two years. The governor therefore suggests that the legislature consist of one branch only, and that it be limited to ten representatives who will be adequately paid and who will meet at frequent intervals. In this way the larger electoral districts could be made to include both towns and country, the legislators would approach their tasks in a leisurely way, and there would be both inducements and facilities for a careful and competent study of public needs.

Germany, having watched the diminishing birth rate in France with a certain pleased interest, is now called upon to deplore a similar phenomenon at home. The last census returns show a distinct loss, and German sociologists are busy trying to account for it. We may remind ourselves that Octave Mirheau, referring to the decrease in his own country, said that a falling birth rate was not an evil, although it might indicate some evil that caused it. M. Mirheau went on to point out that laments for such decreases always originated from military exponents who feared a dearth of men for the army. Even those not conscious of military enthusiasm had nevertheless inherited their sentiments from the days when a man and a soldier were synonymous terms and when the strength of the country was measured by the number of its fighters. And, come to think of it, it was Mr. Roosevelt, the most militant figure in the country, who first raised the cry of race suicide in America.

Camille Saint-Saëns, the French composer, has just proved that he is not all composer by the publication of a volume of essays much praised by the critics. M. Saint-Saëns pours ridicule upon the reformer who believes that he can accomplish anything by the passing of laws. The temptation to bring back the golden age by legislation is, he says, an almost irresistible one to minds of a certain calibre. It seems so delightfully easy. The so-called reform takes place and then we awake to the fact that men are just the same as ever. They have the same failings and passions. They have done no more than turn over in bed.

The death of Lady Dorothy Nevill recalls some of the good things related in her many volumes of reminiscence. She knew every one of her day, and it was a long day, extending over five reigns. For thirty years she was a friend of Disraeli and she was also on good terms with Gladstone, thus forming one of the few links between the statesmen. They did not love each other and kept as far apart as possible. "Gladstone so thoroughly disliked Disraeli that he would not even fight with him, and Disraeli stood so much in awe of Gladstone's weapons that he gladly kept clear of them." Lady Dorothy had strong opinions on the woman question. She deplored the fact that so many women had nothing to do that they fell ready victims to the fad habit. A good many of them seem "completely to dominate their husbands" and she recalled the words of the old Shab of Persia, who said, "It seems to me that an English or American husband is nothing better than a sort of butler." She was equally severe on the society parvenus who were ashamed of their fathers, and says that on one occasion a host was asked, "Is your father here?" and was not ashamed to reply, "Well, no, hang it all, you know one must draw the line somewhere."

An exhumation case reminds the London *Daily Chronicle* of the recovery by Rossetti of the poems that had been placed in his wife's coffin. Mr. A. C. Benson describes the incident as follows: "His friends had several times urged him to recover the manuscript. Rossetti resisted, but at last, fretted by his inability to remember the poems, he yielded. The matter was arranged with the home secretary, Mr. Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare. One night, seven and a half years after the funeral, a fire was lit by the side of the grave, and the coffin was raised and opened. The body is described as being almost unchanged. Rossetti, alone and oppressed with self-reproachful thoughts, sat in a friend's house while the terrible task was done. The stained and mouldered manuscript was carefully dried and treated, and at last returned to his possession. He copied the poems out himself and destroyed the volume."

A satisfactory explanation has been furnished of the supposed slight offered to the lieutenant-governor on the occasion of the marriage of the heir of the Maharajah of Jeypore to the daughter of the Maharajah of Balrampore. The native princes were so late that the lieutenant-governor refused to be present and there was some talk of a public apology. But everything has been arranged. It was all the fault of the stars. The Maharajah of Jeypore says: "For reasons which are more easily intelligible to an Indian than to a European, I was helpless. Till nine p. m., according to my priests and astrologers, there was an inauspicious time—what they call Bhadra—and till then preparations for the procession could not be begun. This one difficulty was utterly beyond my power to overcome, but, apart from the Bhadra, everybody knows that on occasions of Indian marriages it is impossible to be punctual in the fulfilment of the various functions. One has no control over the sacramental part of the ceremony; there the priest is the master." As the stars know nothing of court etiquette it would be ungracious to press the matter further.

We hear a good deal of church reunion nowadays, but are we sure that it would be quite so good a thing as it seems? Those periods in history that witnessed a united church were not distinguished for either progress or liberty. Church union has always meant an undisguised theological tyranny, and seeing what the divided churches are able to do as it is in the way of curtailments of human liberty it might be well for us to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. The adage "Union is strength" may be not without its occasional value as a warning.

An Eastern suffragette with a militant pen tells us that Professor Huxley was an advocate of votes for women. If so, he never made that fact public. In 1865 he wrote an essay on better education for women, and it ends with these words: "The duty of man is to see that not a grain is piled upon the load (borne by women) beyond what nature imposes; that injustice is not added to inequality." In his essay on "The Natural Inequalities of Man" he says: "Freedom, used foolishly, and equality, asserted in words, but every moment denied by the facts of nature are things of which, as it seems to me, we have rather too much already. If I mistake not, one thing we need to learn is the necessity of limiting individual freedom for the general good. . . . Voting power, as a means of giving effect to opinion, is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing to the voters, unless that opinion is the result of a sound judgment operating upon sound knowledge. Some experience of sea life leads me to think that I should be very sorry to find myself on board a ship in which the votes of the cook and the loblolly boys counted for as much as those of the officers upon a question of steering or reefing topsails, or where the 'great heart' of the crew was called upon to settle the ship's course. And there is no sea more dangerous than the ocean of practical politics."

Herbert Spencer, whose authority on social questions is equal to that of Huxley, says in his "Principles of Ethics": "To call that equality of citizenship under which some have their powers gratis, while others pay for their powers by undertaking risks, is absurd. Now men, whatever political powers they may in any case possess, are at the same time severally liable to the loss of liberty, to the privation and occasionally to the death, consequent on having to defend the country; and if women, along with the same political powers, have not the same liabilities, their position is one not of equality, but one of supremacy."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Revolutionary Relic.

Old it is, and worn and battered,
  As I lift it from the stall;
And the leaves are frayed and tattered,
And the pendent sides are shattered,
  Pierced and blackened by a ball.

'Tis the tale of grief and gladness
  Told by sad St. Pierre of yore,
That in front of France's madness
Hangs a strange seductive sadness,
  Grown pathetic evermore.

And a perfume round it hovers,
  Which the pages half reveal,
For a folded corner covers,
Interlaced, two names of lovers,—
  A "Savignac" and "Lucile."

As I read I marvel whether,
  In some pleasant old château,
Once they read this book together,
In the scented summer weather,
  With the shining Loire below?

Nooked—secluded from espial,
  Did Love slip and snare them so,
While the hours danced round the dial
To the sound of flute and viol,
  In that pleasant old château?

Did it happen that no single
  Word of mouth could either speak?
Did the brown and gold hair mingle,
Did the shamed skin thrill and tingle
  To the shock of cheek and cheek?

Did they feel with that first flushing
  Some new sudden power to feel,
Some new inner spring set gushing
At the names together rushing
  Of "Savignac" and "Lucile"?

Did he drop on knee before her—
  "Son Amour, son Cœur, sa Reine"—
In his high-flown way adore her,
Urgent, eloquent implore her,
  Plead his pleasure and his pain?

Did she turn with sight swift-dimming,
  And the quivering lip we know,
With the full, slow eyelid brimming,
With the languorous pupil swimming,
  Like the love of Mirahcau?

Stretch her hand from cloudy frilling,
  For his eager lips to press;
In a flash all fate fulfilling
Did he catch her, trembling, thrilling—
  Crushing life to one caress?

Did they sit in that dim sweetness
  Of attained love's after-calm,
Marking not the world—its meetness,
Marking Time not—nor his fleetness,
  Only happy, palm to palm?

Till at last she,—sunlight smiting
  Red on wrist and cheek and hair,—
Sought the page where love first lighting,
Fixed their fate, and, in this writing,
  Fixed the record of it there.

* * * * * *

Did they marry midst the smother,
  Shame and laughter of it all?
Did she wander like that other
Woful, wistful, wife and mother,
  Round and round his prison wall;—

Wander wailing, as the plover
  Waileth, wheeleth, desolate,
Heedless of the hawk above her,
While as yet the rushes cover,
  Waning fast, her wounded mate;—

Wander, till his love's eyes met hers,
  Fixed and wide in their despair?
Did he burst his prison fetters,
Did he write sweet, yearning letters
  "A Lucile,—en Angleterre"?

Letters where the reader, reading,
  Halts him with a sudden stop,
For he feels a man's heart bleeding,
Draining out its pain's exceeding—
  Half a life, at every drop:

Letters where Love's iteration
  Seems to warble and to rave;
Letters where the pent sensation
Leaps to lyric exultation,
  Like a song-bird from a grave.

Where, through Passion's wild repeating,
  Peep the Pagan and the Gaul,
Politics and love competing,
Abelard and Cato greeting,
  Rousseau ramping over all.

Yet your critic's right—you waive it,
  Whirled along the fever-flood;
And its touch of truth shall save it,
And its tender rain shall lave it,
For at least you read *Amavit*,
  Written there in tears of blood.

* * * * * *

Did they hunt him to his hiding,
  Tracking traces in the snow?
Did they tempt him out, confiding,
Shoot him ruthless down, deriding,
  By the ruined old château?

Left to lie, with thin lips resting
  Frozen to a smile of scorn,
Just the bitter thought's suggesting,
At this excellent new jesting
  Of the rabble Devil-horn.

Till some "tiger-monkey," finding
  These few words the covers bear,
Some swift rush of pity blinding,
Sent them in the shot-pierced binding
  "A Lucile, en Angleterre."

* * * * * *

Fancies only! Nought the covers,
  Nothing more the leaves reveal,
Yet I love it for its lovers,
For the dream that round it hovers
  Of "Savignac" and "Lucile."

—*From "Collected Poems," by Austin Dobson.*

TREASURES OF THE MORGAN LIBRARY.

Priceless Early Editions and Original Manuscripts Secured by the World's Greatest Collector.

At this time, as is natural, many articles are written descriptive of the art collections of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and the subject is inexhaustible, but one feature of his activities and acquisitions seldom receives the appreciation which is its due. Mr. Morgan's interest in the Metropolitan Museum, before he became its president eight years ago, was of long standing and of ever present possession, as his numerous gifts and loans proved, but these were most strikingly prominent in the domain of art aside from literary production. It is in his library adjoining the residence on Madison Avenue where are assembled some of the richest and most highly prized treasures, so far as Mr. Morgan's personal sympathies were enlisted. He had always been a reading man, and his tastes were catholic but cultivated. There is worth in the innumerable objects of his collection, aside from their antiquarian or unique character. That he paid high prices for most of them, and was a practically unrestricted bidder for rare editions and manuscripts of famous works, is a fact that had its admirable qualities as well as its angles that caught captious consideration. It is certain that his efforts resulted in filling an American storehouse with priceless possessions, such as our scholars may contemplate and know with the greatest pride and pleasure.

Little has appeared in print exhibiting intimate knowledge of his library of treasures, though it has been by no means closed to visitors moved by something more than idle curiosity. Many have been welcomed there, and the wealth of its contents has been made free to research. Thirty-three years ago Mr. Morgan bought the lot on which his home and library stand. His son's home is also built on this plot, and in more recent years his purchases have taken in the entire block front, from Thirty-Sixth to Thirty-Seventh Street. The old Stokes mansion, on the corner of the latter street, was bought in 1904. The library in East Thirty-Sixth Street will long be a point of unequaled attraction for bibliophiles. The building itself is a masterpiece of architectural art, conceived by Charles F. McKim. It is absolutely fireproof, and there can be no apprehension of disaster. The books are on glass shelves, but not enclosed in glass, though some are in asbestos-lined cases. There is in addition a steel burglar-proof chamber which contains some of the most wonderful things of this marvelous collection.

Much more space than is at my disposal would be required for even a brief description of the several rooms and their arrangement, omitting entirely any attempt to catalogue their contents. The entrance is through a lofty marble hall leading to the largest of the apartments, which is fitted with galleries reached by hidden stairways. The walls of this great room are lined with books in fine bindings, and in the centre is a glass cabinet containing volumes bound in gold and ivory and enamel, set with gems. Soft light enters through windows of marvelously beautiful stained glass and precious metals. There are of course, in addition to the books many other works of art. A carved fireplace, Flemish tapestry, a Florentine portrait, Venetian and Genoese chairs and tables, are fittingly bestowed. In the East Room, adjoining, are many historical volumes, liturgical collections, and ancient relics, such as the Golden Gospels of Henry VIII, the "Naples Offices" of Giulio Clovio, and many other celebrated illuminated manuscripts; Caxtons and other incunabula that not even the British Museum can match; and an amazing collection of volumes once owned by famous persons. An English visitor was most impressed with these savings and gatherings by infinite labor from olden times. I can not do better than quote a paragraph from his letter to the London *Times* suggesting their interest:

> Mention any class of rare and desirable volume in which you are interested. Aldines? There are twenty-one shelves of them—the finest collection in existence. Are you old-fashioned enough to care for Elzevirs? Seven shelves, containing practically every rare Elzevir known, all "tall" and in perfect condition. Is it Bibles that attract you? There are thirty shelves of them—two Gutenbergs (Mazarins), one on paper, the other on vellum; the Hebrew Bible of 1482; all the English Bibles from the Coverdale onward; Bibles owned by celebrated personages, such as Colbert's (in thirty-two volumes, with the statesman's arms on the covers), Mme. de Maintenon's, Sir Walter Scott's; Bibles in Icelandic and other strange tongues; a set of the Gospels in ten volumes, exquisitely bound by Padeloup. Turn from the Bibles and the Elzevir "Pastissier François" and the Aldine "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" to the other side of the room. Are you interested in Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes? Here are twoscore of them, including several that are unique. Are you attracted by Elizabethan and Jacobean first editions? Practically everything is here—Shakespeare folios and quartos, Milton, Sidney, Spenser, Jonson, Drayton, Sir Thomas Browne, Marvell, Waller, Burton, hundreds of others. And the quaint things, "things dear that do not die," are here, too, from the Elizabethan curiosities to the Book of the Duchess beloved by Lamb, that "fluent and rare mixture of love and wit." All the famous printers are represented by magnificent volumes, often in bindings by masters.

Mr. Morgan found that there were no Byron manuscripts in England, but heard a vague rumor that there were some in Greece. Forthwith he sent an agent there with *carte blanche* to buy, whatever the price. The result is half a score of volumes, containing the manuscripts of "Don Juan," "Werner," "Manfred," "Marino Faliero," and other works.

There are four volumes of Burns manuscripts, mostly letters, but the letters contain the first copies of many of the poet's best-known works, including the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The original of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" is here, the originals of George Sand's "La Ville Noire," Dumas's "Three Musketeers," Lytton's "Harold" and "Last Days of Pompeii," and Zola's "Nana." Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is imperfect, but is all that exists of the script. The manuscript of Brontë's "The Professor" is in the collection, as well as that of Reade's "Hard Cash." One of the most precious things is Scott's diary, in two large volumes.

Another treasure is the volume containing Thackeray's Brookfield letters, and still another the manuscript of Pope's "Essay on Man." There are many letters of Charles Lamb, there are the Du Maurier manuscripts and drawings, there is the book on mathematics Napoleon used as a schoolboy, besides that letter to his uncle written in 1784, which is his earliest known letter. Besides these, such things as Martha Washington's will and Nell Gwynn's title deed to her house in Pall Mall seem commonplace.

The original drawings for "Pickwick" include the suppressed Buss plates. The much-discussed manuscript of "Paradise Lost" is in the collection. There are many Shelley letters. The Walpole letters, dated from 1735 to 1796, are in four large volumes. Macaulay is well represented.

There are, of course, many autographs of well-known Americans, including all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. There are letters of kings and queens and of other notable persons, any one of them beyond the possibilities, if not beyond the desires and dreams, of the ordinary collector. The manuscript of Poe's "The Bells" is here, while of unique interest is the complete manuscript of O'Meara's diary, containing the portions of this remarkable Napoleonic document that were not printed.

There is, after all, nothing of more particular and timely interest at this time in the book world than these suggestions of the value of Mr. Morgan's library. I hope you will take them in place of a more gossippy letter on present publishing achievements and tendencies.

New York, April 11, 1913. Flaneur.

◆

Land which was absolutely forced on the Snake Indians in the Creek country, Oklahoma, is proving the source of inestimable riches, owing to the discoveries in that section by oil prospectors. So far not a dry hole has been found in this marvelous field, and on the land of the Snakes are scores of rigs engaged in drilling. About nine years ago the government decided to allot arbitrarily to the Snakes. All the good land was gone, and they gave them allotments in a section of the Creek nation where the land was considered worthless. The federal government set aside 160 acres for each Snake, the land being classified at $2 an acre. Since oil was struck the rights of the Indians have been carefully guarded by the Department of the Interior.

◆

What is probably the most unique stable in the country is to be seen in Lewis County, Washington, where the stump of a giant fir has been hollowed out, making a room large enough to house two horses. It is 10x11 at the base, and to render it impervious to rain a roof was added. It stands on the homestead of George Beiries, who first used the partially hollow stump as a potato storehouse, finding room in it for seventy-five sacks. Later he enlarged the interior to its present dimensions.

◆

Said to be the oldest ship in the world in active service, the Copenhagen yacht *Constance* has been sold to a fisherman of Skaw, in Jutland, who will use the ancient craft in his trade. The *Constance* was built one hundred and ninety-three years ago, and in her long life she has sailed into almost every port in the world. Her timbers are still staunch, and her new owner declares he can see no reason why she should not sail the seas for a century to come.

◆

A price is set on the head of the rat in Tokyo, and, according to the *Far East*, "The sight is frequently seen in the side streets of the city of some blooming damsel gingerly conveying a small rat, suspended by a string tied to its tail, to the police box. Here an official receipt is given for the rat, which entitles the holder to five sen, and so the plague is combatted and the people protected against foul epidemics."

◆

Requiring seven years to complete, the longest tunnel in America will be bored by the Canadian Pacific Railway through Kickinghorse Pass in the Rocky Mountains. It will be sixteen miles in length, and will cost $14,000,000. The tunnel will be four miles longer than the famous Simplon bore through the Alps. It will eliminate many miles of dangerous snowsheds.

◆

St. Alban's Church, London, which occupies the site in Brook Street of the thieves' kitchen described in "Oliver Twist," is to celebrate its fiftieth year of existence on June 22. From the date of its foundation it has had the faithful "Father" Stanton watching over its destinies.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Andrew Harrison, now over seventy-five years of age, is not only one of the "Last of the Mohicans," but is a veteran of the Civil War and a pensioner. He is now seeking to have his pension increased. Harrison is a full-blooded Mohican, and lives in Massachusetts.

Miss Daisy Ogden, district passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, said to be the only woman holding such a position, began in a clerical position, and has been steadily advanced because of her exceptional grasp of the business details of her work. She has headquarters in Chicago.

The Rev. Simon Igloria, who has answered the call of the Evangelical Union of Honolulu for young men to work among the Filipinos there, is the first foreign missionary sent out from the Philippine Islands. He was recently ordained by Manila Presbytery, being a graduate of the Union Bible Seminary of that city.

Dr. F. A. Chalfant, who will have the honor of producing one of the most elaborate and scientific treatises ever written on the origin of the Chinese language, is a paralytic, who for a quarter of a century was a missionary to China. He lives in Pittsburgh, and spends four hours a day in his investigations. When completed, the book will be published by either the British Museum or the Carnegie Library, both of which have expressed a willingness to undertake the work.

Dr. Otto Brill, the first man to manufacture radium in this country, is an Austrian chemist, who came to the United States seven months ago to direct and develop the radium manufacturing plant at Pittsburgh. He is credited with the statement that this country now leads the world in the production of the chemical, and that the six grammes a year is greater than the rest of the world combined is producing. He is sanguine that the output will be increased at Pittsburgh.

Rear-Admiral William H. H. Southerland, whose naval career has just closed, he having reached the retiring age, graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1872. He served during the Spanish-American War on the Cuban coast, and in 1910 became a member of the naval examining and retiring board. He is a technical writer whose works are authoritative in naval circles. Leaving the sea, he goes to Washington, where he will take up his duties on the general navy board.

Patrick Leeny, the new mayor of Ottumwa, Iowa, arrived in that city at the age of fifteen, without a cent in his pocket, without a friend in the place, and went to work as a laborer. He was left an orphan when five years old, and has made his own way in the world since early boyhood. His first job was that of water boy for a section gang. Then he became a full-fledged section hand, and worked as such for seven years. He has also driven a coal wagon, and followed railroading in the capacity of switchman.

Lady Frances Wolseley, the new British peeress, who has brought the number up to nineteen who claim the title as their right, is the daughter of the late Field Marshal Wolseley, and is widely known as the most expert woman gardener in England. Several years ago she established a training school in Sussex for women anxious to become gardeners, and many of her pupils now occupy good positions on various country estates. She is absorbed in country life, and her only indoor hobby is the collection of rare china, on which she is an expert.

The Rev. Evan Edwards of Torquay, England, who has attained the patriarchal age of ninety-eight, and is still hale and hearty, is believed to be the oldest Baptist minister in the world. He was born in the year of the battle of Waterloo, in Radnorshire, and as a youth was known as the "boy preacher." His first pastorate was at Beckington, Somerset, where he remained five years. In 1843 he removed to Chard, where he labored for a quarter of a century. He went to Torquay in 1868 as pastor of the Upton Vale Baptist Church, retiring in 1883.

Dr. Werner Hegemann, who has been making a study of present and prospective improvement work in Philadelphia and surrounding suburbs, is a German, recognized as one of the greatest city-planning experts in the world. He has attended the leading universities in Germany and France, and has also studied at the University of Pennsylvania. Since 1909 he has organized, as general secretary, the city planning expositions in Berlin and Dusseldorf. He is a lecturer and an author, his most ambitious literary work being a three-volume book on city planning.

Constantine, the new King of Greece, is of Danish and Russian blood, his father having been a son of Christian IX of Denmark, and his mother being the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, a brother of Alexander II. King Constantine was born in Athens, and brought up under an English governess and German and Greek tutors. Later on he went to Berlin, where he received his education as a soldier, being attached to the Second Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. In 1897 he took command of the Greek troops in the war with Turkey, but his army was crushed in Thessaly. In April last he was appointed inspector-general of the forces, and has since shown himself a soldier of merit. At the moment of his accession he was in Epirus, conducting the military operations for sweeping the Turks out of that province.

PATCHES OF WHOLE CLOTH.

News as a Species of Art.

The late afternoon view of Market Square out of the unwashed windows of the press room at police headquarters was uninspiring. All afternoon things had been dull on the "police run" and Lew was so bored that he tilted back his chair, put his feet on a typewriter desk, and yawned till the tears came in his eyes.

This condition of mind with Lew always meant trouble, for he was a reporter with an unbridled imagination. Presently down came the feet, just as Bingham of the *Journal* knew they would, and Lew fretfully paced the length of the room and back with his hands in his trousers pockets, jingling keys and silver.

"Shoot you for a quarter!" Bingham suggested, eying him with grave suspicion.

Apparently Lew was too deep in meditation to hear.

Bingham produced a pair of dice and rolling them on the table top snapped his fingers with the air of one greatly diverted.

Lew halted abruptly.

"Sorry, Bing," he apologized, "but I've only got $1.30 to do me till pay day and I can't risk it against those trained dice. What I wanted to propose——"

"Now, go easy," Bingham savagely interrupted. "I know what you're about to spring. Because there isn't anything doing today and you want to make a hit with a good story here at the end of your two weeks' probation——" He gestured nervously. "Now don't try to stop me. You're up to one of those fakes of yours and you want me to sit in. I don't do it, I tell you. The papers in this town are too conservative for that kind of stuff. You'll get the sack and I'll get it with you. We barely missed it on that last story you pulled when we had the two brothers meet in jail after twenty years and we slipped up by forgetting to get together on the names."

"Wait! Wait!" Lew's voice was saccharine, and as soothing as a lullaby. "Don't get me wrong. This is a human interest story. It's about delinquent small boys in the new detention home. It can't be a boomerang because all the news that comes from the detention home has to go through the superintendent, and he's a good sport who's practically one of the bunch. I know old Mac will stand back of anything we say about him. Now there couldn't be a better place to lay a story than in the detention home, because it's just been built and everybody's proud of the city's enterprise, and because old Mac will stand for anything we print. . . . Do you get me?"

"I scent the trail," the other resignedly answered. "Maybe I'll follow. But I don't care what you say, Lew. I'm suspicious of these pipe dreams. You show too all-fired much ingenuity in putting your plants in conspicuous places."

Lew was calm and more suave and convincing than ever.

"Makes it all the better story if you put it across," came his laconic reply. "Makes news a species of art."

Bingham knew it only too well. Though he had an ally in every policeman in that lively little city and was assured that no piece of real news could slip through his fingers, he cherished a wholesome fear of the newcomer who was "doing the police run" on no capital but imagination.

Take Lew at Lew's own trade—the manufacture of news features from the whole cloth—and he had no superior. Not for Lew the petty triumphs of nosing around in police bulletins for ideas. Not for Lew the practice of exaggerating a $20 till-robbing case into a $20,000 burglary. He scorned exaggeration and half-truth. All he asked was a hint about the location of something toward which attention was being attracted, as, for example, when the papers got to talking about sanitary conditions in the city holdover, and he had those two brothers meet there after twenty years of horrid separation. Or, when it was decided to tear down the old Union Depot, he had a jealous wife leap from a balcony to recapture a scapegrace husband who was running away with a chorus girl. On both of these occasions Lew's excuses had been plausible enough to convince a suspicious city editor that the reporter had offended innocently. But it wouldn't be safe to slip up a third time—every one knew that well, and none knew it better than Lew with $1.30 as all his immediately available resources.

None the less his idea made his cheeks glow with excitement. Feature by feature he created his story of an imaginary jail-breaking at the detention home, drawing diagrams and scribbling outlines of an interview which must be the same in both newspapers next morning. Last of all, he carefully checked up all the details of hallway, window, and yard.

"'X' marks the spot!" he burst out excitedly, pointing through the press-room windows out over Market Square at the detention building. "Second story, there, one-two—third from the south. I've got a plat of the place and we can't go wrong."

Bingham looked at him with increasing curiosity. "Gad! you act as if you believed it yourself!"

"I do—almost," Lew confessed. "Bing, old pal, this is a hum-dinger, this story! A jail break in Lilliput land——"

"Easy, Lew! Don't shoot so fast," the other pleaded. "How does it come that tomorrow morning there'll be as many bad kids left in that building as tonight. Do they get captured; or, looking at the second-story drop, do they turn back?"

"Shucks! They have to get recaptured, of course," Lew explained. "You see they get through a tiny window, and that's a fine feature in itself. It's such a small hole that a grown-up couldn't get through it. The jail builders foiled—see? Then with sheets tied in knots they drop down into the yard."

Bingham groaned.

"Lew, there's something wrong, but go on! Go on! It sounds fine! Something in the yard gives 'em away? A cop passing by?"

"No!" (scornfully) "Not that. Wait a minute. . . . *I've got it!* A duck quacks! It's history repeating itself, Bing. It's like the time the geese saved Rome. And here's the fine thing about it—everything on a miniature scale, and full of kid human interest. . . . We'll write the stuff up now and get some of these cops that aren't doing anything to sit around here while we go out to fix the story with old Mac. Then we'll have a feed at Pecararo's, with spaghetti and red ink, drop in at the Hinky for a dance or two, and, after a pleasant evening much enjoyed by all, send our 'copy' to the offices by messenger at about 11:30 p. m. marked *rush*! RUSH!! RUSH!!! Next morning on the front page the glowing account of how in a Lilliput jail-break history repeated."

Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "The Case of Jennie Brice." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And so it was done, without a hitch.

Lew's story was a wonder for realism. Though of whole cloth it read as if Lew had been eavesdropping in the detention home and had seen everything as it happened. It told of the conversations in dialect between the plotters, of how the reading of sensational literature had given the boys information about cutting iron bars and making a rope of sheets. It described every detail with a fascinating vividness, even to the marks of small feet on the new plaster of the wall where the youngsters had climbed to the exit window.

Marah Ellis Ryan, author of "The Woman of the Twilight." A. C. McClurg & Co.

Even one of the county judges grew enthusiastic about the account; and with a curiosity asserting itself to prove that judges may on occasion be as "human" as other folks, he called up a second judge and proposed going down to the detention home to talk the story over with the superintendent. And the second judge agreed and said they ought to call up the third member of the detention home's governing board; and this third member also agreed, and at the same time accepted their felicitations about the "prime story" that one of his reporters had written. . . . For, unfortunately—— But how was Lew to have thought about that?

A young gentleman sustained only by his sense of humor managed to keep from swooning when a motor-car hauling three fat dignitaries, who were immediately identified by Bingham as the governing board of the detention home, saw all in a flash that afternoon that he had blundered. Bingham looked pale. Lew, biting his lower lip in vexation, watched three broad backs disappear in the front doorway of the detention home.

"Of all the rotten luck—my boss a director!" Lew spoke dazedly.

Bingham swore. Eloquently, bitterly and long he swore, while Lew stood gazing numbly at the vacant motor-car. After a minute or two he came over to Bingham and patted him on the shoulder.

"Bingham, old pal, you don't know how sorry I am," he choked. "I wanted to cinch that job of mine so much that I risked your job with mine. It was a low down trick. I just counted on my luck that has saved me so many times before. . . . And it won't even end with us two, I'm afraid. Maybe old Mac will try to lie for us because he knows how bad I need help, and then he'll get the devil, too."

Bingham had no answer. but he held out his hand and Lew shook it gratefully.

Ten minutes they sat glum, looking out of the dingy window. Then the three fat men were seen to emerge from the front door and go around to the side of the building in company with old Mac. The superintendent was pointing at the "x-marks-the-spot" window. After shaking hands with him, the three got in their car again; while the superintendent made a dash back into the detention home.

Bl-l-l-ling!

A telephone bell in the press room almost startled the pair of reporters into a cold sweat—it rang so suddenly, viciously, and sharply. To hush it, Lew took the receiver off the hook. That he later put that receiver to his ear was from the same motive—merely to stop the noise. He felt he was past feeling much curiosity.

But curiosity began to be written on his face as he listened. All he could do for a few moments was repeat what he was hearing:

"Mac, is it? Everything's all right! Stick to the old story! . . ."

Suddenly he came to his senses.

"Oh, it's Mac talking, you say? And we're to stick to the old story, ducks and all? Nobody's wise. . . . Mac——"

He stopped and took a long breath.

"Mac," he pleaded into the mouthpiece, "don't make fun of us *now!* You really mean it? . . . I'll stick to the old story, then. Good-by!"

He put down the telephone just as the motor-car that a few minutes before had left the detention home with its load of fat directors came to a stop in front of police headquarters.

"Bingham," Lew appealed, frantically. "Listen! The superintendent says—*listen*, I say!—old Mac just now telephoned to us to stick to the old story."

The fat directors marched into the press room beaming.

"Good-morning, boys!" genially cried the fattest, as if he were saying a "merry Christmas."

The two nerve-strung reporters answered weakly.

"And which of you is Mr. Lew Goodwin of the *Star?*" the fattest continued. "He's one of my men, and by Juniper! a man after my own heart."

Lew advanced with hesitation and received a handshake.

By all that is solemn, old Mac had telephoned the truth! Those three directors were as innocent of the facts as a flock of young lambs; and after being chided a little for his "bashfulness" Lew warmed up and told them the whole story again orally; and was complimented and patted on the back. Then with another round of handshakes the directors departed.

The two reporters sat staring at one another a moment while the motor-car chugged down the street and whisked around a corner. Then with one accord both ran for the door and sprinted through Market Square to the detention home.

Old Mac was smoking a cigar in the superintendent's office.

"You boys! You boys!" he said in rebuff to an avalanche of questions. "You'll get me in a terrible hole some day. As it is, I've had to saw up three perfectly good iron bars, deface the new plaster under a window, and buy a flock of ducks on your accounts. . . . Saints alive! If they hadn't telephoned to me that they were coming, the dear old curiosity-seeking fat-heads! I'd never have had time to get things looking veracious-like!" He chuckled and puffed contentedly at his cigar. "I 'spose you must have been a good deal worried for a while?"

"Distracted!" Bingham answered faintly. "Mac, you're a brick."

"Amen," added Lew. Then musingly, "The little gods of the improvident again. Luck's still with me!"

Charles Phelps Cushing.

San Francisco, April, 1913.

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After over two years' work a special staff at Greenwich Observatory has enumerated all the stars on 206 photographic plates, representing about 52,000,000 stars.

SPORT ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

◆

Charles Sheldon Relates His Experiences While Searching for Wapiti, Bears, and Caribou.

◆

Mr. Charles Sheldon reminds us that America is still the paradise of the big game hunter and that a trip to Africa or to Asia is by no means necessary to those eager for the real rigors of the chase. In the course of some two hundred and fifty pages he relates his experiences while searching for wapiti, bears, and caribou on the larger coast islands of British Columbia and Alaska. Much of the country traversed was unknown in detail to white men, some of it had not even been trodden by natives. It was not possible to obtain guides familiar with the habits and haunts of the animals, and the time that could be spared for each trip was limited. Evidently there is still a large amount of exploration work to be done, not only from the geographical, but also from the natural history points of view. Mr. Sheldon's book should do something to draw attention to a virgin territory which is certainly a wealthy one for the hunter and that might prove to be equally valuable in other ways.

The first trip described by Mr. Sheldon was to the Manhattan River on Vancouver Island in search of wapiti. He started up the coast for Hardy Bay and thence made his way to Quatsino, reaching the mouth of a large creek which resembled a solid black mass in aggravated motion. It was literally choked with struggling fish, which were so jammed at the more narrow mouth that many were being forced out of the water on to the gravel bars on either side:

> For a mile the trail led along the creek, where the stench of dead and decaying salmon, lying in hundreds on the banks and caught among the driftwood tangles, was almost unendurable. The whole creek was alive with them, swimming about and forcing themselves up the riffles, while the pools and eddies were filled with spawning fish which were quarreling and fighting.
>
> The sight brought reflection on some of nature's laws—not wholly those of "tooth and claw"—which every year impel so many billions of the several variety of these noble fish, both male and female, blindly to force their way, often for thousands of miles, up swift rivers small and large, until, wounded and bruised, those which survive succeed in spawning and perpetuating the race. Immediately after they die. Not one survives. Can there be any greater tragedy in nature?

Another interesting trip was to Hinchinbrooke and Montague islands in search of sea-otters, an animal similar to the seal and just as timid and difficult to shoot. To hunt them successfully the weather must be calm and the sea smooth. The hunting parties embark in about ten boats, with two or three men to a boat. Speed and steady paddling are requisite, only the head man using the rifle and therefore being exempt from paddling in order that he may keep his hand steady:

> The natives know the feeding-grounds. Sometimes they paddle off shore to these and remain there all night, so as to be on the spot early, as soon as they can see. More often they camp on shore, and leave in time to reach the feeding-grounds by three a. m., often having to paddle ten or more miles to do so. There is always a chief of the hunters, appointed by Swanson, who directs the hunt. They form the bidarkas in a wide semi-circle, and then advance, keeping a sharp lookout for the sleeping or swimming otter. These natives have a remarkably keen vision to detect and discriminate objects in the water. As soon as one of them sees an otter, he holds up his paddle and points until it is seen by all; then the boats advance toward it, trying to close the circle. When an otter first realizes the existence of danger, it raises its head to look, and sometimes rises quite high out of the water. Then it dives and swims two or three hundred yards. All paddle rapidly in the direction in which they think the otter has taken, for they can usually tell its course by the way it bends its head when it goes down. As soon as it comes up to breathe one or two shoot to keep it down, while the others continue paddling and closing the circle. The otter keeps coming up each time more and more out of breath, nearer and nearer some of the bidarkas, more and more quickly driven down by repeated shots. The circle grows smaller and smaller, until, gasping for breath, the hunted animal must rise high out of the water—sometimes two feet—and recover for a moment. Now is a chance for a favorable shot, usually delivered by the man in the bidarka which is nearest to the otter, though often two or more fire at the same time. The natives have Winchester rifles, and are excellent shots at objects in the water.

Montague Island is also the home of the bear. Mr. Sheldon describes an occasion where he was so fortunate as to see a large animal emerging from the woods within stalking range. Not once, he says, did it look about, but seemed to depend wholly upon its powers of scent to detect the approach of danger:

> I soon began to move down the incline, watching carefully as I did so; stooping low as the bear faced me, and advancing whenever its head turned in any other direction. Not once did it look or listen, and I was safe from its scenting me. I had studied the ground; and having reached the steep hillside traversing the foot of the basin I worked across it to within one hundred yards of the bear, which was still feeding about the little knoll. I had reached a point where the slope was so steep that I could not advance with safety, yet the salmon berry bush and alders which covered the knoll, made it difficult to get a shot here. Seating myself, however, I watched my chance to fire. Though I tried to aim behind the foreshoulder, on account of the broken sight, it was somewhat a matter of guesswork, but I heard the bullet strike and saw the bear jump; it ran a few feet upward and stopped a moment in bewilderment. When I fired again and evidently missed, it quickly turned with a spring and came running at full speed directly toward me. I was surprised to see how rapidly it covered the ground on a steep slope.
>
> My footing was not secure, and in a sitting position I could not seem to cover the running bear with the rifle; hence as it came to within a hundred yards of me I half rose; then it saw me and turned, rushing down the hill. Had I been that hundred yards nearer and without experience I could, conscientiously perhaps, have written a fine story about a vicious, charging bear. It crossed the stream with a splash, and stopped for a moment *to look up at the spot where it had been feeding*. This seems to show that even after seeing me the bear thought the shot had come from the opposite direction. Somewhat similar to this, I believe, are most of the reported cases of the "charging" of bears; some true, but misunderstood. As it paused, I fired, and when the bullet struck, the bear gave a great spring upward and ran for the timber. As I fired again, it almost turned a somersault, but kept on and soon entered the woods as my fifth shot missed. Though an indifferent shot, I could certainly have killed this bear before it reached the woods had not my rifle-sight been broken off.

Upon another occasion two bears were sighted, and after a long stalk a whitish bear was seen stretched out asleep. Presumably it was the female, since the natives had said that when two bears were together the light one was always a female. Further examination showed that the other animal was lying concealed in the bushes:

> At the first shot the other bear had sprung to its feet and was jumping a few feet in one direction, a few feet in another, in great excitement and alarm, thoroughly perplexed, and completely uncertain as to what was happening, until, when the dark bear ran, it began to follow. As it ran I fired at the side toward me; it swerved to the right, and again I fired as it disappeared down the slope. Quickly putting in a fresh clip of cartridges and running forward, I saw the dark bear lying dead, twenty feet below in the thick brush. Without stopping I turned to the right, and found a bloody trail leading to a thicket of low, dense spruces fifty feet down the slope in the thick salmon-berry brush. There I heard the light bear thrashing about, but could not see it. Cocking my rifle and forcing my way into the spruces, I came within ten feet of it—thoroughly excited by such close proximity to a wounded bear in dense brush—before I heard it run out on the other side and descend. Following as fast as I could down the steep salmon-berry slopes, I soon saw it indistinctly through the brush fifty yards below. I fired twice, but it kept on. I forced my way downward on the bloody trail, knowing the bear was hard hit. Coming to a landslide, I found the bear had jumped onto it and had run or slid a hundred yards to the thick brush below. The landslide was too steep for me to keep my footing, and crossing above, I descended parallel with it over ground so steep that I was obliged to let myself slowly down by holding on to the alders. Having descended two hundred yards, I noticed the salmon-berry bushes shaking, and going a little farther saw the bear, badly wounded, a hundred yards below. Finally, succeeding in finding a clear space between myself and the bear, I fired at the centre of its body. It dropped and remained motionless. I reached it quickly and found it lying on its stomach caught in the alders, one hind foot completely wedged in. It did not stir though it was breathing heavily. It died without a struggle and proved to be a male. The first shot had been fired at 11:30 and it was now 12.

A few days later Mr. Sheldon had another exciting adventure with a bear, an adventure that he describes as the most remarkable experience of his life. He had been tramping up the mountainside keeping a wary eye for bears, whose tracks were visible in various places on the snow-covered ground:

Illustration from "Recent Events and Present Policies in China," by J. O. P. Bland. J. B. Lippincott Company.

> Then I retraced my steps along the slope and reached the conical hill around which I had passed earlier in the day. I was circling near the top, holding onto the spruce branches with my right hand, while the butt of my rifle, with the barrel pointing behind me, was resting over my left elbow. I had proceeded in this way a few steps when suddenly I saw about eight feet away, on the curving border of the spruces, running directly at me, what appeared to be a huge bear. I had just time to push forward the butt of my rifle and yell, when the bear collided with me, knocking me down. It seemed to turn slightly to the left as I pushed my rifle into it, and I clearly recall its shoulder striking my left hip, its head striking just above my left knee, while its claws struck my shin so that it is now black and blue. I had the sensation of one about to be mauled and mutilated. As I fell to the right my rifle dropped, and in my confusion I grabbed with my left hand the animal's fur, and I remember having a quick, foolish thought of a small knife in my pocket.
>
> The bear was, I believe, more surprised than I. I felt its fur slip through my hand as it quickly turned to its right, and, swinging about, ran back over the hill without any attempt to bite or strike me. Rising as the bear wheeled, I picked up my rifle and shot as the animal was disappearing. The bullet struck it evidently high in the back. Immediately I took up its trail, followed it down into the woods and on the flats for even an hour, and at last lost the impressions on hard ground. Its tracks showed that it had kept running for more than a mile, and then settled down to a walk on the timbered ridges, continuing to a flat country below. For the first time I noticed, at intervals, considerable blood on the leaves of brush and trunks of trees, about three feet up from the ground, but afterward saw no more.
>
> Who will believe this remarkable incident? Certainly if another had related it to me, I might have thought it some mistake owing to excitement.

The next adventure was with a bear and her cub. The mother was busily engaged in digging up mice, but was evidently suspicious of intrusion, as every time the cub tried to nurse it was summarily cuffed away:

> The ground was so steep and so slippery, because of melting snow, that I was lying on my left side, holding on as best I could with my left hand, while my feet could barely get enough support to keep me from slipping, as I held the rifle with the other hand. Quickly I lowered the butt of the rifle to the ground, slowly moved my feet about, and fortunately felt some small stones in such a position as to give me support and allow me to release my left hand so that I could handle the rifle.
>
> I must have made a slight noise, for just at that moment the bear suddenly half rose, her head turned in my direction. I quickly fired at her foreshoulder. With a whoof and a jump, she came to her feet, and I fired again. In savage fury, she slapped the point where the bullet had struck, rushed a few feet in the direction away from me, then a few feet up and a few feet down, all the time whoofing in pain or fright, and looking for the enemy in the *opposite direction*. The cub remained in the spruces bawling. While the old bear was rushing back and forth I fired three more times, and at the fifth shot she dropped for a moment in some low spruces. As I rapidly pushed in a fresh clip of cartridges, she began to roll downward, over and over, bounding up and down with the increase of momentum, until five hundreds yards below, where the slope was not so steep, she was stopped by thick salmon berry bush. I knew she was dead before she began to roll.
>
> The cub soon emerged from the spruces and started running to follow its mother. I shot before it had gone three feet. It fell near some other spruces, and, as it began to roll, caught in a small spruce, where it remained almost hanging. My bullet had struck it in the head.

The author made some interesting observations of the otter-hunting Indians with whom he was brought into contact and seems to have formed a not very high opinion of their qualities. Half of them were mere boys, some not over thirteen years of age. The boys were compelled to do all the work of cooking, taking care of the camp, getting wood, building and keeping up the fires. The older men did nothing but eat, and sleep at intervals all through the day, rarely working unless forced to do so by privation, and then only for the briefest possible time. They had certain acquired habits of cleanliness, but they were evidently only habits and unassociated in their minds with results:

> The influence of several generations of training by the Russian priests manifested itself in some strange anomalies in their daily habits. Each one had brought a towel and soap, and they never neglected washing their hands every morning. They evidently liked to go through some of the forms of cleanliness, with no appreciation of cleanliness itself, for their hands always became soiled again before eating, and their habits were filthy. One of them knew how to make baking powder bread. Early one morning I saw him cut open the cub, take out the tainted entrails, and then proceed to wash. Immediately he plunged his hands in the entrails again, and was drawing them when he was called to make bread. Out came his hands, and leaving the cub half full of entrails, he started to knead the dough without washing or even wiping his hands! In the morning each would carefully spread out his blanket and air it—another form, for immediately they would allow oil and dirt of every kind to cover it.

The author's description of sport on Admiralty Island contains an account of some shooting done by Mrs. Sheldon, who accompanied him. Mrs. Sheldon was the first to discover three bears on the opposite shore of Oliver Inlet, where the party had camped. Two days later the same bears were seen again, and Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon made a start after them:

> Though it was raining heavily there was not a breath of wind. Followed closely by Mrs. Sheldon, I slowly and cautiously crept around the point of the ledge and saw a bear silently stepping out of the woods toward the small grass plot, followed by two others. They proceeded in single file close to overhanging alders, but somewhat obscured by the tall grass, they were inconspicuous. In a moment they would reach the open and head directly toward us. Realizing that Mrs. Sheldon was not accustomed to shooting a rifle, and that her aim might not be certain when three bears were approaching not fifty yards away, I knew it was best that she should wait until her game stood out clearly against the background. She had chosen a sitting position, so that she could sight the rifle, and acknowledged with composure my whispered questions and directions as the bears silently glided along at a leisurely pace, quite unconscious of us, while their huge bulks looked formidable indeed as they approached. Glancing at Mrs. Sheldon, I saw that she was perfectly cool; the rifle was at her shoulder, and she was looking over the sight, apparently keeping it on the moving bear. As it stepped out into the open and faced in our direction, and while I was expecting the shot, a breeze suddenly eddied around the point from behind, blowing directly toward the bears. I saw the first one toss its head, sniffing. I whispered: "Shoot quickly; they will run!" and simultaneously the two in the rear faced about, disappearing with a bound into the woods, while, a second later, the leader turned with a spring, and another jump put it out of sight just as Mrs. Sheldon fired. I heard her exclamation of disappointment. That gust of wind and her bad luck had defeated us. The second bear being the first one seen by her, she had covered it with her rifle and followed it so intently that the leader had escaped her notice until it was disappearing, when she swung the rifle and shot it.

It was a disappointment, and it was to be followed by another one a few days later. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon had stationed themselves by the side of a creek where numerous fresh remains of salmon showed that the bears were still regularly feeding. All the conditions were favorable, and two hours were spent in watching the openings in the brush which had been made by the animals in their repeated trips to the creek for fish:

> We were seated about three feet apart, in front of a large spruce-tree, with rifles across our knees, when Mrs. Sheldon, turning her head to the left, discovered a large male bear standing motionless in the alders exactly *six feet away*, with ears cocked forward, intently watching her. Not a sound or suspicion of its noiseless approach had we received. As she now lifted her rifle, she turned and whispered to me, but the motion was fatal to her chance of a shot, for the next moment a great crash in the brush told its own story. The bear, instead of chancing upon one of the numerous trails at short distances above and below us, had taken one which reached the creek three feet to our left, and seeing Mrs. Sheldon, had stopped to watch the unusual apparition. Her quick motion as she turned to me frightened it, and with a sudden jump backward it disappeared into the brush. Seeing the huckleberry bushes moving about forty feet up on an incline, I pointed my rifle and fired. A great thrashing in the brush was quickly succeeded by sounds, indicating the bear's rapid retreat.

The weather seems to be the main drawback to hunting in this territory. The author tells us that he spent one hundred and forty days on the trips described in this book, and of this number only twenty-seven full days and nine half days were sufficiently free from rain and fog to permit of reasonable hunting. Nevertheless he seems to have had a good time if one may judge from his vivid and entertaining book.

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. By Charles Sheldon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2 net.

SPRING BOOKS IN LONDON.

Chesterton on Victorian Literature—Travel Books and Novels.

In a spring publishing season which has thus far been somewhat devoid of excitements and discoveries the most discussed event has been furnished by Gilbert K. Chesterton. And this we owe to the courage of the editor of the Home University Library. It is always a risk for the editor of a series of books to give a commission to a man of pronounced views and established reputation; his copy can hardly be "edited," and yet he may say things that do violence to the said editor's creed. Max Müller once gave me an example of this. Greatly to his astonishment, he was asked to write a book on Buddhism for a series on the non-Christian religions of the world, but as the request came from the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge he shied at the proposal, thinking that he would be required to hold a brief for Christianity. Yet when the book was written by another scholar he discovered that his substitute had been allowed a free hand. The same generous arrangement has been followed with Mr. Chesterton. The editor of the Home University Library must have realized that he was taking a big venture when he asked that Ishmaelite of letters to write a book on Victorian literature, but he boldly shouldered the responsibility and excuses himself by describing the result as a "free and personal statement of views and impressions," at the same time admitting that the volume is not offered as an authoritative history of Victorian literature.

There is ample evidence all through the book that Mr. Chesterton found huge enjoyment in executing his commission. He doubtless, as is his wont, wrote it all in penny exercise books, now in a tea-shop, anon in a restaurant, or on the tops of omnibuses, or in the easy comfort of that deck-chair of his Battersea lawn. A part of his enjoyment must have consisted in the fact that his task enabled him to earn an honest penny by drawing upon his memories of those earlier days when he devoured Macaulay, Shakespeare, Dickens, and Scott; a further source of zest was that the book gave him another opportunity to proclaim his incurable devotion to romance. So much of a romanticist indeed is he that he never walks abroad without a sword-stick and a revolver, as though expecting to meet adventure in Fleet Street or the Strand. That trait of his character accounts for the strange fact that from being a liberal in theology and a one-time attendant upon the rationalistic ministry of Stopford Brooke he has developed into a religious conservative and a doughty champion of the Catholic faith.

Remembering all this, it is not surprising that the scientific Victorians fare badly at his hand compared with the exponents of romance. His love for Macaulay is a passion; he had "an abstract passion for history, a warm, poetic, and sincere enthusiasm for great things" and "felt and used great names like trumpets." But towards John Stuart Mill he is cold; he thinks of him exhibiting the wheels of his iron universe "like a gentleman in trade showing ladies over his factory." The men of-science are also little to Mr. Chesterton's liking; Huxley, he says, "was always talking about the religion he hadn't got." As shrewd a thrust is the aside on Ruskin that he "seemed to want all parts of the Cathedral except the altar." Carlyle is blessed for his attack on utilitarianism; Froude for not being ashamed of being partisan or of being picturesque. Matthew Arnold is an unexpected favorite, though Mr. Chesterton thinks of the great critic as a teacher in an idiot school wearing a smile of heart-broken forbearance.

But the Victorian in whom Mr. Chesterton rejoices most of all is Dickens, and that because his was the most successful of all the onslaughts on the scientific school. But before reaching him he lays a wreath or two on other graves. Thus George Eliot "could keep her head, while all the after women went about looking for their brains": Charlotte Brontë "reached the highest romance through the lowest realism"; Mrs. Oliphant was "infinitely saner in that city of ghosts than the cosmopolitan Ouida ever was in any of the cities of men." The art of Dickens was the most exquisite of arts, "the art of enjoying everybody." And his great rival was "the novelist of memory." Among the more recent Victorians the severest word is reserved for Thomas Hardy, who is dismissed as "a sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." To follow Mr. Chesterton through the remainder of his catalogue is impossible, though his glance at Tennyson is too characteristic to ignore; he was "the Englishman taking himself seriously—an awful sight."

As an antidote to Mr. Chesterton nothing could be more soothing than the book of "Memories" of which Stephen Coleridge, a great-great-nephew of the poet, is the author. It is true that, like Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Coleridge has his aversions, one being Huxley, but in the bulk his reminiscences are placid and good-natured. Remembering that he is a religious conservative, it might have been thought that a friendship between him and Matthew Arnold was impossible, whereas such a friendship, and a close one, did exist. The poet and critic was by far the most interesting and charming sample of his race known by Mr. Coleridge, and he declares that "every one loved him who really knew him" for his serene urbanity was never ruffled. Newman, and Browning, and Russell Lowell, and Lewis Morris, and Dean Stanley, and Tennyson are among the other Victorians who figure in the pages of this pleasant book of gossip.

Unless the London publishers are reserving some big surprise, the prospect of this spring season producing anything in the form of a supreme book is not promising. If one were to judge from the amount of newspaper space devoted to the South Pole tragedy it might be concluded that there would be an enormous sale for Captain Scott's diary, supposing that that volume can be published within the next two or three months. But so far as I can learn there has not been any keen competition for the United States rights among the American publishers who are in London just now, and that fact is significant of the undoubted slump in books of polar adventure. It may be seriously doubted whether the public is so keenly interested in such matters as the newspaper editors imagine; one indication to the contrary is afforded by the paucity of the subscriptions made to the *Daily Telegraph's* fund for the relief of those dependent upon Captain Scott and his ill-fated colleagues. In fact it looks as though the day of the big travel book is ended. The polar business has suffered from the North Pole squabble; no travel book of a more tropical nature is likely to rival the record of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" which was published simultaneously in six languages and sold to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand copies in the English version.

Illustration from "Pollyanna," by Eleonor H. Porter. L. C. Page & Co.

While, however, it is possible to anticipate the probable fortunes of books of travel, biography, history, etc., in the matter of fiction there is always the glorious uncertainty which makes novel-writing so much of a gamble. The best-seller has a habit of cropping up at unexpected times; no publisher can foretell whether this, that, or the other novel will "catch on"; and when the public does extend its gracious approval to a story the probabilities are that it is impossible to explain why. Thus far the most notable novel has been A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Happy Warrior," of which Little, Brown & Co. have issued the American edition. This story is already in its fifth edition here, which is a remarkable record for a writer who has but one other novel to his credit. At the time of writing Mr. Hutchinson is the chief editor of the *Daily Graphic*, the pioneer of the illustrated London dailies, but as his heart is in his creative work and as he is quickly winning a large circle of readers I should not be surprised if he resigned his journalism ere long.

Illustration from "The Amateur Gentleman," by Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Co.

Another and more recent novel which has hit the taste of the reviewers is Jeffery Farnol's "The Amateur Gentleman," familiar already to many American readers by its serial appearance in *McClure's Magazine*, to secure which Mr. McClure made a special visit to London when "The Broad Highway" proved so notable a success. Consistently with his love of the past, Mr. Farnol is trying to create some new literary associations for the old inns of Southwark, for whenever he is in town nothing gives him more pleasure than to entertain a congenial company at the ancient George Inn in the Borough.

Among the older writers, Eden Phillpotts is most in the limelight just now, owing to the completion of his Dartmoor stories and his adventure in an entirely new field. Whether his public will follow him to that new field, or whether he can create a fresh constituency, time will show. With regard to his old audience, I'm afraid Mr. Phillpotts has been somewhat disappointed that its numbers were not larger. He talks of the "few fellow-artists and amateurs" who have honored him with their interest, and also of the "body of professional critics" who have "condemned and echoed a public aversion." That seems a polite way of admitting that not one of his Dartmoor novels has been a best-seller in the Hall Caine or Marie Corelli sense of the term, which is no doubt true. But it is often a laborious task for the English novelist to build up a large constituency, and it is only when, as in the cases of Meredith and Hardy, his work is nearly at an end, that its cumulative force secures the recognition it deserves. H. G. Wells is thought to be an amazingly successful author, yet, on the testimony of his publishers, his most popular novel has only sold to the extent of twenty thousand copies. These figures, of course, refer to England alone. One can understand, then, the desire of such an expert novelist as Mr. Phillpotts to try whether the tilling of a new field will bring greater luck. Certainly in "The Joy of Youth," which is appearing serially in the *Fortnighty Review*, he has burnt his Dartmoor boats to the gunwale, for his scene is laid principally in Italy and his theme is the artistic temperament.

Many of the London publishers have their pet theories as to the type of novel which stands most chance of success. One confided to me a few days ago his belief that the historical novel is coming into vogue again, but that optimism may be due to the fact that that particular publisher has no fewer than a dozen historical novels on his spring list. Another publisher is more certain as to what the public do not want than what they do; on his index expurgatorius he gives a prominent place to the novel of adventure and the novel of sex. But all publishers agree that there is always hope for the novel that tells a good story. Even so, however, I fear the reading habit is on the decline in England. One hears of people who will cheerfully give half a guinea for a pine-apple to make a salad, but who shudder at the thought of "wasting" half that sum on a book; and there is a legend to the effect that a lady who spends four thousand pounds a year on dress regards a subscription to a library as "extravagance." Year by year it is becoming increasingly evident that if the British author wishes to escape starvation he must write for the American market.

One modest discovery of my own I should like to introduce to *Argonaut* readers, for they, I am sure, are hospitable to the best in literature. I refer to a little book of less than two hundred pages which is entitled "Sirenica," the author of which is W. Compton Leith. That this volume will have a large sale is too much to expect; but Mr. Leith, like Landor, will probably be content to dine late, knowing that his dining-room will be well lighted and the guests select if few. The purpose of "Sirenica" is to give a new meaning to an old myth, for Mr. Leith argues that the Sirens who tempted Odysseus were not those lights o' love they are usually credited with being. No, his theory is that they stand for idealism, for romance, and that their call was to knowledge wider and ever wider, to the "reaching out of the soul after things beyond all past essay." So the Sirens sang of all "that is above fulfillment and beyond clear vision, of the immeasurable, the uncontained, the half-imagined." And Mr. Leith applies his new meaning to the case of all artists, to writers and painters and sculptors and musicians, and applies it with a suggestiveness of thought and a beauty of language which give his little book a rare distinction in these pot-boiling days. Henry C. Shelley.

London, April 2, 1913.

◆

Unwelcome visits of predatory bands during the harvest season in China have led to professional "crop watchers" being hired to guard against the larcenists eager to ply their trade in orchard or field. In some districts societies exist whose business it is to furnish watchers whenever required. Almost every field has its watch-tower, and these frail tenements are never deserted, night or day, until the crop is gathered. Towers are necessary, as giant millet grows to a height of ten feet, usually, and often reaches fifteen feet. Armed with sharp knives, the thieves enter the fields and cut off the large millet heads.

◆

Honduras, with vast deposits of minerals of all kinds, with untold thousands of acres of the richest tropical fruit and vegetable lands in the world, and untold possibilities as a coffee producer, has a smaller population than it had fifty years ago. While other countries less favorably situated have forged ahead, Honduras has slowly but steadily drifted backward.

IN FRENCH-AFRICA.

Miss Betham-Edwards Writes a Travel Book and Describes a Little-Known Country and People.

Miss Betham-Edwards, whose capacity and literary industry entitle her to a respectful hearing on everything French, has added a work on French-Africa to an already long list of good books. Miss Betham-Edwards's first visit to Algiers was in 1866, when Maréchal de MacMahon was governor. MacMahon's predecessor had been Pèlissier, whose valor on the field of battle was in no way matched by his observance of social usage:

> McMahon's predecessor had been another marshal, Pèlissier, of valiant but tarnished memory, the soldier who did not hesitate to suffocate five hundred helpless Arabs sheltering in a cave, and—dire offense against humanity—to command the servants of Queen Victoria.
>
> It was in 1859 that the third Napoleon ill advisedly named the captor of the Malakoff his ambassador at St. James's. When dining with the late queen and having the place of honor on her right hand, Pèlissier felt a draught at his back, and turning round shouted stentoriously to the silk-stockinged footman close by, "Fermez cette fenetre." The man, wholly taken back, consulted her majesty, who smilingly bade him shut the window in question.
>
> Rigidly upright, but pitiless in warfare, like Ney, brave of the brave, this soldier was given to unpermissible *gauloiseries* at his wife's dinner-table, uttering *doubles-ententes* that would have disgraced a cabaret.

MacMahon was of a very different order, a rigid upholder of propriety and a hater of scandal and intrigue. He and the maréchale brought a new atmosphere into the French-African proconsulate and so compensated for the laxities that preceded them:

> Taciturnity personified, the marshal had gone down to history as the man of one speech. What rarer, more desirable immortality?—than in an age of super loquaciousness to have uttered one sentence that "the world will not willingly let die."
>
> Such was the blunt, unlettered soldier's happy fortune. He gained one victory only—excepting the last and far greater victory over himself years later. He made no mark as a colonial governor, knew naught of art, literature, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. But a single sentence which, although soldierly, was capable of a thousand applications—the famous, "J'y suis, j'y reste" (Here I am, here I stay) will keep his name alive as long as the French language lasts.
>
> Thrice happy marshal, to have attained undying fame by means of two vocables and two letters! Of course French wits made merry at the marshal's expense. Whenever he made official progress, journalists and *boulevardiers* followed him on the look-out, not for what he said, but for what he omitted to say. Especially as president did his monosyllabic utterances and exploits of taciturnity minister to the gayety of the nations.

Upon one occasion the author was invited by her Arabic master to witness the great dance in honor of Aïssaoua. Her friends prophesied horrors, and the preliminary music seemed to justify the prediction. "Our teeth," she says, "were slowly drawn one by one, our tympana were beaten and bruised, our flesh was pricked with infinitesimal pins, our nerves were twisted and strained almost beyond endurance":

> And what a dance! One was reminded of Goethe's ballad and the skeleton that performed such weird feats on moonlit graves, of everything fiendish or fantastic that the imagination of man has conceived.
>
> The body was bent backwards and forwards, the head shaken, the breast was struck with a frenzied agility and recklessness, till the performer looked as unlike anything human as could possibly be. Now his head, with its horrible mass of snaky hair, hung backward as if dislocated; now his breast resounded with such blows that you feared some blood-vessel was broken; now he whirled to and fro, yelling, raging, glaring.
>
> Soon another and another energumen were seized with the spirit, and now the sight became truly horrible. The dancers caught hold of each other by the waist, swaying this way and that, foaming at the mouth, wriggling like snakes, howling like hungry wolves, and never breaking the frightful Mezentian union, till one by one each fell upon the ground either in a tetanic swoon or a cataleptic convulsion. To see these revolting figures writhing at our very feet, to hear the shrill choruses of the women and the monotonous txchs-t-t-t-r-r-r-rmmm —txchs-h-b-h-m-m-m of the musicians, was enough to drive away the most inquisitive ladies in the world, but our failing courage was filliped by such whispers as these: "What a scene for you—a painter, or you—an author!" "You are English ladies and own to cowardice?" Or, "Oh! they are only charlatans and do it to gain *soldi.*" Or, "The grand *coup-de-bataille* is yet to come. We have seen really nothing as yet."

The scene became demonic. Blazing coals were brought and the worshipers rubbed them between their hands, walked on them, and swallowed them. One terrible looking negro held in his mouth a red-hot cinder so as to look even more like the devil than nature had intended:

> But the worst was yet to come; for now red-hot irons were brought from the fire, with which they proceeded to seethe and scorch themselves in a manner perfectly sickening. They applied them carefully, as one applies a plaster, to the soles of their feet, the palms of their hands, the flat part of their arms; and all this was done with an ecstatic delirium that went far to overthrow the suspicion of charlatanry.
>
> The smell of burning flesh, the howls, the groans, the contortions of Aïssaoua, the universal frenzy, now became unendurable. The men of our party jested no more, but looked on as horrified as ourselves; the ladies huddled together, shrinking from the wild figures yelling about us, and longing to go.
>
> As soon as exit became possible we made our way to the door, having sufficiently supped the horrors for one night.
>
> How delightful to breathe the fresh air of the night again and leave such a world of fantastic deviltry behind. On our way home we naturally discussed the claims of the devotees to true fanaticism. One who, like myself, was a neophyte in Algerian experiences, and an artist, declared the whole affair to be a bit of barbaric enthusiasm, *pur et simple.* Our young Austrian and another medico argued on the same side, averring that as far as their experiences went, no Revivalism was ever more sincere; ading, "They couldn't deceive *us* as to the fainting fit and the bleeding mouths, you know." A French artist, and a skeptic, said that it was a parcel of trickery from first to last, though, as his little wife slyly observed, he had early proposed a retreat. Another of the party, long resident in the colony, pronounced the affair to be quackery and religious fanaticism mixed. Lastly, said another, "They seemed very glad to collect money from us, which looks very much as if they made a trade of tormenting themselves."
>
> Well, after all is said and done, are not cilices and scourges seen today in our own High Church vicarages? So we must not be too hard on the disciples of Aïssaoua.

A visit to the house of a Moorish family on the eve of a wedding affords a glimpse of the domestic difficulties inseparable from married life, whether in the East or the West. As the host had four wives, as well as married and unmarried daughters and daughters-in-law, it was a little difficult to remember "who's who" among the numerous ladies who offered their faces like children to be kissed:

> It was the dressing-room for the ladies preparing for the festival, and a troop of dark-eyed, girlish creatures surrounded us, laughing, romping, and tittering as they made their wonderful toilettes. Their purples, orange, crimsons, and blues made up such a flash of color as I never beheld. One, a lovely thing, with rosy cheeks and large langorous black eyes, came up, dragging by the button, a superb vest of deep carmine color, heavy with gold braid. Another was clasping necklace after necklace of coral, amber, and gold over her white silk chemisette. A third was adjusting a Tunis sash of delicate blue interwoven with silver. A fourth was merrily submitting to a process of hairdressing at the hands of a negress dressed in crocus-colored cotton. All were merry as children out of school, excepting the first mentioned, whose name was Hanyfa. Hanyfa was sad, her companions said, because she had lost her baby, and her husband did not find her pretty!
>
> One of the youngest and merriest of the girls brought this recreant youth before us, introducing him after a cool fashion: "Here is the youth who finds one of his father's wives prettier than his own!" she said, whereupon every one laughed but ourselves and Hanyfa.
>
> "Is it really true?" asked the *sous-prefet's* daughter in a breath; "for shame, Hassan, your wife is really pretty!"
>
> But Hassan stuck to his text. He didn't think so, he said, *voila tout!* He was an effeminate looking youth about sixteen, and seemed to have nothing better to do than loiter outside the woman's apartments and talk nonsense.

Lawrence Perry, author of "Holton of the Navy." A. C. McClurg & Co.

Another view of Algerian life on the French side is presented by the following incident at a dinner given to the author by the captain of the post at Teniet-el-Haad:

> Then a tragi-comic incident occurred. This Anglo-French banquet—foretaste of the *entente cordiale,* was evidently a rare event, and the lavish preparations in our honor had exhilarated the household. When, with a grand flourish, Hamet, the Kabyle man-servant, in handsome native dress, was about to place the soup, by some inadvertent slip the large tureen tipped over, the savory, steaming mess deluging spotless damask, glitering plate, and madame's new silk dress. With little screams and ejaculations ladies and gentlemen started to their feet, all snatching their dinner napkins and mopping up the potage as best they could.
>
> Meantime the catastrophe strikingly brought out French character. A good-natured shrug of the shoulders and the remark, "Il faut passer de notre potage alors" (we must do without our soup then) was all the notice that the host took of the matter, whilst madame, despite her damaged gown, soon smilingly reseated herself. The unfortunate Hamet got not so much as an impatient word or even a frown, and, it must be admitted, went through his duties as unmovedly as if nothing whatever had happened. The dinner was excellent, every one's appetites and spirits left nothing to be desired, so it was a case of all's well that ends well.

The author gives us a welcome relief from the religious banalities of the average traveler, seeing that she has a good word to say for the Koran and its author:

> The Mohammedan Bible and its author have every possible fascination for me. How lovely the mottoes, and parables, and narratives scattered through the Koran! And how striking from beginning to end was the Prophet's life! Where can we find a sweeter tale than that of Kadijah and Ayesha?
>
> When Mohammed, then in the apogee of fame and glory, was asked for the interests of Islam to put away the elderly Kadijah and wed the beautiful Ayesha, he replied: "No, Kadijah was the first to believe in me and to stand by me in thought, word, and deed. I will never put away Kadijah for Ayesha or for another, were she even more beautiful."
>
> Well indeed had a great nineteenth-century Talmudist written of Mohammed:
>
> "Take him for all in all, the history of humanity had seen few more earnest noble and sincere prophets, men irresistibly impelled by an inner power to teach and to utter at [illegible] and sublime truths, the full purpose of which is unknown to themselves." And the writer adds: "The most complete and admirable parts of Islam, namely the ethics of the Koran, like golden threads, are woven into the huge fabric of the religious constitution of Mohammed."

Mohammed was a believer in early marriages. On this subject he explained the word of God as follows: "Let those among you who are rich enough to support one or more wives, marry. When a man marries, the Evil One utters a terrible cry; all his angels fly to him, asking, 'What is the matter, Lord?' 'A mortal has just escaped me,' answers Satan in despair."

Miss Betham-Edwards was anxious to visit the waterfalls on the border of the Sahara, but was warned that the roads were dangerous. The commandant offered her an escort of Spahis as far as Sidi-ben-Baila. A butcher's cart was secured for the occasion, but the butcher's ideas of the safety of the road were not the same as those of the commandant:

> "You don't mean that you think of leaving Saida without going to see the waterfalls?" he asked. "Why, that is the only thing that is really beautiful in this place."
>
> We said that we had been dissuaded from the excursion on account of the unsafety of the roads; and thereupon the incredulity of the butcher's face was a sight to see.
>
> "*Mon Dieu, mesdames,* you mustn't listen to what the military authorities say—they always make mountains out of molehills. I would undertake to carry you safe to Fig-gig in this trap without as much as a pistol in my belt. *Voila!*"
>
> "But you don't attempt to convince us that the roads are safe, do you?"
>
> "Mesdames, they are safe for you or for me; but I wouldn't say as much for myself, if I were an officer. This is how it is: the Arabs hate the military, and do them an ill turn when they can; but the Arabs, *moi foi,* are not the bad set of people one would have you believe. Why I have traveled to Gerryville and back, and to Fig-gig and back alone before now, and with money in my purse, too, and the Arabs treated me as if I had been a brother, made me a dish of cous-cous, gave me a bed under their tents, saddled my horse for me at parting, and bade me God-speed. Having been thus treated, how else can I speak of them? Pardie, I don't see a pin to choose between a good Christian and a good Mohammedan or a bad Christian and a bad Mohammedan: *voila ce que nous pensons.*"

The Spahis themselves seem to have taken a perfunctory view of their duties as escorts, probably knowing that the dangers of the road were largely imaginary:

> "Where are our Spahis?" I asked, for we had never seen our escort since starting.
>
> He smiled and pointed to a cluster of Arab *douars* at some distance.
>
> "You can't see a little red speck among those tents, I dare say, ladies; but my eyes are used to looking a good way off, and I can. It is one of your precious Spahis, and he's just thinking as much of you as I am of his wives out there whom he has gone to see. I know 'em, those Spahis; they like nothing better than to be sent *as an escort* with travelers, for that means that they can pay a visit to their women, who begin to cook cous-cous as soon as ever they see a red cloak in the distance. When your Spahis have eaten everything that comes in their way, and seen enough of their good ladies, they'll come home."

Reverting to the character of MacMahon, the author relates an incident that is not usually known. In 1873 the Comte de Chambord determined to make an appeal to MacMahon to declare for the royalist cause and therefore sought to entice him into an interview:

> On the 10th of November, 1873, a card was handed to Mme. de MacMahon bearing the name of "M. de Blear-Blacas, emissary of the Marquis de Dreux-Breze." On the visitor being received, his first words were: "The king is at Versailles and wishes to see the marechal!"
>
> Even this thunderbolt did not unnerve the ready-witted and loyal little lady. Promptly and without the slightest agitation she replied: "I am unable to speak for my husband, but I doubt that it will be possible for him to meet monseigneur's wishes." Note the tactful omission of the word "king."
>
> The emissary still harping on the subject, Mme. de MacMahon at last suggested that the Comte de Chambord, accompanied by her visitor, should call on her husband at his "official residence," adding that of course he would be received and treated with the utmost respect. It was now M. de Blacas's turn to receive a shock.
>
> "Comment!" exclaimed the horrified legitimist, "you propose, madame, that the king should himself call on the marechal?"
>
> That French equivalent for our own simple "what," a Frenchman once explained to me, is capable of expressing a dozen meanings, from surprise to contempt, and from indignation to the last and most vehement reproach.
>
> The discomfited emissary then took leave and personally interviewed the marshal-president, who repeated his wife's words. Did the Comte de Chambord honor him with a visit he would be most courteously received. After reiterated argumentation and passionate pleading, he drew from his pocket a key and held it towards MacMahon.
>
> "Here," he said, "is the key of the king's private apartment," naming a hotel close by, "the king awaits you and is alone. On my most solemn vow, no one shall ever learn of this step having been taken."
>
> MacMahon smiled and did not take the key. We may well imagine that the famous smile was a sad one. All the gallant soldier's sympathies were with monarchy and the old order of things. As he afterwards confided to another friend of the Comte de Chambord, he could offer him his life, but never his honor. M. Hanotaux adds: "This little drama, this indecision, terminated the history of France . . . a key offered and refused, a smile, and destiny was accomplished."
>
> The proposed meeting between the president of the French republic and "Henri V"—I still quote from the same historian —"was to have resulted in a restoration, after the manner of 1814. The hero of Majenta and the last of the Bourbons were suddenly to enter the Chamber of Deputies arm in arm. Astoundment, admiration of dash and daring, MacMahon's enormous prestige, lastly romantic sentiment, would have restored the *Ancien Régime!*"

It would indeed be strange if so delightful a book should fail to tempt the traveler to forsake the well-beaten paths of Europe and to seek fresh sights in Algeria. Miss Betham-Edwards writes with an enthusiasm that is justified by what she saw and heard and her literary skill is so great that she easily communicates it to her readers.

In French-Africa: Scenes and Memories. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $2.50 net.

SOME SERIOUS WORKS.

American Syndicalism.

It is somewhat disquieting to note the appearance of weighty and responsible books on American Syndicalism. No doubt the subject is a disagreeable one. Portents, however small, are always disagreeable, but since they can not be abolished with a wave of the hand the part of wisdom is to face them.

John Graham Brooks, who writes this exhaustive inquiry into American Syndicalism, believes that it has come to stay and that only the most adroit policies can prevent its growth into a formidable revolutionary movement. Exciting the present hostility of Socialism and labor unionism, it is likely to be recruited largely from both. Labor unionism has already become a haughty and exclusive caste and is exciting resentments in its own class, while Socialism is likely to lose those who have no sympathy with political action. There is also a large body of the leisurely middle class, including many wealthy individuals who are disposed to favor the "under dog" and to give him their aid and their money. This was obviously true at Lawrence; less obviously true elsewhere. Socialism, labor unionism, radicalism of all kinds, sentimental benevolence, social workers, and "uplifters" are showing increased interest in Syndicalism and some notable successes show how effective that interest may be.

Jerome A. Hart, author of "Sardou and the Sardou Plays." J. B. Lippincott Company.

Syndicalism plays a strong card when it abolishes labor sectionalism and so attracts to itself not only the discontented elements of labor unionism, but all that mass of floating labor that finds itself persecuted by unionism, including the young men who find themselves excluded from apprenticeship. Syndicalism offers:

One obligation for all.
A union man once and in one industry, a union man always and in all industries.
Universal transfers.
Universal emblem.
All workers of one industry in one union; all unions of workers in one big labor alliance the world over.

Every selfish trade union is therefore to lose itself in a larger whole. Because men work in glass or leather, they are not to call their unions after the tools or products used. "With this perfected solidarity once attained," says the author, "labor has only to *stop*, and the catastrophe of capitalism is at hand. This may be done playfully with smiling lips and hands in pockets."

For the remedy the reader must refer to the volume itself, but we get the suggestion that a reformed and intelligent labor unionism would do much. There is no syndicalism in Germany because German labor unionism is not an arrogant and oppressive caste within the ranks of labor, as it is here, but is an enlightened and inclusive movement intelligently attentive to real needs. "To the I. W. W.," says the author, "any unionist of the American Federation of Labor is a scab and an outlaw." It may be that Mr. Brooks has fallen into some of the exaggerations of the expert, but his book is undeniably interesting if only for its record of facts and events.

American Syndicalism. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

◆

Modern Philanthropy.

This is one of the most curiously interesting books of the day, compiled as it is from the begging letters received in the course of two years by Mrs. E. H. Harriman. These letters asked for gifts amounting to $213,000,000. They came from all sorts and conditions of people from the honest and from thieves, from clergymen, university professors and schools, from every variety of philanthropist, from the whole horde of those whose need of money is perpetual and who exhaust every resource of ingenuity to get it. There could be no better material from which to study the problem of poverty, and Mr. William H. Allen, director of the bureau of municipal research, has made the best possible use of it. His book is a copious compendium of the art of giving. He has examined, classified, and analyzed this enormous mass of correspondence, and while the revelations of fraud, cunning, and improvidence are disheartening enough, there are other results of substantial and practical value. Mr. Allen has found it possible to formulate the outlines of a scheme of national benevolence by which charitable funds can be employed without waste and with the fullest promise of efficacy. His substantial volume of over 400 pages is not one to be overlooked by those who recognize that there is no task so hard as that of charity or one that needs so much experience and discretion.

Modern Philanthropy. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.50 net.

◆

Modern Problems.

There are many reasons why we should encourage the material scientist to turn his attention to sociology, politics, and economics. He is accustomed to unemotional thinking, he has been trained in accuracy, and his methods include a strict observation of cause and effect.

The chief defect of these particular essays by Sir Oliver Lodge is their brevity. They are twenty in number, and they occupy 336 large type pages, or an average of sixteen pages each, a scanty allowance for such topics as "Some Social Reforms," "Competition versus Coöperation," or "The Functions of Money." But it need hardly be said that the author has not set himself to the writing of treatises, nor has he any patent plan for the reform of humanity. Wise men never have. But he does set forth some pregnant suggestions, and every line that he writes is worth reading.

He devotes seven pages to the "Position of Women," and gives them the salutary reminder that: "To coerce sane people into arrangements made in accordance with statistical and medical advice alone is quite impracticable, and would lead to furious revolt. Love is a spirit which rises superior to human understanding, and in its majesty affords a surer and diviner guide than any law or system." In his essay on "The Pursuit of Wealth" he asks his readers if they really wish to see a whole people slaving hard, with no leisure, no fresh air, but good wages, plenty of bread to eat, and beer to drink. "To hear people talk, this seems the sort of thing they would really like—this the kind of thing which they lament is so slow in arriving." This, says the author, is what we would call a "commercial millennium," and he is right when he adds that it is a singular ideal, while "any endeavor to preserve natural scenery, and fresh air, and blue sky, and leisure, to enjoy life . . . this is unpractical and sickly sentiment." In point of fact we have mistaken riches for wealth, and that for true wealth and wisdom the bulk of the nation care very little, and have no notion of really striving for it.

Helen R. Martin, author of "The Parasite." J. B. Lippincott Company.

Indeed these essays abound with good things, the fruits of an unusual mind that is free from political conventionalities and that can look at all problems with the dispassion of the laboratory.

Modern Problems. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2 net.

◆

Hail and Farewell! Salve.

It seems that Mr. George Moore has yearned earnestly to become an Irishman and has failed. In his earlier volume, "Ave," he tells us how he went to Ireland in order to keep in the great renaissance and to be present at the dawn of the new age of art and letters. Perhaps Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory had held their own *couleur de rose* spectacles before his eyes and had misled him with a vision of things that are not. Realization is seldom equal to anticipation, and Mr. Moore now sets his disillusionment before us. Ireland is not what he supposed, and much must be done before the renaissance becomes a fact. Roman Catholicism will not permit a renaissance. It is inimical to art and literature, and Roman Catholicism still sits heavily upon the mind of Ireland. Mr. Moore should have looked before he leaped. He should have discounted Mr. Yeats. He should have known that the renaissance was only Mr. Yeats's fun. And yet Mr. Moore's loss is our gain. We would rather have Mr. Moore in his vein of disappointment than an Irish renaissance triumphant. For Mr. Moore in his browsings through the Irish mind is delightful, and in no way to be missed.

One story about Mr. Yeats is too good to be missed. He says that when Yeats was on his way to Aran or from Aran, he was caught in a storm and so fell on his knees and tried to pray, but all he could think of was "of man's first disobedience and the fruit," and so he spoke as much of "Paradise Lost" as he could remember. And the prayer seems to have been effective.

Frederick Chamberlin, author of "The Philippine Problem." Little, Brown & Co.

Hail and Farewell! Salve. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75 net.

◆

Genetics.

Professor Herbert Eugene Walter of Brown University describes his work as "an introduction to the study of heredity." It is much more than an introduction. It is a complete and detailed study of the scientific field so far as it relates to Genetics, an elaborate presentation of the known facts of heredity, and a careful statement of legitimate deductions as well as of some that are not legitimate. For example, it seems to the lay mind that experimentation with plants and animals ought not to be considered as conclusive with regard to men. It must also be remembered that the standard of human values is not the same as the standard of animal values, and that a human being may possess all those physical defects that would make an animal valueless and yet be of priceless advantage to the race. When we are reminded, therefore, that no cattle breeder would pair his worst animals we may applaud a smart saying, but one that has no bearing upon humanity unless, of course, our standard of human values is the policeman.

The author devotes by far the larger part of his book to the animal and plant kingdoms, and here it is possible to award unstinted praise for a fine and competent piece of work that is equal in value to anything of the kind that has been done. But he is upon more disputable ground when he deals with eugenics, although, to his credit, he shrinks from recommending an "eugenic inquisition" that might easily become as deplorable as the Salem witchcraft persecution. He reminds us that the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards had an extraordinary deficiency in moral sense and would certainly have been condemned by any eugenic inquiry, and that Calvin, Newton, Heine, Voltaire, Herbert Spencer, and Robert Louis Stevenson were sickly babies and seemed to be hardly worth raising. Indeed it might almost be argued that genius of any kind is rarely found in combination with robust physical health and that an attempt to prevent the parenthood of the "unfit" might well be preceded by some sane attempt to define unfitness.

Genetics. By Herbert Eugene Walter. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

◆

Woman's Share in Social Culture.

Here we have one more history of woman's status in the body politic, and one more plea for "the full liberation of all potential possibilities of feminine contribution to the thought and the labor of the world." It is a book full of cogent and of earnest thought and actuated by a spirit of fair play and a desire for accuracy rare enough in works of a like kind. But the point that is usually overlooked seems to be overlooked here also. If women have always been the subjects of compulsion men have also been the victims of a no less compulsion, but of a different kind. Every part of a harmonious social system is under compulsion by all its other parts, and to do the things that we do not want to do instead of the things that we do want to do is the common lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred human beings. To attach an idea of superior liberty to the man who signs a time sheet at eight o'clock every morning, and of serfdom to his wife, whose work is without any supervision except her sense of duty, is merely absurd. Most of these pleas are not for justice or equality. They are pleas for immunity from the drudgery that is the common lot of humanity. They are pleas to do what we want to do rather than what we ought to do.

Another point overlooked in this and kindred works is the fact that all social values gravitate to their right place. No human being with deliverable values is neglected or ever has been. There has been no considerable period in the world's history when women of capacity have not had the opportunity to prove their capacity, as witness Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, the Empress of China, and scores of others. Men and women alike have created their own places in the social system. They have risen or fallen by their own gravitation.

But the book is a good one as a history of the status of women and for its large presentation of historical facts. It is evidently the result of industry and of learning, as well as of a conviction that finds its expression in temperate and usually logical forms.

Woman's Share in Social Culture. By Anna Garlin Spencer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.

◆

Teaching.

It is not necessary that Professor William Lyon Phelps should tell us in his introduction that he loves to teach, that teaching is a passion with him. If it were merely his profession he would not have written so good a book. But those who look for a profound disquisition on education will be disappointed. It is a book of hints and recollections rather than a treatise, a collection of the experiences of a teacher who had a definite aim in view and who was tireless in reaching that aim by the right road. The author gives us nine short chapters that are in no way consecutive, but that deal with such general topics as discipline, imagination, composition, pronunciation, and literature. There is a concluding chapter on "The Moral Aspect of Teaching," which is marked by a general breadth of view, although we notice with regret that "I would not vote for a college dean who was not a Christian."

Teaching in School and College. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.

◆

Nogi.

Mr. Stanley Washburn is well qualified to write of the man whose position in history must, he says, be unique, not because he captured Port Arthur or won the fight at Mouk-den, but because he lived only for the performance of duty and for the realization of his lofty ideals. Mr. Washburn was attached to the Japanese army as a newspaper correspondent at Port Arthur and later on in the field. He saw much of the old Samurai warrior, conversed with him many times, and experienced his hospitality. That he felt for him a deep reverence and affection is high testimony to Nogi's character and worth.

Joseph Conrad, author of "'Twixt Land and Sea." George H. Doran Company.

That Mr. Washburn writes well need hardly be said, but the personal feeling that animates his narrative gives it a peculiar interest. His main object is, of course, to set forth the character of his hero, and he does so effectively, but incidentally we have some war pictures well drawn and vivid with color.

Nogi. By Stanley Washburn. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net.

◆

An attractive book of songs and music for little children—and good tinted illustrations also—has been issued by the Oliver Ditson Company under the title of "Creature Songs," both words and music by Louise Ayres Garnett. The price is $1.25 net.

LATE FICTION.

Mrs. Lancelot.

This latest story by Maurice Hewlett will not be immortal. It is told with all the matchless skill that we associate with Mr. Hewlett. Its motive is even more modern than other novels that have come from his pen. The characters are just as vital, but they are further removed from the circle of normal human experience. Every man who can enjoy Mr. Hewlett may conceive of himself as a Senhouse and even wish that he were one. But he will covet neither the record nor the character of either of these men who appear in "Mrs. Lancelot." He will watch them fascinated, but he will not be envious.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "The Mischief-Maker." Little, Brown & Co.

Mrs. Lancelot is the wife of an ambitious politician who imagines that he is a great man. And in order to become a great man he offers his wife to the powerful Duke of Devizes. Doubtless the same thing has often been done in politics, where the wife, because she is a woman, is able to command for her husband an influence that he could never win for himself.

But Mrs. Lancelot has another lover in the person of the poet, Gervase Poore. The poet has nothing to offer except romance and passion, but they conquer the fragile lily woman to whom he offers them. Of course they do. Mrs. Lancelot has nothing in common with her husband. She is the opposite of the duke. And she has that peculiarly dangerous temperament in whom a sense of duty is so distorted and so strong as to set convention at defiance.

The story is, of course, superhumanly clever. It shines. It is literary art at high tide. It grips the imagination and the head, but the novel that will be immortal must grip the heart also, and "Mrs. Lancelot" does not quite do this.

Mrs. Lancelot. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Century Company; $1.35 net.

◆

The Port of Dreams.

Innumerable novels have been written of the Young Pretender, but it is due to the author to say that she has left the beaten track and that she has introduced distinct novelty to an oft-told tale. She gives us Irish gentlemen instead of Scotch, and in the centre of her story is a diamond necklace washed up on the shore from the wreck of some Armada galleon. Equally interesting is her sketch of John Clavering, who finds that the wound of an assassin has left him subject to attacks of cowardice, a truly pathetic picture of a brave man humbled in the stronghold of his pride by a physical ailment. The glimpses of contemporary Irish life are particularly good and the author takes the conventional view of the Pretender as a disagreeable and ungrateful boy. She gives us plenty of adventure and plenty of human nature to carry her book to a successful finish. It is a distinct contribution to the fictional literature of a romantic day.

The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

◆

The Amateur Gentleman.

To say that Mr. Farnol has imitated the early writers of fiction is not a disparagement. There is no particular reason why a novel should have a well-ordered plot or why its writer should measure the value of every word as contributing to a clearly perceived end. There is much to be said for a hero who starts out merrily upon his travels, even though neither he nor his creator have the least idea where the journey will end. Certainly it will end somewhere, and if the journey is begun aright there will be lots of fun upon the way. We have no right to demand an orderly and foreseen pattern so long as the design contains plenty of color.

Illustration from "The Road of Living Men," by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Probably Mr. Farnol had no idea what he would do with Barnabas Barty when he sent him out to see the world. The boy is the son of an ex-prizefighter who has settled down to the rewards of prizefighting virtue in an English country inn. A great fortune is bequeathed to him, so what more natural than that Barnabas should set forth on a tour of discovery. Something is sure to happen at a time when all journeys are by road and steam has not yet robbed the king's highway of joyous possibilities.

Things do happen. Maidens are no longer carried away by magicians and imprisoned in magic castles, but there is no reason why Barnabas should not find Lady Cleone Meredith unconscious in the forest, the victim of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, who is a friend of the Prince Regent, and we all know what the Prince Regent is. Ogres and enchantresses are just as numerous as ever they were, although we give them new names. We may even find that a perfect knighthood is still in flower and that the son of a prize-fighting publican may wear the golden spurs, and wear them worthily.

This is the sort of thing that Mr. Farnol gives us, and we like it. It is all in the open air, where men fight with their fists and where there is no taint of petroleum or of money. Probably Mr. Farnol will get older as time goes on, but we are grateful to him for being young, and merry, and humorous, and also for the fact that his effervescence is contagious.

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.40 net.

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Sonica.

A novel from Spain is so much of a rarity that we turn with some curiosity to this work by V. Blasco Ibañez. It is of the historical order, the scene being laid at the time of Hannibal and the story elaborated with an intricacy of plot and a wealth of detail that in less able hands might be tiresome. But it is not tiresome here because we feel that it has a certain photographic accuracy that gives it value as history and interest as romance. Certainly the author must have exercised enormous industry or else a sort of historical clairvoyance in the production of a notable novel of antiquity.

Sonica. By V. Blasco Ibañez. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

◆

Tackling Matrimony.

Should a seventy-dollar-a-month man marry a three-hundred-dollar-a-month girl? Of course it depends upon the girl, but a good many girls nowadays bear the C. O. D. label, and call attention to it, too, so that men are wary and diffident.

This is the case presented to us by George Lee Burton, whose capital little story would make a good birthday present for some of those undesirable young females who have recently stated in public the lowest prices at which they may be purchased. The hero has seventy dollars a month, and he plucks up heart of grace to ask his charmer if she would be willing to live for a time like the young German porter at the store who had married a Polish girl. The lady, after due reflection, says that she would, and Mr. Burton's little story tells us all about it. It is to be feared that his voice is like that of one crying in the wilderness, but some one ought to say what he has said, and said so well. Like singing hymns, it may possibly do good to some one.

A. S. Hutchinson, author of "The Happy Warrior." Little, Brown & Co.

Tackling Matrimony. By George Lee Burton. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

◆

The Former Countess.

This is a story of French *emigrés* during revolutionary days. The heroine is the Countess de Navarre, who has been widowed by the Jacobins and who is forced to fly the country. But before leaving she marries Chabert, the secretary of her brother, the Duke de Beaumont, and the body of the story is occupied by the dangers of the flight. The author writes interestingly and has evidently saturated herself with the history of the day.

The Former Countess. By Annie Fields Vila. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.40 net.

◆

Which One?

We may frankly confess our dislike of stories that are based upon reports of the Society for Psychical Research or the weird phenomena of nervous disease. In this instance we have a novel based upon triple personalities in one body. The body is that of a girl and the three personalities have different lovers, which is a perplexing situation, and especially for the lovers, who find themselves discarded one after the other as the personalities change. Of course the turn of each comes round again, but no self-respecting lover would consent to watch the clock in this way. The three personalities are finally merged and persuaded into a compromise, since not even a girl with three personalities would be allowed by an illogical law to have three husbands.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Day of Days." Little, Brown & Co.

Which One? By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

◆

Silver, Burdett & Co. have just issued Book One of the "Silver-Burdett Arithmetics," by George Morris Philips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D.

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LATE FICTION.

Ashes and Sparks.

This story of the suffragette movement in England leaves us in doubt whether it is intended as a plea for the Cause or as a solemn warning of its results. The heroine, who does ever so many dreadful things, is quite adorable, and if Nemesis is supposed to dog her footsteps, at least it keeps well out of sight. Dulcie Ellice has a rich father and a conventionally good home, but she is one of those born rebels who place the laws of heredity at defiance. So long as her sympathy with the agitation is theoretical her family tolerate her, but when she addresses crowds in Hyde Park and is exposed to the usual ribaldry her father feels that he must draw the line. So Dulcie leaves home, and the next step is naturally a prison cell and forcible feeding. But there is worse to come. Dulcie develops views on marriage and has the unpleasant courage of her convictions. When she wishes to unite herself with Mr. Percival Arcott she does not allow herself to be deterred by the trivial fact that Arcott already has a wife who is confined as a hopeless lunatic. Such obstacles belong to the old order of things, and so when Dulcie has a baby we concede at once the sincerity of her opinions. Ladies with advanced views on marriage often do have babies. But Dulcie remains adorable.

Some of the characters are thinly disguised. We recognize the home secretary and also Mr. Chesterton, and the latter seems hardly to receive fair treatment. The book may be recommended to those who like that sort of book.

Ashes and Sparks. By Percy White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

◆

Running Sands.

Reginald Wright Kauffman has written a novel that is well composed and of sustained interest, and yet the discriminating reader is likely to class it among the fiction that need not have been written or that should have been written in another way. That a man of fifty, however "well preserved," ought not to marry a girl of eighteen may be accepted as an axiom. The results of such a marriage may properly form the text of a novel, but it should be one of those novels where much should be left to the imagination. And it may be said that imagination is not exercised in this instance. Mr. Kauffman leaves us in no doubt of his meaning, and of all his meaning. His language is direct and his inferences are unveiled. When poor little Muriel implores her elderly husband to love her we feel that we are sufficiently enlightened on the point, but when the husband drinks absinthe before breakfast and then consults a nerve specialist, who speaks with the frankness of the consulting-room, we are tempted to apologize mentally for overhearing what we were not justified in overhearing. In fact we feel a little disgusted. We do not like the husband and we feel a kindly and pitying contempt for the wife. And as the existence of a third party may be assumed in all such cases it may be said that Von Klausen ought to be kicked.

Crittenden Marriott, author of "Sally Castleton, Southerner." J. B. Lippincott Company.

Running Sands. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.35 net.

◆

Paul Rundel.

Will N. Harben's eleventh novel, while not quite equal to his best, is a good story of Southern life in the days when the Ku Klux Klan struck terror to the hearts of a negro population somewhat over inclined to turn liberty into license. Paul Rundel is the son of a poor white who has married a pretty woman much younger than himself and who now finds himself slighted in favor of a younger and more vigorous man. When the elder Rundel dies suddenly Paul supposes that he has inherited a debt of vengeance upon Jeff Warren, and he therefore shoots him and manages to make his escape through the mountains. Returning several years later with the intention of giving himself up for the murder, he learns for the first time that Warren recovered from his wound and is still alive. The rest of the story is occupied with the unraveling of a good many twisted knots and the drawing together of lives that had been separated by the feuds and violences characteristic of the time and place.

The change in Paul Rundel's character seems to be too abrupt and also to be exaggerated. He leaves home a sullen, revengeful boy, rough, uncouth, and uneducated, and he returns in a few years with polish, education, and a rather oppressive religion. In fact we are inclined to fear now and then that Paul Rundel is a bit of a prig and that he has lost of the virility that was his chief charm.

Will Levington Comfort, author of "The Road of Living Men." J. B. Lippincott Company.

Paul Rundel. By Will N. Harben. New York Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

◆

The Impeachment of President Israels.

This story may be taken as a plea for international peace, and it is an effective one, even though we may have some distrust of the manner of its presentation. David Israels is a future President of the United States who is so much of a pacifist as to refuse to recognize the possibility of war. At a time when conflict seems to be almost inevitable as a result of the killing of four American sailors the President deliberately sends the fleet on a decorative and ceremonial visit to Turkey, and as a result he is impeached for what seems to be almost an act of national suicide. The argument for peace is a distinctly novel one and is something of a relief after the tiresome statistics that are usually supposed to be conclusive but that actually have no effect upon any one. President Israels believes that we shall receive from other nations whatever we expect to receive, and that a calm confidence in the justice and goodwill of others will in itself be productive of those virtues. And perhaps President Israels was right.

Illustration from "The Unforgiving Offender," by John Reed Scott. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Impeachment of President Israels. By Frank B. Copley. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.

◆

The Maxwell Mystery.

Carolyn Wells tells a very good detective story of the murder of a young man and the attempted murder of his sweetheart in the midst of the gayeties of a house party in New Jersey. But we are not sure that the author has not transgressed the rules of the detective story—if there are any rules—by allowing the New York detective, summoned when all the local talent has failed, to discover a piece of documentary evidence that should have been discovered before, and that at once indicates the identity of the criminal. In the detective story we like to see all the material exhibits on the table at the start and to enjoy the superhuman processes of deduction. But what does it matter?

The Maxwell Mystery. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

◆

The Gay Rebellion.

In the course of a story that is worth reading by those who have nothing better to do Mr. Robert W. Chambers sketches for us a future state of society in which not only the suffragettes, but also the eugenists, have become militant. We know something of the militant suffragette, but her sister the eugenist is a still more fearsome beast. An investigation into the disappearance of a number of attractive young men leads to the discovery that they have been abducted and are to be forcibly married to a number of Amazonian young women who presumably wish to improve the race and know exactly how to set about it. The story improves as it progresses, and toward the end it gets quite good.

The Gay Rebellion. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

◆

The Lucky Sixpence.

This is a good story for young people who find it easier to learn history through the medium of fiction than in the more usual scholastic ways. It relates the adventures of a girl who is carried off to the American colonies in the guise of a boy and who subsequently meets Franklin, Washington, and other heroes of the day. Whether the story is improved by the fact that Franklin, for example, actually said everything that he is represented in the book to have said, is another matter. Historical accuracy may be carried too far, but at least it is well done.

The Lucky Sixpence. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

◆

The Two Hague Conferences.

This little volume will be received with the respect due to its authorship and to the knowledge and restraint with which it is written. Mr. Choate indulges in no sentimental panegyrics of The Hague conferences. He believes that the effort was a worthy one, that its partial success was at least encouraging, and that a certain principle has been established that may be violated by passionate human nature, but that will not disappear until its avowed goal has been reached. And certainly his record of actual accomplishments is a justification of that hope.

And yet within the last few months we have seen two wars, one of them now in progress, and in neither case was there even a suggestion that the quarrel should be referred to The Hague. At the present moment the concerted nations of Europe are assuming the ultimatum tone to some of the Balkan states and Austria has more than once threatened immediate war. And The Hague has not even been mentioned. And it may be added that the whole of Europe is arming with feverish activity, and once more no one thinks of mentioning The Hague. Evidently it is too soon to feel very enthusiastic over these conferences.

The Two Hague Conferences. By Joseph H. Choate. Princeton: Princeton University Press; $1 net.

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SCIENCE, RELIGION, EDUCATION.

The Rhodes Scholarships.

The Rhodes scholarships were founded about nine years ago, and since that time there have been various unofficial reports and statements to the success of a scheme of which the failure would have been discreditable. Seven hundred Rhodes scholars have now passed through Oxford, so that Dr. Parkin, the organizing secretary of the trust, has a reasonable amount of material upon which to base the present substantial volume. And it is Dr. Parkin's verdict that the experiment has been a success. The Americans have been received cordially as university students, and neither their nationality nor the conditions of their visit has affected their university career or the general comradeship that they have received and given. At the same time the visitors have been at some disvantage in point of scholarship, and this is attributed by the author to a lack of thoroughness in their earlier education. Certain statements have been made from time to time to the effect that the American students have shown a disinclination to mingle with the English, but Dr. Parkin finds that there is no cause for such a complaint. There is an American club at Oxford, but it is used mainly for the reading of American newspapers and for the occasional discussion of American affairs.

A. C. Benson, author of "Along the Road." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Those who wish to know the full purpose as well as the full working of these scholarships will find nowhere a more complete and satisfactory account than here. The author gives us a biography of Cecil Rhodes, the reasons that actuated his bequest, as well as a fair statement of the arguments for and against the project. And it may be admitted that Dr. Parkin does not seem to be wholly satisfied that "the game is worth the candle," in view of the time that is expended and the value of the results even when they are at their best.

The Rhodes Scholarships. By George R. Parkin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2 net.

◆

Man and His Future.

This curious volume attracts by its enthusiasm and repels by its absurdity. We should have to go a long way back in history to find so strange a mingling of wisdom and nonsense.

Illustration from "Turkish Women's European Impressions," by Zeyneb Hanoum. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The author advances the theory that the process of natural evolutionary construction has nearly reached a goal from which an entirely new departure will begin. Matter in the form of atoms was once scattered throughout space. The atoms unite to form molecules, and the molecules to form masses or meteorites. A further process of union brings us to solar systems, and the final stage will be reached when all solar systems join in the formation of "one vast new building" wherein Christ will reign over a regenerated humanity. And then, of course, there can be no more stellar collisions, which removes at least one haunting dread from our minds. In some mysterious way the Anglo-Saxon race is contributing to this end by subjugating the forces of nature and so putting an end to the law of natural selection. This surprising theory is presented at considerable length and supported by a medley of chemistry, astronomy, archæology, and vague biblical texts which can only be described as bewildering but interesting.

Man and His Future. Part II—The Anglo-Saxon: His Part and Place. By Lieutenant-Colonel William Sedgwick. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2 net.

◆

Mind and Health.

Dr. Weaver's eminence will doubtless secure for his present work an audience even among those who are a little tired of the efforts of both medicine and religion to control a field of experiment that they strenuously denounced and discouraged until facts became too strong for them. Both medicine and religion began with ridicule; they passed on to denial; and they now seem to be claiming as their most ancient possession what they once flouted and rejected.

Illustration from "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," by Perceval Gibbon. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The author's object is to investigate and classify the whole domain of mental healing and, with the exception of a certain theological bias, he does this impartially and in the light of an extensive acquaintance. Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement, Dowieism, the Christian Alliance, and Metaphysical Healing are all passed under review and the volume is brought to a close with a good bibliography and indices of names and subjects.

The apportionment of the supposed powers of mental healing between medicine and the church is a little irritating, and we may congratulate ourselves that it can not be enforced. For what the church, as such, has to do with mental healing it is hard to imagine, although it is easy to understand the avidity with which it seeks to compensate for its spiritual failure by the adoption of methods more tangible and more spectacular. That the body is largely governed by the mind is a truism as old as humanity, and we may thank certain independent pioneers who were neither doctors nor clergymen for the fact that this truism is now a matter of general recognition. And any one who has such a recognition can apply the mental remedies, such as they are, for himself without aid or mediation. But Dr. Weaver's book is none the less a valuable one, both for its collection of scientific opinions, its impartial array of conflicting theories, and the physiological and psychological erudition that distinguishes it.

Mind and Health. By Edward E. Weaver, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

◆

The Holy Christian Church.

This history is written from the rare standpoint of entire but not wholly unfriendly detachment from what may be called Christian sentiment. The religious instinct has probably existed since the dawn of humanity. It has changed with the evolutionary changes of human nature and society, and it has been called by various names associated with its inspirers and guides. But it has always been fluidic and plastic in obedience to human needs and knowledge. The Christianity of the early church, for example, bears hardly the dimmest resemblance to the Christianity of today, while the latter is itself divided into scores of sects which have hardly a single creed in common. Christianity is therefore the name of a time period rather than of a faith, and it is the history of that time period in its religious aspects that the author traces from pre-Christian days down to the present time, when Christianity as such seems to be on its way to extinction.

The author frankly regards the story of Jesus as a myth to be considered precisely as that of Mithra, or Tammuz, or any other redeemer god, although he believes that the story contains elements of a pronounced and consistent individuality. But the myth in which conscience played a novel part found a favorable soil at a time of reaction against the hard destructiveness of the day. The Greek culture and the influence of women played their parts, and finally the new faith was found useful to the great political developments of the period and Christianity became the name of the new cycle of religious evolution. That particular cycle, the author believes, is on its decline, but "precisely what stage that decline has reached it is not yet possible to estimate." In its boldness of treatment and its freedom from conventional terminology the book is a striking one, although it can hardly expect a welcome from those who instinctively shrink from the unusual in matters of religion.

The Holy Christian Church. By R. M. Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50 net.

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"Household Science and Arts," by Josephine Morris (American Book Company: 60 cents), is intended for a two-year school course and comprises instruction in housekeeping as well as a large number of cooking recipes.

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Illustration from "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds," by E. Torday. J. B. Lippincott Campany.

Causes and Effects in American History. By Edwin W. Morse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

◆

Castles of England and Wales.

Nothing so stimulates the imagination of the traveler in Europe as the ruins of an ancient castle. It represents the early history of the country, a history not only of siege and war, of violence and tyranny, but of the social life of centuries. The castle was the social unit. Its owner represented all that the community knew of kingship. He was the ruler, the taxgatherer, and the protector. According to his disposition he gathered around him either the lawlessness of his day or its culture and industry. But the castle represented more than the local history of its day, for actually it was the beginning of democracy, inasmuch as its lord was either subservient to the kingly power or its opponent. It was the castle-owning element that forced Magna Charta from King John. It was the same element that opposed itself to the centralization and absoluteness of royal authority and that began that broadening of the social basis that was the dawn of popular government.

Mr. Herbert A. Evans, author of the best of all books on the castles of England and Wales, devotes himself to the evolution of the castle as expressive of the evolution of the nation. He shows the changing modes of architecture necessitated by changes in war and government. Beginning with eleventh-century castles, we find nine with square keeps, four with shell keeps, two with round keeps, and two with gatehouse keeps. The twelfth-century supplies ten examples, the thirteenth with three, and the fourteenth with one. Then came gunpowder and artillery, and the day of the castle was at an end. But the castles themselves still stand, at least many of them, some few in all of their early strength, others as mere shapeless masses of stone. That they were ever captured is a proof of the courage of assailants, who advanced to the attack over open ground and with nothing in the way of missiles but arrows and stones.

The author has done his work well, and with the combined knowledge of the architect and the historian. The text is reënforced by thirty-four exceptionally good illustrations.

Castles of England and Wales. By Herbert A. Evans. New York: George H. Doran Company; $4 net.

◆

My Friends at Brook Farm.

Mr. Sears has written a book of reminiscences that is well worth while, and we are inclined to wonder that it was not written earlier. He went to Brook Farm as a boy, and he now relates his memories and impressions, and without any unconscious effort to modify them by a more matured sense of values. He knew Margaret Fuller, but she was not a congenial figure, being overmuch given to unboylike talk. He knew also Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose place he took in the cowshed, and he remembers Mr. Emerson, who did not live at Brook Farm, but who was a frequent visitor. Notable visitors were, of course, numerous, and they were attracted by an idealism that made beautiful even the most menial of tasks. Mr. Sears gives a singularly pleasing impression of Brook Farm as a place where fine conceptions of life and duty took on visible substance and form. And the pictures are all the more impressive for being so unmistakably boyish and spontaneous.

Payne Erskine, author of "Jayful Heatherby." Little, Brawn & Co.

My Friends at Brook Farm. By John Van Der Zee Sears. New York: Desmond FitzGerald; $1.25 net.

◆

The American Mediterranean.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal's reputation for careful observation and accurate deduction is already so well established that his latest work needs no credentials. He has repeatedly covered the ground of which he writes, he has no prejudices to warp his vision, his angle of vision is always wide, and his style has a vivacity that would decorate a novel. In the course of his eighteen chapters he deals with the situation in Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, Venezuela, Colombia, Porto Rico, Mexico, and Panama. There are also illuminating chapters on Voodoo, Castro, the French Islands, the Conquest of the Isthmus, and "The Orphans of the Conquest." None of these essays can properly be described as histories, although historical material is used wherever necessary to elucidate existing situations. And a better elucidation has not been given by any one.

Certainly Mr. Bonsal has the gift of direct utterance. Speaking of the increasing anti-American feeling throughout Cuba, he says that it has now become so virulent and widespread that "it can, without exaggeration, be compared to the other great racial hatreds which have changed the course of history, such as the hatred . . . of the Slavs for the Turks." Whatever history may say of American altruism, it will say also that "the only feelings which we inspire in the hearts of the most influential, though not the most respectable, of Cubans, is the detestation which the Carbonari had for the white-coated Austrians." The author suggests no reasons for this. Probably there are no expressible reasons. It is a part of the white man's burden. Speaking of the Panama difficulty, Mr. Bonsal says with equal clearness that the ultimate lease or purchase of the Zone by America was foreseen everywhere except in America, that "there seem to have been foresight and forethought everywhere upon the question except in Washington."

Illustration from "The Land of New Guinea Pygmies," by Captain C. G. Rawling, F. R. G. S. J. B. Lippincott Company.

To attempt anything like a digest of a work that covers so large a field would be difficult in so narrow a space. Suffice it to say that even the ordinarily well-informed will find this volume unusually full of the things that are not generally known and of the facts that have a vital bearing upon existing conditions. In one respect the book leaves a sombre impression upon the mind, because its picture of misgovernment and incapacity is nearly unrelieved. We feel ourselves to be in the presence of a vast problem, and one that is already pressing for settlement. Moreover, it is not likely to be settled by a policy of "masterly inactivity."

The American Mediterranean. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $3 net.

◆

The Women of Shakespeare.

Opening this volume by Mr. Frank Harris with a pleasing expectation that we are to be treated to an analysis of the women of the Shakespearean plays we find that it is the women of Shakespeare's own family whom we are asked to consider, in other words his mother, wife, daughter, and *chère amie*.

Elizabeth Rabins, author of "My Little Sister." Dodd, Mead & Co.

Now it is probably true that all novelists and dramatists draw upon their families and their acquaintances in the construction of their characters. It could hardly be otherwise, and doubtless Shakespeare often availed himself of the material nearest to his hand. But to seek to establish an identity between his dramatic characters and the women who were nearest to him in life is a venturesome proceeding and one likely to make undue demands upon fancy. As an example of the author's reasoning we may cite his quotation of the speech of Coriolanus to his mother:

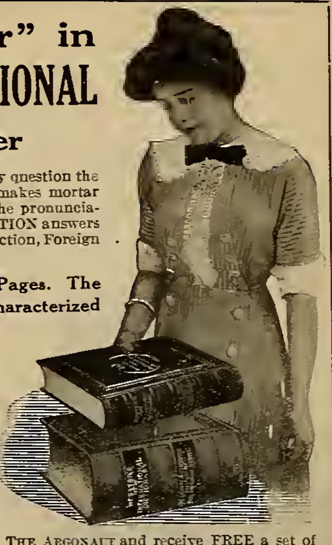
> . . . You, gods! I prate,
> And the most noble mother of the world
> Leave unsaluted: sink my knee, i' the earth
> Of thy deep duty more impression show,
> Than that of common sons.

Surely, says Mr. Harris, in the last lines of this self-revealing speech we catch an echo of Shakespeare's pride in himself and his intense admiration of his mother, who had probably begged him to be reconciled to his wife. The argument, to say the least of it, seems far-fetched.

But it is in his identity of Mary Fitton that Mr. Harris seems most fanciful. When we are told that the scene between Hamlet and his mother, in which he begs her to leave the king, has reference to Shakespeare's entreaties to Mary Fitton to sever her connection with Lord Herbert, we can only say that it may conceivably have been so, but that there is not a scintilla of evidence to show that it was so. And the same may be said of the greater part of the author's suggestions that are indeed worked out with cleverness and enthusiasm, but that leave us unconvinced and irresponsive.

Reginald Wright Kauffman, author of "Running Sands." Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Women of Shakespeare. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.



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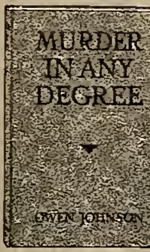

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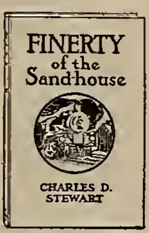

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The Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book, by Henry Harrison Suplee, M. E., new edition, revised and enlarged, illus., $5 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

A History of Nursing from the Earliest Times to the Present Day with Special Reference to the Work of the Past Thirty Years, edited and in part written by Lavinia L. Dock, R. N., in four vols., Vols. III and IV, illus., $5 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Common Diseases, by Woods Hutchinson, M. D., $1.50 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Food and Flavor, a gastronomic guide to health and good living, by Henry T. Finck, illus. by Charles S. Chapman, $2 net; Century Company.

Manual for Heart Patients, gospels of do's and don'ts for those suffering from heart, blood-vessel, or kidney diseases, by J. H. Honan, M. D., $1.20 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Malaria, cause and control, by William B. Herms, illus., $1.25 net; Macmillan Company.

Massage, by Douglas Graham, M. D., new edition, enlarged, illus., $4 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mind and Health, by E. E. Weaver, with introduction by G. Stanley Hall, $2 net; Macmillan Company.

Müller's Sero-Diagnostic Methods, trans. by Dr. Ross C. Whitman, illus., $1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Private Duty Nursing, by Katharine De Witt, R. N., $1 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Surgical and Gynecological Nursing, by Dr. Edward Mason Parker and Dr. Scott D. Breckinridge, illus., $2.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Three Gifts of Life, a girl's responsibility for race progress, by Nellie M. Smith, A. M., with introduction by Thomas Dennison Wood, A. M., M. D., 50 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

When to Send for the Doctor and What to Do Before He Comes, by Dr. F. E. Lippert and Dr. Arthur Holmes, illus., $1.25 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

EDUCATIONAL.

American Readers, Books Seven and Eight, by Myron T. Pritchard; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Beginner's French, by Dr. Max Walter and Miss Anna Woods Ballard; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gardening for Schools with Home Practice, by Kary C. Davis, illus., 90 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Educational Administration, quantitative studies, by E. L. Thorndike and George D. Strayer; Macmillan Company.

First German Reader, by Dr. Max Walter and Dr. Carl A. Krause; Charles Scribner's Sons.

History of Education in Modern Times, by Frank P. Graves; Macmillan Company.

How to Master the Spoken Word, by Edwin G. Lawrence, $1.50 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

Illustrative Examples of English Composition, by James W. Linn, $1; Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Ideals in Rural Schools, by George Herbert Betts, Ph. D.; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Preparing for Citizenship, an elementary text-book in civics, by William Backus Guitteau, Ph. D., illus.; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Problems of Educational Readjustment, by David Snedden; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Representative Cities of the United States, a geographical reader, by Caroline W. Hotchkiss, illus.; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Riverside Literature series: The Teaching of English Classics in the Grammar Grades, by Eugene Clarence Warriner, 15 cents net; Selected Lyrics from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, edited by Charles Swain Thomas, 25 cents net; Selected Lyrics from Dryden, Collins, Gray, Cowper, and Burns, edited by Charles Swain Thomas, 25 cents net; Two Speeches on Copyright by Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, and Address at Cooper Union by Abraham Lincoln, edited, with introductions and notes, by Edwin L. Miller, A. M.; Southern Poems, edited by Charles W. Kent, 25 cents net; College Life, by LeBaron Russell Briggs: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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The Riverside Readers, edited by James H. Van Sickle and Wilhelmina Seegmiller, assisted by Frances Jenkins, illus. in color and in black and white: Primer, illus. by Ruth Mary Hallock, 30 cents net; First Reader, illus. by Maginel Wright Enright, 35 cents net; Second Reader, illus. by Clara E. Atwood, 40 cents net; Third Reader, illus. by Ruth Mary Hallock, 50 cents net; Fourth Reader, illus. by Lucy Fitch Perkins, 55 cents net; Fifth Reader, illus. by Lucy Fitch Perkins, 55 cents net; Sixth Reader, illus., 55 cents net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Teacher's Health, by Lewis W. Terman, 60 cents net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Teaching of History, by Ernest C. Hartwell; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Wealth of the World's Waste Places and Oceania, a geographical reader, by J. C. Gilson; Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Vocations for Girls, by Mary A. Laselle and Katherine E. Wiley, with introduction by Meyer Bloomfield, 85 cents net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Word Mastery, a course in phonics for the first three grades, by Florence Akin, illus., 25 cents net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

Your Child Today and Tomorrow, by Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg, $1.25 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy, by W. Tudor Jones, Ph. D. (Jena), with portrait, $1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A New Philosophy, Henri Bergson, by Edouard Le Roy, trans. from the French by Vincent Benson, $1.25 net; Henry Holt & Co.

Bible for Home and School, new vol.: Judges, edited by E. L. Curtis, 75 cents net; Macmillan Company.

Bible Reading in the Early Church, by Adolf Harnack, trans. by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M. A., $1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Christianity and Commerce, a study in Western expansion, by Rev. Frank Ilsley Paradise, $1 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Contest for the Spiritual Life, by Rudolf Eucken, $3.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Epochs in the Life of Jesus, by A. T. Robertson, 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

God's Choice of Men, by W. R. Richards, 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, 3 vols., each 90 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Papers of the American Society of Church History, edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, Secretary, second series, Vol. I, $2 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prayers, Ancient and Modern, by William Angus Knight, $1.25 net; E. P. Dutton & Co.

Protestantism and Progress, a historical study of the relation of Protestantism to the modern world, by Ernest Troeltsch, Dr. Theol. Phil. Jur., trans. by W. Montgomery, B. D., $1.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Social Idealism and the Changing Theology, by Gerald Birney Smith, $1.25 net; Macmillan Company.

The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead, by J. C. Frazier, Litt. D., Vol. I; Macmillan Company.

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The Elements of Child Study and Religious Pedagogy, by William Walter Smith, M. D., $1 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Essence of Christianity, by W. A. Brown, 90 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Faith of a Modern Protestant, by W. Bousset, 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Fundamental Christian Faith, by Dr. Charles A. Briggs, D. D., $1.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Life and Teachings of Jesus, by Professor Charles F. Kent, Ph. D., $1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Theology and Human Problems, by E. W. Lyman, 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Positive Evolution of Religion, by Frederic Harrison, D. C. L., in Putnam's Science series, $2 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Problem of Christianity, by Josiah Royce, 2 vols., each $1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

The Psalm of Psalms, by Professor James Stalker, D. D., 60 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus, by William S. Rainsford, D. D., $1.25 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Song and the Soil, by W. G. Jordan, D. D., 60 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature, by James Y. Simpson, D. Sc., $1.50 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Story of the Psalms, by Henry Van Dyke, 50 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Text and Canon of the New Testament, by Alexander Souter, 75 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Wesley's World Parish, a sketch of the hundred years' work of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, by George G. Findlay, D. D., and Mary Grace Findlay, M. Sc., with frontispiece, $1 net; George H. Doran Company.

What Is the Truth about Jesus Christ? problems of Christology discussed in six Haskell lectures at Oberlin, Ohio, by Friedrich Loofs, $1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

AGRICULTURAL.

American Irrigation Farming, by W. H. Olin, illus., $1.50 net: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Lippincott's Farm Manuals, edited by Professor Kary C. Davis: Profitable Horse Husbandry, by Carl W. Gay, D. V. M., B. S. A., illus.; Productive Swine Husbandry, by G. E. Day, illus.; Productive Poultry Husbandry, by Harry A. Lewis, B. S., illus.; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Rural Science series, edited by L. H. Bailey, new vols.: Sheep Farming, by John A. Craig and F. R. Marshall; Coöperation in Agriculture, by G. Harold Powell; Farm Forestry, by E. G. Cheyney; Forage Crops for the South, by S. M. Tracy; Fruit Insects, by M. V. Slingerland and C. R. Crosby; Principles of Fruit Growing, by L. H. Bailey, new ed.; Milk and Its Products, by Henry H. Wing, revised ed.; each illus., per vol., $1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

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George Macdonald's Stories for Little Folks: The Princess and the Goblin, simplified by Elizabeth Lewis, illus. in color by Maria L. Kirk, 50 cents net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

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Phyllis' Stories of Big Animals, by Leonore E. Mulets, illus., $1.25; L. C. Page & Co.

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NEW EDITIONS.

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent, by Fannie Merritt Farmer, illus., $1.60 net; Little, Brown & Co.

In the Green Forest, by Katharine Pyle, illus., $1.20 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, by Louisa M. Alcott, players' ed., illus. from scenes in the play, $1.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Romances, by Théophile Gautier, new pocket ed., trans. by F. C. de Sumichrast, illus., 10 vols., $15 net: Little, Brown & Co.

The Broad Highway, by Jeffery Farnol, new illus. ed., $3 net: Little, Brown & Co.

The Florence of Landor, by Lilian Whiting, popular illus. ed., $1.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Happy Warrior, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, $1.35 net; Little, Brown & Co.

The Idiot, by Fyodor Dostoevsky, trans. from the Russian by Constance Garnett, $1.50 net; Macmillan Company.

The Tudor Shakespeare, edited by William Allen Neilson and Ashley H. Thorndike, new vols.: The Tempest; Henry VI, Parts II and III; Merry Wives of Windsor; Titus Adronicus; Hamlet; The Sonnets; Antony and Cleopatra; Cymbeline; Julius Cæsar; Pericles; each illus., per vol., cloth 25 cents net, leather 55 cents net; Macmillan Company.

Travels, by Théophile Gautier, new pocket ed., 7 vols., $10.50 net; each $1.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

Works of William Shakespeare, new pocket ed., edited by Richard Grant White, portraits and facsimiles, 12 vols., $18 net: each, $1.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Farm in Creamland, by Charles Garvice, $3 net; George H. Doran Company.

Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons, as played since the adoption of the new count, by Grace G. Montgomery, $1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Auction Bridge, with revised law and the new count, by J. B. Elwell, illus., $1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

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France from Within, by Claire de Pratz, illus., $3 net; George H. Doran Company.

Harper's Household Handbook, an easy guide to woman's work, $1 net; Harper & Brothers.

Great Jurists of the World, From Papinian to Von Ihering, by various authors, edited by Edward Manson, with introductions by Sir John Macdonell and Van Vechten Veeder, 20 portraits, Continental Legal History series, $5 net; Little, Brown & Co.

History of Continental Criminal Procedure, by A. Esmein, with chapters by Francois Garraud and C. J. A. Mittermair, trans. by John Simpson, Continental Legal History series, $4.50 net; Little, Brown & Co.

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Scientific Auction Bridge, by E. V. Shepard, $1 net; Harper & Brothers.

The Book of Indian Blankets, by George Wharton James, color and half-tone illustrations, $3 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Case of Oscar Slater, by A. Conan Doyle, 50 cents net; George H. Doran Company.

The Chafing Dish, Together with Directions for the Preparation of Sandwiches, by Alice L. James, $1.25 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Clock That Had No Hands, and nineteen other essays about advertising, by Herbert Kaufman, $1.25 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Development of Auction Bridge Under the New Count, by Florence L. Irwin, $1.25 net: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Dickens Year Book, compiled by Lois Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding, illus. by Dan Sayre Groesbeck, $1 net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Efficient Age, by Herbert Kaufman, $1 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Fine Points of Auction Bridge, by Florence L. Irwin, second revised ed., $1.25 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Mythological Zoo, written and illus. by Oliver Herford, 75 cents net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The New Hostess of Today, by Linda Hull Larned, new, revised, and enlarged ed., illus., $1.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Woman with Empty Hands, the evolution of a suffragette, by a Prominent Suffragette, 50 cents net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

Welcome to Our City, by Julian Street, $1.20 net; George H. Doran Company.

LITERARY NOTES.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published an "Outline for Review in Civics," by Arthur Mayer Wolfson, Ph. D., and containing in condensed form all the material needed for a rapid review of civics. Price, 25 cents.

"The Gospel of the Lilies," by Edward O. Guerrant (Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net), is a volume of short sermons by the well-known Southern preacher whose sincerity makes amends for his orthodoxy.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have published a reprint of "The Princess and the Goblin," by George Macdonald, but "simplified" by Elizabeth Lewis, with six full-page illustrations in color (50 cents net). The simplification is well done, but we are inclined to wonder if it is necessary.

"Harper's Household Handbook," otherwise described as "A Guide to Easy Ways of Doing Woman's Work" (Harper & Brothers; $1 net), contains a mass of domestic information on the things that women are popularly supposed to do, but don't. Kitchen, attic, cellar, and nursery all find their place.

"A Catechism of Life," by Alice Mary Buckton (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net), is intended to aid parents in giving to their children an adequate conception of the purpose of existence, with special reference to the personal nature, spiritual, mental, and physical. It should be used as a guide, and not set as an exercise.

The publication of "Intercollegiate Debates," edited by Egbert Ray Nichols (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York; $2) has evidently been a popular one, since we now have a second volume, sub-titled "A Year Book of College Debating" with records of questions and decisions, specimen speeches, and bibliographies. Those interested in intercollegiate debating will find here a mass of useful material available in no other form.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Boston Evening Transcript: Mr. Hart has done good service in bringing together permanently these records, hitherto scattered through many and inaccessible sources.

New York Globe: The book has value as a chapter—a very long and important chapter—in theatrical history.

Pittsburg Post: Sardou is abundantly worthy of a large place in dramatic chronicle. It is sheer folly to dismiss him with a sneer as a mere juggler in dramatic technique. If some of our many would-be playwrights had a tithe of his constructive skill we would have more works worthy to be classed as drama. So no apology is needed for the presentation of such a complete life of Sardou as this. Perhaps the most illuminating part of the book is that which deals with Sardou's methods of work.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Mr. Hart gives a working biography of the famous French playwright, and brings before the student many facts which only the most patient investigation has elicited. The biographical part of the book contains . . . the best life-story in English of Sardou. The author analyzes most of the Sardou plays in a narrative non-critical way, and he gives very valuable bibliographical data.

Salt Lake City Tribune: Mr. Hart is a strong writer. The American public has had from him much to its acceptance. This work is one of importance and critical ability; it will be welcomed.

Richmond Times-Dispatch: This important work furnishes a very full biographical sketch of the dramatist. The outline histories of the Sardou plays render the book most valuable to all who desire an acquaintance with these dramas; they are translated and analyzed with great care. . . . The book bespeaks, through its merit, a place in private and public American libraries.

Illustrated. 403 pages. $2.50 net. May be ordered through your Bookseller

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222 STOCKTON ST.
Union Square San Francisco

Florence Akin of Pasadena, California, has prepared a little volume of phonics for the first three school grades. It is entitled "Word Mastery" and it is recommended for use in connection with any series of readers. The publishers are Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, 25 cents net.

The eleventh volume of Studies in Theology, now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons, is "The Theology of the Gospels," by the Rev. James Moffatt, D. D., D. Litt. The author's task of unification is a difficult one, but he has at least the equipment of scholarship and the power of orderly presentation.

The fourth volume of the Success series is entitled "Success in Business," by William Ganson Rose (Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net). It is satisfactory to note that the author lays his least stress upon money-making. Money may be a gauge or standard of success, but the supreme acquisition is capacity and power. Mr. Rose's book is not one to be overlooked by those who would know something of the finer forces of life that produce success.

"An Outline History of China," by Herbert H. Gowen, F. R. G. S. (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20 net), is a continuous narrative of Chinese history from the earliest times to the Manchu Conquest in 1644. The compression of 5000 years of history into 200 pages of print necessarily involves a somewhat sketchy presentation, but as the author claims no more than this for his work it must be conceded that it is well and usefully done.

Among later additions to sex literature—not, we believe, to be viewed without some alarm—is "Sex Education," by Ira S. Wile, M. S., M. D. (Duffield & Co.; $1 net). The book is written irreproachably, and if only the discretion of parents was equally irreproachable we might view the proceedings with more equanimity. At present there seems a likelihood that the dangers of sex ignorance may be replaced by a knowledge that is still more dangerous.

Considering the ocean of literature that has already appeared on what is called New Thought it seems a little late in the day to produce a volume intended to tell us what New Thought is. But Charles Brodie Paterson has done this very thing in his book, "What Is New Thought?" just published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company ($1 net). For the most part it is sensible and wholesome reading, but why is it called "new"? One might suppose that there is nothing older in the world.

Those who are ambitious for the distinctions of the orator will find some substantial aid in "How to Master the Spoken Word," by Edwin Gordon Laurence (A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50 net). The author describes his work as "a self-instructor for all who would excel in the art of public speaking," and his advice seems to be practical and to the point. A valuable feature of the book is its selection of great speeches, and this makes it a desirable possession even by those who have no oratorical aspirations.

With such an extraordinary number of inspirational books it is surprising that any of us should remain uninspired. Here is the thirteenth of such volumes from the pen of Mr. Orison Swett Marden, in addition to a goodly number of "Efficiency" books and "Success" booklets. Mr. Marden's new volume is entitled "The Exceptional Employee," and it tells us all how we may cease to be nobodys and become somebodys. It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, $1 net.

Professor Henry W. Farnum of Yale University has done well to publish the substance of some of his many speeches and writings during the last few years. The volume appears under the title of "The Economic Utilization of History" (Yale University Press; $1.25 net), and may be described as a plea for the study of social facts as a preliminary to legislation. Unfortunately the majority of those whom we elect to legislate never read anything and therefore are not likely to read this, but nevertheless these thoughtful papers can not be wholly without result.

The art of letter-writing is not altogether dead if the day can produce a volume of such correspondence as appears under the title of "Solitude Letters," by Mary Taylor Blauvelt (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.30 net). These letters cover a wide range of human thought. Maeterlinck, Carlyle, Browning, Goethe, Cromwell, a whole gallery of great persons and great events appear in them, and although the viewpoint is often conventional in order that it may be also optimistic, every line bears the stamp of a wise and ripe mind and the breadth of vision that comes from thought and good-will.

A valuable text-book on "Elementary Biology" has been prepared by James Edward Peabody, A. M., and Arthur Ellsworth Hunt, Ph. B. (the Macmillan Company; $1.25 net). The work is divided into three sections devoted to plants, animals, and human beings, each section freely illustrated and the concluding portion specially adapted to human welfare. Intended primarily for schools, the authors have produced a work of no ordinary interest to the average reader who is intelligent enough to wish to know the how and the why of familiar life processes.

New Books Received.

The Silent Battle. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Strange Case of Dr. Stanchon. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Governor. By Karin Michaelis Stangeland. New York: John Lane Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

The Fear of Living. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Barbara Gwynne. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Son of His Mother. By Clara Viebig. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

My Lady Peggy Leaves Town. By Frances Aymar Mathews. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Snapdragon. By Horace Hazeltine. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

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A novel.

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A novel.

The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. By Karl Marx. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.; 50 cents.

Third edition. Translated by Daniel de Leon.

The Social Center. By Edward J. Ward. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50 net.

Issued in the National Municipal League series.

Sabotage. By Emile Pouget. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.; 50 cents.

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Electricity, a National Factor

It is said that approximately 5 per cent of the total population of the United States gets its living more or less directly from electricity and its ramifications.

Further, claim is advanced, based on a careful study of existing conditions throughout the country, that fully 40 per cent of the population uses electricity in some form or other every day, if only by the sending of a telegram, the use of the telephone, hopping on a street-car, or pushing a doorbell.

Considering the application of electricity to street railways, which carry their vast armies daily, making cities possible, the operation of electric elevators, use of this power in factories where large machines are involved, as well as in the home, where the fluid is applied in every department, the seeker after facts finds that the assertions made are probably considerably milder than conditions actually warrant.

In less than forty years the electrical business of this country has shown a development that has probably never been equaled by any other industry, not even considering steam and gas.

Recent figures show that something over $10,000,000,000 is invested in the business, with gross earnings of over $40,000,000 annually, from one branch—the central station industry. The total American annual expenditure on electrical service, apparatus and, supplies is in excess of $2,000,000, but should double that easily.

This enormous business growth can practically be said to have developed itself, for it is only within recent years that a few of the larger central stations and manufacturers throughout the country have made any real effort toward educating the public to the use of what is still a stupendous mystery to the average layman.

California has awakened to the wonders of electricity, and the unlimited uses to which the mysterious fluid may be put is fast being brought before the people in every section of the major part of the state through the efforts of the pioneer power concern in the Golden State, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, whose ramifications now cover thirty of the fifty-eight counties in the state. In the rural districts "Pacific Service" has, in the last two years, made over conditions, for trained men have gone to the farmer and fruit-grower, and proved the inestimable value of electric pumps. The result has been a magnificent growth in the consumption of electric power for farm purposes, and the development of fertile tracts which had hitherto been thinly populated and niggardly in crop production, owing to unsatisfactory rain conditions.

That the public may more thoroughly understand the great subject of electrical development, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has its experts lecture anent these matters, and recently before the Home Industry League over fifty stereopticon views were shown of the company's power stations, lakes, conduits, and improvements in the Sierra Nevadas. The lecturer, Frederick S. Myrtle, declared that within the last seven years the company had expended over $28,000,000 in new work, and that there are 3000 local stockholders in the corporation.

NAT C. GOODWIN IN DICKENSLAND.

The whirligig of time! What revolutions it brings about. Once upon a time Charles Dickens stood supreme, a literary god. W. D. Howells's was the first iconoclastic touch to be laid upon the images of dead Titans. One fateful day there appeared the essay in which he mentioned "the mannerisms of Dickens, and the confidential attitude of Thackeray," which, he said, "would not be tolerated in our day." That passing comment really registered the definite arrival of a new literary epoch. Dickens and Thackeray were of the old style, and no longer were to be judged by fame-dazzled contemporaries.

With the coming of the modern epoch disappeared the Dickens dramas. When we do occasionally see them it is as "revivals," plays put on the stage to satisfy the curiosity of a new generation that desires to see old names and traditions endowed with temporary, if artificial, life.

Their number never was great. The voluminous windings of Dickens's serialized stories were not easily compressed into the necessary restrictions of the dramatized form. The one with the most vitality, "The Old Curiosity Shop," has been made familiar to the present generation. As well-acted a stock performance as one would reasonably wish to see was given at the Alcazar Theatre a year or so ago, during the Max Figman engagement. Eons and eons ago there took place in the old Baldwin Theatre an interesting performance of a Dickens piece which included the story of Steerforth's betrayal of David Copperfield's childhood idol, and which was very approoriately called "Little Emily."

I have heard a tender-hearted member of the old guard of San Francisco theatre-goers relate how mercilessly she was once guyed by members of her family for the anguish of sympathy that she suffered over Jennie Lee's pathetic personation of poor Jo, the hack-slum pariah of "Bleak House."

The theatrical annals of San Francisco register Lotta Crabtree's comedy success in the rôle of the Marchioness, and the shock she gave her laughter-loving admirers when she appeared in the same performance as a priggish and studiedly angelic little Nell. Sam Weller, of course, and Mr. Pickwick have wakened dead and gone echoes of Homeric laughter, and Sidney Carton has been brought to dramatic life for the delectation of the modern theatre-goer.

As for "Oliver Twist," it has been revived over and over again. One of my horrible recollections is the scene of Nancy's murder, as given during a Nance O'Neil engagement, when the sordid chamber in which Bill Sikes executed his submissive paramour became as a hideous, gore-splashed shambles.

The character of Fagin, the contrast of Oliver Twist's shrinking gentleness and honesty to his frightful surroundings, and the dreadful crime of Bill Sikes, have combined to give the play a strong melodramatic value which has served to keep it on the stage long past its own epoch.

"Oliver Twist" was therefore selected as the Dickens play most acceptable to modern tastes with which to celebrate in London the recent centenary of Charles Dickens.

And on Monday night it dawned on me, by degrees, as the play went on, that this revival was affording us a rare opportunity. For here, in this year of 1913, we saw a perfect representation, in the best style, of the drama of thirty years ago. It is, naturally, not wholly acceptable to our modern tastes. In the early stages of the play, particularly, there is more talk and less action than we are accustomed to. The speeches and sentiments are thoroughly old-fashioned, out of date. The characters are like pictures, but not like portraits. The whole trend of the play is in the line of melodrama, and our sophisticated generation has emerged wholly from melodrama, and, when it patronizes serious plays, wants a reflection of life and of its complex modern phases.

But in spite of all these handicaps, appreciation steadily grows as the lengthy and lugubrious drama unfolds itself to our view. In the first place, Mr. Comyns Carr has an admirably arranged five-act drama, with a considerable lessening of the element of crude horror, which has heretofore so strongly dominated the usual acting versions. In the second place, he has contrived to steer the spectator with some skill through the puzzling circumlocutions of Oliver's and Rose's involved pedigree. In the third place he has given the Brownlow-Maylie scenes of the play an old-world, early Victorian atmosphere, which, artificial though it is, compared to our standards, has a curious, faint, fragrant charm.

Rose Maylie is a thoroughly Dickensonian heroine; a being all sensibility and picturesque tearfulness. Monks is the old-style, melodramatic villain; face muffled in cloak, attitudes and gestures that require a quarter of the stage for their sweeping range, a heart impervious to any emotion other than craft, self-interest, and cowardly terror. Giles, the old servant, is a relic of the long dead past; small-clothes, devotion, respectfully pompous periods, and all. Harry Maylie is a picture of the good, romantically devoted young man who expresses the most noble sentiments, in the most unexceptionable manner. Mr. Grimwig is that explosive combination of good heart, hard head, and bad manners, that, common enough in mid-Victorian fiction, is as extinct in the present day as the dodo.

The characters in the play that belong more particularly to the criminal ranks that Fagin was so busily engaged in augmenting have their different and more pronouncedly melodramatic value. But each fits to a nicety into his place in the whole scheme. For this company, organized in support of Nat Goodwin, the star, is of such first-class quality, and the ensemble effect of the performance is so finished, that, star though there be, the general effect is that of an exceptionally fine performance in stock.

Mr. Goodwin, as Fagin, does not obtrude his starship, nor does he over-stress the character acting. He does not try to modernize the acting. Nobody does. That is the admirable feature in the whole affair, that gives it its curious, old-time completeness. Neither does he try to insist that the characterization is not of our time. He simply acts the rôle for the good that is in it.

There are two Fagins, the crafty, scheming, old fox that knows how to manipulate the young pawns with which he plays his game of life, and the old ruffian with his mask off, who talks to his fellow-ruffian in terms of brutal business. And in both phases the Nat Goodwin we know is utterly eliminated. The perfect make-up, the Jewish nose, the fox-colored beard, the old striped gaberdine, all assist in this elimination, but its success lies beyond extraneous aids, and, for almost the first time in our recollection, we see Nat Goodwin provided with a rôle which draws upon those reserves which we had almost forgotten that he possessed.

Mr. Percy Standing is equally finished in the rôle of Bill Sikes. As that surly ruffian Mr. Standing shows a length and solidity of limb that heightens the sense of danger which always attends Bill's appearance upon the scene. In his craftless, brutal strength, he seems like a blindfolded bull, waiting for the dextrous Jew to slip the bandage and permit his ugly passions and his thews and sinews to unite in laying waste.

Perhaps the most moving figure, dramatically, is that of Nancy, played by Miss Marjorie Moreland. The rôle of Nancy is, of course, a very desirable one, from the player's standpoint. But Mr. Comyns Carr has with excellent judgment deprived Nancy of that terrible scene in which she exhibits her bloody and battered shape to the horrified gaze. Nevertheless, Miss Moreland contrives to make her impersonation sink so deep, by virtue of a histrionic quality that causes her Nancy to approach more closely to reality than any other of the characters, that hers is the figure, hers are the accents, that rise more often to the memory in subsequently recalling impressions of the play. She gets us out of that curious resurrection of atmosphere, and makes her Nancy seem a part of the tragedy of life; any life, past, present, or future.

That was a striking scene on London bridge; the lamp-lit heights of the bridge proper rising against the night sky, the little water stairway, holding the strange trio; the white-haired old man and two girls, one with her Book of Beauty loveliness thrown in relief against the smirched and shattered youth of the other, with her unkempt hair, her rags, her draggled shape, and slovenly gait. And down below, flattened against the stone, crouched those two shapes of evil—Barney and the Jew—waiting, as it were, to set their bloodthirsty fangs in Nancy's throat.

That elaborate and imposing set means expense, and a lot of it. For that matter, the personnel of the company stands for good money. The players are carefully selected, and everything is well done. Take, for instance, the young lady, a Miss Enid Markey, who plays the rôle of Rose Maylie. Miss Markey plays it for all it is worth. Not a look, a tone, an attitude, that is not chronologically in keeping. She is all droop, a true early Victorian heroine. Her curls droop, her head droops, her spirits perpetually droop. Her flowered muslin "low-body" makes a straight line across her neck, fully revealing her admirable shoulders. Little stiff black bracelets define her wrists. A pink wreath that matches her muslin droops over her drooping curls. Her small rosebud mouth looks as if it had never smiled in its life. Her large, feeling eyes reënforce that temperamental assertion. They look skyward when she speaks to Oliver of sisterly love and their mother. It is an admirably consistent impersonation, thoroughly in spirit with the epoch that is portrayed.

Miss Florence Oberle's appearance in the old-fashioned finery of Mrs. Maylie is a pleasant added touch of picturesqueness, an appropriate accessory, like the antique bell-rope, and the stiff-legged old retainer.

A young girl, a Miss Norma Mitchell, plays the part of Oliver Twist, and, with her slender, lad's figure, her thin face, and large, appealing eyes, is a softened and beautiful image of the familiar Oliver of the illustrations.

Mr. Herbert Standing is a fine figure of middle-class stateliness as Mr. Brownlow; not so typical, perhaps, as the others, as Mr. Thomas MacLarnie, for instance, who, as Mr. Grimwig, gives his lines so admirably that in the final Maylie scene, he very successfully renders us oblivious of the fact that he is really introduced to enlighten us as to Bill Sikes's fate.

Mr. Lorimer Johnstone's Monks is given with a vigorous fidelity to old standards, and the three or four players of the boy thieves and the servant rôles (especially Mr. Jack Belgrave as Giles) add their contribution to an aggregation of values which makes for more than ordinary distinction and histrionic consistency.

It was a curious sensation to feel one's self surrendering more and more to this old-world atmosphere, as the play progressed. It is an unusual sensation that I don't remember to have experienced before.

"The Isle of Dreams," for instance, or Pinero's play, "Trelawney of the Wells," are both imitations of an older style drama. But "Oliver Twist" is the real thing, presented under peculiarly ideal conditions, the sort of representation that age will enjoy for the retrospect, and youth for the novelty; and even twentieth-century irreverence can but feel the power of a tale inspired by genius.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Hother Wismer's Violin Recital.

Hother Wismer, violinist, will give his annual recital on the evening of April 22, at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. Wismer will be assisted by Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, who will sing a number of beautiful songs, and by Mr. Uda Waldrop, pianist, who will accompany the singer and the violin selections. Mr. Wismer's recitals are always largely attended, no less for the value of the selections offered and the splendid ability of the player than for the admiration and personal esteem of the many who know him well. Following is the programme:

Romance, Op. 94.................R. Schumann
Suite in A Minor, Op. 10............Chr. Sinding
Mr. Wismer
Songs—Dedication...............Richard Strauss
Sapphic Ode........................J. Brahms
Spring Night....................R. Schumann
Miss Pratt
Violin Concerto, D major, Op. 77.......J. Brahms
Allegro non troppo—adagio—allegro giocoso, mai non troppo vivace.
Mr. Wismer
Songs—(with viola obligato)..........J. Brahms
Gestillte Sehnsucht.
Geistliches Wiegenlied.
Miss Pratt
Adagio cantabile....................Max Bruch
Menuet ....Porpora-Kreisler
Mr. Wismer

Tickets, $1, now on sale at the music-store box-offices.

Sunday Concert at the Greek Theatre.

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock will be given by the University Cadet Band, which under the leadership of Captain Leroy W. Allen has attained an excellence never before achieved by it. The programme will be as follows: March, "The National Emblem," Bagley; overture, "The Bridal Rose," Lavallee; medley, War Songs, Laurendeau; duet for cornet and baritone, the "Miserere" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; selection from Lüder's "The Prince of Pilsen." In case of inclement weather the concert will not be given.

The Julia Culp Concerts.

Next Sunday afternoon, April 27, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Mme. Julia Culp, the greatest living woman exponent of the art of lieder-singing, will make her first appearance in this city, and will have the valuable assistance of that master-accompanist, Coenraad V Bos. As in the matter of the dancing of Genee, the critics admit that they know of no adjectives that can adequately describe the charm and art of Julia Culp. As one eminent writer expressed it, "there is nothing for the critic to do at a Culp concert but to sit and enjoy himself."

The opening programme will include works by Schubert, Loewe, Lully, Jensen, Weckerlin, Purcell, and Brahms.

The second and only evening concert is announced for Thursday night, May 1, at 8:15, when works by Beethoven, Schumann, Hugo Wolf, Tschaikowsky, and Weckerlin will be given.

The final Culp concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 4, when in addition to works by Schubert, Strauss, Brahms and other masters some charming Dutch songs by Catharine Van Rennes will be on the programme.

Season tickets for the three concerts will be on sale next Monday, and on Wednesday the tickets for single concerts, at the music-store box-offices.

"The Children's Crusade" at the Greek Theatre.

Musical circles on both sides of the bay are deeply interested in the production of Gabriel Pierne's musical legend, "The Children's Crusade," as a feature at the first of the annual May Music Festivals to be given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley.

The first festival is announced for Friday and Saturday afternoons, May 2 and 3. The Friday concert will be devoted to an orchestral concert with a symphony orchestra of one hundred and some eminent soloists, and the Saturday afternoon to the Pierne work, which calls for a chorus of two hundred adults, a chorus of two hundred children, a complete symphony orchestra, and eight soloists. For the adequate production of this great work Director Steindorff has engaged Mme. Regina Vicarino, soprano prima donna; Miss Virginia Pierce, late of the Boston Opera Company; Mr. Roland Paul, the eminent American tenor; Mr. Lowell Redfield, Mr. Charles E. Lloyd, Jr., and Mrs. Orrin Kip Murray.

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Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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SECOND and Last Week begins Monday, April 21
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman presents
JOHN DREW
in Alfred Sutro's Four-Act Comedy
THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND

Sunday, April 27—All Star Cast in "Fine Feathers": Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson, Amelia Sumers.

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Last Time Sunday Night—Nat C. Goodwin in "Oliver Twist"

Limited Engagement
STARTING MONDAY NIGHT, April 21
Oliver Morosco presents the Big $50,000 Fairyland Extravaganza
The Tik-Tok Man of Oz
By L. Frank Baum and Louis F. Gottschalk
Night and Saturday Mat. Prices—50c to $2.
Entire Lower Floor $1 at Wednesday Mats.

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Week starting Sunday Mat., April 20
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GLADYS SPIRO
"Princess of Ragtime"

Five Columbians, magnificent production; Colton Darrow Co. in "The Wise Guy"; Sensational Patterson Sisters; Brooks and Lorella; Bert Melbourne; Wolf and Zadella; Comedy Motion Pictures.

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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

On MAY 11, 13, 15, 18
YSAYE
The Greatest Violinist that Ever Lived

VANITY FAIR.

The base and unregenerate man who was asked by his enlightened, progressive, and suffragette wife to escort her to the costume exhibition said that he would see himself in a certain unmentionable but torrid place before he would do any such thing. He said that he liked to see pretty dresses as much as any one. He said that his taste in pretty girls was insatiable and discriminating. He said he had no objection to go shopping with his wife—of course that was a lie—and was quite content to wait outside on the sidewalk if she would only promise not to forget him and go out by another door. But go to a costume exhibition he would not, because it made his heart ache to see the Christian slaves employed to show off those costumes. It reminded him of pictures of the old Oriental slave markets with their raised platforms, where the harem beauties were displayed dressed in fine robes and with every charm of face and figure emphasized for the delectation of a heartless and callous crowd. He said, moreover, that if he should ever feel moved to battle for the "emancipation of women" he should first of all champion the cause of the poor mannequin, who needed emancipation, not from the oppression of man-made law, but from the barbarities of her own sex. It is true that the women themselves were for sale in the old slave markets and here it is only the costumes that bear the price tag. For these women are not for sale. They are not merchandise, although we have been told by a hundred shrill tongues that a woman's virtue is a matter of two dollars a week up or down in the wage scale. The mannequin is an honest girl, paid by women to paint and to powder, paid by women to display her charms, and to display them suggestively, to any one who cares to look, paid by women to walk up and down a raised platform for the appraisement of the public. Here is a popular weekly newspaper with its inevitable column that professes to tell us "what women are doing," although of course no newspaper would dare tell us one-half the things that women are doing. Says the scribe, "The painted mannequins have displayed to us . . . gown after gown, ranging from delicious simplicity to elaborate dignity." The very word mannequin is an insult. Turn it up in the French dictionary and see what it means. There you have it—"dummy, scarecrow, puppet." A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, describing one of these debasing exhibitions, says: "As I went about the store making a few purchases I took pains to speak of this parade to the various women clerks who served me. Without exception they all agreed with me that it was a pitiful performance. I am not blaming the firm. They are but doing what they think the women want, especially the so-called better class of women who buy such gowns. I am not blaming the models. They must earn their living. This is an easy way, and one, they think, that wins admiration. I am glad they could not hear what one man near me said to another."

The psychology of the fashionable woman was well shown in the divorce proceedings brought against her husband by Mrs. E. L. Rantoul of Boston, the daughter of James Russell Lowell. Mrs. Rantoul admitted that she and Chester C. Rumrill of the well-known multimillionaire family, had studied Nietzsche together, motored together, kissed each other, and called each other pet names. Eventually Mrs. Rantoul had decided that she must have her "freedom," like the fathers of the republic, and so had brought the present action. Quite a familiar story, one would say, and of the kind to be found sprawled across the front pages of any palladium of our liberties. But note first what the medical expert has to say about it. You can always find the medical expert to supply a scientific and exculpatory reason for anything, from murder to dog-stealing. In this case the medical expert explained that Mr. Rantoul's treatment of his wife had created a "mental vacuum." Asked what he meant, he explained that "this mental vacuum forced Mrs. Rantoul into an association with Rumrill to satisfy her moral and intellectual impulses, and if she were now compelled to return to her husband she would suffer a dangerous collapse."

The mental vacuum theory ought to have quite a vogue. Like the patent medicine, it is applicable to all ailments. It will explain every feminine vagary that there is, from department store stealing downwards. But the average married man, who is therefore an expert, but not a medical expert, will explain Mrs. Rantoul's malady in simpler terms. He will say that she was hysterically infuriated because she could not have her own way.

The *Millinery Trade Review*, which we read with an increasing sense of awe, contains two delightful revelations of the feminine mind, and anything that can throw a shaft of light into such obscurities ought not only to be read, but dramatized. The current number of this magnificent publication contains an article on the large hat. The large hat, it seems, has disappeared, although it is hard to imagine how such a thing could be mislaid. But it may come back, so don't jubilate too soon. Only the other day, says the *Review*, there was the case of a husband who refused to escort his wife to some function because she had on so large a hat. Men everywhere are enthusiastically in favor of the new and small headgear, since "they have been so long sufferers from the encroachments of the broad brims of their own womankind and of others, too, that they hail the new era as a deliverance."

And now comes the revelation. All this, says the gifted writer under quotation, may not weigh in the balance when it comes to deciding whether or not small hats shall maintain their supremacy for the summer; *"indeed, it is possible it may tend rather against it than not."*

Precisely so. The fashionable woman wishes to be a nuisance. We had suspected as much. The discovery that some particular kind of hat does not interfere with the comfort of other people is likely to cause her to discard it. To be a nuisance is to be noticed. The theatre-goer who finds himself on the wrong side of the hat may exhaust his maledictory powers upon the wearer of it, but at least he will not ignore her.

The other revelation is on the attitude of women to the various bird preservation bills lately before the legislature. The paragraph is headed "If Left to the Women," and it explains that if the initiative, referendum, and recall, "the trinity of civic reform," had been in the hands of women when these bills had been promoted, the women would have made short work of them. They would never have allowed any kind of legislation to interfere with the decoration of their persons, no matter what unthinkable miseries that decoration may involve. Whether we are under obligations to protect wild life from other than utilitarian motives we do not propose to discuss. It is unprofitable for conscience to argue with the lack of conscience. We do not discuss landscape gardening with a man who was born blind. But it is at least profitable to know upon such unimpeachable authority that women will use their new powers to entrench their old iniquities.

You get swift conversations without intentional listening (says the London *Daily Chronicle*). Two alert young women sat side by side in one of those cosy arm-chairs for two thoughtfully provided by the Tube Company. Mutual interests were discussed. "What do you think of that new girl in your office?" asked the one. "Oh," replied the other, "she's not bad, but—well, she's the sort of girl whose sister marries a policeman and then doesn't live with him."

One of the curiosities of Mexico is said to be the manner in which the *peones* of the oil regions procure and roast wild ducks during the cold season. Great numbers of ducks, mistaking the ponds of crude oil for sheets of water, drop into them and never escape. Many are caught near shore, paddling feebly about, their feathers heavy and clogged with oil. These the *peones* catch, carry into the fields a safe distance, and apply a match to, after a twist of the neck.

Unique among devotees of My Lady Nicotine is a Dutch sailor named Berkin, whose boast it is that for the last sixty-five years his pipe has consumed the English equivalent of a pound of tobacco weekly. It requires no skill in arithmetic to discover that the "Dutch chimney," as he is proud to be known, has dissipated in smoke more than thirty hundred-weight of tobacco, which is almost exactly twenty-four times his own weight.

Pears'

Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe.

There are attractive Places of Resort every few miles on Lines of Southern Pacific

San Jose, Mt. Hamilton

Excellent Hotels. Auto boulevard to Lick Observatory. Thirty-mile electric line ride through beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Santa Cruz and Big Trees

The "Atlantic City" of the West. Hotels. Casino and pleasure piers. Cliff drives. Motoring. Golf links. Sea-fishing.

Del Monte and Monterey

Charming hotel. Beautiful gardens. 40 - mile auto boulevard. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Golf.

Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Delightful family resorts. Bathing beaches and sea-fishing.

Byron Hot Springs

Hotel and mineral baths in restful surroundings.

Shasta Springs and Resorts

Delightful places amid crags and pines. Excellent trout fishing in season.

Lake Tahoe

In high Sierras, at elevation of 6240 feet. Noted for its trout fishing. Hotels and resorts, with daily steamer trips around lake.

Upper Klamath Lake and Crater Lake

Unsurpassed trout fishing in season. Comfortable quarters amid forests and mountains. Auto and motor boat service from Klamath Falls.

Yosemite National Park Mariposa Big Trees

Nature's wonders. A half day or night ride from Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Paso Robles

Hot springs. Hotel and finely equipped mineral baths. A place for rest and outdoor recreation. Golf links. Tennis.

Santa Barbara

The Mission City. Ocean boulevard. Hotels delightfully situated. Sea - fishing. Yachting. Golf. Beautiful mountain drives.

Los Angeles and Vicinity

Noted tourist center. Ocean beaches within 30 minutes to an hour by electric lines. Bathing. Sea-fishing. Hotels and pleasure piers.

Pasadena, Riverside, Redlands, Mt. Lowe

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Cynthia, a young negro cook, who had recently given up her employment in order that she might try her luck at the easier profession of cateress, met her former mistress on the street. (This is from *Life.*) "Good-morning, Cynthia," said the lady. "Where are you working now?" "I isn't workin' nowhere now, ma'am," replied Cynthia, coyly; "I'se capering for a congressman."

* * *

Senator Carroll was talking in Albany about his bill requiring all automobile owners and operators to furnish their fingerprints to the authorities. "Let the interests fight me as they will," said Senator Carroll. "I am bound to get my bill through. 'Oh, drop it,' a friend discouraged me the other day. 'This will offend too many interests. Drop it, or you'll meet your Waterloo.' 'My boy,' said I, 'when I meet my Waterloo my name is going to be Wellington.'"

* * *

The story is told of a college professor who was noted for his concentration of mind. The professor was returning home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering over the subject. He had reached his room in safety when he heard a noise which seemed to come from under the bed. "Is some one there?" he asked. "No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of the professor's peculiarities. "That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed," commented the learned man.

* * *

Miss Gibson was very rich and Mr. Hanna was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?" "Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly; "I am worth about two million dollars." "Will you marry me, Helen?" "Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't." "I knew you wouldn't." "Then why did you ask me?" "Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two millions."

* * *

During a winter visit to Florida, Andrew Carnegie attended a service in a little negro church. When the contribution-plate came around, Mr. Carnegie dropped a five-dollar bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted, the clergyman arose and announced: "Brethren and sisteren, the collection this evening seems to figure up six dollars and forty-four cents; and if the five-dollar bill contributed by the gentleman from the North is genuine, the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."

* * *

When James B. Reynolds was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Senator Root sent for Mr. Reynolds one day to discuss with him some matters concerning a trade conference in Paris, which Mr. Reynolds had been selected to attend. "I suppose," said Mr. Root, "you speak French?" "Well, yes," responded Mr. Reynolds. "I know a little French. I have no trouble to make the waiters and the cab drivers understand me." "I see," said Mr. Root. "But, Mr. Reynolds, suppose there should be no waiters and cab drivers in the conference?"

* * *

An Irishman who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated. "In case of danger with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm. "Man, dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

* * *

A well-known but broken-down Detroit newspaper man, who had been a power in his day, approached an old friend the other day in the Pontchartrain Hotel and said: "What do you think? I have just received the prize insult of my life. A paper down in Muncie, Indiana, offered me a job." "Do you call that an insult?" "Not the job, but the salary. They offered me twelve dollars a week." "Well," said the friend, "twelve dollars a week is better than nothing." "Twelve dollars a week—thunder!" exclaimed the old scribe. "I can borrow more than that right here in Detroit."

* * *

The conversation led to the beauty of having abundant nerve the other evening, when Senator Clapp of Minnesota told of a man who went into a fashionable restaurant, accompanied by a couple of children, and after ordering a lemon soda, asked the waiter to bring him three plates. This, according to Senator Clapp, the waiter did, but when he saw the man take some sandwiches from his pocket, put them on the plates, and pass them around to the kids, he reported the matter to the boss. "What are you doing?" indignantly cried the manager, rushing over to the sandwich party. "Don't you know that this isn't a free picnic ground, where you bring your own food?" "Is that so?" was the calm rejoinder of the man, passing along another sandwich. "Who are you?" "I am the manager," blustered the boss, with rising heat. "I——" "Just the very person that I have been looking for," interjected the imperturbed party. "Why isn't the orchestra playing?"

* * *

When a certain darkey of Mobile announced his engagement to the dusky one of his choice, the congratulations that were showered upon him included a note of wonder. "Joe," said one of these friends, "I shore is surprised! We-all never thought you'd speak up. It's going on two years sence you begun to fool around Miss Violet." "Dat's true," said Joe; "but de fact is, old man, I didn't lose my job until last night."

* * *

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the Criminal Court. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair. "An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley, an' shot a few crap." "Ah," said Mr. Clark, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps." "Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes. "Address the jury, sir," thundered Mr. Clark, "and tell them just how you deal craps." "Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this gemman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Beware.

(Bouquets to H. W. Longfellow.)

I have an auto fair to see,
  Take care!
A dealer has wished on to me.
  Beware! Beware!
    Drive it not,
  It is fooling thee!

It has an engine of renown,
  Take care!
It gives a bang—and then slows down.
  Beware! Beware!
    Crank it not,
  It back-fires thee!

And it has tires, large and stout,
  Take care!
They run a mile—and then blow out,
  Beware! Beware!
    Bust them not,
  They will ruin thee!

They taught me how it ought to go
  With care;
It ran O. K. while in the Show,
  Beware! Beware!
    Joyride not,
  It was fooling me!

Should any crave a motor-car,
  Take care!
It takes too many coins by far,
  Beware! Beware!
    Mortgage not,
  It will pauper thee!

—*Kenneth F. H. Underwood, in Puck.*

When Nellie Dresses.

When Nellie goes upstairs to dress,
  I take a magazine,
And read about the wonders of
  Some far-off foreign scene;
An article on men who graft,
  The Wall Street system, too;
Also the editor's remarks
  On what next month he'll do.

I light my pipe and puff away
  The while the page I scan,
And read a Robert Chambers tale
  About some love-sick man.
A muck-rake expert leads me through
  A bale of torrid stuff
Explaining how a lot of men
  Got rich upon a bluff.

I read the advertisements next,
  Of collars, kodaks, cars,
And breakfast foods and underwear,
  Tobacco and cigars.
A liberal education I
  Obtain, I must confess,
The evening we are going out
  And Nellie starts to dress.

Detroit Free Press.

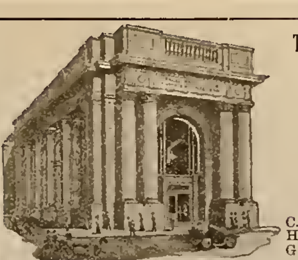
The Point of View.

I am a Nature-lover—I
Admire the storm and wintry sky:
I love to hear the northwind roar
And blow and snow and roar some more;
I love to hear its mighty laughter
That rocks the house and shakes the rafter;
I think that there is nothing greater—
When I'm beside a radiator.

I love to hear the rain come down
And soak the woods and flood the town:
I love to hear the raindrops pour
And hear the rolling thunder roar;
I love to see the water sweep
Along the highway ankle-deep,
Until the road's a river wide—
I love the rain—when I'm inside.

I cherish honest poverty,
The humble workman's life of glee:
I love the poor man's simple fare,
The modest clothes he has to wear;
I often tell him he should praise
His poverty through all his days,
Be glad he has no pile of pelf—
When I have lots of cash myself.

—*Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.*



THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital	$4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,699,466.93
Total Resources	40,215,218.89

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Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,079,373.37
Deposits	26,882,124.40
Total Resources	45,791,813.97

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F. L. Lipman	Vice-President
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Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:

Assets	$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund	148,850.22
Number of Depositors	59,144

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO

United States Assets	$2,464,562.05
Surplus	1,018,318.63

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W. L. W. MILLER, Manager.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Established 1850 OF HARTFORD
SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

Capital	$1,000,000
Total Assets	7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders	3,266,021

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Manager Pacific Department
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Kansas City	60.00
Denver	55.00
St. Paul	75.70
New Orleans	70.00
New York	108.50
Omaha	60.00
Washington, D. C.	107.50

and many others.

On Sale
May 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 30, 31.
June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31.
August 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 28.
September 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. James A. Robinson has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elena Robinson, to Mr. James Willis Goodwin of Redwood City. The wedding will take place in August.

Mrs. Amy Talbot has announced the engagement of her daughter. Miss Amylita Talbot, to Mr. Charles Wilson of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Wilson of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gladys Wilson, to Mr. Maurice Sullivan of this city.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Baldwin and Mr. James Lowe Hall will take place Tuesday evening at nine o'clock at the home in Presidio Terrace of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin. Miss Laura Baldwin will be her sister's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be the Misses Katherine and Mildred Kaime of Santa Barbara, Kate Peterson, and Linda Buchanan. Mr. Ward Mailliard will be Mr. Hall's best man and the ushers will be the Messrs. Hall Roe and Somers Peterson. Miss Baldwin is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Clarke, and a niece of Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, and Mrs. J. B. Wright. The future home of the young couple will be in Portland.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Slack and Judge Edgar Thomson Zook of San Rafael will take place Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at the family residence on Sacramento Street. Miss Edith Slack will be her sister's only attendant and Mr. John Cushing will be Judge Zook's best man. Miss Slack is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slack.

Miss Dorothy Williams, daughter of Mr. Gardener Williams, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Monroe Eyre Pinckard of this city. The wedding took place at St. John's Church in Washington, D. C. The bridal party included the Misses Amylita Talbot, Katherine Jennings, Feroline Perkins, Faith Simpson, Julia and Alice Meyer. Mr. Harold Vanderbilt was Mr. Pinckard's best man. The bride is a sister of Mrs. William Mien of New York and Mrs. Harry Faust of Washington, D. C. She is a niece of Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Mrs. E. B. Clement of this city. Mr. Pinckard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard and a nephew of Mrs. Richard D. Girvin. Miss Mary Eyre, and the Messrs. Edward, Perry, and Robert Eyre of this city.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller was hostess at a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin.

Miss Miriam Gibbons gave a theatre party Saturday complimentary to Miss Marie Bullard. Miss Bullard will be the guest of honor at a luncheon which Miss Nora Grant will give at her home in Berkeley.

Miss Alys Warner entertained a number of friends at the matinée Saturday in honor of Miss Ruth Slack.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn was hostess at a musicale Thursday and at a similar affair Friday, when her guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Seegar.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon gave a theatre party Monday night in honor of Mrs. Richard Lounsberry.

Mrs. Lounsberry was hostess Tuesday at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George C. Boardman was a recent hostess at a bridge party.

Miss Laura McKinstry gave a bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Milton Pray was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of guests at a tea Sunday at their home in Burlingame complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill of Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the Misses Sarah and Dorothy Collier at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood gave a dinner recently in honor of Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins and her fiancé, Dr. George Ehright.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner last week, when she entertained Mrs. Gaffey and Miss Gaffey.

Mrs. James A. Cooper gave a bridge-tea at her apartment on Gough Street.

Mrs. Harry Sherman entertained the ladies of the St. Barnabas's Guild at a tea at the home on Scott Street of her mother, Mrs. J. G. Kittle.

Mrs. William J. Shotwell was a recent hostess at a luncheon and bridge party.

Mrs. Fisher Ames gave a bridge-tea last week at the Century Club, where she entertained forty guests.

Mrs. Elliott McAllister gave a luncheon Sunday in San Mateo in honor of her house guests, the Misses Ethel McAlister and Dora Winn.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon Friday complimentary to Mrs. Malcolm Douglass Whitman of New York.

Lieutenant-Commander David Sellars, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellars gave a dinner and theatre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill of Santa Barbara. Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cloman entertained the visitors at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Colonel Cornelius Gardner, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardner gave a tea Sunday complimentary to Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Gardner was hostess Monday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. George Bell, Jr.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends at a dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. L. G. Caldwell was hostess at a matinée luncheon in honor of Mrs. Cornelius Gardener and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., of Los Altos.

Mrs. W. W. Gilmer, wife of Captain Gilmer, U. S. N., was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of friends at their home on Jackson Street, complimentary to Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A. and Mrs. Knowlton.

Mrs. Charles Gordon gave a tea yesterday at her home in the Presidio in honor of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Stephens.

Mrs. J. H. Klein, Jr., gave a tea at her home in Bremerton in honor of Mrs. Howson Cole of Mare Island.

Mrs. A. H. Fisher, wife of Lieutenant Fisher, U. S. A., gave a luncheon Saturday at the home of her father, Mr. H. J. Small, in honor of Miss Bertha Forbes.

Mr. J. D. Spreckels entertained at luncheon on Sunday on board his yacht *Venetia*. In the party were Mrs. Emery Winship, Mrs. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dupee, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brander, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. H. Brooks, Mr. Brobeck, and Mr. Hannam.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham will leave today for their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will leave New York April 23 for this city and will spend several weeks in Millbrae.

Mrs. Richard Lounsberry left Thursday for New York after a month's visit with her relatives, Mrs. F. W. Sharon, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. William S. Tevis.

Mr. Robert McKee has returned to New York after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. Lansing Tevis returned to his home Tuesday after a three week's illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Miss Christine Donohoe is visiting Miss Louise Winston at her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lovell White and Mrs. Ralston White have gone East, where they will be joined next month by Mr. Ralston White. They will return home by way of Panama.

Miss Janet Coleman extended her visit in Washington, D. C., to attend the wedding of Miss Dorothy Williams and Mr. Eyre Monroe Pinckard, who were married Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson opened their country home in San Rafael Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson are established in London, where they have leased a home for three years.

Mrs. William Graham of Santa Barbara, who has been spending the past week in this city, will return to her home today.

Mr. E. E. Potter has returned from a six months' trip, during which time he visited India, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Miss Marjorie Shepard, and Mrs. Edwin C. Long have returned from a two weeks' automobile trip in Southern California.

Mrs. Charles B. Raymond arrived from the East Wednesday and continued her journey to Pasadena, where she will spend the summer in her country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Martyn J. Haencke have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a few days' visit at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill of Santa Barbara have been spending the past week in town as the guests of Captain David R. Sellars, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellars at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Ruth Winslow will return tomorrow from a six months' visit in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Oxnard will go directly to their country home in Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Leon Greenebaum left Wednesday for New York to join Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Struve of Seattle, who will spend the summer in Europe. Mrs. Greenebaum expects to return home about August 1.

Mrs. Norma Ames has returned from Nevada, where she spent a month as the guest of Mrs. Flora Magee.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop, Jr., and their children will spend the summer on the Bishop ranch in Santa Barbara. Their departure has been delayed by the illness of Mrs. Bishop's niece, Miss Robina Henry, who is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young left Wednesday for New York, where they will remain until October.

Mr. Charles Blythe and Mr. Raymond Armsby sailed on the *Manchuria* for Honolulu, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Albert Russell and her children left Friday for New York en route to Europe, where they will join Mrs. Russell's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, with whom they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers have gone to Coronado for a month's visit. Upon their return they will occupy the home in Burlingame of Mrs. Malcolm Douglass Whitman.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau and Miss Mary Hyde arrived Tuesday from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past year with their sister, Mrs. Camilla Martin.

Mrs. James Denman has returned from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Colonel Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell have returned from a three weeks' automobile trip in Southern California.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter. Miss Anna Peters, came from Stockton Thursday for a week-end visit.

Mrs. Mayne McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, will leave next month for Aspen, Colorado, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Louise Boyd have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hickox at their home in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Hickox was formerly Miss Martha Calhoun.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore are contemplating leaving in June for Alaska.

Mrs. M. I. Kelham has gone to Pasadena for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. John Bidwell left Monday for Washington, D. C., where she will spend a month with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean are contemplating leaving next month for the East and may go abroad before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford returned Tuesday to their ranch after having spent a few days in town. They have as their guest Mrs. Rutherford's mother, Mrs. Smythe of New York.

Mrs. George Sperry has returned to her home in Woodside after a visit with friends in Sacramento.

Dr. Philip King Brown has gone East for a month's vsit.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker are established for the summer at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo. They will be joined later by Mrs. Walker's sister, Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne in Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has returned to Burlingame after a severe illness at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Scott will spend the next few weeks at Paso Robles. Mr. Scott has gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Keyes have returned to their home in Salt Lake City after a two months' visit at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney of Los Angeles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney at their home on Broadway.

Miss Harriet Stone has returned from Beowawe, Nevada, where she has been visiting Miss Helen Hinckley. Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Marion, and Helen Stone, will spend the summer on the Russian River, where they have a country home.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has returned to the Hotel Monroe after a severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has gone East for a brief visit.

Miss Louise Breeze will leave May 15 for her bungalow in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering will leave shortly for their country home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson left Tuesday evening for Bakersfield, where she has been spending the past few days with Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Lapham are at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have given up their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and have opened their home in Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have returned to their home on Octavia Street after a visit in Ross, where they were the guests of Mr. Griffith's mother, Mrs. E. L. Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin are at Hotel del Coronado.

Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knowlton left the Presidio last week for Fort Barry, where Major Knowlton will assume command of the post.

Captain Arthur B. Owens, U. S. N., and Mrs. Owens will sail May 5 for Honolulu, where Captain Owens has recently been ordered. They have been stationed at Mare Island for the past year and a half.

Lieutenant-Commander John R. Brady, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brady have gone to Bremerton to reside after a few weeks' stay at Mare Island.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island from Washington, D. C., where he went on official duty. Captain Mayo has been appointed aid for personnel under Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Accompanied by Mrs. Mayo, he will leave for Washington in the near future.

Assistant Paymaster John Harman has arrived at Mare Island, where he has been appointed paymaster of the *Jupiter*.

Mrs. James Parker, Jr., wife of Lieutenant James Parker, Jr., U. S. N., will leave Monday for the East to join her husband, who is en route home on his ship, the U. S. S. *Vermont*, from Mexican waters.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader will give up their apartment on Presidio Avenue May 1, when they will leave town for a few weeks for the benefit of Colonel von Schrader's health. He is at present at the hospital in the Presidio.

Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been detached from service in Berlin, where he has been naval attaché for the past two years. He will be succeeded in June by Lieutenant-Commander Giraldi, U. S. N. Mrs. Niblack, who is at present visiting her mother in this city, will join her husband in Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Lieutenant-Colonel William W. Forsythe, U. S. A., has gone to Yosemite on official business.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. M. Searles, Mrs. George Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Nat F. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, and Mrs. R. Ives.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Chesebrough, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Newhall, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

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New Extravaganza at the Cort Theatre.

"The Tik-Tok Man," a fairyland fantasy that promises to take a conspicuous place among the foremost of the lighter form of musical and theatrical entertainments, opens a limited engagement at the Cort Theatre Monday night. It is to be presented under the management of Oliver Morosco, the California impresario. L. Frank Baum, who is responsible for the book and lyrics, has resorted to a number of his popular Fairyland stories for his stage presentation, and has introduced many of his quaint character creations, which include Betsy, the girl from Oklahoma; Hank, her mule; the Tik Tok Man; the Shaggy Man; Princess Ozma; Queen Ann of Oogaboo; Polychrome; Private Files of the Oogaboo army; and many others. The story shows the adventures of the various characters in the search for the Ugly Man in the domains of King Ruggedo, the Metal Monarch. Louis Gottschalk has contributed a score of more than ordinary musical merit, the greater part of which is the kind that is readily recalled. The cast includes Morton and Moore, Eugene Cowles, Dolly Castles, Josie Intropodi, Charles Ruggles, Leonora Novasio, Frederick Woodward, Burns and Fulton, Vera Doris, Ethel Pierce, and Tbomas Meegan. The scenic investiture is a series of wonderfully attractive and artistic stage settings. The unusually large chorus in many changes of costumes figures intimately in the stage pictures. During the local engagement the orchestra of thirty pieces will he under the personal direction of the composer, Mr. Gottschalk.

Nat C. Goodwin will be seen for the last times in "Oliver Twist" tonight and tomorrow night.

John Drew at the Columbia Theatre.

The votes for women theme has been suggestively bandled by Alfred Sutro in the building of his comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," in which John Drew is now appearing and will continue to appear for another week at the Columbia Theatre. The author has given Charles Frohman's splendid star what is perhaps the best comedy in which he has appeared in many seasons. And what is more, there has been written into the story a series of characters so well drawn that attention is riveted on the play from the first curtain to the last. It is also to be noted with pleasure that Mr. Drew's supporting company is fully ahle to handle the various rôles with dignity and effect. Every bit of comedy injected by the author is brought out and a good laugh is the result of the performance. John Drew in "The Perplexed Husband" has more than the usual able support, including his leading woman, charming Mary Boland. The final performance will be given Saturday night, April 26. Matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Belle Baker, character singer, will head the Orpheum bill next week. It is not only the originality of the songs she sings, but also the unique manner in which she renders them that has made her such an immense favorite. Miss Baker believes in the saying, "If you want to catch and hold the public eye do things differently."

From the home of magic and mystery, St. George's Hall, London, those marvelous magicians, Maskelyne and Devant, have sent their newest mystery, "The Window of Apparitions." A pretty, old-fashioned window upon which everybody's attention is focused stands upon two posts, the spectator can see under, through it, on both sides of it, and over the top of it. Surrounding it is a light transparent screen. The stage is only sligbtly darkened. A strange light begins to glow behind the muslin curtain, and there appears a white-robed figure easily recognized as tbat of the traditional family ghost. In rapid succession follow a miser counting his hoard, a sailor in deadly struggle with a man, a girl in the sailor's arms, and a couple of burly firemen, who after rescuing a baby leap out of the window.

Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde are favorites wbo have made great and distinct hits in a score of musical comedies. Mr. Wood is a versatile comedian and dancer, and Miss Wyde is an excellent vocalist. They will present a little musical comedy called "Good-Night."

The Ishikawa Brothers, four supple sons of Japan, will exhibit their skill as equilibrists.

The Thomas A. Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be of interest. By tbe courtesy of Werba and Luescher, the third act of their thrilling drama, "The Master Mind," which is still running at the Harris Theatre, New York, will be accurately reproduced, introducing the famous actor, Edmund Breese.

Next week concludes the engagements of the laughable melodramatic travesty, "More Sinned Against Than Usual"; Percy Waram and company; Bixley and Lerner, and the Three Bohemians.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Gladys Spiro, the local society favorite, only daughter of Isaac Spiro, will make her vaudeville début at the Pantages Theatre at Sunday's matinée. Miss Spiro is being featured on an exceptional strong bill of eight acts, and is expected to score one of the biggest of hits. She is gifted with a talent for singing ragtime melodies, and it was her ability as a singer and society entertainer at numerous charitable events which attracted the attention of theatrical managers. Miss Spiro is a native daughter, a graduate of a local high school. The Five Columbians head the regular Pantages bill with a combination of dainty dancers and magnificent scenic effects. Little Merlyn Miller, better known as the juvenile Adeline Genee, is the star of this clever troupe. Little Miss Miller also has several cbaracter impersonations. The Colton Darrow company will present tbe newest of George M. Cohan's playlets, "The Wise Guy," centred around the good-humored slang of a husky piano-mover who has been suddenly transported into the realms of the smart set. Bert Melbourne, the corker in cork, has a budget of new jokes with a sprinkling of ragtime melodies. The Five Patterson Sisters are acrobats, with startling feats. Brooks and Lorella have a comedy acrobatic novelty. A burlesque travesty on circus life under tbe big white top will be shown by Walf and Zadella.

Eugene Walter's powerful drama, "Fine Feathers," with its all-star cast, including Wilton Lackaye, Robert Edeson, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson, Amelia Sumers, and Helen Hilton, will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for eight nights and two matinées only, beginning Sunday night, April 27, coming direct from its sensational run at the Astor Theatre, New York, following which it is scheduled to make a transcontinental tour of the Pacific Coast. "Fine Feathers" has been widely beralded as the biggest drama of the century.

The whimsical Eddie Foy, and his company of seventy-five people, in the latest New York musical comedy success, "Over the River," is the announcement of the Cort Theatre for the attraction to follow "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz." The original production in every respect, that held forth for over six months at the Globe Theatre, New York, will be in evidence here.

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The Ysaye Concerts.

The musical season will be brought to a close in a blaze of glory, for Greenhaum has secured for his final attraction Eugen Ysaye, who is unquestionably the master of all the master-players, and not only the greatest violinist living, but in some respects the greatest that has ever lived. This seems an extravagant statement, but it is true. Sarasate excelled in a line of his own, Wieniawski was also a specialist, and so were Joachim and Vieuxtemps. Ysaye is an eclectic; he has absorbed the best in all the schools, and established a new school of which such masters as Kreisler, Marteau, and others are proud to be disciples. Ysaye can win an audience with an old unaccompanied Bacb sonata as easily as with a modern concerto, for he makes each the vehicle of his wonderful powers, and the simplest old masterpiece is revealed in the beight of its beauty when interpreted by him.

There will be four Ysaye concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18, and on Tuesday and Thursday nights, May 13 and 15.

At the concert on Tuesday night Ysaye's son will assist in a performance of the Bach concerto for two violins.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 14, Ysaye, assisted by a grand orchestra of sixty, will give a special concert at the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley.

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Californians Sailing for Europe.

The following Californians, principally from San Francisco and Los Angeles, will sail for Europe on April 19, on the steamer *George Washington*, of the North German Lloyd line:

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bilicke, Mr. Albert C. Bilicke, Miss Nancy C. Bilicke, Mr. Carl A. Bilicke, Miss May Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice S. Hellman, Miss Lucile S. Hellman, Master S. Jack Hellman, Miss Annie Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Ben R. Meyer, Miss Hanna Akeson, Mr. and Mrs. A. de Echeguren, Master P. de Echeguren, Miss Maria Arbe, Miss B. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Feldenheimer, Master William B. Feldenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Frank, Mr. Laurena Frank, Master Alvin Frank, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fleischman, Master George William Fleischman, Mrs. Emily Marsten, Mrs. William H. Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Stassforth, Mr. Stassforth, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Keyston, Mr. J. M. Isaacs, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bishop, Mrs. H. Baruch, Miss Elise Baruch, Miss Catherine Jopa, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zobelin, Mr. and Mrs. Vaclav Zaruba, Master Joseph Zaruba, Mr. Henry Boesmann, Mr. Richard Boesmann, Mr. Alvise de Raithmuller, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bannik, Mr. and Mrs. B. Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Borris, Mr. Ernst Gerdes, Mr. A. Bornhofer, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Drum, Mr. P. Boss, Miss Martha Boss, Mr. and Mrs. John Reidt, Mr. Henry Reidt, Mr. John Reidt, Mr. William Reidt, Mr. James Venson, Mr. Joseph Baumgarten, Miss Meta Segelken, Mrs. Laura Loewenstein, Miss Mary M. Fyan, Mr. Henry Richemann, Mr. Gasta Joseph Giroud, Mr. F. C. Haueis, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Palm.

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The home in Vallejo of Captain Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Kempff was formerly Miss Alice Brigham, daughter of Mrs. Charles B. Brigham of this city.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Jinks well off?" "Yes; but he does not realize it. He is to be married in June."—*Buffalo Express.*

Gibbs—So you've bought a farm, eh? What are you going to raise first? *Dibbs*—The money to work it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Harold—You don't believe I love you? *Susie*—No; you don't heave your chest like the lovers do in the moving pictures.—*Puck.*

He (making poor headway)—Will nothing induce you to change your mind and marry? *She*—Another man might.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That man who just registered says he is a light sleeper," remarked the hotel clerk. "Good," exclaimed the manager. "Charge him extra for light."—*Judge.*

Doctor—You mustn't give up hope. Some years ago I had exactly the same illness. *Patient (gloomingly)*—Ah, but not the same doctor.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Homestopper—Did you ever see a Hindoo idol, Mr. Trotter? *Mr. G. Trotter*—I never saw 'em any other way. They're always idle.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Helter—Holmes gets a gigantic salary from that mining corporation. *Skelter*—Able to locate gold mines, is he? *Helter*—Not much. Able to locate stock purchasers.—*Life.*

"What's the matter?" "She has rejected me again. She says this is final." "Did she say how final?" inquired the older and more experienced man.—*Washington Herald.*

"Does Jinks live in an aristocratic section of the city?" "Yes; there is not an hour during the day or night when the air is free from the odor of burning gasoline."—*Buffalo Express.*

"Every man ought to save up enough to buy himself a good big farm," said the thrifty citizen. "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "and then do something else with the money?" —*Washington Star.*

Ella—Mrs. Gayboy looks very sad since she divorced her husband. *Bella*—Yes, she didn't know what a good husband she had until she saw how generous he behaved about the alimony.—*Club-Fellow.*

Wife—Notice that third chorus girl in the first row. She used to go to school with me. Poor thing! She went on the stage because she had nothing to wear. *Husband*—So I see.—*London Opinion.*

"How often have you been arrested?" asked the judge. "Oh, lots of times," replied the petty offender. "You see, I used to be in better circumstances, and ran my own motor-car."—*Washington Star.*

"I am inclined to suspect the sobriety of the last student in our class." "Why so?" "When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology, he replied, 'Swallows, hats, and larks.'"—*Judge.*

Sportsman—Can you tell we where to send a handkerchief I have found belonging to Father Maloney? *Irish Priest*—I can; hut he'll have no use for ut. He's been in Hiven these three weeks.—*Punch.*

"I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he's served a term in prison." "That's true, but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more; nothing really disgraceful, you know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Did you tell your troubles to a policeman?" "Yes," said the man who had been robbed. "And I tell you that policeman was indignant. The hold-up man hadn't even asked his permission to operate on his beat." —*Washington Star.*

"Your boy stole a barrel of apples from me the other day." "Dear me. I wonder where that boy will wind up?" "I think he'll wind up in the legislature. He talked me into believing that it was all right."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I have taken a job," said the plain young woman, "as a school-teacher." At this her chum cried: "What! Teach school! Why, I'd rather marry a soft, fat, baldheaded widower with eight children than teach school!" The plain young woman sighed. "Ah!" she said, "so would I."—*Baltimore Sun.*

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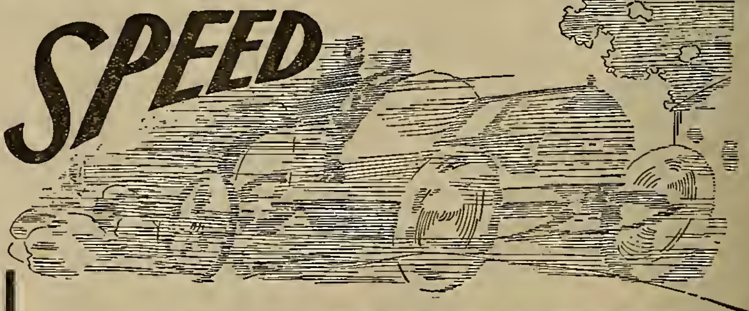

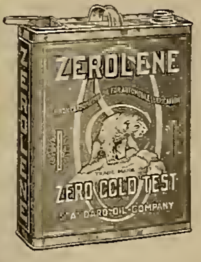

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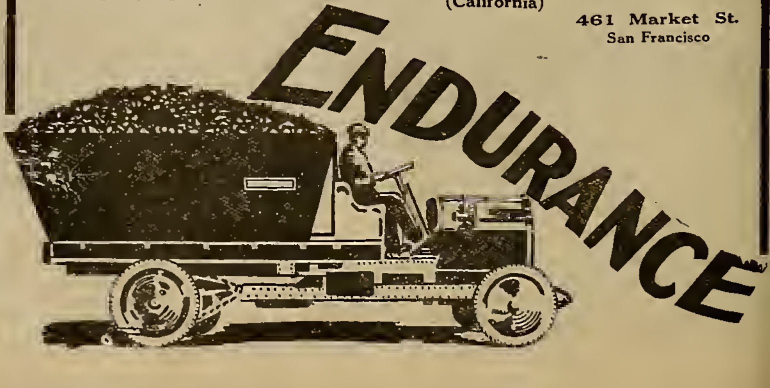

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Tuesday's Unnecessary Election.

The returns of Tuesday's election indicate the universal weariness consequent upon too many elections. Out of a total registration of 137,718 there were cast 62,691 votes. Of the qualified electorate, not to mention those disqualified by non-registration, less than fifty per cent took the pains to go to the polls. "Rule of the people," so loudly exploited by the political visionaries, obviously is limited practically by the fact that "the people" are not eager to "rule" with respect to the details of government. What the average citizen wants is that public affairs shall be conducted under definitely fixed principles, prudently and decently, without much attention on his part—still less on her part. Nobody wants to bother with an election every other week; less still does anybody want to have to pay the costs of such an election.

Tuesday's election, which cost the municipality $45,000, was wholly unnecessary. It was a direct product of the passion for keeping busy in small politics which just now holds possession of many small minds. There was no issue involved in it which a little time and a little patience might not have solved by regular processes without scandal, agitation, or a bill of extra costs. What the public thought about it is made evident by what the public did about it. More than half the people stayed at home and minded their business, leaving the matter of an untimely and really impertinent election to the professional busybodies and to the limited number who on principle hold to the obligations of a serious sense of civic duty.

We shall hear, no doubt, from the professional busybodies that the result marks a signal success of "rule of the people." But under close analysis it can hardly be called a legitimate rule of the people when a judge is recalled by a vote of less than twenty-five per cent of the registered electorate and when other measures of dubious value and propriety are "carried" by votes even proportionately less. "Rule of the people" under terms and conditions which can not induce even half of the people to go to the polls and cast their votes, and which enforces results based upon the will or whim of less than one-fourth of the qualified voters, plainly falls short of the ideal. However, it will none the less satisfy those whose idea of "rule of the people" is to have their own pet notions carried into effect, even though only a fraction of the people may be induced to come out and vote for them.

The recall even of an unworthy judge, narrowly achieved, will tend to water down still further what is left of independent spirit in the local bench. The reduction by popular vote of telephone rates will merely bring on a costly and no doubt protracted lawsuit. Ratification of the arrangement by which the cars of the United Railroads and of the Municipal Railroad shall both run to the Ferry is a mere confirmation of a bargain already made by the municipal government, and which has been obstructed many months by the pestiferous activity of professional busybodies.

The Republican Party.

What of the Republican party? What of its immediate policies? What of its future? These queries are at the front of many anxious minds. The answers are various, proceeding, we may easily believe, from the bases of temperament or habit quite as often as from any other motive. There is in the party a small faction which would stand pat, yield nothing to the time and the mood, and depend for the outcome upon the failures of the opposition in the hope—we turn a good word to sinister use advisedly—of confusions in the business sphere bound to follow either upon radical changes in the policies of government or the effort to bring them about. There is another small faction which would throw up its hands, turn its back upon the principles and the record of the past, and hand the party over to the radical element within its membership with leave to do with it as they will. Neither the one faction nor the other will control, happily for the party and for the country.

There are two broad currents of sentiment in the Republican party, and the rift between them is less serious than it appears to be. With Mr. Roosevelt eliminated—and that now seems a good job well done—there is no obstacle of a definite kind to party harmony. The progressives are by no means willing to abandon Republicanism. The conservatives exhibit in many forms their readiness to accept the more essential theories of the progressive movement, and they notably illustrated this feeling in casting the vice-presidential vote in the Electoral College for Governor Hadley. Leaving out of the account a few firebrands of ambition or chronic discontent, conservatives and progressives might easily make a platform upon which they could stand together in entire harmony.

There are many things associated with the name and fame of Republicanism, which progressives and conservatives will alike commend and sustain. First of all they will mutually cherish a party history which covers the lifetime of two generations and which records achievements, conservative and constructive, without parallel in the history of any political organization in any country. It is a proud record, albeit marked here and there with extravagances and mistakes—truly a proud record and worthy of a reverent commemoration. Conservatives and progressives alike, we think, will stand for the doctrine that individualism shall not be overwhelmed by the gathering forces of socialism, and that the form and terms of the representative system inherited from the fathers shall not be pushed aside by a fallacious and too literally interpreted spirit of democracy. They will stand for the proposition that the industries of the United States shall have preferential treatment in the domestic market; that no foreign power shall either control our public policy or drive American goods out of American markets; that foreign trade shall be increased through every available agency, including a preferential reciprocity; that the islands acquired from Spain shall remain national wards until their people shall be so far advanced in education and character as to be capable of self-government; that the naval power of the United States shall be so maintained as to be a safeguard against sudden attack; that all elements of our people shall be given fair and equal treatment under the laws with no exemptions or preferences; that there shall be no attempt at popular cajolement by the giving of maudlin and impossible promises; above all that the Constitution of the United States shall be sustained in its integrity, subject to change or amendment only by processes therein prescribed. For all these things the Republican party stands theoretically, temperamentally, historically. There is in the party, divided though it be, no considerable element not in substantial accord with the propositions here set down.

Is there any man to say that there is no room in the present status of affairs for a party definitely organized in support of these theories and projects? No party at any time in the history of the republic has ever had a more definite or a more inspiring programme. There has never been—excepting perhaps in the crisis of the Civil War—a more definite and positive need for a political organization committed and devoted to these high purposes in the spirit of that enthusiasm for progress and that propensity for action which have characterized Republicanism since its birth and steadily carried it forward from one worthy achievement to another.

The rehabilitation of the Republican party is not, we think, destined to come about through formal treaties between factions. It must come, we think, in connection with and through the progress of events. Wise counsels and sound leadership will undoubtedly play their part; they will bring into the mood of coöperation those who now stand more or less apart. But it is in the sphere of action that great movements and policies are forged and smoothed down to working form. It is chiefly in connection with the doings of Congress that there arise from time to time incidents and crises tending to bring men of common mind to common political action. It will be so, we think, in the immediate future. Even now action by the dominant party in the executive and constructive departments of the government challenges the doctrine of preferential treatment of American industry in our domestic markets. Will the movement for revision of the tariff laws, under the theory that preferential tariffs constitute a crime, find universal acceptance? We think not. We think that the proposals of Messrs. Wilson and Underwood, which now obviously disturb harmony within the Democratic party, will tend positively and certainly to force into coöperation and to array in protest the temporarily divided elements of Republicanism. We think that the pledges and the mistakes to which the Democrats stand committed and which they are bound to enforce will rally and re-gird the party which though it has lost an election has lost neither its principles nor its capacity for action—still less the spirit which has sustained it as a vital and successful force for more than half a century.

The future of the Republican party, we believe, is to be that of a refreshed and revitalized giant. The membership of its factions makes a substantial majority of the citizenship of the country; and this majority includes the most active conscience, the most vital power, and the most progressive spirit in American life. The Democratic party really offers nothing to any man traditionally and sentimentally a Republican; a reorganized and readjusted Republican party may offer everything which any reasonable and conscientious factionist in the calm mood of sober second thought may demand. Standpatism, which is only another name for theories of privilege, is dead, and it will rise no more. Progressivism, as illustrated in the career of Mr. Roosevelt in more recent times, and as defined in the extravagances of Governor Johnson, stands rejected. But there is a progressivism in full accord with the fundamental theories and the working habit of Republicanism which will surely command the sentiment and the allegiance of the larger and better forces in American life. If we were asked to associate this spirit with particular names we should cite the names of Judge Hughes, of Senator Borah, of Governor Hadley, of Dr. Butler, of Senator Cummins, and of others who stand with them for a Republicanism stripped of abuses and inspired by enthusiasm for progress in connection with the sounder values in civilized life and of liberal government among men.

Character and the Legislature.

Governor Johnson's comments on the Japanese and other legislation now under consideration at Sacramento have aroused us to the enormity of the strictures that have been directed against particular measures. These strictures should never have been made, and the governor deserves the thanks of the public for his reminder that "the character of the present California legislature is the guaranty that only legislation deemed absolutely essential for the preservation of the state and the protection of its people * * * will be passed."

Such a reminder should not have been necessary. A cursory glance at the four thousand new laws "deemed absolutely essential for the preservation of the state and the protection of its people" should have satisfied even the most querulous that further supervision would be superfluous and criticism a crime. Having once confessed their sublimity of character the legislators should have closed their doors and deliberated in secret until the new laws were ready for promulgation and enforcement. But a misplaced confidence has been abused. The public graciously invited to watch and worship, has been detected in an unmannerly snicker, and now the governor issues this timely rebuke to an electorate that is not satisfied with character, but apparently wants intelligence also.

As has been said, the list of new laws should have been enough to abash the captious and to induce an atmosphere of tranquil and uncritical confidence. For it positively crawls with benevolence and reeks with philanthropy. The minds that could conceive of such a catalogue of moral beauties are entitled to seclusion and privacy for their elaboration. They have a right to a watchful guardianship against disturbance, to prolonged repose from the curiosity of the crowd. The state should have attended to this matter even though the aid of the police was found to be necessary. But who could have foreseen the depravities of human ingratitude?

Take, for example, the bill for regulating the size of canary birds' cages. Can any one suppose that a legislator thus heedful of the needs of our feathered friends should be found lacking in the benevolent wisdom needed for such lesser matters as immigration and finance? Imagine the audacity of criticism directed against such sublimity of mind as is here indicated, if indeed we can apply the term mind in its ordinary human significance. The fact of the introduction of this one bill so "essential for the preservation of the state and the protection of its people"—and their canaries—should have produced a restfulness and a confidence that would have made criticism impossible. And this bill did not stand alone in its unobtrusive glory. There were thousands of a like nature. Among them was a measure equally "essential for the preservation of the state," etc., and which would have regulated the size of bed sheets. And they ought to be regulated. Pillows ought to be regulated, and mattresses, and blankets, and there should have been some corrective to the habit of getting out of bed on the wrong side, and of getting into bed without saying one's prayers. All these things might have come, and now they may never come. Everything ought to be regulated. Otherwise how can this state be preserved and its people protected? Still another bill would have made it illegal for a one-armed man to ride a motor-cycle, and we have the word of a legislator that a desperado of this kind was actually seen on a motor-cycle, and that he nearly ran over a black hen belonging to a lady with a vote. If legislators of this kind are to be caviled at, if the public is to be allowed to laugh at them under the miserable pretense that it can not help laughing, that even a cat would laugh, what in the name of heaven is to become of "the preservation of the state and the protection of its people"? This unseemly levity must be stopped.

It is impossible to enumerate even a tithe of the beneficences that have now been discouraged by an unthinking laughter that fails to recognize the beauty of character that is unhampered by brains. For example, what has become of that "absolutely essential" bill for segregating upon a state farm a number of healthy young couples for the proper testing of eugenic theories? What excuse have we for blighting the hopes of a number of earnest young progressives who believed themselves to be qualified for the duties implied by this great and wise measure? It is to be feared that this bill was still-born, if such an expression may be used under the circumstances without impropriety. And this bill might have been passed by this time and in operation. Even some progress might have been made in an experiment fraught with such hopes for the human race. But there you are. We failed to rely upon the "character of the California legislature" and now we shall have to find some other way for "the preservation of the state."

But let us hope that we have now learned our lesson and that a second rebuke from the governor will not be needed. Let us remember that there was a time when our legislators had minds but no characters, and we were dissatisfied. Now they have characters and no minds, and still we cavil. If we are not careful we shall have a legislature without either minds or characters, and but for the governor's assurance to the contrary we might suppose that we have one now.

The Struggle in Congress.

There are signs in plenty, spoken and dissembled, within the Democratic party in Congress and out of it, of opposition to the tariff project of President Wilson and Mr. Underwood. As yet the forces of protest have not come together, and they may not get together. But if opportunity offers it is certain that the bill will be "knifed" to its death. If it should succeed in running the gauntlet, as probably it will, it will not yield satisfaction or peace within the party. Representatives of the sugar districts, of the iron and the steel districts, of the wool-producing districts, of the fruit districts—will be more aggrieved than appeased by success. Within itself the party is bound to suffer, whatever the course of events.

The motives which lead to criticism of any scheme of tariff revision are in large part local and selfish. Whatever cut is made anywhere reacts directly upon some interest—injures and grieves somebody. And wherever this happens there quickly develops dissatisfaction with those who are responsible for it, no matter what the circumstances. Those Democratic members of Congress who represent districts whose interests are cut, are bound to suffer more or less from the resentment of their constituencies. They understand it, and after the manner of politicians are trying to evade it. They will do this if they can by seeking to modify or defeat the bill. Failing in this, they will share in the disaffection of their constituencies. This is human nature, therefore political nature.

It is obvious enough that the pending bill is offensive to many phases of Democratic sentiment. Yet there seems no course for the Democratic majority but to go ahead with it. The party pledge is specific. It is under the fundamental theory that "the government has no right or power to collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue." The charge formally presented is that the protective tariff is an iniquitous thing "tending to make the rich richer and the poor poorer," that it "raises the cost of the necessaries of life" without any attendant benefit excepting to a relatively few capitalists. The promise is for "immediate downward revision," and the only limitation is the assurance that the method of reform "shall not injure or destroy legitimate business." Under these declarations and pledges the party must do one thing or another—it must cut the schedules heavily no matter who suffers thereby or, failing to do this, it must fall under the reproach for bad faith which it has heaped upon President Taft and the Republican party. The Democrats in Congress are bound to carry out the party promises. They will surely be damned if they don't; and they will almost as surely be damned if they do.

President Wilson and Mr. Underwood are unquestionably right in sticking to the text, in insisting upon "immediate downward revision." Right or wrong a promise has been definitely made and it can not be evaded with honor. The country voted for "immediate downward revision," and whatever the effects may be they must be incurred unless the party is willing to suffer under the more serious reproach of faithlessness alike to definitely asserted principles and oft-repeated pledges.

In the long run political parties, like individual men, gain more through courses of persistent faithfulness than through mere shifting policies, however adroitly conceived. He who makes a pledge only to break it, no matter what the circumstances, handicaps himself forevermore by doubts and questionings respecting his character. The Democratic party, if it would command the respect of the country, must now carry through its project of "immediate revision downward," no matter what the consequences. This clearly is the plan of Messrs. Wilson and Underwood. It remains to be seen if they are strong enough to overbear the forces of opposition which are assailing them both on front and flank.

A Flaw in the System.

The difference between the attitude of President Wilson towards proposals before the California legislature relative to the Japanese is an interesting contrast with that of President Roosevelt in a somewhat similar situation six years ago. Mr. Roosevelt railed and blustered, hoodlumwise, employed the tactics of the bully and the bull-dozer, assuming an authority clearly outside the Constitution and—he had his way. Mr. Wilson, quite as profoundly interested, and quite as definitely protesting, declares the matter to be beyond his authority under the Constitution. At the same time he hopes that common sense and calm counsels will dominate the California legislature and that nothing will be done tending to discrimination against a country with which we stand upon cordial terms under a treaty guaranteeing friendship and equitable treatment. Now it remains to be seen if within the sphere of our international relations the Big Stick is more effective than the Soft Voice. Must we, to maintain the obligations of the country towards the world, be ruled by an arrogant and blustering dictator? Or is it sufficient that facts and considerations be presented in gentlemanlike and reasonable ways and action asked consistent with them? The incident raises anew and presents with some urgency an awkward fact in the organic system of the United States with respect to international obligations. The general government makes treaties, but the states individually sustain powers which may in effect nullify them. The United States government may make a treaty with Japan in terms guaranteeing certain privileges; and the State of California may make laws nullifying this pledge. There is here an anomaly tending to confusion and embarrassment at any time, and certain at some time to make serious trouble.

This weak spot in our system had emphatic illustration some twenty-and-odd-years ago in connection with mob action at New Orleans in which a considerable number of citizens of Italy were shot down, not indeed without cause, but without warrant of law. The Mafia Society, a transplant from Italy, had committed grievous crimes and had become detested alike by the authorities of law and by the general public. A certain group of criminals were known, but, through terrorism and systematic perjury, stood exempt from ordinary legal processes. But there came a time when the hot blood of New Orleans stood not upon the order of the law. The criminals were assaulted in a warehouse which they had made their "castle" and were shot to death. It was an act of righteous deliverance, but it was an act without the sanction of legality. Not unnaturally the Italian government asked for explanation and reprisals. It demanded that those who had assassinated its subjects resident in America should be punished and that in certain cases reparation should be made to families bereaved and injured. The responsibility to Italy lay upon the government of the United States. But the power to act was a matter for the government of the State of Louisiana. The essential point was that while the United States in the capacity of treaty-maker had given certain specific guaranties it stood, under its relations to a particular state, without the power to make good. It had not the authority to run down and punish, because the powers of the Constitution are state powers and not national powers.

Unless we shall be able somehow to endow the general government with powers sufficient to its obligations under the treaty-making authority we are certain some day to find ourselves in a fatal mix-up. The remedy is a change in the contract between the states and the general government—in other words, an amendment to the National Constitution—that will give to the treaty-making authority power to enforce its engagements. This must be done, else foreign countries will come to learn that the gun of American diplomacy, however formidable it may appear to the foreign eye, is in fact not loaded.

As to the anti-Japanese proposals now before the state legislature, they are of a piece with much else under consideration by that more or less capable and more or less honorable body. They are unnecessary, untimely, foolish, and futile. As related to the interest of California—even as related to the practical debarment of Japanese from the ownership of California lands—they are stupidly without assurance. The one effective thing about them is the certainty which they hold of creating ill-will on the part of Japan—this at the very time when we are soliciting the favors of Japan in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

"Big Men" and the Public Service.

There are some thoughts in connection with the disappearance from the stage of J. Pierpont Morgan that can hardly fail to present themselves to minds habituated to national rather than to sectional reflections. We may hold very different opinions as to the uses to which Mr. Morgan directed his extraordinary financial capacities. We may believe that they were good or evil, according to our personal tendencies. But there can be no difference of opinion as to the reality of those capacities. Here, at least, the whole world is in agreement. Mr. Morgan was the dominant financial figure of the race, unique in his power and in his intellectual vigor.

How comes it, then, that this extraordinary force and value were not claimed and used as a national asset? Indeed the same question might be asked of other men than Mr. Morgan. We shall have to go a long way back before we find any period so prolific in great executive minds as the last few years in American history. It is true those minds were usually from a similar mold, but none the less it was the mold of the particular age in which they found themselves and it answered the needs of the nation into which they were born. And almost without exception those minds were compelled to employ themselves, to find their expression, outside of government circles rather than inside. Probably the whole story of civilization could produce no period quite parallel to this, no period that has been quite so fertile in executive genius or wherein that genius has been so rigidly excluded from the national administrative life. For some forty years past we have had the surprising spectacle of government after government packed with nonentities while at the same time the private and commercial life of the nation has been phenomenally rich in capacities. The fact may do no more than mark a phase of national evolution, but it is a disquieting and dangerous phase. In every other department of our life we find an unceasing search for ability and wisdom. No reward is too great for capacity and power, no invitation more pressing. But in national affairs that necessarily include everything in the national life we are not only content with the commonplace and the mediocre, we seem actually to prefer them. If Mr. Pierpont Morgan had been born in Germany, for example, he would probably have been finance minister or chancellor. If Mr. Harriman had been born in France he would have been director of state railroads or some corresponding position where his abilities would have been adequately used. Any other country in the world would consider itself immeasurably rich in statecraft if it possessed one tithe of the capacities which we allow to run in the comparatively narrow channels of commercialism for private gain.

That it would be possible for the nation to secure the services of its greatest men is not open to doubt. Nothing but a lack of invitation and of opportunity has excluded them from public service. It is an amazing fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the very circumstance of demonstrated genius, of the possession of almost superhuman faculties, has been a closed door to public life in America. To say that the nation could offer no adequate reward to men of the Harriman and Morgan type is to show a mean conception of reward. To suppose that they worked for the mere accumulation of dollars is a patent absurdity. Whatever else they may have been they were not fools, and to work so mightily that they might add meaningless ciphers to the ledger total would be the act of fools. Money may have been the gauge, the index, of success, but it was not the goal. The goal was always the accomplishment of an accepted task. Their efforts were due to the enormous expansive force of natures that sought out great tasks, not because of their money reward, but because they brought the triumphant sense of accomplishment. Whatever Mr. Morgan or Mr. Harriman did for themselves and for their associates, they would have been even more ready to do for the nation if only because national affairs were larger. But unfortunately the nation preferred the average to the exceptional, and mediocrity to genius.

The day will come when the tinkering absurdities of the modern reformer will have to give way to some new conception of statecraft, and that new conception may take the form of setting our great men to work for us and of persuading them to do for the nation what they can do so supremely well for their own concerns. The lion in the path of such a reform as this is the "local sentiment" that demands representation at Washington by a local nobody rather than by a national somebody. It ought not to be in the power of some trumpery little community that no one ever heard of compulsorily to retire from public life some man of proved capacity merely because his policy to the parish pump is not approved locally. It will be remembered that Carl Schurz was thus withdrawn from national service. He may be said to have represented the whole German element in the United States, but he disappeared from that great position because some obscure little electorate was unable to appreciate a large man when it saw him. And there was no appeal. An absurd "local sentiment" saw to that. Carl Schurz, national figure though he was, must represent his own particular community or none at all. A new state such as Oklahoma might well have been proud to be represented in the United States Senate by such a man. And there are many men like Schurz who would be immensely useful in public life, but who are debarred from the circle because they can not commend themselves to a local sentiment that may be, and that usually is, both ignorant and prejudiced. Perhaps the superstition of locality is not wholly to blame. The Constitution requires that a United States senator shall be "an inhabitant of the state for which he shall be chosen." The precise requirements of habitation may be open to question, but if necessary the Constitution can be amended, an operation evidently somewhat easier than we had supposed. If the recent constitutional amendment allowing the direct election of United States senators had also permitted those senators to be selected from the nation at large it would have been a longer and a much more real step toward reform. It would have resulted ultimately in the employment of the best men in the nation, of the men of mind and heart and experience. There was a time when a certain virtue may have attached to local knowledge, but that was before steam and electricity had welded the nation into a whole. Generally speaking the problems of one state are now the problems of all. Such questions as the banking system—to mention one out of a dozen—affect equally every part of the country. And the country contains many experts on the banking system whose knowledge is complete and exhaustive, but not one of them is to be found in Congress. The country contains innumerable authorities on transportation, but not one of them is to be found in Congress. Everywhere there are profound students of sociology and economics, but, once again, none of them is to be found in Congress. To enter Congress they must conciliate all the eccentrics, the cranks, and the pietists of their own communities, and this is precisely what they will not and can not do. In point of fact our system of government is about as intelligent as would be a stipulation that none of the officers of a ship shall be sailors. A man who has once proved his capacity for public life should be eligible for any constituency in the country. Then we should speedily find that men of capacity were in demand and that the distinction conferred by such representation as this became a local asset of real value.

Such a reform as this must eventually come, and it will come with the realization that a country governed by mediocrities and by the unfit is seriously and even fatally handicapped. Government is the most difficult of all human arts and the one that demands the most rigorous of all qualifications. So far we have proceeded on the assumption that the one and only requisite is a village popularity and a certain adroitness in cajoling the church on one side and the saloon on the other. To replace that assumption by something saner, and to work for any change necessary to that end is to render a public service of no inconsiderable magnitude.

The Mayor Hits Back.

Mayor Rolph did exactly the right thing and he did it in exactly the right way when he refused to come to heel at the bidding of the Public Ownership Association. This organization of busybodies had demanded of him a thirty-minute speech upon what is called the Lower Market Street agreement, and the mayor refused to give it. His views are well known, as are the views of his opponents. Nothing was to be gained by their repetition and a good deal of time would have been wasted. That the Public Ownership Association, which includes most of the "critics and common scolds" to whom the mayor referred, can conceive of no time as wasted that is spent in talk is easily understood. But there is a different conception among men of real affairs, and by them the mayor's rebuke to the "professional agitators" will be applauded.

It is to be hoped that this stiffening of the mayoral backbone will be sustained. If so it means for the administration a success that for the past year has seemed to be doubtful. Good fellowship, geniality, and the disposition to be all things to all men have their value as lubricants, but as a policy they are fatal. Mayor Rolph will do well to remember that demagogy and agitation are very rarely sincere. Their usual origin is a craving for publicity, an itch to be seen and heard, and therefore they are beyond the reach of conciliation or of argument. They must be fought with a heavy hand and exposed continually to denunciation and ridicule. If the mayor decides to play an independent rôle, to adopt a vigorous and determined attitude toward public questions and to put upon one side a misunderstood joviality, he will be rendering a great service first of all to the city and secondly to his own administration. He will do something to save us from a perpetual boil of agitations and of elections, and he will earn for himself a reputation of which we were beginning to despair. He has still three years of office ahead of him. A certain stern resolution will make of them three years of success. After a year of weak compliance and of a certain gushing good-fellowship with every one and everything Mayor Rolph has at last shown that he can bite. If he can preserve this spirit of salutary aggressiveness he will find it his most valuable possession.

For the good of the city and for his own good the mayor needs now to dismiss from his mind every other motive and purpose save that of doing his duty in the mayoralty. Thoughts of reëlection, chances of future political promotion, should be put to one side. Mr. Rolph has a big job in hand. Let him do it regardful only of the immediate duty and in the spirit of the letter above referred to and he will earn the approval and good-will of every decent citizen of San Francisco.

No Privilege for Criminality.

Appeals made to the State Department at Washington in behalf of Miss Zelie Emerson, "a Michigan girl" and an active militant suffragette now in an English prison for crimes done for the "cause," have small basis in rationality. True, Miss Emerson may be an American citizen, but it is likewise true that she is not minding the business of an American citizen. She is intruding upon the domestic life of another country, breaking its laws and defying its authorities. The United States should and does protect its citizens in foreign countries against injustice and outrage, but it does not safeguard them against the penalties of crime. One who chooses to live in England or any other country must abide by the laws of that country. This question has been raised again and again, and the determination has always been the same. Many years ago the United States declined to protect filibuster Walker when he undertook a revolutionary raid in Nicaragua. Again it declined to act when the life of our own John Hays Hammond was in jeopardy on account of revolutionary activities in South Africa. These are notable instances, and there are multitudes of minor cases like them. If Miss Emerson's taste for martyrdom is not sufficient to make her in heroic spirit welcome the consequences of her crimes she would better not commit them. Her right of residence in England is absolute so long as she conducts herself within the law. But she has no right to do anything prohibited by English law and then claim immunity as an American. And we may not improperly add she has no right to act the hoodlum and the criminal anywhere and then beg off from the natural consequences because she is a woman.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The publication of Sultan Abdul Hamid's diary is continued in *Nord und Sud.* The old gentleman was certainly an edifying and a pious diarist, and if his principles and his practice were not always in accord, the inconsistency is at least common enough to be pardoned. It is the way of human nature. The Sultan was doubtful of the benefits to Turkish youths who were sent to study in Germany. They acquired a certain amount of military skill, but they lost their virtue. They forgot "the old virtues of the Osmanli, simplicity and sobriety," and in their place they learned "habits of immorality and drinking, and return as blasé dandies, look down upon their comrades, on our old and tried generals, and mock at our customs." How, asks the Sultan, can he be expected to lead his people forward when Europe will never leave him alone? We know, he says, that "our rule leaves much to be desired," and certainly nothing could have been more true, but "if we could only have ten years of peace, then we might hope to be equal to the much admired Japanese." Finally the Sultan lapses into prophecy. Turkey, he writes, can only continue to live if the Ottoman loyally adheres to the solid foundations of her religious code; "otherwise, we shall fall before the Christian powers who wish to destroy us." Inasmuch as this diary was evidently written without a view to publication it may be that the Sultan Abdul Hamid, like the real Devil, is not quite so black as he is painted.

It seems to be a fact that mysterious airships are flying over Great Britain, and this must be very disturbing to a people who refused to allow the building of the Channel tunnel for fear of invasion. The evidence that these airships are actually arriving and that they have been both seen and heard is overwhelming. But do they come from Germany, and if so, why? That they do any useful spying at night seems impossible, and moreover there is the fact that no known airship could reach England from Germany and return without being seen by daylight. But that opens another question that is propounded by the London *Post.* Is it possible that Germany has airships that are more perfect than is supposed? Altogether the problem is a perplexing one, since airships are unquestionably flying over the country by night and destroying the slumbers of the worthy citizens below. And if these airships destroy John Bull's slumbers it is reasonable to suppose that they may destroy something else before long.

The dramatic critic of the London *Daily Chronicle* describes the revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's Theatre as "a great evening of memories and comparisons." There was "any amount of applause, tense interest, and personal ovations," but the critic reminds us that Sardou is "still dead," although the play may perhaps have a long run. Those who have read Mr. Jerome Hart's vivid story of Sardou that has lately come from the press will remember the dramatist's protest against the mutilations, adaptations, and adulterations of which his plays were the victims in the effort to give them local interest and topical significance. We see the same illegitimate processes at work in this latest production. The stolen tracings are now stolen from Gibraltar instead of from Sebastapol, and we have reference to "woman's way and Holloway" and other suffragette allusions of the kind. But it is not a little notable that Sardou should be still a drawing card.

The statement that the Czarevitch has recovered from the injuries inflicted upon him by a Nihilist and that he is now in robust health must be accepted with reservations. The actual nature of these injuries is now well known, and they are irreparable. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* tells us that the heir to the Russian throne was subjected to what may be called a surgical operation, and it was complete and "successful." He can never be called to the throne, since it is now impossible that he can perpetuate the Russian dynasty. But the Czarina still has hopes in the miraculous powers of Saint Seraphim, who was fed by bears during his lifetime and, like Elijah, was carried direct to heaven. Therefore the Czarina prays daily to Saint Seraphim, who seems to be otherwise engaged, since no obvious response has been received. Doubtless the saint has all the miraculous powers that are ascribed to him, but there are some feats that are beyond the range of even such intercession as his. And the mutilation of the Czarevitch is among them.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has now embodied in a book some of his summaries of what we humorously describe as modern progress. He looks abroad over the world and he can find nothing good in it. There can be no question of moral progress until we have made over the whole system from top to bottom. Our commercial processes are "certainly as immoral as any of the petty forms of swindling with marked cards, loaded dice, or the willful losing of a race." We work ourselves into spasms of indignation at the direct bribing of a law court in Turkey, but "practically it comes very nearly to the same thing in England. No single step can be made for the purpose of getting justice without paying fees. . . . The system of our courts is grossly unfair because the party who can pay the highest fees for the services of the most experienced counsel is likely to secure a verdict in his favor." But it is in his summaries that Dr. Wallace is the most unsparing. Not only "our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom," but it is "the worst that the world has ever seen." And if we would ask Dr. Wallace in what direction and in what way he would have us change he seems to reply that he would have us change everything and change it as much as possible. In the words of the Episcopal Confession—quoted from memory, not having a Prayer Book handy—"we have done those things that we ought not to have done and have left undone those things that we ought to have done and there is no health in us."

It seems that all the legislative bedlamites are not to be found in Sacramento. There are some in Tennessee and in Pennsylvania. The Tennessee legislature is considering a bill making it unlawful for "any acknowledged, self-confessed, or convicted liar or thief to publish, own, or control any newspaper." The intention is a good one, but how does Tennessee propose to get its news after it has suppressed all its newspapers? But Pennsylvania proposes not only to destroy, but to create. There is to be a state board of journalism, which will educate and certify the newspaper men, and every newspaper must employ at least one of these purified ones, who will do what he can to keep it in a state of grace. But there is one thought that occurs to the unregenerate mind. Since every one is to be certified and educated, to be reformed and uplifted, who will undertake these much-needed functions for the legislators themselves. For they need it more than any one. When it was announced that Dr. Goodenough would preach before the British House of Commons Sir Robert Peel wrote on the back of an enveloped:

It's right enough that Goodenough
Before the House should preach,
For sure enough they're bad enough,
The men he has to teach.

Time was when legislators were only bad. Now they are silly asses as well as bad, and on the whole we prefer our badness unadulterated by silliness.

The New York *Evening Post* reminds us of a good story told of the late Lord Wolseley, or Sir Garnet Wolseley as he then was, during the military occupation of Egypt. Deeming it advisable, for obvious reasons, to place a guard around the harem of a local potentate, a brother officer, strolling into an adjacent garden, was hailed by a sentinel. "Hi, sir; you mustn't go there, sir!" "Don't you see who I am?" protested the officer. "I am Colonel Blank of the ———." "Yes, sir," I know," interrupted the trooper, respectfully; "but they's leddies livin' in that 'ouse, an' th' horders f'm Sir Garnet is that 'e's not to be let to go in there 'isself—no matter 'ow had he wants to."

Mr. Havelock Ellis reminds us that even stern science itself has been made the servant of a sense of male superiority. So long as science believed that the frontal region of the brain was the seat of the highest intellectual processes it was never admitted that this region was as well developed in women as in men. But it was eventually shown that the ape was as well equipped in this respect as the human family, and then a change came o'er the spirit of the scientific dream. The physiological evidence of women's brain capacity had always been waved on one side as "absurd," but it was now accepted at once and without question.

Adrianople has so often been subject to battle, murder, and sudden death that its latest capture by the Balkan allies will seem but one more familiar chapter in its annals. Eighteen hundred years ago it was taken by the Emperor Hadrian from the Ressi tribe. In 323 it was the scene of a battle between Constantine and Licinius, and here the Emperor Valeus made his great stand against the Goths. In 1205, Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, was defeated, made prisoner, and killed by the Bulgarian Czar Kaloyan, and finally the city was taken by Murad I, and became the Turkish capital and continued so until the fall of Constantinople in 1453.

Anatole France, says the London *Daily Chronicle,* has confided to an interviewer that he finds the public by no means critical of form in novels. "Soon after 'Sur la Pierre Blanche' began to appear in serial form, I went on a long holiday, and before leaving Paris I split my manuscript into a number of portions, each exactly the right length for a daily feuilleton. I bore these to the newspaper office, and saw them carefully arranged in separate pigeon-holes. Unfortunately, the printer who had to extract the installments day by day took them in vertical instead of horizontal order, so that the feuilletons appeared without any suggestion of sequence. Apparently, incoherent writing shocks few people nowadays, for only a small proportion of my readers protested against this disjointed form of publication."

The discussion between Mayor Gaynor of New York and a newly appointed justice of the peace in Illinois as to the collection of fees is made to turn upon what Christ would have done in similar circumstances—that is to say, if Christ had been a justice of the peace in Illinois. Doubtless both disputants feel that they are surrounding themselves with a sort of odor of sanctity by their repulsive discussion. The public thinks that the odor is of quite another kind, an odor of disgusting self-righteousness, an odor that makes one physically sick.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Designing, etching, and engraving of fine bookplates is a thriving profession in Vienna. Some of the greatest artists are engaged in the production of these works of art.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Death and a Life.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

* * * * * * *

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind,
For a vision comes on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on that dangerous island height
That bars the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they weathered the south-west gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night among spectres grim—
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-ho!
Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's side they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain—
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under the blossoming apple-trees
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

* * * * * * *

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

In the rudiments of a sound education the Finnish people are unsurpassed. Practically every man and woman in the country has a working knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and every child of school age receives careful instruction in these studies. Every adult has a vote, and although 53 per cent of the inhabitants are women there are only seventeen of their sex in the Finnish Diet.

ANOTHER CAFE FATALITY.

End of a Famous Tavern of Paris.

Seven days from this writing "Finis" will be written to the history of the Café Anglais. Until the philosophical historian of Paris arrives it will always be a puzzle to explain the dire mortality which has overtaken the once famous resorts of the Boulevard des Italiens, a mortality which has swept away Tortoni's, the Maison Dorée, the original Café de Paris, and many another haunt that flourished apace in the early years of the nineteenth century. Of those establishments almost the only survivor is the Café Riche, which was left when its neighbor the Maison Dorée was taken. As they were both notable for their high prices and as the Maison Dorée was owned by a man named Hardy, it used to be a proverb that a man must be *très riche pour diner chez Hardy, et très hardi pour diner chez Riche*. That reputation for stiff prices plus a menu which scorned to mention the cost of any dish was well sustained by the Café Anglais, where also a man had to be hardy or rich, or both, before ordering a dinner of its imposing waiters.

When the Maison Dorée closed its doors as the result of the Franco-German war, its heritage as the Mecca of those who ate furiously and drank deep descended to the Café Anglais. Yet, judging from widely scattered allusions, that house had always made a special appeal to the epicure, and even in the days of the siege of Paris was able to offer its patrons such luxuries as ass, mule, peas, fried potatoes, and champagne. And when the siege was raised and normal conditions were restored, it once more asserted its supremacy as the shrine of the gourmand. But to a certain extent the associations of the Café Anglais have suffered through the eminence of its cuisine. Such is the law of compensation. Perfect menus seem to have the knack of not creating interesting history. If the oysters are delicious in flavor, the *Crécy* soup ideal, the *perdrix aux choux* done to a turn, and the wine so much purple velvet to the taste, what more can be demanded? Certainly not a volume of legend. And so the Café Anglais must be content with a slighter anthology of tradition than some of its rivals. It will, however, always shine in the pages of Zola as the scene of that sumptuous repast of which the sole purpose was to win for Silvianne a favorable notice from the dramatic critic who had been invited to the party. The room was laden with the perfume of rare flowers, costly plate and crystal glittered on the snowy cloth, and the delicious and unexpected dishes included a sturgeon from Russia, prohibited game, truffles as big as eggs, and hothouse fruit as full of flavor as if it were naturally matured. It was money flung out of the window, simply for the pleasure of wasting more than other people, and eating what they could not procure. The dramatic critic was duly impressed, pledged himself to write what was required of him, and the Café Anglais could flatter itself that it had secured the creation of another theatrical "star."

As was the case with so many of its rivals, the Café Anglais owed the beginnings of its fame to the rare quality of its wines. The old boulevardier will remind you that you had only to blink at a waiter to have a bottle of the finest château brand placed on your table. And did not the Comte de Narbonne regularly smash the wine-glasses lest the vessels from which he had drunk such precious nectar should be profaned by being used a second time? Such memories are a long remove from those modest days when the chief delight of a visit to the Café Anglais was to sit outside at a deal table sipping a glass of "limonade."

Remembering that the café dates back to the fall of the empire, its name may be somewhat of a conundrum to those who have forgotten why it was chosen. The first decades of the nineteenth century were hardly distinguished for an *entente cordiale* with the nation across the Channel, nor must it be imagined that the Café Anglais was so christened out of compliment to "perfidious Albion." The most likely theory is that the café's name was intended to advertise the fact that the service of its tables was modeled after the English rather than the French fashion. It is true that Paris set the example to London in the matters of napkins and four-pronged forks, but the French capital lagged far behind in such details as salt-spoons and a fresh knife and fork for each course. The Parisian, ere the advent of the Café Anglais, was content with a single knife all through his dinner, which he cleaned on a piece of bread as each new course made its appearance.

What was an advertisement of a departure in the supply of knives and forks and salt-spoons became a valuable asset after Waterloo. For when Paris was thronged with Wellington's officers such a name as the Café Anglais proved a veritable treacle-pot to the gregarious English. Some of the memories of those days have been revived recently by M. Roger de Monvel, who pays a kindly tribute to the courteous manners of the English as compared with the Prussian victors. While Blucher's soldiers insulted the women and sacked the shops, Wellington's men respected the women, never dreamed of taking too harsh an advantage of their victory, and paid for what they took in shops and cafés alike. And M. de Monvel recalls how amused the ladies were with the Highland officers who frequented the Café Anglais, whispering to each other, as they eyed their short kilts, "My dear! If it should be windy!"

So even in those days the Café Anglais became the Tavern of Paris in the Tavern of Europe. Nor did the fame of the house decline during the Second Empire. On the contrary, it was then it reached its climax, for while no foreigner of distinction visited the French capital without dining under its roof or supping there by special arrangement, it also became the favorite haunt of all native wealthy eccentrics. One of its most faithful patrons was the Marquis de Saint Cricq, who although he lived but a stone's throw distant always drove to the café daily in a post chaise the reins of which were passed through a window at the back of the vehicle. Those were the years, too, of famous parties in that salon known as the Grand Seize, when princes and crowned monarchs hobnobbed with less exalted mortals.

With all that history to its credit it may seem inexplicable that the Café Anglais has been obliged to close its doors. But the fact is that newer and more flashy cafés are the vogue of the present generation, and that, above all, the Parisian and the tourist have been educated to the fixed-price menu. It is true several cafés of the old model still survive, such as the Regence and the Tour d'Argent, but they have purchased a new lease of life by adopting modern ways. The management of the Café Anglais was too conservative to make such a concession, the result being that the house was practically unknown to the present generation, while the tourist passed it by in ignorance of the history of its palmy days.

So the last meals will have been eaten, the last wines drunk, the final toast proposed, ere these lines have finished their transatlantic and transcontinental journey. There is to be a sale of the fittings, but whether that will be more successful than the auction at the Durand, whereat the tables were sold for two dollars apiece, it would be hazardous to prophecy. Inasmuch as the tables of the Café Anglais revive memories of Cora Pearl, Marguerite Bellange, and Mme. Paiva, they may better the record of the Durand. If those members of the Jockey Club who have secured the privilege of eating the last meal in the old house were to carry their sentiment a little further and make a "corner" at the auction the Café Anglais may yet expire in a cloud of glory. It is unthinkable that the table used for the "dinner of the three emperors," or other historic articles in polished mahogany, or even the heavy damask curtains, should sell for "an old song," yet the Parisian is so indifferent to mere associations that even those relics may fail to rouse generous bidding. Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, April 8, 1913.

There recently died in Bern, Switzerland, a remarkable student, who, though fifty-seven years old, had studied at the University of Bern for thirty-seven years without having taken his medical degree. This student, Gottlieb Laederach, entered the university when he was about twenty. He studied assiduously, but owing to a nervous temperament he could never pass an examination. When put to the tests he became so embarrassed that he failed. Having an independent income, however, and being gifted with unusual tenacity of purpose, he determined to gain his degree if it took a lifetime. When he went up for his hundredth trial in the examination room he fell dead from heart disease.

Stretching across Western Australia is a rabbit-tight fence, said to be the longest in the world. It extends for a distance of 1200 miles, without a break, except for gates. It begins in the temperate regions and ends in the tropics, and sometimes for nearly a hundred miles it never passes a human habitation. The fence is divided into sections, each of which is under the control of an inspector. These inspectors have boundary riders, whose duty it is to constantly ride up and down their section of the long barrier, and keep it in effective condition. Since the fence was erected it has prevented hordes of rabbits from overrunning and devastating the region beyond.

In New York City it is estimated that it costs the telephone company about one cent every time it answers the question, "What time is it?" If, out of the 2,000,000 calls registered there daily, only 1000 people asked central for the time it would then cost $10 a day to oblige them. At the end of the year this figure would mount up to $3655. In the language of the telephone company, this query is called a "curiosity question." Everything is being done to dissuade people from asking it; for, besides costing the company thousands of dollars, it ties up the lines of communication.

Tobacco is the chief product in North Borneo, and as land produces but one crop of tobacco in seven to nine years new fields must be cleared every year. After the jungle is cut and burned an army of Chinese coolies is turned on the land with hoes to dig it and prepare it for planting. No plows are used. The young tobacco plants are set out by hand and kept clean with hoes. It is necessary for a tobacco planter to possess thousands of acres of uncultivated land in reserve, and to employ 500 to 1000 coolies.

An insect much resembling the June bug, and found in great quantities in the high plains about Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is toasted and eaten as a delicacy by the natives of that country. They are sold in the streets in the same manner as are chestnuts in the cities of this country. The roasted bugs taste very much like toasted bread.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Muir, the famous California naturalist, has just celebrated at Martinez, his home, the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth.

Prince von Donnersmarck, said to be the wealthiest man in Germany, will pay a "war tax" of $2,540,000 on his fortune, which is estimated at $63,500,000.

Sir William Treloar, former lord mayor of London, accompanied by Sir William Henry Dunn, the prospective lord mayor, sailed April 24 for a visit to this country.

Baron Montono, who has just returned to Japan after serving seven years as ambassador to Russia, may become the new foreign minister of Japan, a position for which he has received much favorable mention of late. He has long been in the diplomatic service, having been secretary of the Japanese legation in St. Petersburg as far back as 1896.

William T. Scott, the only colored man ever nominated for President of the United States by a regularly conducted national convention, is a candidate for the position of minister to the negro republic of Hayti. He was nominated for President by the National Liberty party at the St. Louis convention in 1904, thirty-seven states being represented.

Sir Asger Hamerick, who retired in 1898, after serving for a quarter of a century as musical director of Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birthday in Copenhagen, which has long been his home. On the occasion a letter of congratulation was sent to him, containing the signatures of seventy of his old pupils.

Dr. Junzo Naruse, president of the Woman's University of Tokyo, Japan, has returned from a tour of several months in this country, during which his time was largely devoted to an investigation of educational conditions, with a view of applying in Tokyo the best principles observed. He was educated in this country, and twenty years ago was a student at Andover College and Clark University.

Luigi Luzzati, who will be the adviser of the new Chinese government in matters of political economy, agriculture, and finance, is the ex-premier of Italy, and is recognized as one of the world's authorities on the subjects mentioned. His unwillingness to go to Peking was met by the Chinese government, which has arranged to establish a school for young Chinese statesmen under his direction in Rome.

Louis G. Michael, a graduate of an agricultural college in this country, has so successfully introduced American corn-growing methods in Bessarabia, that, for the first time in history, corn was cut and shocked according to the method employed here, while the land was plowed for the next crop with an American tractor. As a result of his efforts the Russian boys of that district are being organized into corn clubs, and the peasants are receiving their first lessons in real farming.

Rear-Admiral David Beatty, successor to Rear-Admiral Bayley in command of the first battle cruiser squadron, is the youngest officer of that rank in the British navy. He has won rapid promotion for valiant service, having taken part in the Sudan trouble in 1898, and in the Boxer rebellion two years later. For his Nile services he was promoted to commander. He attained to flag rank in 1910, a special order in council being necessary, owing to his short period of service.

Frank Johnson Goodnow, whom China has honored by appointing legal adviser in the reform of the constitution of the new republic, is professor of administrative law at Columbia University. He was born in Brooklyn, in 1859, and graduated from Amherst with the degree of A. B. in 1879. Three years later he received his LL. B. from Columbia, with which Harvard honored him in 1909. He also studied at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, Paris, and at the University of Berlin. Among the books he has written is "City Government in the United States."

The Honorable Frank S. Cahill, a Liberal, who was recently elected in his province despite the Conservative landslide, has made a fortune in Canadian real estate, and is regarded as one of the three "coming men" of Greater Canada, though he was a poor homesteader at Goose Lake seven years ago. He arrived there with his possessions in a rickety wagon drawn by a mule and a cow, but quickly quit farming to go into the real estate business, trading off his queerly mated team for an option on some lots. He helped make the city of Saskatoon, where he still retains a home, though much of his time is spent at Quebec. It is predicted that he will find a seat in the next Parliament.

John Bassett Moore, recently appointed as counsellor of the State Department at Washington, is professor of international law and diplomacy at Columbia University. He is a native of Delaware, a graduate of the University of Virginia, an LL. B. of Columbia and also of Yale. For a year, beginning in 1885, he was law clerk in the Department of State, and from 1886 to 1891 acted as Assistant Secretary of State, a position which he again filled in 1898. In this year he was also secretary and counsel of the Spanish-American Peace Commission in Paris. As an author he has produced a number of volumes, not all of which are technical. He is also one of the editors of the *Political Science Quarterly* and of the *Journal de Droit International Privée.*

THE HEN'S TOOTH.

At Fairweather's Place.

No, sir, or madam, you can not prove it by me, what hen's teeth are like, whether regular as a rule or irregular, nor how philosophically our industrious friends from India bear the toothache. I am no dentist: I'm an honorable hard-working man with an infinite capacity for taking pains, not giving them. All the hens I ever owned were gifts—simply given away by the butchers I bought them of, and they all being honorable men, to look the gift-hen in the mouth were an act to which no gentleman would stoop.

All I know about the painful subject is that at Fairweather's Place, situate, lying, and being in the heart of nature and the Santa Cruz Mountains, a young man was a "regular hen's tooth," a *rara avis*, so to say. So said Miss Henrietta Lehmann, and what she said went the rounds.

At Fairweather's Place, rude mausoleum far from the madding crowd, near to the mosquito, those who have lived too much bury themselves for a season, hibernate the midsummer months through. Thus two months a year they die that "Bonny-face" Fairweather, wife and four, may live twelve. The host and his work two months, rest ten; the guests and theirs rest two months, work ten. The suspended animation of the latter means the renewed activity of the former, and vice versa.

Miss Lehmann was taking at Fairweather's a much-needed holiday from hen's teeth, I mean, men. Gossip had engaged her during her active life just past to a good round dozen, a man and a fifth a month. Everlastingly saying nay is hard, disheartening work for a girl with huge sympathies and enormous business interests to be manhandled. Dead tired of staving off the importunate beggars, no lucky one among the lot, Henrietta had herself carted off to Bonny-face's burying ground, and, my goodness, what a rare heavenly, toothless time she did have that first week, and no mistake!

What dreams may come to a maiden who has shuffled off—for the nonce—this mortal coil she enjoyed to her heart's content. Towards the end of the second week, an inexplicable feeling of longing, the premonition of an ache, the barest suspicion of an abhorrent vacuum, a poetic something or other that was to sorrow as the mist is to the rain, came over the spirit of her dreams. Dead to the world of fashion at Fairweather's, she, after two weeks of groping in the dark, found herself, not in heaven, as she had fondly imagined, but in—purgatory. 'Twas there and then, on the verge of weeping and gnashing, that she expressed herself warmly to the picturesque effect that: "My goodness me! I never saw such a—manforsaken place. A man's a regular hen's tooth hereabouts."

The worst of it was that she had so forcibly expressed herself to a young curate, freely as he were one of the girls. The curate took the saying to heart, and tried to take her—at her word. In that her life exempt from public haunt, he found for her Bibles in the forever running brooks, the gift of tongues in the whispering pine trees, sermons in the stones she wore, and good even in himself, the chief of sinners. Henrietta was highly edified, if not entertained.

Yet the thing wore trousers, thank the All-Compassionate. The habiliments of a hen's tooth were better than nothing. Grin she must and bear it, make the best of it. 'Twas her own doing. This burying herself in the country was certainly some of her funeral. Going back to the city was to be thought of, that's all. Having once been lugged abroad, Auntie was not to be lugged home till she got good and ready; much less further abroad. Aunt Mary was set in her ways. Let her once settle herself down to brood over her wrongs, Archimedes himself couldn't move her, no, not with a lever long as from where he is to here. Henrietta, who had faith in her powers of persuasion to move mountains (Aunt Mary ran to embonpoint and away from it), had tried the lever of love, and failed to budge her an inch. Auntie had settled up for two months, and what's more, settled down, and that settled it—Henrietta's hash included. To the girl's: "This hole is a regular grave!" Aunt Mary remarked sententiously: "Mine, I venture to say, will not be quite so warm! Whew! The mere thought of moving hand or foot makes me faint!" As it were a bed, the weary Henrietta had made this grave the objective of her itinerary, and must lie dormant in it yet six whole weeks—seven sixes are forty-two dead days beyond recall!

Small wonder, then, that we find Miss Henrietta getting religion, going to church religiously of a Sunday, because, the sinner! she had nothing better to do, angelically singing hymns and psalms, making of week days the acquaintance of the beauties of the Book of books, learning by heart that Story of stories, Ruth's, and that Song of songs, Solomon's.

Though the young clergyman modestly confessed himself the chief of sinners, he could not have been more concerned over Henrietta's spiritual welfare, had she been.

Clad all in her lustrous white, with her red-gold halo, her upturned eyes of martyrdom, her pure outline, her drooped lily hands of exquisite resignation, Henrietta Lehmann looked like nothing less than the chief of saints.

Before you blame her, girls in happier circumstances, remember the thing wore pants; old Bonny-face, an apron and cap of an immaculateness that meant custom; that the habit of having men around is second nature to Beauty. As goodness was the business of the humble curate, as truth that of the emperor, Marcus Aurelius, so was beauty that of this queenly girl. At Fairweather's Place business was pretty dull, not to say dead. What could the entombed young woman do but see to it, and see that she was beautiful in the one available mirror the churchyard afforded. Old Fairweather declared the curate was cracked. Which may account for the distorted view of herself Henrietta now held. To such a pretty pass had things at Fairweather's Place come that the curate must needs preach a sermon to Henrietta on how far from good it was for a man to be alone; firstly, because; second, for the very good reason; thirdly, in view of the fact; fourthly, considering the undoubted truth; fifthly——

Jack Tibbits was Johnny on the job, Johnny of the spot cash, and no stage-door Johnny at all. Master of one trade, when he talked, Money, the loud-mouthed, held its whisht. Tibbitt's talk was not cheap. He was a young lawyer of great promise, and, what's more to the point, performance. The hard case was his specialty, whereat he had earned much hard cash without at the same time earning a hard reputation. Jack Tibbits was not his own specialty. We all know well what the first wealth is, even if we don't enjoy it. Jack was not in business for the first, but the second. Accordingly, it was his delight to lay down the law and go into the country for his health. Of Fairweather's Place he had never heard. Of Henrietta Lehmann, he had. Miss Mary Lehmann, his client, administratrix of the estate of Andrew Lehmann, deceased, was used to speak to him of the minor, her niece, as "that child," giving him the impression of an impossible young pusson of say, thirteen.

To Aunt Mary he must needs dictate a letter telling her that her presence was required in the city on matters of importance pertaining to her trust. This letter, forwarded from her San Francisco address, found Aunt Mary in a frame of mind which may best be expressed by saying that if Mohammed wanted the mountain, he might come to it, and welcome; otherwise, the urgent business might wait. Auntie Fat, as that irrepressible child her niece was known to call her behind her back, was in no humor to stir hand or foot in matters of importance. Thus it came to pass one superfine day that Jack motored up to Fairweather's Place, doing some tall swearing and hill-climbing, fuller of the pleasure of business than the business of pleasure, yet withal enjoying the trip, well knowing that he would be well paid for his trouble. Motoring, after all, is a right pleasant way of raising the dust.

Arrived at his destination, the young lawyer found his client very conspicuously present, her mouth open to reason, but not her ear. Aunt Mary was sleeping soundly. Not as the dead sleep, she slept, and yet Jack Tibbits knew better than to understudy Gabriel with the unearthly horn of a touring-car.

Obviously, business might wait. Jack killed his machine, tackled the business of pleasure, took out his rod to whip the blameless brook, and nibbling a cigar, hiked up stream, not in search of books, or sermons, but of health and that healthiest of all things, brook trout.

He had hiked quite a distance, enjoying in a quiet way every step of the ascent, when he caught a glimpse of the very pool he was in search of, the abode of big fellows, if he knew his Isaac Walton. Suddenly, as he approached the pool, there impinged upon his visual and auditory nerves such sight and sound as seeing was not believing, nor hearing. Together, side by side, sat a something all in white and a something all in black. Jack was artist enough to appreciate the well-known fact that a strip of black on a white background is quite a relief. As Tibbits saw it, that the thing in black was an excuse for a man was no excuse for a woman and such a woman as was the thing in white. With one hymn-book between them, Henrietta and the curate were engaged in singing a four-handed duet in a way that looked to the casual observer as if they were just engaged. He was holding her and the hymnal; she, him and the hymnal, and her lyric soprano and his countertenor were blent in such a Panlike song that the very fishes rose to the occasion, and the flies danced on the water and the sunlight with them.

Spellbound, Jack Tibbits listened, and suddenly as it had been heard to begin, the hymn was heard to cease. Then the young lawyer, who had been holding his breath, expended it in his pet expletive: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Electrified, beatified, transmogrified, the girl jumped up. And then up and down like a crazy woman. "So will I!" she exclaimed. "And gladly! Heavens above! Merciful Heavens. It swears, it smokes, it smacks of the city, it carries a fishing-rod, it is cruel: it is a man!"

Horrified, terrified, stupefied, the poor excuse fled, leaving behind him his hymnal, his hands now held up as high as a man's head, again brought down to the level of his own understanding, to the end of stuffing the forefingers in his ears.

Soundly Aunt Mary slept.

Lazily the trout rose, and sank again. The fisher had his hands full. Yet 'twas a fishy story the two of them told Aunt Mary that evening after sundown: how they had lost their way, and how they wouldn't have minded one bit, had it not been for her.

After that, needless to say, Miss Lehmann didn't take the "rest cure," as the irreverent lawyer dubbed his clerical rival. It was sad, very sad, to see—especially for upturning eyes—how Henrietta backslid from grace, how a certain young man of great promise neglected his obvious city duties, pleading sudden indisposition such as imperatively demanded a six weeks' stay at Fairweather's Place, interrupted but by brief visits to San Francisco.

Jack, you will be glad to hear, has regained his health.

Henrietta's vast business interests are, if possible, even better looked after now than ever.

Aunt Mary keeps house for them, her mouth open and her eyes shut. All three are agreed that there is no place like Fairweather's, except home, and the two women are of one mind on one vital matter: Men like Jack Tibbits are rare anywhere as hen's teeth.

San Francisco, April, 1913. Harry Cowell.

◆

The terms "starboard" and "port" are to be abolished in our navy, the general board, including Admiral Dewey and others, having decided that they are obsolete. It is added that the "world's best navies" no longer employ them and that we are to follow suit and use just plain "right" and "left." This seems sensible and it will reduce confusion where the landsman figures. The term "starboard' is of great antiquity and is found in various forms in the languages of all of the sea-going Anglo-Saxon peoples. Originally it was "steerboard," meaning "steerside," and had reference to the fact that in the ancient oar-propelled vessels the steering oar naturally was on the right-hand side of the stern. The word "larboard" was formerly used for the left side, and was originally "ladeboard," referring to the fact that, in the absence of special reason, the cargo was loaded on the left-hand side of the vessel. The origin of "port" is uncertain, but it was used for many years prior to its adoption in the British and American navies. Presumably it was of a significance similar to that of "ladeboard," arising from the fact that the left side of the vessel ordinarily would be against the wharf when loading; hence the "port" side.

◆

Borne on the crest of the recent flood, a frame church with an 800-pound bell was deposited on historic Blennerhasset Island, West Virginia, and a few days before the waters subsided the inhabitants moved the edifice to a desirable spot, where it will be used. There was nothing about the structure, it is said, to indicate whence it came. With the exception of the flooring it was in good condition.

◆

Nine French hamlets on the German frontier are still engaged in paying off their respective shares of the indemnity of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. When the French government was called upon to pay the indemnity it was arranged that every town in the country should pay its share, varying anywhere from £500 to £250,000. At the end of forty-three years the nine villages are still in arrears.

◆

The saving habit may not be as much in favor today as thirty years ago, but one New York man has had occasion to be converted to a belief in it. He is a man who has worked seventeen years as a carpenter. His wife died recently, leaving him enough money to live in comfort the rest of his days. He knew that his wife took care of his money, but had no idea that she had saved so much.

◆

Millions of flints are produced annually in England by "knappers," who use much the same tools and work in much the same manner as did the men of the Neolithic Age. The flints go to Africa, South America, and China. Flintlock muskets are still used by many negroes in the depths of Africa, and shipments of the bits of stone find ready market in the benighted regions.

◆

Probably the most practical discovery made by the ill-fated Scott expedition to the South Pole was a great coal field, said to be at least 650 miles long. Its width has not been ascertained. Australian reports are to the effect that the coal has been analyzed, and is declared to be of workable quality. It is one of the largest deposits in the world.

◆

The sale of cigarettes and intoxicants to children was forbidden in the Isle of Man for years before such a prohibition was enforced in England. Englishmen have legislated mildly against money lenders. The highest interest rate that can be charged in the island is 6 per cent, and that has been the law for over two hundred years.

◆

The first large-scale application of electric power to the handling of traffic on a transcontinental line is to be instituted on 450 miles of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and Puget Sound railway. Passenger trains between Harlowton, Montana, and Avery, Idaho, will be hauled by electric tractors, replacing steam locomotives.

◆

Francis Galton, fingerprint expert and authority, estimates that the chances of finding the fingers of two persons giving exactly the same impression are not greater than one in 640,000,000,000. Police experts regard finger prints, which can not be disguised, as far the most conclusive means of identification.

◆

Twenty-five years ago Argentina had to import its flour. Today it sells wheat to the world, the annual harvest value amounting to more than $500,000,000.

A POLICEMAN AT PANAMA.

Harry A. Franck Gives Us a Close-Range Study of the Panama Canal and Its Works.

That sturdy and incorrigible vagabond, Harry A. Franck, has broken out in a new place. When last we heard of him he had been tramping through Spain with insufficient cash. Before that he had made his way around the world, also with insufficient cash, if indeed we can so describe a lack that was productive of so much intimacy of knowledge and detail of description. And now Mr. Franck has been to Panama, not, it need hardly be said, as a tourist, but as a policeman. We do not know just how he reached Panama. Possibly he walked there, or swam, but we may be sure that his transit was unconventional. In his opening page we find him at police headquarters, applying for the usual job and explaining his innocence of all military knowledge. The admission might have been fatal but for the timely addition that he spoke Spanish. "Ah!" said the captain, "that puts another face on the matter," and so the author finds himself within sight of acceptance:

> He rose suddenly from his chair and led the way into an adjoining room, busy with several young Americans over desks and typewriters.
>
> "Inspector," he said, as a tall and slender yet muscular man of Indian erectness and noticeably careful grooming rose to his feet, "here's one of those rare people, an American who speaks some foreign languages. Have a talk with him. Perhaps we can arrange to fix him up both for his good and our own."
>
> "Ever done police duty?" began the inspector, when "the captain" had returned to the corner office.
>
> "No."
>
> "Military ser——"
>
> "Nor that either."
>
> "Well, we usually require it," mused the inspector slowly, flashing his diamond ring, "but with your special qualifications perhaps——
>
> "You'd probably be of most use to us in plain clothes," he continued, after a dozen questions as to my former activities; "we could put you in uniform for the first month or six weeks until you know the Isthmus, and then——
>
> "Our greatest trouble is burglary," he broke off abruptly, rising to reach a copy of the "Canal Zone Laws"; "if you have nothing else on hand you might run these over; and the 'Police Rules and Regulations,' he added, handing me a small, flat volume bound in light brown imitation leather.

The preliminaries having been successfully passed, Mr. Franck found himself on the Zone police force, but with the understanding that his first month should be passed at census work, as "the chief says that he'd rather have you learn the Isthmus on census than on police pay." Nothing could have been better. The work implied a sort of carte blanche to wander everywhere, to put all sorts of questions to all sorts of people, and to be paid for doing so. There could be no more favorable conditions for the collection of literary material, and that the conditions were well utilized the present book is a proof. The first assignment was to Corozal, and to House 81 of official quarters:

> The room-mate with whom fate had cast me in House 81 was a pleasant enough fellow, a youth of unobjectionable personal manners even though his "eight-hour graft" was in the sooty seat of a steam-crane high above Miraflores locks. But he had one slight idiosyncrasy that might in time have grown annoying. On the night of our first acquaintance, after we had lain exchanging random experiences till the evening heat had begun a retreat before the gentle night breeze, I was awakened from the first doze by my companion sitting suddenly up in his cot across the room.
>
> "Say, I hope you're not nervous?" he remarked.
>
> "Not immoderately."
>
> "One of my stunts is nightmare," he went on, rising to switch on the electric light, "and when I get 'em I generally imagine my room-mate is a burglar trying to go through my junk and——"
>
> He reached under his pillow and brought to light a "Colt's" of 45 calibre; then crossing the room he pointed to three large irregular splintered holes in the wall some three or four inches above me, and which I had not already seen simply because I had not chanced to look that way.
>
> "There's the last three. But I'm tryin' to break myself of 'em," he concluded, slipping the revolver back under his pillow and turning off the light again.

The census taker is always an object of suspicion to the untutored mind, and the author found himself regarded as a part of a government scheme to get lists of persons due for deportation, either for lack of work as the canal neared completion or for looseness of marital relations. Hardly a tenement did he enter but laughing voices bandied back and forth and there echoed and reëchoed through the building such remarks as, "Well, dey gon' sen' us home, Penelope," or "Yo an' Percival better hurry an' git married, Ambrosia":

> Several dusky females regularly ran away whenever I approached; one at least I came a-seeking in vain nine times, and found her the tenth behind a garbage barrel. Many fancied the secret marks on the "enumerated" tag—date, and initials of the enumerator—were intimately concerned with their fate. So strong is the fear of the law imbued by the Zone Police that they dared not tear down the dreaded placard, but would sometimes sit staring at it for hours striving to penetrate its secret or exorcise away its power of evil, and now and then some holder spirit ventured out—at midnight—with a pencil and put tails and extra flourishes on the penciled letters in the hope of disguising them against the fatal day.

We have many amusing illustrations of the difficulty of extracting census information from the colored laborers:

> To a six-foot black giant working as night-hostler of steam-shovels:
>
> "Well, Josiah, I suppose you're a Jamaican?"
>
> "Oh, yes, boss, Ah work in Kingston ten years as a barmaid."
>
> "Married?"
>
> "No, boss, Ah's not 'xactly married. Ah's living with a person."
>
> A colored family:
>
> Sarah Green, very black, has a child named Edward White, and is now living with Henry Brown, a light yellow negro.
>
> West Indian wit:
>
> A shop-sign in Empire: "Don't ask for credit. He is gone on vacation since January 1, 1912."
>
> Laughter and care-free countenances are legion in the West Indian ranks, children seem never to be punished, and to all appearances man and wife live commonly in peace and harmony. Dr. O—— tells the following story, however:
>
> In his rounds he came upon a negro beating his wife and had him placed under arrest. The negro: "Why, boss, can't a man chastise his wife when she desarves and needs it?"
>
> Dr. O——: "Not on the Canal Zone. It's against the law."
>
> Negro (in great astonishment): "Is dat so, boss. Den Ah'll never do it again, boss—on de Canal Zone."

Paraiso, which fell within the author's sphere of operations, is a typical Zone town, and although all the houses are alike the place manages to escape the monotony usually associated with a similarity of architecture. Nevertheless the exteriors are deceiving "and it is only at the door that you know whether it is bachelors' quarters, a family residence, or the supreme court." The census had to be taken at the mess hall after the labor train had screamed in and six hundred men had swept down upon the town like a flood:

> Renson and I dashed for the laborers' mess-halls, where hundreds of sun-bronzed foreigners, divided only as to color, packed pell-mell around a score of wooden tables heavily stocked with rough and tumble food—yet so different from the old French catch as catch can days when each man owned his black pot and toiled all through the noon-hour to cook himself an unsanitary lunch. We jotted them down at express speed, with changes of tongue so abrupt that our heads were soon reeling, and in the place where our minds should have been sounded only a confused chaotic uproar like a wrangling within the covers of a polyglot dictionary. Then suddenly I landed a Russian! It was the final straw. I like to speak Spanish, I can endure the creaking of Turks attempting to talk Italian, I can bend an ear to the excruciating "French" of Martinique negroes, I have boldly faced sputtering Arabs, but I will *not* run the risk of talking Russian. It was the second and last case during my census days when I was forced to call for interpretative assistance.

Mr. Franck seems to have had less trouble with the colored people than with the whites. The ladies were apt to be supercilious, over-busy with their "social functions," and without the training in politeness of the Jamaican "mammies":

> It was here in Paraiso that I first encountered that strange, that wondrous strange custom of lying about one's age. Negro women never did. What more absurd, uncalled-for piece of dishonesty! Does Mrs. Smith fear that Mrs. Jones next door will succeed in pumping out of me that capital bit of information? Little does she know the long prison sentence at "hard labor" that stares me in the face for any such slip; to say nothing of my naturally incommunicative disposition. Or is she ashamed to let *me* know the truth?—unaware that all such information goes in at my ears and down my pencil to the pink card before me like a message over the wires, leaving no trace behind. Surely she must know that I care not a pencil-point whether she is eighteen or fifty-two, nor remember which one minute after the screen door has slammed behind me—unless she has caused me to glance up in wonder at her silvering temples of thirty-five when she simpers "twenty-two"—and to set her down as forty to be on the safe side. Oh now, please, ladies, do not understand me as accusing the American wives of Paraiso in general of this weakness. The large majority were quite pleasant, frank, and overflowing with cheery good sense. But the percentage who were not was far larger than I, who am also an American, was pleased to find it.

Dynamite was prominent among the perils of the census-taker. The strident screeching of the warning whistles must always be heeded, and the author tells us of his adventures as he worked his way forward, "while all the world about me was upheaving and spouting and belching forth to the heavens, as if I had been caught in the crater of a volcano as it suddenly erupted":

> The history of Panama is strewn with "dynamite stories." Even the French had theirs in their 16 per cent of the excavation of Culebra; in American annals there is one for every week. Three days before, one of my Empire friends set off one afternoon for a stroll through the "cut" he had not seen for a year. In a retired spot he came upon two negroes pounding an irregular bundle. "What you doing, boys?" he inquired with idle curiosity. "Jes' a breakin' up dis yere dynamite, boss," languidly answered one of the blacks. My friend was one of those apprehensive, over-cautious fellows so rare on the Zone. Without so much as taking his leave he set off at a run. Some two car-lengths beyond an explosion pitched him forward and all but lifted him off his feet. When he looked back the negroes had left. Indeed neither of them has reported for work since.

There is practically no graft among the Zone police. Even men in uniform but off duty will not ride on a train without paying full fare. The one defect of the force is its unawareness of foreign languages, but that is a defect that the author seems to think is national rather than sectional:

> There are few left, I suppose, who have not heard that gray-bearded story of the American in the Philippines who called his native servant and commanded:
>
> "Juan, va fetch the caballo from the prado and—and—ob, saddle and bridle him. Damn such a language anyway! I'm sorry I ever learned it."
>
> This is capped on the Zone by another that is not only true but strikingly typical. An American boss who had been much annoyed by unforeseen absences of his workmen pounced upon one of his Spaniards one morning crying:
>
> "When you know por la noche that you're not going to trabaja por la mañana why in —— don't you habla?"
>
> "Si, señor," replied the Spaniard.
>
> By which it may be gathered that linguistic ability on the Zone is on a par with that in other United States possessions. Of the seven of us assigned to plain-clothes duty on this strip of seventy-two nationalities there was a Colombian, a gentleman of Swedish birth, a Chinaman from Martinique, and a Greek, all of whom spoke English, Spanish, and at least one other language. Of the three native Americans two spoke only their mother tongue. In the entire white uniformed force I met only Lieutenant Long and the corporal in charge of Miraflores who could seriously be said to speak Spanish, though I am informed there were one or two others.

Crime seems to be by no means common. The author was warned that burglary was the most troublesome offense because it was easy of accomplishment and difficult of detection:

> Easier burglary than this the world does not offer. Every bachelor quarters on the Isthmus, completely screened in, is entered by two or three screen-doors, none of which is or can be locked. In the building are from twelve to twenty-four wide-open rooms of two or three occupants each, no three of whom know one another's full names or anything else, except that they are white Americans and *ipso facto* (so runs Zone philosophy) above dishonesty. The quarters are virtually abandoned during the day. Two negro janitors dawdle about the building, but they, too, leave it for two hours at mid-day. Moreover each of the forty-eight or more occupants probably has several friends or acquaintances or enemies who may drift in looking for him at any hour of the day or night. No negro janitor would venture to question a white American's errand in a house; Panama is below the Mason and Dixon line. In practice any white American is welcome in any bachelor quarters and even to a bed, if there is one unoccupied, though he be a total stranger to all the community. Add to this that the negro tailor's runner often has permission to come while the owner is away for suits in need of pressing, that John Chinaman must come and claw the week's washing out from under the bed where the "rough-neck" kicked it on Saturday night, that there are a dozen other legitimate errands that bring persons of varying shades into the building, and above all that the bachelors themselves, after the open-hearted old American fashion, have the all but universal habit of tossing gold and silver, railroad watches and real estate bonds, or anything else of whatever value, indifferently on the first clear corner that presents itself. Precaution is troublesome and un-American. It seems a fling at the character of your fellow-bachelors—and in the vast majority of Zone cases it would be. But it is in no sense surprising that among the many thousands that swarm upon the Isthmus there should be some not averse to increasing their income by taking advantage of these guileless habits and bucolic conditions.

The famous Gatun dam is described by the author as a range of hills, a part and parcel of the highlands that, east and west, enclose the valley of the Cagres, its summits resembling the terminal yards of some great city. Mr. Franck tells us that on one occasion he sought a negro brakeman attached to a given locomotive. The yardmaster, taking up his powerful field-glasses, swept the horizon, or rather the dam, and discovered the engine as a mariner discovers an island at sea:

> "Er—would you be kind enough to tell us where we can find this Gatun dam we've heard so much about?" asked a party of four tourists, half and half as to sex, who had been wandering about on it for an hour or so with puzzled expressions of countenance. They addressed themselves to a busy civil engineer in leather leggings and rolled up shirt sleeves.
>
> "I'm sorry I haven't time to use the instrument," replied the engineer over his shoulder, while he wigwagged his orders to his negro helpers scattered over the landscape, "but as nearly as I can tell with the naked eye, you are now standing in the exact centre of it."

The tip system seems to be one of the banes of hotel life on the Zone. It "rages as fiercely" in the government hotels as on Broadway, and to resist means an uneatable diet of gristle:

> A "Zoner" called an I. C. C. steward and complained that his waiter did not serve him reasonably:
>
> "Well," sneered the steward, "I guess you didn't come across?"
>
> "Come across! Why, damn you, I suppose you're getting your rake-off too?"
>
> "I certainly am," replied the steward; "what do you think I'm down here for, me health?"
>
> Surely we can't blame it all to the steward, or to any other individual. Lay it rather to human nature, that stumbling-block of so many varnished and upholstered systems.
>
> I hope I am not giving the impression that I. C. C. hotels are unendurable. "Stay home"—which on the Zone means always eat at the same hotel table—subsidize your waiter and you do moderately well. But to move thither and yon, as any plain-clothes man must, is unfortunate. The only difference then is that the next is worse than the last. Whatever their convictions upon arrival, almost all Americans have come down to paying their waiter the regular blackmail of a dollar a month and setting it down as one of the unavoidable evils of life. One or two I knew who insisted on sticking to "principles," and they grew leaner and lanker day by day.

Caste lines, says Mr. Franck, are as sharply drawn as in India. Every rank and shade of man has his graded salary and every detail of his life is regulated accordingly—number of electric lights, candle-power, style of bed, size of bookcase. Common sense seems to be the rule only in clothing, every man wearing the garb suited to his work:

> At work, "on the job" there is a genuine American freedom of wear-what-you-please and a general habit of going where you choose in working clothes. That is one of the incomprehensible Zone things to the little veneered Panamanian. He can not rid himself of his racial conviction that a man in an old khaki jacket who is building a canal must be of inferior clay to a hotel loafer in a frock coat and a tall hat. The real "Spig" could never do any real work for fear of soiling his clothes. He can not get used to the plain, brusk American type without embroidery, who just does things in his blunt, efficient way without wasting time on little exterior courtesies. None of these childish countries is man enough to see through the rough surface. Even with seven years of American example about him the Panamanian has not yet grasped the divinity of labor. Perhaps he will eons hence when he has grown nearer true civilization.

To say that this book is unique is implied by its authorship. It is like nothing else of its kind, simply because it is written from the inside and not from the outside. All of the government publications combined, all the books of tourists and travelers put together, do not give such a picture of Panama as this one. In the expressive idiom of the streets Mr. Franck has "been there."

Zone Policeman 88: A Close Range Study of the Panama Canal and Its Workers. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company; $2.

◆

There are men who got their education out of the old blue-back speller who can take a blind mule and trade a university-bred thoroughbred breeder out of house, home, and horses.—*Houston Post.*

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Road of Living Men.

Mr. Comfort has written a story that is nearly as good as "Routledge Rides Alone" and much better than the stories that followed it. He has mannerisms and faults, but at least there is this to his credit—he never descends from a high level of idealism and he never suggests an unworthy sentiment or emotion. These are high virtues, and when they are joined with unusual literary and descriptive power we have most of the ingredients of first-class fiction. Mr. Comfort ought to become a great novelist. He is nearly one now.

We meet his hero and heroine at an early age. When Mary Romany, aged about fourteen, taunts Thomas Ryerson with effeminacy because he prefers her society to that of boys of his own age he dives off the cliff into the sea to prove to her that he is not a coward. Later on, and after years of travel, they meet again in the interior of China during the Boxer Rebellion and see some stirring times together. Then comes the South American adventure and Ryerson joins Mary's father in his gold mining exploit, where rifles are of more service than shovels. In describing scenes of action Mr. Comfort shows that he is a master of his art. He writes of the spirit of China as though he were a part of it, and he is no less successful when he transfers his stage to South America.

Mr. Comfort is more successful with his men than with his women, which is a pity, because we feel that he prides himself, so to speak, upon his heroines. Mary Romany is too ethereal, too spirituelle, too mystic for life, and so is the little missionary woman who falls in love with that wonderful Chinaman, Yuan Kang Su. The world may one day see such women, but the average reader will search in vain among his acquaintances for anything like their counterpart. Mr. Comfort might bring his women with advantage a shade nearer the ground. If we worshiped them less we should love them more, and we like to fall in love with the heroine.

But "The Road of Living Men" is not an idyll of two persons. There is also the Chinaman already mentioned, and a no less remarkable figure is that of Huntoon, remittance man, sot, and gallant gentleman. And there is Mary's father, who would have been a buccaneer two centuries ago, sailing the Spanish Main, but who is now a gold seeker and concession hunter, but none the less a wholesome pirate. The author keeps the limelight upon them all and they are good to look at.

Mr. Comfort writes stories that are unlike any other. He has struck a new note in fiction. His novel is saturated with mysticism, but it is the mysticism that is taken for granted and that is not preached. And with it goes a power of adventure narrative that is rarely found in association with so high and fine an idealism.

The Road of Living Men. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

The Voice of the Garden.

The anthology of garden poetry compiled by Lucy Leffingwell Cable Biklé surprises us by its revelation of the number of poets who have written about gardens. Mr. George W. Cable, who writes a preface, says that between garden and verse there is so close a kinship that the rules of art for either are adequate for the other, and therefore there may be a natural tendency among poets to write of a sister art. However that may be, we have here nearly two hundred examples of garden poetry as well as a few prose selections, the whole making a dainty and welcome volume.

The Voice of the Garden. Compiled by Lucy Leffingwell Cable Biklé. New York: John Lane Company; $1 net.

War.

To John Luther Long must be given the credit for another successful story. He tells us of two boys, David and Jonathan, who lived in Maryland in the war days. Resorting to a primitive method of divination to determine their respective vocations it is arranged that Jonathan shall stay at home and look after the farm and David shall go to college. Then comes the war and the family of father and two sons that should have been unitedly for the North is divided by the beautiful Evelyn, who persuades David to fight for the South. There must have been many such incidents, but the author tells his story in a singularly moving way and with a certain tender and intimate touch that makes it distinctive.

War. By John Luther Long. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.30 net.

The Beloved Adventure.

John Hall Wheelock contributed one of the hundred poems comprised in "The Lyric Year," and now we have a substantial volume of other verses apportioned under such heads as "Poems of Pity," "First Love," "Love Songs," and "Songs Beyond Death." Mr. Wheelock undoubtedly has inspiration, as well as vigor of expression, and many of these poems can be read with unmixed pleasure. But there are others among them where all meaning seems to have been sacrificed to a straining after unusual phraseology, and still others where the construction is so faulty as to be fatal to beauty. There are about two hundred poems in the volume, and it would have been better to omit about one-third of these.

The Beloved Adventure. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.50 net.

The Strange Case of Dr. Stanchon.

Disease is not exactly an ideal background for fiction, and in hands less adroit than those of Mrs. Bacon it might easily be repulsive. In this case the disease is of the nervous kind that borders upon insanity, and while we are spared all unpleasant details we are allowed to imagine what we please and Mrs. Bacon helps us to do so. But there is a moral, and a clever and worthy one, to most of these narratives of the mental disorders in which Dr. Stanchon is a specialist. They originate from the greater and inclusive maladies of the age, from idle luxury, from restlessness and the fever of useless living. They help us to understand why insanity is on the increase, and they do this through a medium of romance that makes alike good fiction and good science.

The Strange Case of Dr. Stanchon. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

Nietzsche and Art.

This volume consists of a summary of lectures delivered at University College, London, and is designed to show that art can emanate only from an aristocratic society, that is to say from a society that is governed in its art world and in all other worlds by its few best men. The sculpture, music, painting, and literature that is attuned to the popular taste must necessarily be on the level of the popular mind, a debasement that must be paid for dearly "in our respective national politics, in our family institutions, and even in our physique." The argument is, of course, based on Nietzsche's philosophy of art, a philosophy naturally unpopular in democratic days, but with essential ideas of the kind that will not be driven wholly from human minds.

Nietzsche and Art. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; $1.50 net.

Woman's Share in Social Culture.

The various chapters in this book appeared originally in the *Forum* as monthly articles in a series, and they are now reproduced in their original form. Probably they constitute the best history of the woman's movement that has yet appeared, a history that is not only faultless in form, but that is unmarred by either aggressiveness or smartness. Students of a large social problem could do no better than include this volume among their most authoritative and best-reasoned sources of information.

Woman's Share in Social Culture. By Anna Garlin Spencer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $2 net.

Japan.

Something more than a perfunctory notice is deserved by this new edition of Lafcadio Hearn's *magnum opus*. Since its first appearance there have been many books about Japan written from many points of view. But Hearn's holds the field against them all. He is almost the only writer who saw all around his subject and who wrote, not from a point of view, but with full vision. Japan has increased steadily in importance since Hearn wrote of her. She has come out more visibly than ever into the world of commerce and of war, but nothing that has transpired during the last ten years has falsified Hearn's judgment. The accuracy of his vision has been proved year by year.

The new edition is a volume of 524 boldly printed pages and comfortable alike to hold and to read.

Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Venus.

A good many people have wondered—privately—why they should admire the Venus of Melos. They have dutifully complied with convention, but the wonder has remained. In this volume Auguste Rodin tells us why the statue is a great one, and it need not be said that he does it illuminatingly and without cant.

Venus: To the Venus of Melos. By Auguste Rodin. Translated from the French by Dorothy Dudley. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

Hauptmann.

The first volume of the collected dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann is creditable alike to translator and publisher. The edition is to contain all of Hauptmann's plays with the exception of "Florian Geyer," which is omitted because of its length, its divergence from Hauptmann's characteristic moods, and its failure to reach the highest success. The omission is perhaps unfortunate, as it prevents the edition from describing itself as complete. The first volume is devoted to Social Dramas and contains "Before Dawn," "The Weavers," "The Beaver Coat," and "The Conflagration." Its 650 pages are well printed and the dialogue is well displayed. The introduction by the editor, Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, contains a literary biography of Hauptmann and a critical commentary of his works. We may doubt if they will be very highly esteemed by the next generation, that will probably know more of heredity than we do, but at present they enjoy the popularity always given to theories tending to show some measure of human irresponsibility.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann (authorized edition). Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.50 net.

Rabelais.

Whether any good purpose is served by a republication of the 1653 translation into English of Rabelais may well be open to doubt. But here it is in two large volumes and illustrated with vigorous humor by W. Heath Robinson (J. B. Lippincott Company). The title page bears the inscription, "The Works of Mr. Francis Rabelais, Doctor in Physick, Containing Five Books of the Lives, Heroick Deeds and Sayings of Gargantua and His Sonne Pantagruel together with the Pantagrueline Prognostication, the Oracle of the Divine Bachuc, and response of the bottle. Hereunto are annexed the Navigations unto the Sounding Isle and the Isle of the Apadefts, as likewise the Philosophical Cream with a Limosin Epistle all done by Mr. Francis Rabelais in the French tongue and now faithfully translated into English."

Briefer Reviews.

"The Dickens Year Book," compiled by Lois E. Prentiss and Gertrude C. Spaulding (A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net), is an attractive volume printed in red and black and with extracts carefully selected and arranged.

"The Boy's Playbook of Science," by John Henry Pepper, revised, rewritten, and reillustrated, with many additions by Dr. John Mastin, has been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. ($2.50 net). For comprehensiveness, interest, and value this work is probably the best of its kind.

Admirers of August Strindberg would do well to become acquainted with the Library Edition now in course of issue by the Stewart & Kidd Company. The first volume included "Easter" and stories, and now we have a second volume containing "Lucky Pehr," a drama in five acts. The price of each is $1.50 net.

"Where It Listeth," by Mary Norsworthy Shepard (Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net), is a volume of verse. Some of it is marked by thought, vigor, and music, but its weak point is an emotional introspection that sometimes becomes sickly. The author is one of many who seem to suppose that the chief function of poetry is to disclose their own feelings, and to share their emotions with the world.

Those who like their classical literature in the "library" or "series" form should become acquainted with the New Universal Library in course of issue by E. P. Dutton & Co. The volume just to hand is Francis Jeffrey's "Essays on English Poets and Poetry," from the Edinburgh *Review*. It is of pocket size, tastefully printed and in every way a desirable possession. The price is 50 cents.

Under the title of "Heroines of Modern Progress" (Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50 net) Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunhum Foster have prepared a series of short biographies of Elizabeth Stanton Cady, Mary Lyon, Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Julia Ward Howe, Frances E. Willard, J. Ellen Foster, and Jane Addams. They are well and effectively written and with good portrait illustrations.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe is perhaps best known as the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," but a glance through the volume of collected works shows that she has other things to her credit that are nearly as good. For a too short volume of verse that is simple, unaffected, and musical "The Poetical Works of Rose Hartwick Thorpe" may be warmly recommended. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company. Price, $1.50 net.

A striking contribution to the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net per volume) is the contribution of Herbert Fisher, M. A., F. B. A., on "Napoleon." Mr. Fisher is not afraid to indicate the sublimities of Napoleon's character or to credit him with the "grandest intellectual endowments ever vouchsafed to man." Writing within necessarily compressed limits he gives us as good a survey of Napoleon's career and character as has yet been published.

"The New Hostess of Today," by Linda Hull Larned (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50 net), may be described as a cook-book, although a few preliminary and interspersed pages are devoted to the arrangement of the table and to general information. The author explains her object as "to assist the housekeeper and hostess in selecting and serving a menu suitable for an elaborate repast or a simple meal; to show her how to prepare and serve each course, and to provide a quantity sufficient for six persons."

Among later additions to the Home University Library—a series of almost unique scope and value—is "The Origin and Nature of Life," by Benjamin Moore, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S. (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). The author reviews the whole field of modern biology, and while generally avoiding a verdict on contentious points, he presents the most notable current theories and discusses them in popular and lucid language.

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New York Herald: Mr. Hart tells an interesting tale of the dramatist who dominated the French stage and made his influence felt throughout the civilized world. . . . He writes in addition a description and analysis of each of the dramas that gave Sardou his renown, and the result is a book well worth reading.

Philadelphia Enquirer: This is an interesting and informing work of peculiar interest. The author has done something of value.

Washington Star: A full and exhaustive study. Its author drew from every possible source of information.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: The most exhaustive study of Sardou in English.

Savannah News: The story of a literary giant, told in a way interesting to every one, stage-lover or not. A welcome addition to modern biographies.

New York Bookseller: A book which will appeal to a large circle of readers; it is intensely interesting.

San Jose Mercury: Mr. Hart must have written this book through a feeling that the dramatist and his work deserved to be known permanently in this country by a work which should be comprehensive. It gives sketches of some forty plays in form sufficient to be enjoyed and relished in themselves. In this book the author has shown industry, care, and a sense of proportion. His work is altogether meritorious.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Social Religion.

Dr. Scott Nearing seems to have fallen into an inconsistency when he says that the "religious spirit is omnipresent in the United States," and then proceeds to as severe an arraignment of social conditions as we have yet seen from a responsible pen. Taking his own admirable definition of religion as "love of one's neighbor" it is hard to see how an "omnipresent" love of one's neighbor is compatible with the appalling picture of crude and selfish materialism that he presents to us.

The author covers the whole field, and with a certain earnest intensity that arrests the attention if it does not always convince the understanding. He shows us the preventable loss of life from accident and disease, some of the conditions in factories and stores, the problems of child labor, of the motherless girl, and of the overworked man. He shows us also the part that the churches have played in this dreary catalogue of ills, and it is not a creditable part nor one that can escape retribution.

It is unfortunate that all writers on social conditions feel impelled to prescribe the remedies and that the remedies are always legislation. There is, of course, only one remedy, and that is personal service and the arousing of the personal conscience, and to do Dr. Nearing justice he lays a gratifying emphasis upon these methods. But he wants legislation, too, and it is legislation of the "pills against the earthquake" variety. For example, he wants a minimum wage for men and women. It is delightfully simple, but he shows no recognition of the fact that a minimum wage is likely to become a maximum wage. Nor does he tell us where the money will come from, or in what way the merchant can be prevented from adding the increased wages to the price of his commodities. Nor does he tell us what we must do with the hordes of incompetence and inefficiency who are not worth a minimum wage and who would therefore be discharged, as is now the case in Oregon. Elsewhere, and in defense of labor unions, the author tells us that if we will insure decent conditions and a living wage the "unions will cease to commit those errors," etc. There are decent conditions and a living wage in California, and it is in California that murder by dynamite—one of "those errors"?—has been brought to a fine art and the worship of the murderers to a religion. It is easy to generalize when one is wholly unhampered by facts. We are inclined also to question if New Zealand is quite such an industrial Garden of Eden as the author seems to suppose.

But the book is a good one, since these utopian remedies appear mainly on the concluding pages. The indictment we may assume to be correct, although we open our eyes at the statement that "in Germany and Scandinavia, those who can neither read nor write form but one-thousandth of the population, while in the United States one hundred and six persons out of every thousand are wholly illiterate. There are half a million American children, between the ages of ten and fifteen, who can neither read nor write their own names."

Social Religion. By Scott Nearing, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Members of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association have contributed stories, verse, and serious articles to form the first number of the *Green Star Magazine*, the 1913 annual publication of the organization. Ina Coolbrith, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Ella M. Sexton, and Nellie Blessing Eyster are prominent among the writers listed in the table of contents. The magazine is interesting and attractive in appearance.

G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, H. D. Harden, and others are about to begin publication of a new weekly review in London. The paper will be called *The New Statesman.*

The text of Henry T. Finck's "Food and Flavor," on the Century Company's April list, is that in flavor lies the key to the whole food problem. Flavor, Mr. Finck claims, has superlative value, not only as a source of countless wholesome pleasures of the table, but as a guide to health.

"The Romance of the Rothschilds," by Ignatius Balla, is announced by Putnam's Sons.

Clifton Bingham, who died recently at Bristol, England, his native town, was remarkably prolific as a song-writer. No fewer than 1650 songs of his were published, and many of them—notably "Love's Old Sweet Song," "In Old Madrid," and "They All Love Jack"—attained a wonderful popularity.

One of the traits in the great Scandinavian dramatist which Edwin Björkman cites to justify the title of his essay, "The Optimism of Ibsen," in the *Contemporary Review,* is Ibsen's conception of death as a release, rather than as a catastrophe. "Death," says Mr. Björkman, "as a rule does not wear a very tragical aspect in Ibsen's works. The ease with which he summons it to end the drama of life seems to indicate that he may respect but does not fear it."

New Books Received.

Pollyanna. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

In Accordance with the Evidence. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Fetters of Freedom. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.35 net.

A story of Rome under Nero.

The Mind-Reader. By Max Rittenberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Stella Maris. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Fire and Frost. By Maud Cruttwell. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Sojourner. By Robert Dull Elder. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Little Thank You. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

A combined love story and child's story.

Her Right Divine. By Oliver Kent. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Souls of Men. By Martha M. Stanley. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Crooked Trails and Straight. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Mr. Hobby. By Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Company; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Penalty. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35.

A novel. -

Out of the Depths. By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A novel.

The Right Honorable Gentleman. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Darneley Place. By Richard Bagot. New York: Brentano's; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Bear's Claws. By Grace Sartwell Mason and John Northern Hilliard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Crimson Cross. By Charles Edmonds Walk. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net.

A novel.

Zone Policeman 88. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company; $2 net.

A close range study of the Panama Canal and its workers by a well-known tramp.

The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane. Translated from the French of Lesage by Tobias Smollett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

With an introduction by William Morton Fullerton.

The Annals of Rajasthan. Abridged and edited by C. H. Payne, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25 net.

The annals of Mewar, with illustrations.

Deck and Home Golf. By John S. Macdonald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents.

Issued in the Oval series.

When I Was a Boy in Greece. By George Demetrios. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; 60 cents net.

The autobiography of a young Greek boy now in America.

The Silver Island of the Chippewa. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net.

A story for boys.

The Red House Children at Grafton. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net.

For children.

Dave Porter and the Runaways. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.

Issued in the Dave Porter series.

A Story Garden for Little Children. By Maud Lindsay. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net.

Twenty stories with illustrations.

Hawaii Past and Present. By W. R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.25 net.

A guide-book for travelers.

The Happy Family. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

"A realistic comedy."

Tyrone Power. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25 net.

Issued in Lives of the Players.

The Woman with Empty Hands. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; 50 cents net.

The evolution of a suffragette.

The Discovery of the Future. By H. G. Wells. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 60 cents net.

"A book of prophetic vision."

The Man and the Woman. By Arthur L. Salmon. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 75 cents.

A discussion of the joy and beauties of love and friendship.

Old China and Young America. By Sarah Pike Conger. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; 75 cents.

A series of sketches of life in China.

Our Neighbors: The Japanese. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.25 net.

The first volume of a new series to be called Our Neighbors series.

Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.25 net.

An organization of existing thought.

The Bend in the Road. By Truman A. De Weese. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

"How the city toiler may easily find that rare contentment which comes from living in intimate relation with the soil."

A Short History of the American Negro. By Benjamin Griffith Brawley, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A statement of main facts.

The Muse in Exile. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

The Posture of School Children. By Jessie H. Bancroft. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Home hygiene and new efficiency methods for school training.

Food and Flavor. By Henry T. Finck. New York: The Century Company; $2 net.

A gastronomic guide to health and good living.

The American Spirit. By Oscar Straus. New York: The Century Company; $2 net.

Studies of American history, diplomacy, and commerce.

A Small Boy and Others. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

Autobiographical memories of boyhood.

Plays. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35 net.

A second series: "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice."

Italy's War for a Desert. By Francis McCullagh. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

Experiences of a war correspondent.

Impressions and Opinions. By George Moore. New York: Brentano's; $1.35 net.

Issued in the uniform edition of the early works of George Moore.

The Everyman Encyclopædia. Edited by Andrew Boyle. In twelve volumes. Volumes I and II. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 35 cents net per volume.

A reference encyclopædia containing fullest and latest information.

Monarchical Socialism in Germany. By Elmer Roberts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

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The Framing of the Constitution of the United States. By Max Ferrand. New York: Yale University Press; $2 net.

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FOR MAY

When They Were Twenty-One By Bailey Millard

The story of the early struggles and aspirations of a group of San Francisco men and women of letters who have since "arrived," which tells of the cowboy and schoolteaching days of Edwin Markham; of Gertrude Atherton as a sentimental girl, haunting the old missions; of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs as a kindergarten teacher in the Tar Flat district; of Eleanor Gates as a struggling newspaper reporter; of Bret Harte as a tax collector and shotgun messenger on a stage coach; of Henry George as a visionary young man in a small public office, dreaming out his "Progress and Poverty," with more of poverty than of progress; of Joaquin Miller as a dweller among the Modoc Indians and as a struggling lawyer; of Charles Warren Stoddard as a wanderer in the South seas; of Frank Norris as a bone-breaking football hero and a very bad artist; of David Belasco as a playwright and stage manager in the old Baldwin Theatre; of Ambrose Bierce as an aspiring newspaper paragrapher; of Jack London as a tramp and voyager; and of Herman Whitaker as an underpaid grocer's clerk.

—ALSO—

Our City Gardens By Maurice Maeterlinck

A Spring Essay new and hitherto unpublished.

Samuel, a story By Jack London

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DREW'S "PERPLEXED HUSBAND."

John Drew has been obliged to figure in many a foolish play in the past, compared to which "The Perplexed Husband" may be said to be a meritorious piece of work. Nevertheless it is rather mediocre, ephemeral stuff; a potboiler, pure and simple, and without John Drew himself, his name and his fame, to lighten it up, the play will eventually go out like a rush-light. I scarcely believe that even the cheaper stock-theatre managers will think it worth while to add it to their repertory when Drew is through with it.

No wonder that John Drew looks forward with interest and pleasure to appearing in Shakespearean drama—it will be like food and strong wine after invalid's pap. It is the same old story; a star must have new plays; and if he is unable to obtain good ones, he must take the next best.

As for the authors, it is much the same way with them. Once they have acquired reputation and standing, they must turn out something; make hay while the sun shines, without being able to allow a sufficiently prolonged season of thought and reflection toward the creation of something really fine.

Alfred Sutro's "Walls of Jericho" is a good play, as I remember it. But "The Perplexed Husband," although not without some merit as a comedy, shows that, whatever he may accomplish in the future, he has not yet developed into achieving that light, dextrous manipulation of comedy material which makes for whole-hearted mirth.

"The Perplexed Husband," for instance, begins with the accompaniment of a perplexed audience. For what is that long, dull discussion all about, between "the master" and Dulcie, his disciple, which opens the play?

On no place in this limitless universe is it so difficult to pin down an unwilling attention to the matter in hand as at the theatre. The attention given to what is transpiring on the stage should never be coerced, but must be a willing, nay, eager, captive. It would seem natural that, being planted in front of the curtain, with nothing to distract our attention from a brightly lighted stage, we would find it difficult not to follow a conversation. But, being there for purposes of pleasure, intellectual or otherwise, if the mental provocation fails, the spectator becomes very impatient, and longs for a short cut to something better that he hopes and believes is imminent.

Well, it was true in this case. The something better turned out to be John Drew. For the family charm, though slightly lessened, still holds. And it is upon that charm that the theatre-goer who patronizes "The Perplexed Husband" must rely.

Mr. Sutro would seem to have had a good subject. Certainly at present, since the antics of the English militant suffragettes keep nations guessing "what next," and since many thousands of American women want, or believe that they want, or have secured, suffrage, no idea affecting social and family life would seem to be more in the air. But Mr. Sutro has handled his theme in an uncertain, even floundering sort of a way. He has avoided the old-fashioned exaggerations of burlesque, has seemed to skate lightly along to the giddy measures of farce, has pulled himself up, and taken the soberer gait of legitimate comedy, and, when Kalleia, the lover of the beautiful, appears on the scene, has veered toward fantasy. And in the meantime he has appeared to have uncertainties of opinion himself.

For instance: Dulcie is supposed to be plain, aggressive, unwomanly; an unreasoning, blindly prejudiced, and an anarchistic would-be destroyer of family harmony. We subscribe to this, noting that Mr. Sutro has taken pains to make his votes-for-women characters unattractive, and those on the other side attractive, which would seem to indicate to the audience what its attitude is to be. "The master" seems to be an impecunious philosophizer in the grip of Dulcie's energetic propagandist impulses. We assume that he has predatory intentions on the purse of Tom Pelling, the husband, and that he is perfectly willing to let Tom's marital happiness go hang.

But the author has movings of good-will toward his unpopular characters. Tom, later in the play, says, in a sudden impulse of liking and respect toward Dulcie, "I believe you are sincere." We do not exactly know in what respect, as her expressed ideas are chaotic, vague, and needlessly insurrectionary in the matter of marital harmony.

Mr. Woodhouse, "the master," finally evolutes into an indolent, unworldly, harmless philosopher, who wants to be let alone, and to be released from the strife and disturbance of suffrage polemics.

Now I think it probable that what Mr. Sutro is getting at is the undesirability of yeasty, undeveloped, and unpractical convictions being welcomed and allowed to work unnecessary domestic havoc. But the ideas lack crystallization, and I found myself in a puzzled, interrogatory attitude.

The coming of Kalleia brought an added element of uncertainty. Kalleia turns out to be neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. She has "got the sack" from Tom Pelling's office, because she seems to have too much soul for the practical business of stenography. Tom's sister, learning that Sophie, his wife, proposes to "find herself" during the mental upheaval produced by assimilating the new idea of woman's emancipation, counsels Tom to do a little finding, on his own account, as a healthful stimulus to his wife's search. Sophie, having rejected Tom's gift of sables as "toys," having removed herself and all her appurtenances to a remote corner of their roomy mansion, and having refused all the usual marital amenities in the way of kisses and caresses, leaving Tom to his solitary, unprofitable reflections, he concludes to accept his sister's advice, and supply a counter-attraction to combat the charms of the rather grim and opinionated Dulcie. He yields his dull, masculine judgment to the more sophisticated counsels of his sister, and imports the soulful Kalleia as a brand ready for the burning in his own, newly acquired, and pretendedly white-hot convictions.

Kalleia loves art, pictures, poetry, statuary, beautiful clothes, and beautiful thoughts. We prepare for pure farce, and loud laughter. And, again, Mr. Sutro accomplishes a flip-flop, and suddenly makes us realize that while Kalleia is an over-soulful young woman, rather literal, and entirely lacking in a sense of humor, she has, after all, a beautiful soul, a truly beautiful soul, to which we must pay due respect. So, respectfully, we accomplish a flip-flop, too, subdue our laughter to indulgent smiles, and invest Kalleia (whose real, unbeautiful name is Elizabeth Green) with an entirely new valuation, unrelated to farce.

At this stage it is apt to occur to the spectator that Kalleia is rather pushing Tom Pelling out of the post of honor, and taking the stage centre. For Alfred Sutro has begun to become slightly enamored of his Kalleia, and she seems to be acquiring considerable prominence. At all events, Tom Pelling, unresentful of her assumption of his honors, and momentarily forgetful of his now rather pensive wife, is suddenly moved to kiss Kalleia, who is shocked and pained, and reproaches him for yielding to a motive that is not beautiful.

This rather hastens things. Tom perceives that Kalleia must go, and simultaneously Sophie realizes that she must come. Jealousy has been the fortunate agent of the change. So she does, wearing her prettiest dress—his favorite one, by the way. This practically puts Dulcie in the door. The philosopher and Kalleia have already started for Athens, which is a sort of "Tusculum, beautiful Tusculum," to Kalleia; and peace dawns upon Tom's troubled household.

John Drew has nothing new in the line of acting to offer in the play. We see the same likable John Drew, performing the same likable actions. A familiar roll of the eye, the lift of the mustache, the humorous inflections, the hand smoothing the back of the satin-smooth Drew head or covering a suppressed or repressed smile. Once or twice he gives us a little glimpse of his finer possibilities, when Tom shows a sense of genuine, manly sorrow at the sudden withdrawal of his wife's affection.

His leading lady, Mary Boland, unquestionably makes a success of the rôle of Kalleia, which is all the more to her credit, because, in my opinion, Miss Boland is not particularly well suited to impersonate the character; nor does she succeed in indicating the Grecian origin of the cut of Kalleia's clothes. Her headgear was neither Grecian, becoming, nor pretty, nor was her bearing and gait in the slightest degree classic. In fact, it struck me that a woman of a more expansive and opulent type of beauty would have made more of the æsthetic possibilities of the rôle. Miss Boland, however, was happily apt at rendering a certain temperamental sex-remoteness about Kalleia, which made her seem to live in an æsthetic dream-world of her own, impervious to all considerations, emotional, ethical, or otherwise, which were not founded upon beauty. The character is fantastic enough, and certainly quite original, but, like the animating motives of the play, rather vague and unclassifiable.

Hubert Druce's impersonation of Clarence Woodhouse, "the master," was marked by much good pantomime, facial and gesticulatory, but while this was probably introduced to bear out the author's conception of his philosopher's demeanor, there was not a sufficient substratum in the character to form a good basis for solid histrionic work. And there were a number of dull moments during "the master's" voluminous discourse.

Nina Sevening and Margaret Watson gave painstaking representations of the not particularly interesting wife and her fellow-suffragist, and Alice John represented Tom's sister, the only confessedly frivolous woman in the cast. Miss John's gray hair looked improbable above her young and exceedingly pretty face, which called for a few grease-painted lines of maturity. Her clothes and the way she wore them were dreams, and our particular appreciation of them shows that, votes or no votes, we shall never submerge in the suffrage question our truly frivolous appreciation of good clothes and good style.

The point most enjoyed by the audience was the humorously acted discomfiture of the husband and his subsequent mock enthusiasm, which Mr. Drew indicated with all his admirably expressive mannerisms. The audience seemed, too, rather to take a shine to the character of Kalleia. But it struck me that there was a quiescent, faintly dubious attitude on their part, as if it were a reflex of a corresponding lack of definiteness on the part of the author.

And perhaps, too, since there is a great deal of pro-suffrage sentiment in San Francisco, failing surpassing wit and humor in the carrying out of Mr. Sutro's idea, there may have been some reserve in the acceptance of it.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

The Saint-Saēns jubilee anniversary festival, to be held in London in June, promises to be the event of the "grand" season. The festival has as patronesses the queen and a general committee beginning with the French ambassador and embracing many notable names in London's social, titled, and musical world. Hermann Klein, originator of the festival, has arranged an interesting musical programme, which is to include an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, June 2, when a number of Saint-Saēns's compositions will be played by the Beecham Orchestra, under the conductorship of Thomas Beecham, and the famous French composer will officiate as piano soloist, playing a Mozart concerto and his own fantasia, "Africa," for piano and orchestra. Then, later in the week, a special performance of his "Samson et Dalila" will be given at Covent Garden, when the composer will be present.

◆

Ysaye recently said that the musical world was returning to the music of Mozart—returning to the simplicity of the melodic and old-fashioned Mozart. Yet the music of Mozart was written 150 years after the famous verses of Ben Jonson, "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (says the *Musical Courier*). And Jonson wrote only the English of those lines. The original imagery and expressions are to be found in the Greek of Philostratus the Athenian—in his thirty-third letter, to be exact. The original poetry of the thought never grows old. It is like the marble of Phidias. The language gradually changes and becomes obsolete.

◆

Eddie Foy in "Over the River" will appear at the Cort Theatre following the run of "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz." The producers are Werba & Luescher, who announce a lavish production for Foy's most successful medium, and a chorus of exceptional beauty.

◆

The final performance of the John Drew engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given this Saturday night. The Frohman star has had a very successful engagement.

◆

John Dillon, an old-time comedian of jovial memory throughout the Middle West, died in Chicago this week, aged eighty-one. He retired from the stage fifteen years ago.

◆

Last week Mary Garden kissed a Denver porter who returned the $10,000 brooch she had lost. Is honesty the best policy after all? —*Town Topics.*

◆

Rumor says the Tivoli Opera House will soon open its comic opera season.

WANTED — Governess for three little children. French or English preferred. Reply, with references, to M. D., care Argonaut.

How a Corporation Grows

No increase in any business can be accomplished without giving satisfaction in return. Satisfied consumers are the most valuable asset on earth, and unless a firm is determined to please its patrons it can not expect to grow.

So thorough has satisfaction become the watchword of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company that last year it made a net gain of 33,764 consumers of gas, electricity, and water, or almost 12 per cent. This interesting fact developed at the recent annual stockholders' meeting, when it was shown that there are 2800 persons, scattered all over this country, who own stock in the great concern.

It was further shown that except for reductions in rates made to consumers the larger volume of business in 1912 would have increased the company's revenues by more than a million dollars. These reductions benefited approximately 90 per cent of all the company's consumers, and, in the opinion of those familiar with the value of the company's properties, have established a firm basis for future growth.

During 1912 the company expended $7,840,830 for additions, improvements, and betterments. It is estimated that fully $5,000,000 of this investment produced little or no income at all during the year recently ended, but should materially add to the company's earnings in 1913, and to a still greater degree in 1914, when the company will begin deriving benefits from its new hydro-electric developments on Bear River, which will have an ultimate capacity of about 160,000 horsepower.

People in close touch with the activities and policies of the company express the opinion that the year 1912, with its general readjustment of rates and large burden of new construction, afforded as severe a test of the stability of the concern as it is ever likely to have to undergo.

Among other interesting information brought out at the meeting was the fact that in the seven years since the organization of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company it has expended $31,415,232 for plant additions. During the same period the total par value of its outstanding bonds has increased $23,200,000, indicating the creation of an equity for the bondholders of the company in excess of $8,000,000. During the year 1912, $1,014,000 of bonds were retired through the operation of sinking funds, making the total so retired to December 31, 1912, $6,167,000.

Since 1907 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's annual taxes have increased in accordance with its growth, until it has become one of the largest taxpayers among corporations in California. To be exact, its taxes have increased from $247,000 in 1907 to $622,000 in 1912, an increase of 190 per cent within six years. Just how many other corporations within the state have made a growth demanding such a surprising increase in taxation is not known at this time, but it is safe to say that they number very few. Pacific Service has extended its field because it has given complete satisfaction, until now it serves 285 towns in thirty of the fifty-eight counties of the state, or two-thirds of the population of California. In this great work eleven hydro-electric plants are operated in the mountains, five steam-driven plants in big cities, and in addition eleven gas works are busy day and night supplying a rapidly growing demand. To operate a company of this magnitude requires thousands of employees, and at present the company has on its payroll 4800 people.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Fine Feathers" at the Columbia Theatre.

Had Eugene Walter written no other play than "Fine Feathers," he could easily rest on his laurels and be ranked among the great dramatists of the day; but when it is known that this author also wrote "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," the public expects a big, vital drama from his pen. And in "Fine Feathers" he has not disappointed the public. He has taken an every-day theme, one that is woven into the very woof of American home life today, and given it a dramatic setting that causes one to sit up in tense silence or rise to a pitch of excitement as the scenes and situations of the stage story unfold themselves. And the cast appearing in "Fine Feathers" is a joy to contemplate, for it is composed of stars, probably the finest cast seen in a play since the notable revival of "The Two Orphans" twelve years ago. It is certain that no modern play ever had such a cast as "Fine Feathers," which includes Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson, and Amelia Summers. And the most important point is that this great cast is coming here intact, direct from the Astor Theatre, New York, and will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for eight nights, beginning Sunday.

Fairyland Fantasy at the Cort Theatre.

Oliver Morosco's fairyland fantasy, "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz," was disclosed to a San Francisco audience for the first time last Monday night at the Cort Theatre. In emphatic fashion the stamp of approval was put on the production, if the most obvious enthusiasm is a criterion. That first-night audience applauded in riotous fashion, demanded speeches from the author and producer, encored every number, forced the cast to give curtain call after curtain call, and left the theatre humming and whistling the song hits. Wherefore it may truly have been called an "auspicious occasion."

Since then the Cort has known crowded houses, which would seem to be proof positive that "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" has emphatically caught the town. The matinées have been packed with youngsters, for naturally the creations of L. Frank Baum's fancy make an especial appeal to children. Louis F. Gottschalk has set Baum's lyrics to charming melody, and the descriptive music is particularly delightful. The composer himself conducts the augmented orchestra.

"The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" is wonderfully produced. Elaborateness is the keynote of the performance. Expense has not been spared in any detail of the presentation. Scenery, costumes, and effects are quite the most lavish that this city has known.

The cast is excellent. Individual hits have been scored by Morton and Moore, who play the Tik-Tok Man and the Shaggy Man, respectively, in whimsical fashion. Eugene Cowles, as Ruggedo, shows that he still possesses the ringing voice of yore. Dolly Castles is a dainty Polychrome, the Rainbow's daughter. Two new stars were added to the cast on Wednesday night. They are Edith Decker and Charles Purcell, the latter being the clever portrayer of the name-part in "The Chocolate Soldier," who appeared at the Cort on the occasion of the last two visits of that comic opera.

The second big week of "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" starts this Sunday night.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

An entire vaudeville performance condensed into one act is probably the most succinct description of the mono-drama-vaudo-logue which Henry E. Dixey will present at the Orpheum next week, beginning Sunday afternoon. No star on the stage today is gifted with the remarkable versatility of Mr. Dixey. He is equally at home in sentiment or comedy, and there is no kind of stage entertainment that he is not thoroughly proficient in. A number of years have elapsed since he starred at the Baldwin Theatre at the head of a company of sixty and took the city by storm in "Adonis." The reason of his long absence is due to the fact that managers insist on keeping him in New York, where he is the idol of the playgoing public.

Colonel J. A. Pattee and his company of "Old Soldier Fiddlers," who play solely by ear, will be another interesting feature. They consist of three Union and two Confederate soldiers and they play the old-time war tunes and indulge in the pastimes of the camp.

From the sands of the desert come Bobker's Whirlwind Arabs, who will exhibit their skill in pyramid building and whirlwind tumbling. The troupe numbers eleven, and nothing equal to it has ever been presented in vaudeville.

Harry B. Lester will introduce in his monologue his impressions of numerous theatrical stars. His ability as a raconteur is great and he possesses a keen sense of humor that he exhibits in a jovial manner which appeals strongly to the audience.

The Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be "Votes for Women," a suffragette subject, and "The Anniversary of Jerry and Mandy."

Next week will be the last of the Maskelyne-Devant illusion, "The Window of Apparitions," which up to the present no one has been able to explain satisfactorily. It will also conclude the engagements of Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde; the Ishikawa Brothers, and Belle Baker.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

A gorgeous electrical spectacle entitled "Visions in Fairyland" will head the new bill opening at Pantages Sunday afternoon. This act is one of the most novel electrical productions in vaudeville, comprising a series of brilliant transformations, in fourteen scenes, each one surpassing the previous one in splendor. In it appears La Graciosa, an actress who was the rage of Paris. The act is under the personal supervision of Clyde Rinaldo, who has designed all of the curtains and costuming used in the spectacle. Fred Ardath's dainty maids will be seen in the merry rural musical farce entitled "Hiram," Ardath takes the principal rube character, with Miss Muriel Arlington as the principal support. Diamond and Batrice will present their favorite musical selections on the Irish harp, harpsichord, and clarionet. Grimm and Elliott, a team of black-face comedians with excellent voices, will offer their dialect playlet called the "Boys from Missouri." "Donita," a dainty character impersonator, will make a welcome reappearance in a brand-new repertory of the latest songs. Of course Donita will sing her celebrated baby songs. Jack Crippen will assist Donita at the piano. Leddy and Pony, a duo of pretty girls, will make their first vaudeville appearance at this house on Sunday. Rizal and Atima are a team of sensational acrobats of ability and grace.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Julia Culp Concerts.

Mme. Julia Culp, the mezzo-soprano lieder-singer, who will give her first concert this Sunday afternoon, April 27, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, has proved to be the most brilliantly successful concert singer that has yet visited America. Although this is her first visit to our shores she is already installed as one of the genuine favorites, and there are more demands for her services than the time at her disposal could possibly allow. Wherever she sings they want extra concerts. So great has been the demand for Culp concerts that she will only sing in San Francisco on this visit to California, as she has still a dozen engagements to fulfill in the East.

The quality and beauty of Mme. Culp's work may be summed up in the one line written by one of the leading musical critics, "There is nothing to criticize at a Culp concert—one can only enjoy."

Mr. Coenraad V Bos, for many years the accompanist for Dr. Wüllner, will be the assisting artist with Mme. Culp.

Sunday's programme will include songs in German by Schubert, Loewe, Jensen, and Brahms; songs in French by Lully and Weckerlin, and some gems of old English melodies.

Mme. Culp's only evening concert will be given next Thursday, May 1, at 8:15, when she will sing a group of five Beethoven works, one of four Schumann gems, and compositions by Hugo Wolf, Tschaikowsky, Liszt, and Weckerlin.

The farewell Culp concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, May 4, with a complete change of programme, and by special request Mme. Culp will sing some of the exquisite Dutch songs by Van Rennes on this occasion.

Tickets are now on sale at the music-store box-offices, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock.

Music Festival at the Greek Theatre.

The first California Music Festival at the Greek Theatre will last two days, and the offerings will be as follows: next Friday afternoon, May 2, at three o'clock, a Wagner-Verdi programme in celebration of the one hundredth birthday anniversaries of these masters, both of whom were born in 1813. The orchestra of one hundred players will offer the seldom heard overture, "Aroldo," and the Grand March from "Aïda," during the Verdi portion of the programme, and the Wagnerian numbers will be overture "Rienzi," "Huldigungs March," "Dreams," and "Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music," from "Die Walküre."

The soloists will be Mme. Regina Vicarino, who will sing "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto"; Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, whose selection will be "O Don Fatale," from "Don Carlos"; and Mr. Roland Paul, who will offer "Walther's Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger." Vicarino and Fox will also be heard in the duet from "Aïda."

On Saturday afternoon, May 3, at three o'clock, Gabriel Pierne's musical legend in four parts, "The Children's Crusade," will be given with an adult chorus of two hundred, a school children's chorus of two hundred, ten vocal soloists, and the big festival orchestra. The singers will be Mme. Vicarino, Miss Virginia Pierce, Mrs. Orin Kip McMurray, Mrs. Gilbert Smith, Mrs. Thomas Addison, Miss Eva Gruninger, Mrs. George Jensen, and Messrs. Roland Paul, Lowell Redfield, and Charles E. Lloyd, Jr. The four parts are designated as follows: Part I—The Setting Forth of the Children on Their Search for the Holy Land. Part II—On the Highway. Part III—The Sea. Part IV—The Savior in the Storm. The work is replete with beautiful choral, solo, and orchestral numbers, the divided choruses for the children in Part II and the "Intermezzo" being especially charming numbers.

The tickets are to be secured at the usual places in Berkeley, San Francisco, and Oakland.

The Ysaye Concerts.

From all reports Eugene Ysaye, the greatest of all the violinists, is playing in truly wonderful style this season, and after his appearance with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra a few weeks ago one of the critics wrote: "We expected to see a halo over his head when he finished his concerto." One of the greatest testimonials to the genius of Ysaye is the reverence which the other famous virtuosi have for him.

Manager Greenbaum is fortunate in having secured this artist for his final attraction of the season. He announces that Ysaye will give four splendid programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18, and Tuesday and Thursday nights, May 13 and 15. With Ysaye will come Camille Decreus, the French pianist-composer, and Gabriel Ysaye, who is said to possess unusual talents as a violinist, and who will play some duets with his illustrious father.

Mail orders for the Ysaye concerts will now be accepted and filled in order of their receipt. These should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at 101 Post Street.

By invitation of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, Ysaye will give a special concert in the Greek Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, May 14, at three o'clock, on which occasion he will play the Bruch Concerto in G minor, and also the Viotti Concerto, accompanied by a grand symphony orchestra of sixty. Between the two works he promises a group of solos with piano accompaniment.

For this event mail orders may be sent either to Mr. Greenbaum or to Professor William Dallam Armes at the University of California, Berkeley.

◆

There is no public library which contains so many works of interest to students of music as the one in Manchester, England (says the *Musical Courier*). Henry Watson, who spent a lifetime in accumulating rare musical works and original scores, bequeathed the entire collection to the Manchester Library on the condition that musical students, members of musical societies, and all others interested should be allowed free access to it. The Manchester Library is very proud of the collection and continues to add to it. The management recently acquired a number of pieces for viola da gamba, written by English composers of the sixteenth century and the first half of the seventeenth century, and collected in 1650 for a wealthy amateur. Popular songs mentioned by Shakespeare were found in this unique and most valuable volume.

◆

Marc A. Blumenberg, editor-in-chief and proprietor of the *Musical Courier* of New York, died in Paris a few days ago. He was born in 1851 in Baltimore, where he was educated at Loyola College. Together with Otto Floersbeim, he founded the *Musical Courier* in 1880. He also published a trade paper, the *Musical Courier Extra*, and was president of the Blumenberg Press Corporation. He got his journalistic training on the Baltimore *Bulletin*, and, subsequently, the New York *Sun*. In 1904 he married Mrs. Ruth Abbey, who survives him. His brother, Louis Blumenberg, is well known as a journalist and a violoncellist.

◆

The Paris *Figaro* claims that Verdi is a Frenchman and gives these reasons: "In 1808 Napoleon, in one of his despotic decrees, caused the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, Guestalla to become French territory, and he combined them into the Department of Taro. Therefore, in 1813, when Verdi was born at Roncole, that place was a French municipality and part of Taro. The prefect Dupont-Deporte was in charge, and he was represented in the Paris government council by six deputies. Soon after French power broke, but there is no denying the fact that at the moment of Verdi's birth he was brought into the world on French territory under French reign."

◆

Rudolf Friml, composer of the score of "The Firefly," the new Emma Trentini comedy opera, was born in Prague, in 1881. He studied at the Prague Conservatory and afterward devoted his efforts to concert work and composition. In 1901 he accompanied his compatriot, Jan Kubelik, to this country, and in 1906 he played his own piano concerto in B major with the New York Symphony Orchestra. "The Firefly" is said to be his first attempt at writing comic opera.

◆

Christian Sinding has completed his opera, "The Holy Mountain," which will be produced on the German stage next season. Hitherto the Norwegian composer has been interested chiefly in absolute music.

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Beginning Sunday Night, April 27, H. H. Frazee presents THE ALL STAR CAST in Eugene Walter's greatest play
FINE FEATHERS
With Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson, Amelia Summers, and others.
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Chorus of 200 Adults and 200 Children
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PAUL STEINDORFF, Director
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VANITY FAIR.

A kindly correspondent draws our attention to the claims that have been filed by certain ladies of Philadelphia for the loss of personal effects in the wreck of the *Titanic* and suggests an expression of opinion regarding them. It would be a pleasure to oblige. The spirit is willing, but the language available is weak. Indeed if things go on at their present gait we shall have to invent, or beg, or borrow, or steal, a new language. The English tongue is inadequate for dealing with suffragettes, and legislatures, and feminine wardrobes and truck of that kind. Of course we might get the lady stenographer to teach us some profanity, but then Mr. Hitchcock would be shocked and deny us the use of the mails. And that's how it goes, as Mr. Dooley says.

There are four ladies in Philadelphia who have sent in their little bills to the steamship company. They amount to $229,433.25. The missionaries will get that 25 cents as soon as the bill is collected.

Now one might ask how it happened that these ladies were able to abduct the Bank of England and pack it away on the *Titanic?* Or by what sleight-of-hand miracle they succeeded in stealing a Hindu temple with its jewel-bedecked images and its vaults of prehistoric gold pieces? Or how they succeeded in roping in the Castle of Spandau with the fabled war chests of Germany. How did they do these things, and did they leave any pickings for the humble gleaners who come after them?

No, gentle reader. These ladies from the Quaker City had not been looting the treasure houses of the world. They had merely stepped across to Europe to do a little shopping and were on the way home with their parcels. You can see their kind almost any day, although of course on a smaller scale. They swell into the street-cars about five in the evening, bristling with importance and perspiring ice-cream. They are the "housekeepers of the nation." The small parcel which they carry is 15 cents worth of corned beef bought at the last moment for the husband's dinner. The other stuff is coming C. O. D. Bless their hearts, what should we do without them and their housekeeping?

* * *

But to return to the ladies of Philadelphia. Mrs. Charlotte D. M. Cardeza has a bill against the *Titanic* for $177,352.75. Evidently the lady had been wandering around to the bargain sales, haunting the remnant counters, chaffering and pricing as ladies will do. Shame on us brutes, we laugh at their little economies, never realizing what we owe to them. In Paris she had picked up a white chiffon dress, doubtless a dream, and simply given away for $415. Then she sauntered over to Worth's and found a green and black lace dress, marked down to $900. Running our eye rapidly through the columns of small print we notice an Irish pin cushion for $8, a cake of soap for $1.50, a purse for $98, a fan for $250, two pair of tights for $13, and two pairs of knickers for $15. Of course we are only male persons, and therefore ignorant, but what in the name of heaven did the lady want with tights? Was she going on the stage? We can understand the knickers, although we hate to talk of such things. We have worn them ourselves on occasions, although if our memory serves us aright we gave 38 cents for ours. Probably Mrs. Cardeza's were of better quality, maybe larger, or perhaps even trimmed. Lower down on the list we find more tights and more knickers, as well as lots of stockings, including some of pink wool, which must have been pretty. Then there is a "combination, Empire style wreath and bees" for $28. Now what in the name of fortune is that? We shall have to ask some lady friend.

But to continue. There is a chinchilla coat for $6000—spring sales possibly. A chinchilla stole for $1400, and the poor lady had to go all the way to Carlsbad for that. There are nightgowns at $40 each, a parasol for $300, a bonbonnière for $1000, a crystal bowl for $1000, and a few odds and ends of bed linen—remnants doubtless—for $3500. And so it goes. It seems a shame to expose all these poor little domestic economies, these brave efforts to keep up an appearance on insufficient means. Who can doubt that this poor lady would have liked to buy a book now and then, or a picture, or something of real value? But no. The list tells its own tale. She had to deny herself. If she had possessed as much as an oleograph of Washington crossing the Potomac it would have been on that list. For nothing is omitted. Even the cake of inferior soap at $1.50 is there. If Mrs. Cardeza had possessed a hymn-book it would have been duly set forth. It seems too bad, but an occasional object lesson in how the poor live may be not without its fruits in these days of a luxurious selfishness.

* * *

And now comes another trade paper with its interesting little cargo of information of pretty Fanny's ways. This time it is *Dry Goods.* It seems that some one in the trade has devised a price ticket to be attached prominently to costumes and hats that are sent out with the privilege of return, and it is a ticket that can not be detached without mutilation. One large department store announces that since it has used this ticket its percentage of returns has decreased 50 per cent. *Dry Goods* tells us of a lady who called upon one of the leading Baltimore houses and requested that an evening wrap be sent to her home for approval. One of the selling staff of the store happened to see the lady at the theatre that night wearing the wrap. To his surprise it was returned to the store next morning. The lady was requested to call, which she did. She stoutly denied having worn the wrap, although many parts of the garment showed evidences of having been sat on or leaned against. In obedience to the unwritten law of "policy" the firm decided to accept the wrap, but as the customer was leaving the store one of the salesladies followed her and said, "Madam, you have forgotten these," handing her a pair of gloves and a handkerchief that had been found in the pocket of the wrap.

Doubtless it is good "policy" to submit to the extortions of these gentle highbinders who make a practice of fitting themselves out for special occasions with fine dresses and wraps sent "on approval." Vengeance would doubtless follow close on the heels of resistance. The offending firm would go on the blacklist.

* * *

The delivery manager of a large New York department store wants to know why women will never take home their parcels in their automobiles. No matter how small the parcel or how capacious the automobile the request for "special" delivery is almost invariable.

Now it is not exactly our business to instruct New York delivery managers in the ramifications of the feminine mind. But we have made some study of this matter, being married, and we are always willing to oblige. The explanation is a simple one. Women love to be served. The cream of their existence is to give orders and to have them carried out by abject and subservient menials. They are born slave-owners, and the hunger for the service of social inferiors shows itself in a hundred ways. That is why they refuse to carry a paper of pins with them into their automobiles. They want a sense of service, a retinue, lackeys. There is no charge for this information.

* * *

We hate to keep on talking about the domestic servant problem, and we do so only in the hope of finding a solution. Now here is a gentle creature who writes to the New York *Sun,* and as she is doubtless representative of a good many of her sex we hasten to give her ideas the publicity that they deserve:

> It seems to me that neither the Cleveland Federation of Women's Clubs nor any other federation or individual need "consider the question of low wages" nor flood the press of the country with maudlin sentiment over the mill or shop worker who is driven into the "white slave traffic" through lack of "a living wage," so long as countless thousands of housekeepers throughout the length and breadth of our country are working themselves to death because the girls who should be cooks and laundresses, chambermaids and waitresses, nurses and seamstresses prefer the shop, the mill, and the factory "at $5 a week" or less, to housework at any price.

Now we like that letter. Here is a woman with some backbone to her. If these wretched girls refuse to enter the service of good Christian women where their morals will be looked after then let them starve.

◆

Street-Car Conductor—Fare! *Farmer Geehaw (indignantly)*—I put my nickel in the slot between the tracks before I got on!—*Puck.*

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get *good* soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

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Sixteenth Street Station Phone Lakeside 1420
First Street Station Phone Oakland 7960

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

He was subject to fainting spells, and before starting out he wrote this note, which he pinned to his shirt: "To the Doctor—If I fall on the street and am taken to the hospital do not operate. My appendix has been removed twice already."

◆

They were newsboys and had strayed into the Art Museum. At the moment they were standing before the Winged Victory of Samothrace. "Say, Bill, what's that?" asked one of them in an awed whisper. "Aw, I dunno," replied the other. "Some saint wid his block knocked off."

◆

The golf bug's soul came back from a little range around Satan's preserve with a smile as wide as the Amazon River. "I say," it exclaimed, "I don't call this much of a hell. They have the finest golf course out there I ever saw in my life." A droll-looking old soul who was sitting on the safety valve looked up. "But did you see anybody playing on it?" he asked. "No," the newcomer admitted. "I didn't." The old-timer chuckled. "That's it," he said. "He won't let anybody play on it."

◆

Archbishop Trench was a man of singularly vague and dreamy habits, who resigned the see of Dublin on account of advancing years, and settled in London. He once went back to pay a visit to his successor, Lord Plunket. Finding himself back again in his old palace, sitting at his old dinner-table and gazing across at his old wife, he lapsed in memory to the days when he was master of the house, and gently remarked to Mrs. Trench, "I am afraid, my love, that we must put this cook down among our failures."

◆

Up in Minnesota a Swede named Jensen was the star pitcher of one of the league teams. The score was 0 to 0 in the ninth. As his team started for the field to begin the tenth he suddenly dropped the ball and started for the bench. "Hey, what's the matter?" cried his manager. Jensen held up a large brown hand for attention, and then made oratory: "Meester Manayer, Aye ban gude hard vorker. Aye ban villing dat Aye skal peetch das nine ennings. But fen Aye bane ask dat Aye skal go das overtimes, Aye ban made kick. Aye ban gude union mans an' Aye not work overtimes unless Aye skal get overtime pay!" And it is said that the manager had to promise him $5 on the side before he'd go back and finish the game.

◆

It is the rule that a convict in the Alabama state penitentiary coal mines has a stint to do—so many tons a day. He may earn extra money, and must do so to pay for the tools given him. The tools are then his own property. Sam Jackson paid for his, served out his year, and went back to Birmingham. Thoughtfully he cached his pack, drill, and lamp in a "dead" entry. In two weeks Sam had been caught at his old tricks, and the judge had sent him up for another year. The sheriff took him out to the mines, and Sam went straight to the place where he had hidden his tools. They were gone, somebody had stolen them. Sam went to the super. "What they take them tools for?" he asked indignantly. "I axes you, aint they know a man gwine *need* them tools again?"

◆

A colored bartender in a prominent café was serving a customer. "I," said Mr. Craig, "need something to eliminate the robins from my eaves. Get me, Sam?" Samuel said he got Mr. Craig. "Ah got just the finest drink what evah pass down a man's froat," said Samuel. "Ah done thought it up mahself. Mah boss nevah starts a day wivout he puts in a layer of 'em." Mr. Craig ordered one of the new invention. He leaned listlessly upon the counter, in sheer ennui, watching Sam build the toddy. Sam flicked some of this cordial and some of that in the glass. Then he frappéd it. It tasted as good as it looked, to Mr. Craig's parched gullet. The recipient at once demanded the recipe. "Well, sah," said Sam. "Ah take one-half Scotch whisky and one half vermouth and one-half sherry——" Mr. Craig interrupted. "That can't be right," said he. "There can't be more than two halves in anything." "Boss," said the bartender, "the way Ah mix the drink there's four halves in it."

◆

Louis Brownlow was born in what may be described as the backwoods down South. In the course of time he straightened his plumage, flapped his wings, and sailed out into the cold and dreary world to collect for himself finance and fame. He landed on a newspaper in a Southern city, and made so good on his job that his articles were plastered under his signature across the front page of his journal every day. After several months he went back home. So far as he was able to determine he was a sunburst on the horizon of journalism, and fame had hung about his form all the lights and illuminations possible. "Louis," asked one of the old men at the grocery store, speaking with a pronounced drawl and caressing his long, thin whiskers, "what be your line of endeavor?" "The newspaper business," replied Brownlow, distinctly proud. "Well, Louis," pursued the patriarch, "be you a-sellin' of the papers or a-settin' of the type?"

◆

Archbishop Ryan was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering confirmation, and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was. "It is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world," she said. "No, no," remonstrated her rector; "that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory." "Leave her alone," said the archbishop; 'maybe she is right. What do you and I know about it?"

◆

A Labouchere anecdote which has not been done to death is given in the new volume of recollections by Sir Henry Lucy ("Toby, M. P."), to whom it was told by Labby himself. It concerned the younger son of a peer, who thought that a berth in the diplomatic service was as desirable a place as any for one who took life rather easily. He knew nothing of the special subjects upon which the preliminary examination was based, but there was at least the promise of a lark. As far as he could make out, he did not supply a single correct answer to the long list of questions. Nevertheless, he came out first in the competition. It was a surprise even for a confident young lordling. Meeting one of the examiners at dinner a few days later, he ventured to ask how the thing came about. "We at once saw you knew nothing," was the reply. "But your manner was so free from constraint under what to some people would have been peculiarly embarrassing circumstances that we said to each other, 'That's the very man to make a diplomatist.' So we gave you a start on your career."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

All Round the Year.

Eunice whiled away the spring
  Teaching me the game of love;
Doleful is the song I sing—
Eunice proved a fickle thing
  As the April skies above.

Elsa in the summertime
  Drew me till my spirit burned
And my pulses beat in rhyme
With the malady sublime—
  But her former flame returned.

From its pain my wounded heart
  In the autumn Esther coaxed,
Then upset love's apple cart—
Flirting was her dearest art—
  Ah, but I was sadly hoaxed.

Helen, of the passing year,
  Could not like the others be;
Yes, I thought with not a fear
Surely she must be sincere—
  But she now has jilted me.

Do not chide me if I sigh.
  For my heart has sorely bled;
Who can woman's wiles defy?
Truly, 'tis a shame that I
  Am so easily miss-led.

—*New York Globe.*

◆

The Majestic Juveniles.

Scenes of singular unfitness
Almost every day we witness—
Willie, prematurely gray, gently tickling William's toes;
Alec, forty if a day, wiping Alexander's nose;
Tom, who's close on fifty-three, calling Thomas "precious thing";
Reverend Jimmie, Ph. D., fetching James his teething-ring;
Fred, whose brow is lined with care, stilling Frederick's lusty roar;
Teddy, minus half his hair, fiercely spanking Theodore.
Biggest names for littlest people.
Church is standing on its steeple.

—*New York Tribune.*

◆

December and May.

HE.

I am old enough, they'll say, to be your daddy;
  I have ceased to be a silly, slender youth;
But within me beats the fond heart of a laddy,
  I've the spirit of an eager boy, in truth;
The locks that once adorned me have departed;
  My step may have become a trifle slow,
But I'm just as full of love as when I started
  To use a razor, thirty years ago;
If my wild oats are all sprinkled,
And my brow a little wrinkled,
  Young affection in my breast is still aglow.

SHE.

Though you may be old enough to be my father,
  I never shall be grieved by what they say;
I do not want a young man's love; I'd rather
  Be petted by an old man any day;
You have become a trifle bald and stoutish,
  Your sight may be affected more or less;
It may be that you are a little goutish,
  Your step has lost its youthful springiness;
Your wrinkles are appearing
And you'll soon be hard of hearing,
  But your money makes you worth a chance, I guess.

—*S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.*

◆

Annual stockholders' meeting of Hauptmann Lumber Co. will be held at office of said company at 145 Berry St., city, Tuesday, May 6, at 12 m.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Nellie Grant to Lieutenant-Commander William Piggott Cronan, U. S. N. Miss Grant is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse R. Grant and a granddaughter of the late General Ulysses S. Grant. Lieutenant-Commander Cronan is stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, where he is in command of the torpedo destroyer *Jouett*.

Mrs. Laura Rice Roe has announced her engagement to Mr. William B. Storey of Chicago. Mrs. Roe is the mother of Miss Laura Roe and Mr. Hall Roe of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Partridge have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elisa Partridge, to Dr. Thomas Addis.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Baldwin and Mr. James Lowe Hall of Portland, Oregon, took place Tuesday evening at the home in Presidio Terrace of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin. Miss Laura Baldwin was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Kate Peterson, Linda Buchanan, Katherine and Mildred Kaime of Santa Barbara. Mr. Hall was attended by Mr. Ward Maillard, and the ushers were the Messrs. Hall Roe and Somers Peterson. Mr. and Mrs. Hall will reside in Portland.

The wedding of Ruth Slack and Judge Edgar Zook took place Wednesday evening at the home on Sacramento Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slack. Miss Edith Slack was her sister's only attendant and Mr. John Cushing was Judge Zook's best man. Dr. William Guthrie officiated at the ceremony, which was followed by a reception. Judge Zook and his bride will reside in San Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Marian Wise and Mr. Charles Glover will take place May 10 at the home in Washington, D. C., of Senator Francis G. Newlands and Mrs. Newlands.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Nellie Grant, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Commander William Piggott Cronin, U. S. N., was announced last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew.

Mr. Richard Tobin entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club complimentary to Mr. Drew.

Miss Eleanor Davenport was hostess Friday at a tea in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hewitt Davenport.

Mrs. John I. Sabin gave a luncheon recently at her home in Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear gave a dinner-dance at their home in Oakland complimentary to Miss Gladys Wilson and her fiancé, Mr. Maurice Sullivan.

Miss Marian Newhall was hostess at a dinner in honor of Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs entertained a dozen friends at a luncheon and bridge party.

Miss Frances Jolliffe was hostess at a tea Friday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew.

Mrs. Willard Drown entertained a number of friends at an informal tea at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Richard Bayne gave a luncheon recently at her home on Jordan Avenue.

Miss Ethel McAllister entertained the group of young people who have organized a sewing club at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor was hostess last week at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Anna D. Howard of Boston.

Mrs. Howard entertained a large number of children at a vaudeville performance at the El Cerrito Country Club last Saturday. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Howard's grandchildren.

Mrs. Howard Holmes was hostess recently at a bridge-tea at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Smythe of New York, who is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mrs. Garret McEnerney entertained the members of the Catholic Humane Society Monday at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Weaver gave a dinner-dance Friday evening.

Mrs. Robert Henderson entertained a large number of friends at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her apartment on Presidio Avenue. The affair was complimentary to Mrs. Herbert Gallagher and Miss Dorothy Page.

Miss Ethyl Graham entertained a number of her young friends at a rag party at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss Maye Colburn was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Nellie Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will entertain their friends at a picnic today on the property which they recently purchased in Burlingame and where their new home is to be built. A large number of guests will go from here and from San Rafael.

Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman gave a luncheon Friday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mr. Frank Hitchcock of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Allan Greer, wife of Captain Greer, U. S. A., was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in the Presidio.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray gave a dinner recently at their home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Charles Gordon, wife of Captain Gordon, U. S. A., was hostess at a musicale and tea at her home in the Presidio.

Major William P. Sample, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sample gave a dinner complimentary to Colonel Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardener.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayo were the honored guests at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. George A. McKay in Vallejo.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury was called to Boston last week by the serious illness of her father, General Taylor. Mrs. Pillsbury's daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, has sufficiently recovered from an operation for appendicitis to be moved from the Adler Sanatorium to her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton left Thursday for New York, where they will remain until May 21, when they will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Rafael have recently been visiting their son, Mr. Berrian Anderson, who is established in business in Sacramento.

Miss Janet Coleman returned Monday from Washington, D. C., where she has been spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Hennen Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have returned to their home in Santa Barbara after a visit of ten days, during which time they were the guests of Lieutenant-Commander David Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers in this city and Mrs. Phebe Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Cunningham, have arrived from New York and will spend the summer at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop, Jr., left last week in their automobile for the Bishop ranch in Santa Barbara, where they will spend several months. They will soon be joined by Miss Robina Henry, who resides with Mrs. Bishop.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett left last week for Paso Robles for a two weeks' visit. During Mrs. Scott's absence from Burlingame her niece, Miss Polly Mills, will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Champion at their country home near Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson returned Monday from Santa Cruz, where they have been spending ten days.

The Messrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, A. S. Lilley, James Athearn Folger, and Ernest Folger left Thursday for a week-end visit in Monterey.

Mrs. John McNear left Thursday for Europe, where she will travel with friends until August.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge will sail May 21 for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis moved Tuesday to Jackson and Buchanan Streets, where they have rented Mrs. James Carolan's house for a few months. They will go to their villa on Lake Tahoe early in the season, and will later establish themselves in San Mateo, having leased for a term of years the country home of Mr. Duncan Hayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kruttschnitt have arrived in this city from Phœnix, Arizona, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne have returned from Southern California.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Elena Robinson, and Mr. J. Willis Goodwin have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent and their children have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson is recovering from a recent illness at a local sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Watson are established for the summer in Redwood City, where they are occupying Oakden, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has returned from a month's visit in the East

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, and Dr. Herbert Carolan will leave in a few days for Philadelphia, where they will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Timlow (formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan).

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and their daughter, Miss Margaret Carrigan, have returned from the East.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer have moved to San Rafael, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe came from their home in Washington to attend the wedding Tuesday evening of Miss Mildred Baldwin and Mr. James Lowe Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott (formerly Miss Bessie Ashton) will give up their cottage in San Rafael early in May and will spend a few weeks with Mrs. George F. Ashton before taking possession of their home in Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. Anna D. Howard and her daughter, Mrs. Frederick Whitwell, have returned to their home in Boston after a few weeks' visit in San Mateo with Miss Frances Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has returned from Bakersfield, where she was the guest of Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick, and has joined Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett at Paso Robles.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan have returned from Monterey and are spending a few weeks at the Morgan residence on Clay Street.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has returned from Monterey, where she spent the week-end with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali.

Mrs. Harrison-Smith and her daughters, the Misses Alice and Henrietta Harrison-Smith, left Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where they will occupy a cottage during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader will give up their house on Jackson Street May 1, when they will go to Burlingame to spend the summer with Mrs. Cadwalader's mother, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, whose new home has recently been completed.

Miss Maud O'Connor left yesterday for New York, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Oelrichs. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss O'Connor will sail early next month for Europe. They will spend July in Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle and their son, Mr. Kenneth Monteagle, were at last accounts traveling in Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson of Sacramento spent a few days last week in town.

Mrs. N. B. Gallwey and her children left San Mateo a few days ago and have gone to Colfax to remain until June, when they will go East to visit Mrs. Gallwey's mother, Mrs. Edgar, at her home at Long Branch.

Mr. Felton Elkins has been spending the past week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Jr., will spend the summer in Menlo Park, where they have rented the country home of Mr. Samuel Shortridge.

Mr. Richard Burke, Miss Edith Burke, and Mr. Richard Burke, Jr., are expected to arrive soon from England to spend several weeks with their relatives.

Dr. Philip King Brown has gone East for a six weeks' visit. He was accompanied to Santa Barbara by Mrs. Brown, who spent the week-end with friends.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden have returned from a visit in Bakersfield.

Miss Margaret Nichols has returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where she has been the guest of friends.

Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels sailed Saturday from New York for Paris, where they will be joined in two weeks by Mr. Spreckels.

Miss Phyllis de Young is taking a rest cure at Dr. Ward's hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott have returned to Burlingame after a week's motor trip.

Mrs. Isobel Strong of Santa Barbara is in town for an indefinite stay.

Miss Helen Bowie has gone to Alabama to spend the summer months with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Owens Montgomery.

Mr. William Devereaux is seriously ill at Adler's Sanatorium, having suffered a severe injury in the recent polo tournament.

Mrs. D. I. Roberts has returned to her home in New York after a visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Kingsbury.

Miss Katherine Strickler has returned from a visit with friends in Monterey.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill and her son, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Jr., left Monday for their home in New York after an extended visit in this city and Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and their family are established in their home in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. Chapin Tubbs spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Reid.

Mr. Frank Hitchcock of Washington, D. C., formerly Postmaster-General, has been spending the past ten days in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Monroe Pinckard (formerly Miss Dorothy Williams) arrived Tuesday from Washington, D. C., and are temporarily living at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Sellar Bullard have come from Chicago to attend the wedding of Miss Marie Bullard and Mr. James Towne, who are to be married next Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Bullard are the guests of Mr. Bullard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bullard.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson will leave next week for the East to visit her son, Mr. Gordon Johnson, for a few weeks. Mrs. Johnson will sail for Europe with Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Mr. William W. Chapin has gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. Walter Finlay, wife of Colonel Finlay, U. S. A., is visiting her son at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood has left for Europe to join her son, Henry Warner Sherwood, who has been perfecting his violin study for the past two years in Vienna. They will tour Italy, Switzerland, and the Tyrol.

Miss Helen Van Winkle, who has resided across the bay for some time, has returned to town and will occupy her home, 3467 Jackson Street, permanently.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover arrived last week from Washington, D. C., and are the guests of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at her home on Laguna Street.

Major Harold E. Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke are established at Fort Flagler, Washington, where Major Cloke has recently been ordered. Mrs. Cloke was formerly Miss Alice Findlay of this city.

Captain James Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull have returned to Santa Barbara after a visit in this city.

Letters from Manila tell of the serious illness of Mrs. Charles Hamilton, wife of Lieutenant Hamilton, U. S. A. Mrs. Hamilton was formerly Miss Ethyl Lowe of this city.

Miss Nina Blow and Miss Alys Warner have been spending a few days with Mrs. Charles M. Ray at their home in Mare Island.

Major John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Myers arrived from Washington, D. C., last week. Major Myers is en route to his new post in Honolulu, where he will be joined later by Mrs. Myers, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Emily Cutts, on Mare Island.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, U. S. N., Mrs. Mayo, and the latter's mother, Mrs. Wing, left Wednesday for their future home in Washington, D. C.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Three questions submitted to the voters of the city were decided by the election Tuesday. The Market Street agreement with the United Railroads, which gives the Sutter Street electric cars of the latter the right to use of the outside tracks on Market Street to the Ferry station, and the Geary Street municipal road the right to run over the same tracks, was ratified by a vote of 38,089 to 21,920. This agreement abolishes the Sutter Street horse-car and the transfer at Sutter and Market. An ordinance to amend and reduce the telephone rates was adopted by a vote of 30,672 to 27,797. Judge Weller was recalled and Wiley F. Crist elected to succeed him as police judge by a vote of 30,784 to 29,934.

George Harvey Fairchild, one of California's foremost engineers and a founder of the Native Sons of the Golden West, died last week on the steamer *City of Para* at Mazatlan. Mr. Fairchild left this city for Guatemala last November to salvage the German steamer *Sesostris*, which was wrecked on that coast six years ago. Mr. Fairchild had been connected with the Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental Steamship companies. He was general manager of the North Shore Railroad, constructing the first third-rail system operated in this state. He also constructed the first road ever operated by long distance transmission in the West. Of recent years he had confined himself to the management of the George H. Fairchild Company, of which he was president. He is survived hy his widow, Mrs. Alice Bidwell Fairchild, and two sons, George H., Jr., and Hollis B.

Twelve of the seventeen mounted policemen in Golden Gate Park will use motorcycles hereafter.

The playground commission has prepared a programme for the six playgrounds in the city for May Day. There will be a festival at each of the grounds, the most elaborate of which will be at the Jackson ground at Seventeenth and Carolina Streets.

Action has heen taken to revive the Mechanics' Fair, and it remains only to develop the individual exhibitor's plans. The fair is to be held Septemher 26 to October 5, inclusive, in Dreamland Rink and the Pavilion, with the National Theatre also to he used for the entertainment features. The company has incorporated for $50,000, and Secretary Moore says it is purposed to put this sum into the fair this year to insure its return to the place it occupied in San Francisco's history twelve years ago.

Work will be begun on the Stockton Street tunnel two weeks hence. It is planned to complete the bore this year, and certainly within twelve months.

That the charges brought by Building and Loan Commissioner George S. Walker that the Continental Building and Loan Association was conducting its business in an unsafe and hazardous manner were unsupported by the evidence was the decision of Superior Court Judge Seawell. The court ordered Walker to restore to the officers, directors, and stockholders of the association all the property Walker had seized.

B. H. Chadwick, an employee of the shoe factory of Frank & Hyman at Eighteenth and Bryant Streets, where a strike is in progress, was shot and seriously wounded, and Warren H. Billings, a discharged employee, and his alleged assailant, was wounded by a bullet at the factory on Tuesday.

Charles F. Baker, former assistant cashier of the Crocker National Bank, who pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him on twenty counts of embezzlement, was sentenced hy United States District Judge William C. Van Fleet to serve ten years in San Quentin Prison.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy has submitted his annual report of the appraisement of the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company for the purpose of fixing rates for the next fiscal year. He places the valuation at this time at $28,119,052.14 as against $28,162,000 last year. The difference he charges up to depreciation of the physical properties. This valuation he shows is for rate-fixing purposes only, and is not to be considered a fair purchase price.

Chinatown was blockaded by the police last Saturday in an effort to stop the Suey Sing-Bing Kong tong war. This is the second time that such action has been taken hy the city police authorities. Nine men have been killed in a short time by participants in the feud. Chinese are forbidden from leaving the district. White men and women are forbidden from entering, and in cases where important business is to be transacted, Americans are warned that they enter the Oriental district at their own peril.

San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. E., held its annual banquet for the purpose of installing its new officers in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel Saturday evening. The officers installed are: Exalted ruler, Fred H. Stanle; esteemed leading knight, Lewis F. Byington; esteemed loyal knight, John J. Van Nostrand; esteemed lecturing knight, John H. Barter; treasurer, John H. Dumhrell; tiler, John P. Broder; secretary, Herman Kohn; trustees, (three years) S. Al White, (two years) John F. Ahern, (one year) John C. Kortick; esquire, Frank A. Smith; inner guard, Dan P. Lowney; chaplain, John A. Ulrich; organist, Charles S. Hoffman; retired exalted ruler and delegate to the grand lodge, P. J. Lynch.

"San Francisco a Clean City" is the motto of the City Beautiful Convention, composed of delegates from the Civic League of Improvement Clubs, Mission Promotion Association, California Club, Native Daughters, Native Sons, the women's clubs, and other civic and fraternal organizations, which will give a concert on May 1 at Pavilion Rink.

In overruling the demurrer of J. W. Leavitt & Co. to a complaint brought by William S. Espy to collect $10,581 for injuries received at Clement Street and Third Avenue by being struck by an automobile, Judge Hunt holds that the owner of an "instrumentality dangerous in its use," is responsible for any accidents resulting if he lends it "to another whom he knows to be inexperienced."

Several days ago the officers of the wireless operators' union declared a strike against the Marconi Company and called upon the operators to leave their positions. None of the men have responded. Several steamers installed with wireless have arrived and sailed, but in each instance the operators refused to obey the request of the union.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kuechler has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Kuechler, who was formerly Miss Mary Foster, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton, Jr. (formerly Miss Alice Borel), has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Hewitt—Gruet doesn't know enough to go in when it rains. *Jewett*—Well, he's all right in a dry season.—*The Optimist.*

"Does your wife always have the last word?" "Um, no. I most always say: 'Yes, dear,' or 'Very true, dear.'"—*Puck.*

"He says he's a self-made man. What sort of a fellow is he?" "Oh, just like all amateur productions."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Adom—They tell me we will have to move out of the garden. *Eve*—My goodness, and I haven't a thing to wear!—*Boston Record.*

First Girl—Do you like Mascagni? *Second Girl*—I adore him! Isn't his Cafeteria Rusticana just the sweetest thing?—*Boston Tronscript.*

"There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx. "Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Have you seen Mamie's engagement ring?" "Of course. Did you have an idea that she was making an effort to hide it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Casey—What der yer think, Pat, the kid walked today for the first toime. *Cosey*—Good boy. Send him out for a pint!—*Princeton Tiger.*

Jigson—Hear you have had an addition to your family. *Nugson*—Yes, two. *Jigson*—Twins? *Nugson*—No—a hahy boy and my wife's mother.—*Tit-Bits.*

"They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match?—that's what I'd like to know."—*Cornell Widow.*

"You say the prisoner scared you hy pointing a pistol at you. Now, was that pistol loaded?" "I don't know ahout the pistol, hut he was."—*Boltimore American.*

"I understand your hushand is a man of great ahilities." "He certainly is. He heat up four hill collectors yesterday so they can't come hack for six months."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Former—Yes, sir, that hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century. *City Boorder*—You don't say! What did he invent? *Former*—Petrified motion.—*Judge.*

Womon—I gave you 10 cents last week and you look as disreputahle as ever. *Beggor*—Well, lady, it's deuced hard hreaking into the smart set with 10 cents.—*Woshington Herold.*

Briggs—I see the Capitol at Alhany was so hadly huilt that it is likely to fali at any time. Isn't that unfortunate? *Griggs*—Not necessarily. It might fall, you know, when the legislature is in session.—*Life.*

"Do you think it is wise to send a woman to prison for suffragetting?" "No," replied the London policeman. "The first thing we know, there won't he any peace and quiet, even in the lockup."—*Woshington Stor.*

"A man has to keep moving nowadays to avoid heing run over." "Quite so. Still, if he happens to he moving in a general way toward the hread line it won't hurt him to slacken his pace a hit."—*Birminghom Age-Herold.*

"I say, Tom, lend me another ten, will you?" "Heavens! Why don't you go to work and earn money?" "Don't dare to, my hoy. People would think the governor had disinherited me, and that would ruin my credit."—*Boston Tronscript.*

"If the government will let me out of jail," says a Georgia moonshiner, "I'll quit hein' ag'in it, and I'll acept one o' them foreign missions the President is havin' so much trouhle in fillin'; hut in jail yer hands are tied, an' you kin do nothin' fer yer country."—*Atlonta Constitution.*

"Come in and have it charged," was the inviting sign in front of a place of husiness in a Jersey town. A stranger, heing somewhat low in funds, walked in hriskly. "I understand that I can get things charged here," he said, addressing one of the employees. "Only storage hatteries," replied the other man.—*Judge.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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Our Much-Managed Police.

The testimony of a professional bunco man can hardly be classed as a gilt-edged assurance. But when the testimony of a dozen bunco men ail comes to one purpose, and when there are added many corroboratory circumstances, the spirit of conviction begins to sit up and take notice. Probably there has been a long period of close coöperation between the San Francisco bunco men and a considerable group of police officials, to their mutual profit. It appears almost certain that the powers of police have been used, not to prevent, but to promote crimes and outrages. That the half-dozen officers of police named in the charge are the only ones to whom it might properly apply is not easily believable. Probably there is a wide circle connected with this rotten business of criminality, division, and silence. There are expressions of surprise. But why? Has not the police department of San Francisco long been a training school in iniquity? Have we not seen how it has been made to serve, not the law and its purposes, but a long series of masters more intent upon personal and political aims than anything else? Has it not been organized and drilled as an agency for illegitimate and infamous purposes? Could any genius devise a more perfect school for the promotion of individual and organized moral degeneracy than our police department as administered by Eugene Schmitz and Abe Ruef, subjected to the dictatorship of Rudolph Spreckels, and polished off under the fine Italian diplomacies of Pin-Head McCarthy? A police official who could pass through this curriculum and come out of it with an unshattered moral character would be something more or less than human. The *Argonaut* is not surprised. And why should anybody else—least of all Chief White—be surprised? In truth we can but wonder if Chief White is surprised. Only the other day the editor of the *Argonaut* was assured by the managers of the Municipal Clinic that a detail of only two policemen had no difficulty in ferreting out and reporting a kind of criminality conducted behind locked doors and closed blinds. Strange, truly, that five hundred policemen have not been able to discover a long-sustained close connection between a police ring and a notorious bunco gang.

The Anti-Japanese Proposal.

By the Constitution of the United States a treaty made by the national government is "supreme law," therefore binding upon the states even as the Constitution itself. The national government has made a treaty with Japan which does not specifically provide that Japanese citizens may acquire and hold land in the United States; but it is in this treaty guaranteed that Japan shall have the rights and privileges accorded by the United States to "the most favored nation." The United States has a treaty with Switzerland providing in terms that citizens of that country may acquire and hold lands. Therefore—under "the most favored nation" clause in the Japanese treaty—citizens of Japan have right to acquire lands here. In very considerable numbers citizens of Japan have availed themselves of this right in the State of California, though the movement is not yet general enough or swift enough to be alarming. There are in round numbers—these figures represent unofficial estimates and approximations—58,000 Japanese in California, and of this number something less than 2000 have acquired approximately 13,000 acres of farm lands. Japanese are also land-holders under lease to a considerable extent.

To the general proposition that California is and ought to be a "white man's country" there is, we believe, practically no dissent. To be sure there are a few pro-Japanese faddists who in an aberrant enthusiasm for things Oriental have lost the normal sense of social values; but broadly speaking, all Californians would like to see such an adjustment of treaties and laws as would prevent the Japanese or other Orientals from establishing themselves as a fixed and proprietary element in our population. Even those of us who, seeing the need of laboring hands, would welcome the presence of a considerable number of Orientals, would restrict their privileges. They are welcome as workers and servants, but not as fellow-citizens with rights of definite and permanent establishment in the country. Independent and apart from instinctive racial antipathies, there is a universal feeling that an element of Japanese land-owners is a menace to the higher social development of the country.

There are reasons in plenty—reasons absolutely accredited in the minds of practically all our people—why the privilege of land ownership which a national treaty accords in the roundabout way above set forth to Japanese should be abrogated. They were set forth last year in the state platforms of both the Democratic and the Republican parties; therefore there is nothing novel or surprising in anti-Japanese proposals now before the state legislature. But it is curiously notable that a hot-headed project of proscription should now be urged in the legislature by the Progressive party, which did not regard it worth while to put an anti-Japanese plank in its platform. It is characteristic of Progressive policy in California that, without due consideration and after a hurried and half-cooked plan, it should attempt to do by a wrong method what the other parties have proposed as an object of ultimate and diplomatic action.

The fault of the proposal before the legislature, presented under Progressive auspices and supported by the active championship of a Progressive governor, is not that it would exclude Japanese from the privilege of acquiring and holding lands, but that it undertakes to do this by ignoring a national treaty, with nullification of our obligations under it. The proposal is of a piece with the habit of ill-considered and reckless action which characterizes the radical element of our politics in pretty much all its legislative and executive policies.

It is true that Washington and Arizona have enacted statutes similar to that now proposed in California. But it is likewise true that these laws have not practically infringed the privileges of the Japanese. Enactments which in Washington and Arizona have scarcely more than an academic interest, and therefore have not been made subject of international protest, have in California a large and practical significance. Their proposal here gives them an extraordinary emphasis and has had the effect of bringing out a protest hitherto in abeyance. Existing statutes in Washington and Arizona in no sense justify the adoption of such statutes in California; rather their proposal in California emphasizes their impropriety and nullity in Washington and Arizona in advance of diplomatic effort on the part of the national government.

It is the theory of the government at Washington and the judgment of competent lawyers here and elsewhere that the anti-Japanese laws of Washington and Arizona, being in conflict with a national treaty, are null and void. Should the bill now before our legislature be enacted it would probably be of no effect. At the same time such enactment in the face of the existing treaty would be taken by Japan as an irritation and an offense. It would tend to establish suspicion and unfriendliness in the place of that amity and good-will which has traditionally ruled in the relationships of the United States and Japan.

The coming of Secretary Bryan as the official and personal representative of the President emphasizes the interest felt at Washington with respect to this matter. President Wilson is embarrassed by the proposal before the California legislature. It tends, as he has the best reason to know, to international irritation. He would like the legislature to stay its hand, leaving it to the administration at Washington to achieve the result desired in California by diplomatic means. He has hopes, as Mr. Bryan has plainly stated, that an arrangement may be made with Japan, upon terms entirely amicable, under which all that California wants may be secured. He can offer no assurances, since, as Mr. Bryan puts it, no man may know what is in the future. But like the provincial lady in the opera, he would like to try.

The legislature ought in courtesy, if for no other reason, to postpone action as the President has asked. Delay would in no sense nullify the rights or powers of California as a sovereign state, whatever they may be. Nothing would be lost through delay; and since there is no general raid upon our lands by Japanese there is no need for haste, still less for fury. Absolutely nothing would be lost by putting the matter over to another session of the legislature. But—we write on Wednesday—there seems small chance that this will be done. Governor Johnson appears determined upon immediate action, and the legislative majority appears wholly subject to his authority. All indications point to a species of procedure with which we have become only too familiar. The bill by the governor's order will be "jammed through."

It does not call for a world of insight to discover Governor Johnson's motives in this incident. The "cause" upon which he climbed into office can no longer serve him; furthermore he has been discredited by his own extravagances and those of his immediate faction. He must have a new war-cry for the next campaign, and it is his calculation that an anti-Japanese issue may serve this purpose. It will, he hopes, bring to his support the element with which Japanese labor directly competes, and enlist in his behalf the sentiments connected with race antipathy. It will in the phrase of the newspaper-selling gamin give him "something to holler." This agitation has been cooked up for this very purpose and not without a certain cunning as related to the appeal it may make to prejudice and that rash precipitancy of mind which takes a kind of delight in a gross violation of the conventionalities and decencies of political action. Governor Johnson conceives himself as most effective in angry denunciation. He delights in the character of Don Furioso; and he has worked up this particular "cause" to give scope and play to his perfervid and melodramatic powers.

Minor Obstructions to Republican Reorganization.

Rehabilitation of the Republican party in the sense of revision of party motives and purposes will come, not so much through conferences and treaties between factions, as through the development of events. Conferences—within which term we may include party conventions—may and do often times define party policies, but they do not make them. A principle originating in a conference would stand as a mere academic proposition, having only the value of such a proposition. Never yet did a principle so born seize upon the hearts and consciences of men and therefore come into immediate value as a vital force in the sphere of politics. So we repeat, rehabilitation of the Republican party in the largest sense must be worked out in connection with events. Party acceptance in a formal way may serve to crystallize and to define issues, but not to create principles or establish policies.

But there is one essential thing in the reorganization of the Republican party which can only be done through conferences and treaties. The rules governing representation in national conventions must be changed to accord with the common judgment of intelligent and conscientious men respecting the considerations of justice. There must first be complete elimination of the Southern plan of representation in Republican conventions. The old practice under which delegations were set up in the South and brought to the convention literally "hog-tied" in the interest of whoever happened to be in authority at Washington, must be abandoned. Southern Republicans are entitled to representation, but their delegates are not entitled to be the dominating factor in the Republican convention; and the rules of selection must be such as shall assure an actual and vital rather than a nominal and quasi-fraudulent representation. There has been real grievance in connection with Southern delegations for many a year. The Washington administration has had in its control of the Southern delegates through official patronage an unfair and it is not too much to say an unmoral power. The practice must be abandoned; and there must be, through a common understanding ratified by competent party authority, a new rule in better accord with propriety and justice.

There must, too, be radical readjustment of the rules governing representation in party conventions with respect to state laws under the new primary system now in vogue in several states. There is here a difficult problem. Abstract equity requires that representation shall rest upon the same general rules in all the states. It is obviously inequitable that the Republicans of one state shall elect delegates at large and the Republicans of another state delegates by districts. Yet it is to be considered that several of the states have taken into their own hands the matter of representation in party conventions and have prescribed methods of election. How to so adjust differences in state laws as to meet the requirements of equity and justice is a serious problem calling for judgment, tact, and probably for concession, timely or permanent. And the matter should be adjusted before the next national convention meets. Another quarrel like that which rent the convention at Chicago last year would be grievous. It is due—indeed it is necessary—that some common understanding be reached between now and 1916, else we shall have over again the contentions which last year made havoc of party harmony and resulted in party disaster.

Influences unmistakable in their tendency to party cohesion and rehabilitation are steadily asserting themselves in connection with events at Washington and elsewhere. The factions, as represented in Congress by the Taft and anti-Taft leaders, tend to come together. The so-called progressive leaders are no less intent than the old line Republicans upon party rehabilitation. In their mutual counselings they ought to come to a settlement at least of all differences connected with mechanical organization. And it ought not to be very difficult for men so plainly inspired by common purposes in politics to find ways of acting together free from quarrels over minor and formal arrangements.

In this connection it is interesting to read an utterance recently promulgated by Dr. Simon N. Patten, professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. "I class myself as a Progressive," says Dr. Patten, "but I see a return to Republicanism is inevitable. The Democratic party will fail because it can not meet the expectations of even the minority that voted it into control of the government." When men of Dr. Patten's sort assume this attitude, and have the courage to declare it, it is time for men active in party affairs to busy themselves in the task of preparing ways and means of coöperation.

The Value of Scutari.

That the possession of Scutari should be worth a war between Austria on the one hand and Montenegro and Servia on the other becomes evident from a glance at the map and a recollection of declared policies. The contention of Austria that Scutari must form a part of the new kingdom of Albania is all very well as far as it goes, but Austrian enthusiasm for Albania is a cloak for a far deeper and more selfish design. At the present time both Servia and Montenegro are barred from access to the sea. To secure a road to the Adriatic may be said to be the basis of all their efforts. Austria is equally determined that they shall stay as they are now, and that there shall be no such Slav expansion as would be made possible by a seaport. So long as she can keep the cork in the Balkan bottle she can regulate and dominate its contents. Once the cork is removed the southern Slav peoples would become a nation with maritime and trade ambitions, possibly even with a navy, and then Austria's Slav population would be likely to assert their kinship and to threaten the integrity of the Russian empire. The key to the whole immediate problem is to be found in Austrian hostility to Slav national life and to her determination to compress and strangle it. When we remember further that the sympathies of Russia are wholly Slavic and that France and England are more or less allied with Russia we understand something of the present dividing line in European politics. Whether Russia will permit the coercion of Montenegro remains to be seen. This will probably depend upon the temper of the Russian people rather than upon the disposition of the Russian government.

New Plans for Peace.

Mr. Bryan's proposals for international peace belong to the category of well-intentioned efforts from which it would be well not to expect very much. He suggests a series of treaties under which all quarrels would be subject to arbitration, irrespective of considerations of "national honor or vital interests." Now if such treaties as these could be arranged it would certainly be a substantial gain, but the temper of the day is not a promising one for the experiment. And it may be conceded frankly that no arbitration treaty that excludes from its operation such questions as these has much real value, since no nation would ever think of fighting except for "national honor" or "vital interests." Every conceivable cause of war comes under one head or the other. Mr. Bryan also suggests certain self-denying agreements as to preparations for war, agreements that might be admirable enough if they were made—a sadly remote possibility—and that would be still more admirable if they were respected, which seems more remote still. No doubt Mr. Bryan feels under a moral compulsion to "do something," and it may be that even this is a step in advance.

It is a common failing of our peace advocates to forget that the arrival of democracy has placed an entirely new face upon the war problem. Half a century ago it was the kings and rulers who forced their unwilling subjects to fight. Nowadays it is the subjects who compel their unwilling rulers to break the peace. At the present moment the potentates of Europe are straining every nerve to prevent a conflict, and they could easily do so but for their bellicose peoples. Of what avail is it to extract agreements or treaties from rulers almost wholly at the mercy of mobs and crowds who act with about the same intelligence as cattle in a corral and with a good deal more pugnacity? It is common knowledge that the King of Italy had to choose between dethronement at the hands of his people and a declaration of war against Turkey. It was popular clamor that forced Mr. McKinley to declare war against Spain. It is this same popular clamor that will make the wars of the future and that will care nothing at all for treaties or agreements.

Professor Ferrero puts his finger on the exact spot when he says that the new democracies of Europe are the greatest of all dangers to peace. Instead of being driven into war by the ambitions of their rulers it is they who will use their new powers to make war. War appeals to them as a gigantic adventure, as a vast enterprise that will shatter the monotonies of life. Certainly no one can suppose that there is any other threat to peace between England and Germany, for example, or Germany and France than the insensate hatreds of their respective democracies. The one dread that is entertained by these three governments is the dread of a popular demand for war that shall prove irresistible, and the one direction of their efforts is to allay the war fever among their own peoples. The picture of downtrodden nations hurried by greed and ambition to the battlefield has been a popular one, but it has now no basis in fact. Democracy has, in fact, had a diametrically oposite result to the one that was contemplated. It was supposed that war would cease as soon as the power to make war was placed in the hands of those who must bear its heaviest burdens. But if we may trust the portents of the day it is those same hands that are quickest to seize the rifle and sabre.

Humility and the Automobile.

The ecclesiastical authority of the Bishop of Treves was never more wisely exercised than in his decree forbidding the priests of his diocese to own or even to ride in an automobile. Apart from our satisfaction at the sight of some one who can issue an order and have it obeyed we feel that his reverence is eminently right when he says that the use of the automobile is fatal to humility. It is fatal to other things besides humility; pedestrians, for example, who are lacking in agility; but let that pass. It is the virtue of humility that we should like to see inculcated among our acquaintances, and when the Bishop of Treves speaks right out in meeting and ascribes the lack of humility to the automobile we give three cheers and applaud with hands and feet.

Every one will agree that if the automobilist ever inherits the earth it will not be on the ground of his meekness. Nor his humility. He is not constructed upon those lines. Those particular virtues are not to be found in his blue-print or his specifications. He may sometimes display a certain comradeship, a certain friendliness, toward his plebeian acquaintances who have no automobiles. But even that is illusory. It is adulterated with condescension and poisoned with arrogance. His inner and ill-concealed attitude is that of a god toward a black beetle. He forces upon you a detestable hospitality in vehicular transportation, but he is more intent upon his own glory than upon your needs. His position is that of the Lady Bountiful who dispenses alms among her dependents. Insisting with an offensive joviality that you accept what he calls a "lift" when you would much prefer the street-car or the railroad, he first imperils your precious life, the only one you have, inducing in you a dread of the cold and silent grave which seems to be so near, and then delivers you an hour late at your destination, encrusted with a cement of dust, and with an overwhelming yearning for water, soap, and privacy. And for this you are expected to be grateful. You are expected to grovel in appreciation, and to thank Providence for a wealth that is thus unselfishly shared. Henceforth you are a poor relation, and if you are not careful you will find that you are developing the soul of one. You will find yourself cherishing expectations of other crumbs from the rich man's table, of a sneaking tendency to discuss automobiles, to relate vicarious experiences, and to lie. In point of fact you will become a lackey.

There are other points that might be urged in evidence that the automobilist has a positive depression where the bump of humility ought to be. Putting on one side his endearing little habits of homicide as belonging to another category of investigation, it may be said that his sense of patriotic ownership is so strong as to lead him to the supposition that the whole road from side to side is his property. He has not yet suggested a law providing for the licensing of pedestrians, or that they shall carry port and starboard lights at night-time, but it may come. Very few automobiles have been injured by collision with the human form divine, and to this fact we may owe the kindly toleration still extended to the poor trash that goes afoot.

Therefore it is evident that the Bishop of Treves has a discerning mind. He has studied the situation so far as it concerns the laity, and he has determined that the humility of the clergy shall not be destroyed by the same insidious, stealthy, and rubber-tired processes. And it would indeed cause scandal among the faithful if it were otherwise, if the caste of the automobile were allowed to invade the priesthood and if encouragement were given to that supercilious demeanor that would certainly be adopted by clergymen with liveried chauffeurs toward clergymen with unliveried chauffeurs, and by both alike toward those humbler servants of God with no chauffeurs, with inferior dollar-down-dollar-a-week automobiles, or even with no automobiles at all. The bishop has done well to nip this discredit in the bud.

A Factory for Wars.

Dr. Jordan had to meet a considerable amount of skepticism when he said that war scares and war agitations were largely due to the deliberate efforts of the armament companies who earn large dividends by the manufacture of weapons. Therefore he may be pardoned if he is now deriving a certain grim satisfaction from recent disclosures in the German Reichstag.

These disclosures are certainly of an amazing kind, of a kind to make one almost hopeless for the future of humanity. That they are not yet officially confirmed is of small moment. The documents produced are unchallenged and they are conclusive. Indeed the official inquiry is more likely to add to their gravity than to reduce it.

Two great armament companies are involved. The Krupps lie under the relatively insignificant charge of corrupting the officials of the German government in order to secure unnecessary orders for munitions. Standing alone this would be bad enough in all conscience, but civilization is now so calloused to villainy of this sort as to dismiss it with a shrug of contempt. But when we come to the proceedings of the Deutsche Munitions und Waffenfabrik of Essen we feel that we are in the presence of a new sort of crime that almost commands a sort of horrid admiration for the daring of its iniquity. It is alleged—and with documentary evidence—that this amazing company maintains an office in Paris for the sole purpose of "working up" war scares by inflaming the hatreds of the people. Thus we have a letter to the Paris agent to "leave no stone unturned" to secure the insertion in a French newspaper of a report that France intended to buy certain guns. This report would then be displayed at home as an argument that Germany must do the same. Every printed display of violence or truculence toward Germany was grist for the same evil mill. Defiances and provocations, bandied backwards and forwards between the two countries, artificially created and stimulated, were followed by an extraordinary increase in the military service of France, and by correspondingly vast levies upon the German side of the frontier. And it may be reasonably believed that these hateful activities were the direct result of commercial diplomacies that were perfectly willing, and indeed eager, to plunge two great nations into war in order that they might profitably supply the weapons with which the gladiators might kill each other.

It is possible that these disclosures may do some good if only as a revelation of the real agencies that pull the strings to which popular ignorances and credulities seem eternally ready to dance. For here at Essen we see, not so much factories of guns and dynamite as of passions and wars, carefully planned, calculated, created. To expect any drastic punishment for these malefactors is, of course, absurd. But if an impersonal nemesis were allowed to handle such a situation with a conclusive adequacy they would be crucified upon the frontier that they hoped to turn into a hell of contending armies.

A Product of the System.

Young Mr. Crist, who has succeeded to a police judgeship in place of Judge Weller, dismissed under the "recall," exhibits precisely the state of mind which the new dispensation is calculated to produce. "The fact that Judge Weller has been recalled," says Mr. Crist, in an after-election statement, "signifies that the people no longer have that superstitious awe of the judicial oligarchy which has existed in the past. Judges may no longer feel secure in over-riding public opinion." In other words, the people no longer hold the judiciary in respect, but regard it as a mere sounding board bound in its timidity to register the popular will. "I recognize," continues Mr. Crist, "that I should not be retained in office any longer than I am able to represent the spirit as well as the letter of the law"—the spirit as declared by "public opinion."

We have no fault to find with young Mr. Crist personally. He may have all the worthiness of character claimed for him by his friends. But we do grieve for a flabbiness of mind and character which is the natural and inevitable product of the system by which Mr. Crist has been elevated to the bench—if elevated be the right word. The old ideal of a judge was that of an officer bound to declare the law in its exactitudes and severities without respect of public opinion, which is commonly ill-informed and always unstable. The highest tribute possible to be paid to a judge was that of sustaining the law against urgency and clamor. But under the new system this tradition is completely overturned. The ideal judge as defined by Mr. Crist, the first fruit of the system, is that of an officer unsupported by public respect and entirely subject to the popular mood of the day, whatever it may be. He is bound to declare the law, not in its integrity, but in accordance with its "spirit"—spirit being one of those loose terms which may mean anything or nothing.

The judge who cuts loose from the law as it is and seeks to interpret its "spirit" as defined by "public opinion" is in the position of a mariner who casts overboard his compass and his charts and abandons his ship to the winds. Once discard the law as a binding rule of action and there is no certainty, no restraint, no security. And very soon there would be chaos.

Mr. Crist no doubt means well in that he does not mean ill. He is precisely the man for the new system, one who feels no sense of loss in the breakdown of the old and worthy traditions of judicial independence, one who is happy in subserviency, one who feels no shame in holding his judgments subject, not to the law, but to the shifting phases of popular opinion.

Editorial Notes.

At Washington last week there occurred an incident of large political and of some dramatic interest. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, and Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, mutually embittered after long years of friendship, were brought together through the diplomacy of friends. Both Bryan and Clark thought it worth while to issue statements to the public, and public journals all over the country treated it as a historic event. The host of the occasion—a formal luncheon—was Mr. Ira Bennett, editor of the Washington *Post*. Mr. Bennett's paper contained on the day following the incident an extended account of the reconciliation with an editorial discussion properly emphasizing its importance. But the only mention of Mr. Bennett's personal agency in the matter was his name as "host of the occasion" in the list of persons present. Just imagine how it would have been put in the *Chronicle* or in the *Examiner* if the Honorable Mike or the Honorable Billy Randolph had been "host of the occasion"! Really the manner in which Mr. Bennett treated the luncheon in his own newspaper is of more significance than the reconciliation itself, since it has discovered a hitherto unknown quantity in the daily journalism of the country, an editor whose first and most obvious motive in life is not to exploit himself. The *Argonaut's* hat is off! Long life to you, Mr. Bennett! Would that there were others of your kind!

The action of the Daughters of the American Revolution at their recent meeting at Washington with respect to the army canteen stimulates hope that the spirit of common sense may be revived in other quarters. It is in large part the women's societies that have put down the canteen, and by so doing have promoted drunkenness in the army—not only drunkenness, but the several other vices which commonly go with it. Experience in the army has all been favorable to the canteen. While it does not prevent drinking in its less injurious forms it does restrain it. The canteen was under careful supervision; order was absolutely maintained in it, and it never at any time dispensed spirituous liquors. Enlisted men generally were entirely content with its privileges and in the main indisposed to seek indulgences elsewhere. But with abolition of the canteen there was and continues to be resort to drinking places outside army posts subject to no restrictions and accompanied by unspeakable abominations. In the canteen beer was sold under orderly, cleanly, and decent conditions. In the outside drinking holes there was beer, plus whisky, plus grossly vulgar surroundings, plus gambling games, plus the painted woman. No argument is needed with persons of observation and common sense to enforce conviction that of the two things the canteen is a lesser evil, if indeed it be an evil at all. But despite all suggestions and enforcements the sentimentalists persist in ignoring the facts and in insisting upon abolition of the canteen; and of course the politicians in Congress, with characteristic cowardice, have yielded. Now General Wood, in the interest of the health and moral welfare of the army, asks for leave to restore the canteen. He is still fanatically opposed, but there is encouragement in the fact that one association of intelligent women sees the situation in its true light and has found the courage to voice a sound judgment with respect to it.

A proposal to give departmental employees at Washington an all-the-year-round Saturday half-holiday has appealed strongly to President Wilson. This has been suggested many times and enforced during the summer months, but has never been the rule in winter. There can be no question as to the recreative value of the weekly half-holiday if the time be properly used; and perhaps the best way to promote a proper habit in this respect is to make regular allowance of time. More and more workers are learning the value of recreational life and are turning their vacation hours to better account. Less and less vacation proposals are subject to the old sneer that a man never really needs a holiday so much as the day after he has had one.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Two Interesting Incidents.

St. Helen's, Oregon, April 28.

Editor Argonaut: An editorial article in the last *Argonaut*, "Big Men and the Public Service," has interested me on several accounts—among others because it has revived memory of a discussion here some twenty-five or more years ago with respect to the availability of a non-citizen of the state for election as a representative of Oregon in the United States Senate. Some time in the 'eighties there occurred here one of the several senatorial "dead-locks" for which Oregon is famous. As I recall it offhand, it was in connection with an effort to reëlect a then senator, the late John H. Mitchell, ardently supported by the "organization" forces supplemented by a little squad of Democrats, and as ardently opposed by the non-organization Republicans and the bulk of the Democratic members of the legislature. I do not remember who made the suggestion, but it was made tentatively as a solution of the dead-lock that the Hon. James G. Blaine, at the time not in any political employment, be invited to come to Oregon and to qualify as an "inhabitant" under assurance that he would be elected senator. A little reflection supplemented by study of the Constitution showed the project to be impracticable and nothing was done about it. None the less the suggestion was cordially received and it was believed at the time that if the thing could have been done within the law there would have been no serious difficulty in bringing the Republican members of the legislature to accept it. Long after the talk, which lasted only a few days, had subsided, a distinguished citizen of Oregon spoke to Mr. Blaine about it, and his answer was that if such an invitation had been given he would have regarded it as a command and would have accepted it gladly if a way could have been found under the law.

That the rule prescribed in the case of senators and representatives has never been applied to delegates to political conventions is due at least one important circumstance in the history of the country. Abraham Lincoln probably would never have been President of the United States but for the fact that Horace Greeley, an embittered opponent of Seward, was a member of that body; and that he was a member was due to his having been chosen as a "proxy" by a citizen of Oregon who for one reason or another found it inconvenient personally to serve as a delegate. One of the Oregon delegates—Leander Holmes—being a reader of the *Tribune*, and having an abiding faith in the wisdom and patriotism of its editor, albeit having no personal acquaintance with him, sent his proxy to Mr. Greeley. In the convention—sitting as a delegate for Oregon—Mr. Greeley led the fight which defeated Seward and nominated Lincoln. Nobody in Oregon has ever risen to express regret that Oregon was not represented in that convention by one of her own citizens.

May I have leave to add that in my judgment no single change in the National Constitution could so tend to the elevation of the national welfare or so contribute to the higher efficiencies of our political life as that suggested in your article of last week. Whatever conditions may have been at the time the Constitution was adopted there is now neither rhyme nor reason in requiring state or district residence as a qualification for congressional service. Again and again it has retired men of splendid qualifications in times when they were greatly needed and has been one of the potent influences that have filled up both branches of Congress with mediocre men. It has, too, had a bad reactionary effect upon the public in the several states by keeping before the popular mind the narrow purposes of local representation as distinct from the broader aims of legitimate statecraft. R. S.

During March the number of tourists to the Canal Zone numbered 5827, carried on 108 ships.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The accidental fall upon French territory of the great German military airship must have been a distinctly amusing occurrence. For the airship was supposed to be the last word in aggressive aviation, an epitome of aviation secrets, a type of the vast fleet now being prepared by Germany for purposes in which France may be pardoned for taking a warm interest. And there she was, disabled and helpless upon French territory, just the wrong side of the line, while French officials were extending their assurances of a distinguished consideration for the German officers and crew and French photographers were having a truly delightful time in the bowels of the dreaded monster among the machinery and the guns. And now, by way of adding insult to injury, the French experts say that there was nothing on the ship worth seeing except some of the appliances for supplying hot shaving water to the officers' quarters. But the note is not wholly one of amusement. Germany is about to spend nearly $40,000,000 upon airships, and if that vast fleet should by any chance hover over French soil it will be small consolation to remember that the interior mechanism contains nothing that is particularly new.

Speaking of Germany, it may be interesting to record the final settlement of the emperor's dispute with Herr Sohst, the tenant of one of the imperial farms whom the emperor tried to dispossess. It may be remembered that the august landlord brought three lawsuits in order to remove the obnoxious tenant and that he lost them all. It has now been arranged that Sohst shall vacate the farm on payment of an indemnity of $3000. He has also received a letter of apology for various statements made about him by the Kaiser in the heat of anger, and whatever smart may still remain is removed by the Order of the Crown of the Fourth Class. All's well that ends well, and it is pleasant to have this additional proof that the emperor is a gentleman.

Herbert F. Cowley, writing to the London *Express,* places his little wreath upon the tomb of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Cowley states that in 1894 he found himself stranded in New York and in a bad way financially. He wrote direct to Mr. Morgan, asking for employment, and by return post he received a reply telling him to call on the following morning, which he did, and was at work a few minutes afterwards. Some two months later he has compelled to return to London through serious illness, but before leaving Mr. Morgan told him that he supposed he could not have saved much money in so short a time and handed him a hundred-dollar bill toward the cost of his passage. Mr. Cowley says in conclusion: "It was an open secret then among the staff of his bank that no one ever went to him with a genuine tale of distress but what it was immediately relieved."

Why is it that errors are always disclosed by a recount of election returns. Such a recount has been going on in Chicago ever since last December, with a result that one of the contestants has already made a net gain of 3000 votes, and of course this means innumerable errors on both sides. Now one would suppose that a few bank clerks—perhaps even a few schoolboys—would be able to do a job of this kind almost without a possibility of error. But the official enumerators are never able to do it. We may suppose that their failure is a part of an almost universal official incapacity, a part of a system that nearly invariably selects the man who is unfit to do the work allotted to him.

It seems a pity that the *Municipal News* of Los Angeles should die and be buried so unobtrusively. Its tomb ought to be marked by a monument at the public cost, preferably a monument made from the skulls of equally defunct jackasses. The *Municipal News* was one of the insanities of modern reform, and their name is legion. It was supposed to represent all sides of all questions, so that the imbecile voter might scan the rival arguments and so make up what it pleases him to call his mind. Of course no one read the *Municipal News.* No one's time is quite so worthless as to do that. It lived for thirty-two weeks at a cost of $36,000 a year, and having begun by being damned it now ends by being dead, a reversal of the more usual process. And now the road is open for some other driveling scheme of some other drooling reformer who needs the money.

It seems that we may yet have some amusement with the opera bouffe republic in China. The so-called elections have resulted in a parliament hostile to Yuan-Shi-Kai and at the same time comes the news that Prince Kung has collected an army of 18,000 Manchus, well drilled and well paid, in order to strike a blow for the ancient dynasty. And Prince Kung is very much of a man and quite as clever as Yuan-Shi-Kai himself. The Paris *Figaro* says that the infant emperor has simply gone into retirement in order that the people may discover their mistake, and that Prince Kung intends that the discovery shall come speedily. The new parliament meets in a few days and we may then be the witnesses of events.

What is the value of a human life? It is a question likely to occupy the attention of the law courts for some time to come, seeing that the owners of the *Titanic* are now confronted with claims amounting to nearly seventeen million dollars. Most of this total is for loss of life, and so the actual value of a number of human lives becomes a matter for computation. Mrs. Irene Wallach Harris says that her husband's life was worth $1,000,000, whereas the life of Millet is valued at only $100,000. From this we may suppose that the life of Mr. Harris was ten times more valuable than the life of Mr. Millet, which may of course be so, although we should not have supposed it. Now if the public were the claimants in this matter these figures might have reversed. [illegible]. Harris may have been an estimable gentleman, and no doubt he was, but the public would have viewed his loss with a certain amount of financial equanimity. But there is another point to be considered. Efforts were made to show that the owners of the *Titanic* were more concerned for the lives of millionaires than for those of just people. The efforts failed because it was easy to prove that every one fared alike. But the law courts, representatives of nations, are about to do something startlingly like this very thing. They are about to say that one human life is worth millions and that another human life is worth hundreds. Could we blame the *Titanic* owners if they, too, had remembered these inequalities in value and had sought to save first the expensive lives and then the cheaper brands?

It is evident that the Balkan Jews are not filled with enthusiasm by the prospects of good government under their new rulers. The Spanish foreign office has received naturalization applications from eight thousand of these people who wish to become Spanish citizens. It is a fact worth consideration by those whose minds are packed with cold storage ignorances and who talk so loudly of the iniquities of the Turk. These Jews made no move to leave the country while it was governed by Turkey. But as soon as Bulgaria and Servia have made good their victories they recognize that there is nothing left for them but to emigrate.

Why does not our postoffice sometimes initiate a reform instead of compelling us to listen greedily to reports of what other countries are doing? From Canada we hear of postal collection boxes that will sell you a sheet of paper and a stamped envelope, so that you need no more than a nickel to write and mail the note that you forgot to attend to before leaving the office. In Paris you can buy for ten cents at any postoffice a postal card which will hold two hundred words of small writing and which will be delivered to any address in the city in about fifteen minutes, projected to its destination through a pneumatic tube. And now we read of an innovation from New Zealand, where responsible persons may obtain from the postoffice a little machine into which you put your letters and then turn a crank. The machine prints a postage value on each letter and records what it has done so that the collector who visits you periodically has no more to do than open the machine—like the automatic gas meter man—note the amount of your debt, and hold out an expectant hand. Now why does not our postoffice do this kind of thing? Is it due to the tariff, or the higher-ups, or what?

The lady who is so ill-advised as to marry ex-King Manuel of Portugal is anxious, naturally, to be called queen, and the authorities in such matters are not sure as to her rights in the matter. Manuel, they admit, has been deposed, but since he does not "recognize" his deposition he is still king and his wife would therefore be queen. Now if Manuel does not recognize so obvious a fact as his deposition he must be singularly hard of hearing, but deposed he certainly is, and if he is still a king then there is hope for all of us. The aforesaid ill-advised lady is the Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, and therefore presumably some sort of relative of the German emperor. But she has lived all her life in the south and Berlin is said to know nothing of her. But she is wealthy, and doubtless this fact made it quite easy for Manuel to fall in love with her.

And, speaking of Portugal, a kindly correspondent in Europe sends us certain newspaper clippings descriptive of the reign of hell now prevailing in that distracted country. Assassination is a flourishing government industry, prisoners are first convicted upon forged evidence and then fiendishly tortured in jail, while a little group of inquisitors, supreme in their power, are governing the country by a mixture of the methods of the French revolution and of Torquemada. Evidently the dignified republics of the world have no reason to be proud of their scarecrow recruit.

A member of the Morgan family in New York has received a letter from an old lady of ninety living in the heart of New England and asking for some particulars about J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Junius Morgan—father of the late financier—she knew well and had often been in his house, but she can find nothing about the son and would be grateful for particulars. The old lady says: "I take a semi-weekly Hartford paper, a dollar-a-year paper, but can not find anything about it. Please tell me about it if you can. Did he ever marry any one? It is all such a mystery to me." And yet there are still those who pursue fame's fleeting phantom.

It is surprising to learn that Professor Viré, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, and M. Martel, president of the Committee of Scientific Studies at the Ministry of Agriculture, are conducting a series of experiments in "dowsing," more commonly known as divining for water, and that the experiments have been surprisingly successful. Are these gentlemen unaware that "science" has already denounced this method of water finding as a delusion, just as it once denounced the circulation of the blood and the existence of meteorites? It is true enough that "dowsing" has continued from that day to this and that it is usually successful, but that only shows the mental obliquity of those who persist in doing the things that "science" says can not be done. But these eminent gentlemen in France should surely know better.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

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Within the last three years at least five of the larger hotels and cafés of Philadelphia which, in the main, had never before employed other than negro servitors, have dismissed their negro in favor of white help, while other establishments have gone to the extreme of advertising the fact that they do not employ negro servants.

THE HERMIT OF VESUVIUS.

In years gone by—ere yet man's wit
Devised a road of steel—
The patient traveler wound afoot
His upward way—in ardent zeal
To reach, at last, Vesuvius' smoking crest—
'Till there appeared, upon the mountain's lee,
A verdant knoll, inviting rest—
Just midway from the crater to the sea.
And at that time, and on this spot,
There dwelt—the solitude despite—
A "Watcher and an holy one"—
The lonely Eremite.
He set before the hungry bread and wine,
And glad were all the few who passed that way,
For food and drink so simple, yet divine,
Unasked of him, a trifling sum to pay.
The silent years take Man in their embrace
And leave of him the memory alone.
An Hostelry now holds the name and place
Of that demure ascetic who is gone.
Here hundreds come where units came before;
Yet, o'er this sylvan crest and vale and dell,
Still breathes the Hermit-spirit as of yore—
Nor Time nor Change may disenchant the spell.
Know'st thou the charm of semi-solitude—
The busy world in touch yet all remote?
'Tis thus the soul, with nobler thoughts endued,
Best rises from the shackling chains of Rote.
The heart, too fully steeped in earthly cares,
May lose desire to break the sordid bond;
'Tis on the upper levels that one hears
The blessed music from the hights beyond.
Nor yet shall Wisdom's voice be heard of those
Who utterly the God-made world would shun;
Where children, birds, and flowers still dispose
To Faith and Hope and Higher Life begun.
But here we take our stand 'twixt heav'n and earth,
And one is grasped and not the other lost;
Our Hermitage in this shall prove its worth;
No sane, nor sweet, nor right thing to have cost.
At dawn, when gracious Mother Earth—
So mindful of her fairest child—
Gives Italy a glad re-birth,
There broods Quiescence undefiled.
The Siren City, o'er the bay,
Seems floating on the mists of morn:
Where fair Parthenope, they say,
By wavelets of the sea was borne.
While eastward looms the dark, mysterious Cone,
Portentous; grim; long barring from our sight
The sun whose beams, like golden lances thrown,
Are flecking all Campania's plain with light.
This is the border-land. Gray lava-flows
And ash-strewn slopes, by winds of heaven blown,
Here mingle with the flowers, and dispose
That balance which the works of Nature own.
The brightest blooms do glorify the clods;
The ash upon the plant its food bestows;
And Allah's garden comes to meet with God's—
A marriage of the Desert and the Rose.
'Tis Springtime and the merry month of May,
Magenta clover-tops are nodding there,
'Mid poppies red, and open eyes of day,
O'ershadowed by Castagna, tall and fair.
The very air in teeming movement thrills,
With bees and birds and butterflies untold;
While brave Genesta scatters o'er the hills
Her fragrant showers of gold.
And sweet the sense of concord and content
Which over all the joyous scene abounds:
The harmony of color and of scent—
The silence which is born of many sounds.
But what is this? A graceful, shining wreath
Is mounting from the crater to the skies;
While, all about the sun, a vap'rous sheath
Veils half his light, as in a day that dies.
A ruddy glow lies o'er the mountain top;
And all our little universe partakes
Of that red stain—as 'twere about to ope
The underworld itself, Grim Pluto wakes!
Upon the ear there falls a booming sound—
'Tis Vulcan's forge, and now shall we behold
That for which men will go the world around;
As from the unseen vent, with movement bold—
While thunderous explosions rend the air—
Great ash-volutes mount skyward, then unfold;
Until there looms above us, wondrous fair,
The great volcano's "Pine-tree," known of old.
Its opalescent, spreading boughs illumed
By vivid lightnings, flashing ever higher;
And all the whole shot through with ruby gleams
In quick reflection of the hidden fire.
Upon the cone, convulsed, another page
Or drama now unfolds, where wonders teem;
As Demon Lava throws upon the stage
A setting like the substance of a dream.
The mount is shadowed by the spreading pine;
And, through a gloom as of impending storm,
Three shining streams descend the steep incline
In ever changing form.
Of molten garnet, flanked with yellow gold,
And borders as of precious stones aglow.
The glorious rivers swift their course unfold,
In virile majesty of flow;
Then o'er a hidden crest and, falling sheer
In fair cascades of lambent, liquid flames,
Transform to fairy jewels done in fire—
A thousand myriad gleaming, sparkling gems.
Within a sturdy watch-tow'r all immured,
The men observe—the instruments record.
And thus the precious data are secured
A knowledge of the future to afford.
For, from this farthest outpost in the fray,
The banners of a science are unfurled;
And thence, anon, there speeds upon its way
A tranquilizing message to the world.
Th' eruption wanes—'tis but a passing phase—
A vision of delight to all of those
Who, from this vantage-point, in safety, gaze
On marvels which Omnipotence disclose.
The heart and soul of man can but rejoice
To contemplate the workings of these powers,
Which mould the figure and maintain the poise
Of this mysterious, living world of ours.
The day declines, and softly over all—
As westward now the sun his glory flings—
The silence and the gentle twilight fall.
And form and contour flee on shadow's wings.
The beauteous chains of liquid gold alone,
Still shed upon the hights their mellow light,
As darkness shrouds the massive, rugged cone,
And all things seek th' enfolding arms of Night;
To sleep—
While, o'er the Hermitage,
God's stars their vigils keep.

—Frank A. Perret, in Springfield Republican.

TWENTY-THREE WEEKS OF OPERA.

Close of the Metropolitan Season, Which Has Been Long and Brilliant.

It is almost six months since the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House opened brilliantly with "Manon Lescaut." The date, November 11, seems farther away than it is, for the reason that we have had, for the time, perilously near a surfeit of familiar sweets. As commonly applied to operatic performances, the term brilliant fits the season, which closed Saturday night, as well as it did the auspicious opening, but there are other adjectives of value which one would be glad to use and still be sincere and explicit. On the whole, Mr. Gatti-Casazza is to be congratulated. He has done very well all that he attempted. Some of his hopes have not been realized, and if many genuine opera lovers acknowledge a corresponding sense of mild disappointment it is perhaps no more than they should have been prepared for by the experience of the past. Not all of his singers have met his expectations; less of the new, the untried, and the unfamiliar, than some sanguine subscribers looked for, has been presented. Were these matters of artistic interest much more serious than they are there would still be little cause for deep sorrow. On the financial side we are obliged to guess that there is no loss, and with good foundation. Were there an alarming deficit we should have been allowed to overhear rumors of its magnitude.

Appeal to the plain record of the season tends to reassurance. If it has not been a historically important season, it has not been devoid of impressive incidents. Thirty-six operas have been heard, and, strange to say, all save that especial and well-worn favorite, "Rigoletto," more than once. Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" were heard no less than nine times. Wagner enthusiasts, and their number increases, are rejoiced with a record of thirty-five performances of nine works from the list of the German composer-dramatist. No other author was so highly honored. Puccini, the nearest rival, had twenty-eight presentations in all of five of his operas. "Madama Butterfly" alone was heard eight times. There were sixteen performances of five Verdi operas, "Aïda" leading with five presentations. Of new works, the Russian "Boris Godounoff" was the most sensationally successful. It was the subject of an article in a recent issue of the *Argonaut* and I need not say more of it now. Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano" was given five times, though its first presentation was late in February. This is encouraging to those who hope for great things in distinctively American opera. The subject has aspects that can not be treated adequately in a hurried survey. In this connection, however, it may be noted that "The Girl of the Golden West" had only four presentations. So much for an American story opera by an Italian composer, as compared with a French story opera by an American composer.

Proceeding from generalities to particulars, it may be said that some of the productions were as nearly perfect in cast, in setting, and in interpretation as it is reasonable to hope for. Presentations that may unhesitatingly be put in this list are those of "Die Zauberflöte," "Tristan," "Götterdämmerung," "Manon," "Orfeo," "Le Donne Curiose," and, of course, "Boris Godounoff." Of the singers, individually, there is nothing new to be said, except of some of the recruits. Frieda Hempel is easily first among the latter. She has won success, even if she has not attained an eminence that great coloratura singers of the past have reached. Lucrezia Bori has proved herself a useful and dependable singer, with ability to win admiration. Mr. Braun and Mr. Urlus have received merited praise for their work in the Wagner music-dramas. Mr. Polacco, the new conductor, has firmly established himself in popular favor.

The Metropolitan company has bestowed its charms on other audiences during the long season, having appeared fourteen times in Brooklyn, ten times in Philadelphia, and twice in Albany. It goes this week to Atlanta, Georgia, for seven performances. It is, of course, too early to speak of its members in connection with next season. In fact, the subject of opera is the most prominent of all musical topics just now, but it is American opera as talked of by the irrepressible Oscar Hammerstein, opera at popular prices as considered by municipal officials and others, and opera as actually given by numerous lesser organizations of the time in the theatres. Those who hunger for operatic singing, by capable if not world-famous singers, need not go unfed in the weeks that remain between the city dwellers and the summer vacation.

One feature of the Metropolitan season just ended still demands recognition in this review—the visits of the allied Philadelphia-Chicago company. Mr. Dippel's organization gave us five performances, all notable if not particularly impressive. It presented "Hamlet" early in the season, mainly or especially to introduce Titta Ruffo. The much exploited baritone was a mild sensation. "Conchita," which came much later, did not make the entirely favorable impression here that enthusiastic reports from Covent Garden and San Francisco had seemed to forecast. Tarquinia Tarquina was accepted as a temperamental actress and singer of individual gifts, but hardly yet to be placed among those great enough to establish the fame of a new opera or a new composer. Metropolitan conservatism is not alone to be charged with the inconclusiveness of this verdict. Another novelty produced by this company, Kienzl's "Ranz des Vaches" or "Kuhreigen," was no more successful. Let it be set down, nevertheless, that the company has several artists of distinction, who have more than a nominal following among the opera goers of Manhattan. In the morning news I note that Mme. Saltman-Stevens of this organization has been engaged for the Wagner "Ring" performances at Covent Garden, in which she will sing the rôle of Brünnhilde, and that of Sieglinde in "Walküre." We shall surely hear her next season at the Metropolitan again, for Wagner will have an increased showing then. Flaneur.

New York, April 22, 1913.

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One of the most picturesque ceremonies which have come down from the ages is the blessing of the sea, which takes place in Ostend on the first Sunday in July every year. Early on the day a procession forms outside the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul and walks slowly to the Digue de Mer, where a temporary altar is previously erected. A young girl in a white shepherdess dress, and carrying an effigy of the paschal lamb, generally leads the way, and behind her, on the shoulders of four fisherwomen dressed as brides, the figures of the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus is borne aloft. Behind the women come several boys attired as fishermen and carrying sea charts, anchors, fishing nets, and baskets. The procession is completed by lads supporting a large model of a ship.

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As a substitute for glass, sea shells are used to splendid advantage in the Philippines. The windows in the main entrance of the Philippine General Hospital, Manila, are probably as fine a modern example of the use of sea shells as can be obtained. The sea-shell windows may also be seen at their best in the old churches. Manila alone uses in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 Kapas shells each year for windows. The largest-sized shells will square about three inches. These sell for from $4 to $5 per 1000, according to quality. Shells that will form panes of about two square inches sell for anywhere from $1.50 to $3 per 1000, and are used for ordinary purposes, in dwellings, stores, and the like. The shells are translucent and the light comes through them in a soft pearl-gray tone.

◆

As a national Scottish pastime golf may take for its date approximately the middle of the seventeenth century. It was at this time that the game received the patronage which has led to its popular sobriquet, "the sport of kings." James VI had a special "Clubmaker to His Hienes." It was while playing the game on the links at Leith that Charles I received the news of the Irish rebellion in 1642; and the Duke of York, afterwards James II, together with a shoemaker of Edinburgh, participated in the first recorded international match when they successfully upheld the honor of Scotland against the best golfers of England.

◆

Ex-Senator Beveridge is reported to have "practically" predicted in a speech in Michigan that he will be the next President. It would still be a credible dispatch if "practically" were omitted (says the Springfield *Republican*). It recalls that the late President Harrison once pointed Beveridge out to ex-Secretary Knox as "the greatest man in Indiana," and, when Knox in surprise asked for proof, dryly replied: "You don't have to prove it; he admits it."

◆

Natural gas as an automobile fuel is being experimented with in West Virginia, where the largest gas wells in America are located. The gas is compressed in seamless tanks, holding from 300 to 2000 cubic feet, at a cost to the user of about 15 cents per 1000 cubic feet. A well-known car using natural gas made a mileage of 100 on 25 cents' worth of fuel. The same car consumed 20 cents' worth of gasoline in running twenty miles on the same track.

◆

Quebracho bark, one of the chief exports of the Argentine, will tan leather at least three times as fast as the bark of the oak or the hemlock, and in less than ten years fortunes have been made by speculating in quebracho lands. Nearly a million tons of the wood or the dry extract are sent to this country and Europe annually. The growth of the tree is of the slowest, and it is estimated that a thousand years is required to reach maturity.

◆

It is two hundred and thirty-four years since La Salle built and launched the historic *Griffin* on the banks of the Niagara. This little cockleshell was the first boat to be constructed on the Great Lakes by white men, and the first to navigate the inland seas, on its voyage through river and over lake. Today fully one-third of the total tonnage of North America is contained in the vessels that ply among the lake ports.

◆

Early wells in what later developed into the greatest oil region in the country were put down for salt, some being sunk to a depth of 800 feet. Nearly all yielded quantities of petroleum, and some produced nearly all oil, but it was not until the late 'fifties that the commercial value of oil was tested as an illuminant.

◆

The cost of the nickel is an index of the government's profit on the coinage of minor coins. Out of one pound of compound of nickel and copper, costing about 23 cents, the government coins $4.55 worth of five-cent pieces.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Toson Shimazaki, one of Japan's well-known novelists, has started for Paris, where he will study for four years.

Dr. Mary Walker, who scorns to wear woman's attire, has put in an application for the position of national commissioner of pensions.

Judge Vere Speke Alston, judge of the court of appeals of the native tribunal of Cairo, Egypt, for more than fifteen years, is now in this country, and will spend some time in Philadelphia.

Alberic Rolin, recently made director of the library of the Temple of Peace, Holland, through the good offices of the Carnegie Foundation, is professor of international law at Ghent, and secretary of the Institution de Droit International.

Miss Rose Moriarity, who holds the offices of deputy city auditor, deputy city treasurer, clerk of the board of control, and clerk to the director of public safety and public service, of Elyria, Ohio, has paid out over $4,000,000 during the seven years she has been connected with the city's finances.

Dr. Bertha Haven Putnam, instructor in the department of history in Mt. Holyoke College, Massachusetts, has just received the distinguished honor of being elected a fellow of the Royal Historical Society. She has been attending the International Congress of Historians in London as delegate of her college.

Ignatius J. O'Brien, who has just been appointed to succeed Redmond Barry as lord chancellor of Ireland, has been attorney-general of the country for about a year. He was admitted to the Irish bar in 1881, and has served on its general council. In 1911 he became solicitor-general, and last year was raised a step higher.

Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, professor emeritus of Harvard, recognized as one of the foremost theologians, has arrived in Japan, where he will deliver a series of lectures before the leading educational institutions. Five years ago he was the Harvard exchange professor with the Berlin University, where he had a successful season.

Major J. F. A. Strong, the new governor of Alaska, succeeding Walter F. Clark, resigned, is an editor and publisher of Juneau, and has lived in Alaska for fourteen years. He was formerly a newspaper man in California and Washington. For appointment as governor he was endorsed by practically the entire territorial legislature and many citizens.

Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, widow of the Confederate general, is working hard to retain the postmastership at Gainesville, Georgia, and has set many forces to work in her behalf. The women of Gainesville have sent a petition in her favor to Vice-President Marshall, and she herself has telegraphed many Republican senators. During the last presidential campaign Mrs. Longstreet was an active worker in behalf of Theodore Roosevelt.

Charles H. Burr, Jr., who last year won the Harry M. Phillips prize of $2000 with his essay, "The Treaty-Making Power of the United States and the Methods of Its Enforcement as Affecting the Police Powers of the States," and was also crowned by the American Philosophical Society, is a corporation lawyer of Philadelphia. He is a native of that city and was educated at Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. For three years he taught in the university's law schools before taking up the practice of his profession.

Dr. Charles Kendric Babcock, chosen for the office of dean of the new college of liberal arts and sciences of the University of Illinois, is now a specialist in higher education in the government bureau of education at Washington. He was born in South Brookfield, New York, and was educated at the University of Minnesota and at Harvard. He was president of the University of Arizona for seven years. Dr. Babcock has also held a chair in the University of California. He is the author of "The Rise of American Nationality."

Lord Hawke, who arrived in this country recently in company with the Honorable Henry Leveson-Gower to consult Edward Breilung, the Marquette, Michigan, banker, relative to the formation of a land credit banking institution on the same lines as those of France and Germany, is a noted cricketer as well as a landowner. Since 1883 he has been captain of the Yorkshire team. Leveson-Gower is perhaps even better known as a follower of the sport, and has visited this country on several occasions. He first came here as a member of a visiting team in 1897. In 1905-6 he went to South Africa.

Mrs. Henry H. Sevier, who is now actively engaged in a plan to have the famous Texas shrine, the Alamo, restored and beautified, saved it through her own efforts at a time when a hotel corporation proposed to tear it down and erect a hostelry on the site. She started a movement to raise funds for its purchase, but popular subscription falling short of the necessary sum, she paid the remainder herself. The Alamo, thus saved, is now the property of the State of Texas. Mrs. Sevier is a native of the Lone Star State, and is now president of the Texas Society of New York. She has written a novel, a book of sketches, and has had a play produced by the Shuberts.

MONTFAUCON.

When the Winter Wind Howled over the Heights.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Over the heights of Montfaucon the winter wind was blowing fierce and shrill. As it swirled around the crest of that hill, so hated by malefactors, so abhorred by all, it drove before it dense sheets of snow and icy sleet. In the thick gray light of the winter dusk it howled and whistled an eerie refrain that, in its strident yet melancholy tone, resembled the wailings of a human soul in the most dire distress. Now and again a particularly fierce gust whipped the light snow up into tiny spiral clouds and sent it whirling away out toward the city below. On the hill itself was no sign of life, only one sign of man's handiwork attested the fact that here, too, on this desolate crest, man once had been.

On the very peak of the hill, silhouetted sharply and distinctly against the sky, stood the gibbet, the ill-famed gibbet of Montfaucon, stretching its gaunt black arms out toward the north and south, as if pronouncing an eternal curse upon the sins of mankind. Seldom empty, the grewsome structure bore tonight a triple burden, for three bodies hung from its awesome height, one at each end of the cross arms and one hanging from an iron staple directly in the middle. The merciful darkness shrouded to some extent the full horror of the corpses' condition, but one could even yet discern the white bones that showed distinctly through the tatters of cloth that flapped and fluttered around the ghastly skeletons. The heads had sunk forward on their bosoms, but now and again, as a particularly fierce gust shook the gibbet and rattled the chains in which the bodies hung, the faces of the two thieves hanging at the ends of the cross-bars would be jerked upward and the grinning teeth and eyeless sockets would nod grotesquely for a moment ere they flopped forward again into the shadow of their shoulders. Only the head of the figure hanging in the middle from the iron staple remained mercifully shadowed by the upright of the gibbet.

Once a solitary raven flapped disconsolately up to the summit of the hill, fluttered around the heads of the corpses, and then seemingly convinced that there were no longer any remnants of satisfaction for his carrion craving, perched for a moment upon one of the cross arms. Thrice the raven stretched its draggled wings, and then with a hoarse croak wheeled off on a gust of the wind that tossed him hither and thither in its tempestuous rush.

Down below the city lay black and gloomy, straggling along the banks of the winding river, now coated with its film of ice. Here and there a fitful light gleamed across the cold stretches of snow, but for the most part the houses lay cold and dark and the narrow streets deserted, save where a hungry dog sneaked shivering in search of shelter from the winter's blast. Far in the distance the baleful glow of fire bespoke a burning farm-house, token of the civil war which in that fourteenth century had devastated the whole of France and reduced this queen among the nations to a position of dread and desolation that has seldom been paralleled in history. Miserable Paris was beset from without by two warring armies and harassed from within by innumerable bands of skulking murderers and plunderers, even more to be feared than the natural enemies from beyond its walls. Small wonder, then, that the lights of the town were feeble, for who dared set up a beacon to lure to his threshold a band of human wolves who would think nothing of murdering him and his family for a mere crust of bread. Small wonder, too, that the gibbet of Montfaucon was ever overburdened with its ghastly freight of human bodies. Indeed, it was strange that so few as three corpses swung from the gibbet's arms; but of late the armies of the Duke of Orleans had so closely pressed the beleaguered city that justice had found little time for its proper exercise and in consequence the throng of thieves and murderers that infested the miserable town had enjoyed themselves with little fear of retribution. Only the wanton slaughter of an inoffensive priest had so aroused the authorities that they had found time to convict the murderers and sling them in chains from the gibbet of Montfaucon.

Even in those troublous times the affair had caused not a little stir, for the victims of dilatory justice were no other than the celebrated Master François Villon and his bosom comrades, Gaston le Loup and Le Petit Thibault. The two latter, it is true, had not been definitely implicated in the matter, but their previous records had been sufficiently black to warrant their dancing upon thin air on the bleak summit of Montfaucon. But Master François had been caught red-handed in the act, and neither the name of his father or the over-tried patience of the king had availed to save him from his final atonement. So tonight, in the cold sleet of the winter's wind, Master François Villon—the Villon who had joked with princes and japed at kings, who had been loved alike by queens and courtesans, feared alike by thieves and nobles, who had been warder and prisoner, judge and criminal, poet and panderer—kicked his heels together in his last gay dance.

One by one the lights of the city were snuffed out, until darkness lay over the plain; even the lurid glow in the north died away until only a tinge of orange in the night sky showed where the marauding army had worked its ill. Then even that trace was blotted out by the heavy curtain of wind-blown sleet. Black darkness closed down like a blanketing mantle, and only the gaunt gibbet showed, clear and sharp, against the sullen sky.

Then down at the foot of the hill there sounded the faint noise of something shuffling through the snow. Faint and indistinct at first, muffled in the thick softness of the snow, now clearer and more close came the footsteps. Then slowly up the ridge of the hill came a figure, a small, bent figure, cloaked and hooded, plodding wearily yet doggedly through the winter sleet, head down to the gale. Reaching the crest of the hill the figure paused for a moment, then pushed forward to the foot of the gibbet. As the form approached one could see that it was the figure of a woman, scantily garbed, and wrapped in a threadbare shawl, the meagre ends of which were held closely together so that the biting wind might not seize them and whip them from her stooped shoulders. Slowly and with trembling steps the old woman—for old woman she was—advanced to the foot of the gibbet. Arrived there her strength seemed to fail and she sank into the snow. And still the wild wind raved and the bitter sleet beat over the hill of Montfaucon.

Once the huddled figure in the snow strained upward as if to touch the body of him who hung in the middle of the three, but strength lacked for the task, and sobbing weakly the pitiful figure dropped back to the snow. Slowly and softly the great flakes covered the inert form, until only a white mass showed where the woman had knelt. Once more the figure moved: and this time, kneeling at the foot of the gibbet, the woman prayed in a hoarse whisper for the soul of her only son, the son that dangled there in the winter's night on the grim gibbet of Montfaucon.

The words of the prayer came fainter and fainter and finally ceased, but still the old mother knelt there, her face against the cold hardness of the upright, her arms stretched above her head grasping feebly at the splintered wood. Gradually her body swayed ever so slightly and it seemed that in a moment she must slide down again to the foot of the gibbet.

Then slowly it seemed that the whirl of the gale lessened and that the sleet ceased to fall. Through the gloom there came a clear, radiant light that fell upon the gibbet; and a soft, mild breeze heavy with the scent of flowers stole over the summit of the hill. Then, on a sudden, the snow was gone and in its place, glistening in the strange light, grew tall, white lilies that breathed their fragrance through the soft air, while over all waved the tall green fronds of the palms. Around and about hovered soft voices, now separate and distinct, now melting and blending into a rapturous harmony.

The mean figure at the foot of the gibbet roused herself once more and looked about her in wondering awe; then raising her eyes she sought the spot where her son had hung. There, still rattling in their chains, the two thieves dangled, but the middle place was empty. For just in front of her, holding out his arms, stood her son, Francois Villon, his face transfigured, the lines of sin and shame washed out; while from his glorified face there shone the light of love and salvation.

With a glad sob the old woman struggled to her feet, and then swaying slipped back to the ground and lay still.

And again the winter wind howled over the heights of Montfaucon and the three corpses swung rattling in their chains. Kingsley Moses.

San Francisco, May, 1913.

◆

Recently there died in Washington, D. C., John Brooks Henderson, who drafted the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery, and scarcely less important was his service in voting against the impeachment of President Johnson. When the war broke out Henderson was a slaveholder himself, and he had been an elector on the Douglas-Bell ticket in 1860. Lincoln realized the importance of having a border man write the amendment, and Henderson consented to act. His Missouri constituents burned him in effigy, cursed him, and demanded his resignation, but he was satisfied. Mr. Henderson was in his eighty-seventh year at the time of his death. He had not been in active life for some years.

◆

One of the most sacred places in China, the Altar of Heaven, has been thrown open to the public. For centuries it was jealously guarded as a place where none but the Son of Heaven could sacrifice. It was sealed from the people and regarded with holy reverence on their part. But when permission was at last given for vulgar eyes to pry into the mysteries of the holy of holies, great multitudes from Peking poured out of the city to see the sight, which shows the modern trend of affairs in the new republic.

◆

The net earnings of corporations in the calendar year 1912 were $3,000,000,000, an increase of $250,000,000 over the earnings of 1911. This sum will yield the government $30,000,000 in corporation taxes alone, or eight per cent more than the tax amounted to a year ago.

◆

During 1912 there sailed from the port of New York 558,649 passengers.

HAGENBECK, THE ANIMAL KING.

Remarkable Career of the Famous Trainer and Dealer.

Karl Hagenbeck, the world's most famous collector of and dealer in wild beasts, died recently in his native city, Hamburg, at the age of sixty-nine. His zoölogical park at Stellingen, where he spent most of his time in latter years, contained wonders from the far ends of the earth, and was maintained in a manner nearly approaching conditions in which the wild animals live in their natural state.

In 1848 the elder Hagenbeck became interested in the possibilities of training and disposing of animals, having had some little experience since he had acquired a few performing seals and a polar bear. That marked the turning point in the son's career, and the remainder of his life was devoted to the work which fascinated and delighted him, and at the same time paid him well. He spent vast sums in equipping expeditions to all parts of the world in search of wild creatures for his gardens, as well as for dealers in many countries. He had, according to the estimate in his book, over two thousand animals in his gardens near Hamburg.

His success in handling and taming animals lay in his kindly nature, and it was his belief that a trainer could accomplish wonders by refraining from any form of harshness. "You can do nothing with animals except by kindness," he once said. "In order to have patience with animals you must have faith in them and confidence in yourself. Kindness will always rule an animal."

He began to house a collection of the representative animals of many lands in 1875, accompanied by troupes of the natives of the respective countries. The educational advantage of these exhibitions was officially recognized by the French government, and in 1901 France awarded him the diploma of the Academy. It was Hagenbeck who stocked the great circuses of the world impartially, and it was he who provided the London Zoo and other zoos with rare animals, winning for himself a reputation for absolute honesty and fairness. P. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London, thus describes him:

> There called on me a tall, lean man, with a bony, weather-beaten face, shaven lips and a short grizzled beard of the kind known as "chin-fringe." His shrewd and kindly face, slow speech, with nasal intonations and general air of confident but watchful friendliness, made the impression of an individuality very unlike the composite photograph I have in my mind of the Germans I know. But for the presence of a German accent and the absence of the tobacco habit, Karl Hagenbeck might pass for a New England ship captain.

A few years before his death Hagenbeck wrote a history of himself and business, and speaking of noted men with whom he had had business connections he said of Phineas T. Barnum, who on his first visit to Hamburg purchased over $15,000 worth of animals:

> He was touring Europe, he told me, in search of new ideas, and as I was able to supply him with some such (among other things I told him about the racing elephants of India and of the use of ostriches as saddle animals), he paid me the compliment of inviting me to join him in his enterprise, with a one-third share of the profits. I preferred, however, to remain in Hamburg, and develop my own business. After this Barnum obtained his animals exclusively from me, and his successor, Mr. Bailey, continued this arrangement until 1907, when he disposed of his business.

In the 'seventies, while Cassanova, the famous hunter, lay at death's door, he sent word to Hagenbeck to hasten to Suez and relieve him of what proved to be the largest collection of African animals that the collector ever received. Hagenbeck describes the scene at Suez:

> On entering the station at Suez we were greeted by some of our prospective pets, for in another train opposite we saw several elephants and giraffes, who pushed out their heads to welcome us. This, however, scarcely prepared us for what met our gaze when we reached the Suez Hotel. I shall never forget the sight which the courtyard presented. Elephants, giraffes, antelopes, and buffaloes were tethered to the palms; sixteen great ostriches were strolling about loose; and in addition there were no fewer than sixty large cages containing a rhinoceros, lions, panthers, cheetahs, hyenas, jackals, civets, caracals, monkeys, and many kinds of birds.
>
> It was naturally no easy matter to transport this immense collection of wild beasts to Europe. The amount of food required was enormous. Besides the hay, bread, and sundry other vegetable foods which were needed for the elephants and other herbivores, we also took along with us about a hundred nanny-goats in order to provide the young giraffes and other baby animals with milk. When these goats were no longer able to supply us with milk they were slaughtered and given to the young carnivores to devour.

After exciting adventures with his queer cargo he arrived at Trieste:

> Pretty near the whole population of Trieste must have turned out to watch us unload. And whenever an elephant or a giraffe came sprawling across in the crane a roar of delight would go up from the multitude on shore. It was truly marvelous that we ever reached the railway station without an accident, for the crowd in the streets was enormous, and we had the greatest possible difficulty in making our way through. We traveled to Hamburg via Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, and as some of our possessions found new homes in the Zoölogical Gardens in each of those cities our numbers were greatly reduced by the time we finally arrived at our destination.

One of his most remarkable transactions developed in 1905, when he carried out an order for one thousand dromedaries for the German government. The contract called for delivery of at least three hundred animals on the first shipment, together with a suitable saddle for each. Hagenbeck was to procure the consignment in East Africa and deliver it to German Southwest Africa. He had, as always, trusted agents everywhere, and orders were hurried which set the human machinery in immediate action: So well and quickly did Hagenbeck carry out the commission that the government promptly ordered another thousand.

His last achievement was a model ostrich farm, from which excellent results were obtained. Its fame attracted the attention of Emperor William, who paid it a visit, and inspected the farm with lively satisfaction.

Hagenbeck's fame in this country was enormously increased by his success as an exhibitor of wild animals at the Chicago World's Fair. The Hagenbeck menagerie and circus was one of the great sights of the Midway. Later he became interested in permanent exhibitions in this country and bought an interest in circus enterprises. He was a large stockholder in the Hagenbeck & Wallace circus, which, in winter quarters at Peru, Indiana, was practically wiped out by the recent floods that brought calamity to Indiana.

◆

Dr. James Kendall Hosmer tells of many choice literary gatherings in the chapters of his book of reminiscences, "The Last Leaf." This is a paragraph which explains itself:

> Such a symposium was once held in special honor of Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, a transient visitor. "Dr. Emerson," said a guest, "in the diary of your father just edited by you occurs a passage which needs illumination. 'Edward and I tried this morning for three-quarters of an hour to get the calf into the barn without success. The Irish girl stuck her finger into his mouth and got the calf in in two minutes. I like folks that can do things.' Now," said the guest, "we all know what became of Emerson, we all know what became of Edward, for you are here tonight, but what became of the Irish girl and the calf?" Dr. Emerson laughingly explained the probable fate of the girl and the calf, and in the hilarity that followed, the question arose as to why the Irish girl's finger had been so persuasive. I, city-bred and green as grass as to country lore, rashly attempted to explain; the inserted finger gave a good purchase on the calf which in its pain became at once tractable, but the men present who had been farm-boys, with loud laughter ridiculed the suggestion. Did I not know that nature had provided a conduit through which the needed sustenance was conveyed from the maternal udder, and that it was quite possible to delude the unsuspecting calf into the belief that the slyly inserted finger was that conduit? The triumph of the Irish girl was explained, and I sank back, covered with confusion. Fiske, however, blurted out: "Why, I never should have thought of that in all my life," whereat he too became the target of ridicule.

◆

An entire village of houses has been built in Alberta, Canada, without the use of nails. These houses have been built (says the Detroit *Dispatch*) by Ruthenian immigrants, and their architecture is novel. The first attempts at house-building are usually of the kind they had been accustomed to over in Europe, and their buildings are of the typical Ruthenian style—log, pitch roof, thatched, and wide in the eaves. In many cases these buildings are put up without a dollar's worth of hardware. The door is of hewn logs, unnailed. The roof, as the favorite Russian roof always is, is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross-woven wheat straw, ten inches thick, packed tight and solid, and laid with such care that it will shed the weather for twenty years.

◆

Beer was brewed and drunk by the Egyptians, the exact date of its origin being lost in the remote ages. But that it was enjoyed in the flourishing times of Egypt is settled beyond controversy. So far as can be learned the materials from which beer was then made were substantially the same as today. Beer appeared in Greece several centuries before the Christian era and was probably much the same in character as that brewed by the Egyptians; the Greeks, in all likelihood, acquiring a knowledge of its manufacture through commerce with that land. They, in turn, handed it on to the Romans, and by those hardy empire-builders it was spread broadcast over the ancient world.

◆

Recently there died in Belgium the last of that band of railroad conductors who announced the departure of the train with a blast from a brass bugle. The custom was suppressed in 1860, but up to that time all railroad conductors were furnished with the wind instrument, which they were required to become proficient on before entering the service. It was a picturesque sight to see the departure of a train from a small station, where half the village turned out to see the train and its occupants. Three notes were sounded on the bugle, and they had many significances, from the mere starting of a train to the call for help in case of an accident.

◆

Punta Arenas, the southernmost city in the world, at the gateway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, now has a population—decidedly cosmopolitan—of more than 12,000. It is listed as one of the big wool shipping ports, and sends out something like 16,000,000 pounds a season. It is well lighted by electricity, has waterworks, two theatres, is well supplied with schools, and has quite a number of public buildings. The severity of the climate has not been allowed to keep it back on the road to prosperity, and some private residences especially testify to the substantial and permanent character of civilization in this latitude.

◆

Never before since the day of Jackson has the President's Cabinet been without a representative from New England. Five of the members were born in the South, two on British soil, one in the Middle West, two in the East. The oldest man in the group is fifty-three years of age.

◆

Thirty-two years ago women were admitted to the Massachusetts bar to practice as lawyers on an equality with men. Today of the 2800 lawyers in the Boston directory only sixty are women.

UNCLE SAMBUQ'S FORTUNE.

How Riches Came to a Fisherman.

Patron Trefume, a Marseilles fisherman, had told the story of his rich uncle Sambuq, and had figured out the inheritance he expected to receive from him so many times, that at last he had come to believe in both the uncle and the inheritance. The truth of the matter was that this Pierre Sambuq, a worthless fellow, had embarked in his youth as a cabin-boy on an American schooner and had never been heard from afterwards. This was all too simple for the good folks of the Marseilles region, so they drew upon their imaginations for embellishments.

One fine day Trefume made the acquaintance of a sailor who had just returned from a voyage to the United States. He told the man the story of his rich uncle. Wishing to gain favor, also to show his knowledge of matters beyond the sea, the sailor said that he had seen several times on the docks of New York an enormously rich man who resembled the uncle as described as one drop of water resembles another.

Nothing more was needed to give stability to the legend. At first the rich man only resembled Sambuq. Later he was Sambuq himself. Then further details were added to the story. Sambuq was not merely rich; he was a nabob, the possessor of plantations, slaves, gold mines, oil wells, and all the other appurtenances commonly attributed to a rich uncle in America.

The sailor added more facts still. The rich man had spoken to him and sent a message to the friends at home.

"Tell them I have not forgotten them," he had said. "They are to be patient and not worry. They will lose nothing by waiting."

The Trefumes became the object of envy to their neighborhood. Their intimates talked to them of little besides the inheritance they would one day receive, and even went so far as to hint that an early death on the part of the uncle would not be such a very great calamity.

The Trefumes themselves were more patient. "Let him live as long as the good Lord wishes; we aren't the ones to press matters."

Nevertheless at Endoune, on the wall of the fisher's hut, whose only opening looked out on the sea, a cousin, a decorator by trade, had painted a sort of fairy-like palace, in which were grotesquely intermingled suggestions of the Alhambra and of Venice, with minarets, cupolas, hanging gardens, a Bridge of Sighs, and various other features. This was meant to represent the cabin as it would appear when reconstructed, after the inheritance.

So these good people lived on in happiness, rich in believing themselves to be rich, so easily do the real and the imaginary intermingle in simple minds.

Then, when such a thing was least expected, there came a letter from New York, bearing the stamp of the French embassy. Patron Trefume carried it around with him a whole day, showing it to the neighbors, but not venturing to break the seal. In the evening, he opened it solemnly, with trembling fingers, in the presence of his family. From its bulk one would have thought it stuffed with bank bills, but it was found to contain only the death certificate of Pierre Sambuq.

"So he is dead," said the wife.

"Yes, he is dead," echoed the husband.

A deep silence then fell, and notwithstanding the length of time since they had seen their relative, they forced themselves to shed a few tears. This pious duty accomplished, the woman remarked: "How is it, I wonder, that your ambassador said nothing about the inheritance?"

"You would like it, I suppose, if he had spoken of that right away, as if he thought we were starving," replied the man indignantly. "That wouldn't be proper. He'll send us another letter soon."

Unfortunately, the other letter never came. But the seeds of discontent had been sown, and from this time Patron Trefume knew no rest. His pleasant dreams gave place to a fever, a burning thirst for gold. He thought only of millions, and all his former pleasures palled upon him. He finally decided to go to America and find out about things for himself. There was no opposition, so he started at once. He traveled by rail to Havre, where he embarked on a transatlantic liner.

The size and splendor of the great ship, and the number of passengers who appeared to be quite at home amidst all the unheard-of magnificence, filled Trefume with an awe that was almost religious. He spoke to no one, but passed his time wandering around the deck or watching the waves, calculating their probable height.

It was not until the last day that he remembered the object of his voyage. Then he began to be seriously concerned. His speech returned, and he tried to tell his business to the purser—a compatriot of his, in whom he had the greatest confidence for that reason. But the purser was too busy on the eve of landing to listen, and wishing to get rid of the good man, he referred him to two passengers, Americans evidently, who had kept entirely to themselves all the way across.

"Those gentleman can give you more information than I can," he said. "They know all about New York."

In his anxiety to meet the men who knew all about New York, and who could tell him, doubtless, just where to go to find the French embassy, Trefume attached himself to their footsteps, following them everywhere, and trying to engage them in conversation. The strangers did not take kindly to these advances, however, and they promptly turned their backs upon the unlucky Trefume whenever they saw him approaching.

Meanwhile, their curiosity being excited by the appearance and manner of the strange man, they questioned the purser, who, being something of a practical joker, replied: "You know there has been a great robbery in Paris lately. Well, I'll bet that man is Ernest, our greatest detective, disguised as a fisherman so as to track the thieves without exciting suspicion."

After this information the two Americans shut themselves up in their cabin and did not even come out to admire the harbor of New York, when everybody else was on deck.

Upon landing, Trefume sought everywhere for the embassy, but as he could not speak a word of English, no one could give him the desired information. He wandered about, bewildered by the network of streets, until he was ready to drop from sheer weariness.

Suddenly, in the throng, he spied a familiar face—one of the Americans he had seen on the steamer. He was sure of this, although the man was dressed differently and had had his beard cut off.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" he shouted.

The man heard and started to run; but this time he could not escape. Trefume saw in him his last hope, and was urged on by the courage of despair. He kept close to the heels of his victim, who, exhausted at last, took refuge in a saloon. Trefume followed him.

"Pardon me," he began, "I should like to know if by chance——"

The American turned pale.

"Hush!" he said in excellent French. "Don't attract any attention. Let's go and sit down in that corner."

Trefume had no objection, and the man continued: "I know why you came to New York. Are you willing to come to an agreement with us?"

"Why not?" said Trefume, thinking reference was made to the inheritance.

"Well, then, in this purse there are forty thousand francs in bank-notes. If you wish, they are yours, together with an equal sum that a stranger will deliver to you when *La Bretagne* weighs anchor. The ship leaves this evening, and you are to leave with her. Is it agreed?"

"It is!"

"Now get out of here and remember that we have never met."

Trefume made a few useless efforts to understand. He accepted the money, however. A hundred thousand francs is no small sum; besides, he had had quite enough of New York.

The agreement was loyally kept on both sides. And that was how Patron Trefume, being taken by robbers for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital.

The good man never quite understood how it all came about, but that did not worry him greatly. He even insists, on his days at the bank, when he goes out to sip a demi-tasse in the Café Turc, that in promptness and dispatch in business matters the Americans certainly excel any other people on the face of the earth.—*Translated for the Argonaut by H. Twitchell from the French of Paul Arène.*

◆

Francis K. Kimball, who provided the basic idea for modern caisson foundation construction, entered the employ of a builder at the age of fourteen, and has devoted his life to that line of work. He stopped designing and building to serve in the Civil War, but has suffered no interruption since. At one time he went to England, where he was engaged as supervising architect of Trinity College. The caisson idea came to him while erecting a building in New York. Treacherous sands were encountered, compelling him to seek a new method for excavating for the foundation. His career has been marked by originality, and he has overcome many obstacles in construction and established many precedents in method. He is a member of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

◆

Following the cash offer of $10,000 made by the New Haven and Hartford Railroad for a device that would automatically stop a train after it had run past danger signals thousands of responses were received, but only five per cent were deemed in any way practicable. The remainder were too absurd for more than a single glance. Even of the plans that were considered practicable there were only two that the experts deemed worthy of trial. One of these, it is expected, may solve the problem. In the effort to win the prize inventors from all parts of this country as well as from Europe and Asia contended.

◆

In Servia and Montenegro alike many blind, lame, or crippled minstrels eke out a comfortable existence in traveling from town to town with the ancient one-stringed lute and singing to the peasant the deeds of their fathers and the ancient glory of Servia. From the fourteenth century to the present day every national hero has been immortalized in verse by humble versifiers. The authors of this wealth of epic poetry must forever remain unknown, but the verses themselves have been preserved, not in the books or upon paper, but in the memories of the people.

◆

Harlakenden House, where President Wilson will spend the summer, is a picturesque place at Cornish, New Hampshire. It contains about thirty rooms, of which sixteen are sleeping chambers. The house stands on a cliff at the edge of the Connecticut River.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE.

H. M. Tomlinson Describes a Voyage to the Brazils and Through the Forests of the Amazon.

The author of this remarkable maritime record tells us that as he was shaking a metaphorical fist at the routine of his city life his sailor friend said, "Then why don't you chuck it?" By way of elucidation he added, "Give it up, and come with me." And when the author asked conclusively, "What shall I do about all this?" waving an arm toward the city and its daily bondage, his nautical friend replied, "*That.* Oh, damn that."

The invitation to "come with me" implied an immediate embarkation on the tramp steamer *Capella* to Para in the Brazils, thence 2000 miles along the forests of the Amazon and Madeira Rivers to the San Antonio Falls, afterwards returning to Barbados for orders and going by way of Jamaica to Tampa in Florida. The *Capella* was not an attractive ship. She was intended strictly for utility. Indeed she was so evidently utilitarian that a dock loafer ejaculated "O Gord" when assured by the author that he actually intended to accompany her. But it was too late to withdraw without incurring the penalties for desertion, as he had duly "signed on" as purser for the inconsiderable remuneration of one shilling per month.

The journey seems to have been an educational one so far as the aforesaid purser was concerned, and enjoyable only to the mind avid for knowledge. Somewhere between Senegambia and Trinidad we find the following entry in the author's diary after a description of the diplomacy by which the crew were persuaded to take precautionary doses of quinine concealed, to the sense of sight, in gin:

> "The moon later was quite obscured, and the steamer ceased to exist except where in my heated cabin the smoky oil lamp showed me my dismal cubicle. I went in and sat on the mate's sea-chest. The mate was on duty. On the wash-stand was his mug of cocoa, and on top of the mug two thick sandwiches of bread and meat. That food was black with cockroaches. The oil lamp stank, but gave little light. The engines were throbbing, and out of the open door I saw the gleam of the wash, and heard its harassing note. I could not read. I loathed the idea of getting into the hot bunk and lying there, stewing, a clear, keen clangor of thoughts making sleep impossible. The mate appeared, drove off the cockroaches cheerfully, examined the sandwiches for inconspicuous deer, opening each to make sure, and then muffled himself with one. My God! I could have killed him with these two hands. What right had he to be cheerful? But he is such a ginger-headed boy, and to break that unconsciously happy smile of his would be sacrilege. Besides, he began to tell me about his sweetheart. Her portrait hangs in our cabin. It is an enlargement. You pay for the frame and the photographer, overjoyed I suppose, gives you the enlargement. I prefer the second engineer's sweethearts, who are in colors, and are Dutch picture postcards and cuttings from French comic papers; and he calls them his recollections of Sundays at home. I listened, patient and kind, to the second mate's reminiscences of rapturous evening walks under the lamps of Swansea with this girl in the picture—no doubt it eased his heart to tell me—till I could have howled aloud, like the dog who hears music at night. Then I broke away, and ran to the chief's cabin for sanctuary."

The arrival at Para meant an inspection by the Brazilian officials, and for a time the ship was left in charge of "a tall and majestic Latin with dark eyes of nobility and brooding melancholy" and who stole the author's field glasses that had been left momentarily unwatched. At the agent's office there was a conversation with the English shipping clerk:

> He was a pallid fellow with a contemplative smile, and with weary eyes and tired movements. "I know all that," he said. "It's a bit of a hole. Still—you'd be surprised. There's a lot here you don't see at first. It's big. All out here"—he waved his arm west inclusively—"it's a world with no light yet. You get lost in it. But you're going up. You'll see. The other end of the forest is as far from the people in the streets here as London is—it's farther—and they know no more about it. I was like you when I first came. I gave the place a week, and then reckoned I knew it near enough. Now, I'm—well, I'm half afraid of it . . . not afraid of anything I can see . . . I don't know. There's something damn strange about it. Something you never can find out. It's something that's been here since the beginning, and it's too big and strong for us. It waits its time. I can feel it now. Look at those palm trees, outside. Don't they look as if they're waiting? What are they waiting for? You get that feeling here in the afternoon when you can't get air, and the rain clouds are banking up round the woods, and nothing moves. 'Lord,' said a fellow to me when I first came, 'tell us about Peckham. But for the spicy talk about yellow fever I'd think I was dead and waiting wide awake for the judgment day.' That's just the feeling. As if something dark was coming and you couldn't move. There the forest is, all round us. Nobody knows what's at the back of it. Men leave Para, going up river. We have a drink in here, and they go up river, and don't come back."

The shipping clerk was communicative on many topics. He had known a Captain Davis of Barry, and "over his left eye he had a funny hairy wart." But the shipping clerk may tell his own story:

> "He told me he knew a man in Barry who'd got a fine pub—a little gold mine. He said there was a stuffed bear at the pub and it brought lots of customers. Seemed to think I must know the place. He said he was going to try to get an alligator for the chap who kept the pub. The alligator could stand on its hind legs at the other side of the door, with an electric bulb in its mouth, like a lemon. That was his fine idea. He reckoned that would bring customers. Then old Davis started to fidget about. I began to think he wanted to tell me something, and I wondered what the deuce it was. I thought it was money. It generally is. At last he told me. He wanted one of those dried Indian heads for that pub. 'You know what I mean,' he said. 'The Indians kill somebody, and make his head smaller than a baby's, and the hair hangs down all round.'
>
> "Have you ever seen one of those heads? The Indians bone 'em, and stuff 'em with spice and gums, and let 'em dry in the sun. They don't look nice. I've seen one or two."
>
> "But I tried to persuade him to let the head go. The government has stopped that business, you know. Got a bit too thick. If you ordered a head, the Johnnies would just go out and have somebody's napper."

Captain Davis had sailed away and the shipping clerk had heard no more of him, but a year or so later he met an American civil engineer who had been up country and had brought back a whole lot of curiosities, including one of these tiny mummy heads. "He held out the opened packet in his hand, and there was a brown core to it. 'I reckon that is thousands of years old,' said the American. It was a little dried head, no bigger than a cricket ball, and about the same color. . . . The features were quite plain, and there was a tiny wart over the left eye-brow. 'I bet you that's thousands of years old,' said the American. 'I bet you it isn't two,' I said."

The heat on the Amazon was terrific and the danger of disease correspondingly great:

> Under the shadow of the awning aft, in his deck chair, the doctor is preparing our defenses by sounding a profound volume on tropical diseases. This gives us but little confidence; though, as to our surgeon, recently I overheard one fireman to another, "I tell yer the—doc's a man. That's what he is." (This is the result of the gin with the quinine.) Yet, good man as he is, his book on the consequences of the tropics is so large that we fear we all can not escape so many impediments to joy. But our health's guardian is careful we do not anticipate anything from peeps into the mysteries. He never leaves his big book about, much as some of us would like to see the pictures in it, after what the donkey-man told us.
>
> This is how it was. Donkey, in spite of instructions, and I know how emphatic the skipper usually is, slept on deck away from his mosquito bar a few nights ago. He said at the time that he wasn't afraid of them little fanciful biters, or something of the kind. I have no doubt the doctor would have had some trouble in making clear to Donkey's understanding exactly what are the links, delicate but sure, between mosquitoes and dissolution and decay in man. So he showed Donkey a picture. I wish I knew what it was—but the surgeon preserves the usual professional reticence in the affairs of his patients. For now Donkey is convinced it is very bad to sleep outside his curtain, and when he tries to tell us how unwholesome such sleeping can be, just at the point when he gets most entertaining his vocabulary wears into holes and tatters. You could not conjure that man from his curtain now, no, not if you showed him, in a vision, Cardiff, and the fairy lights of all its dock hotels. I know that in the doctor's book there is a picture of a negro who acquired, in a superb way, a wonderful form of elephantiasis, for the doctor showed it to me once, as a treat, when he thought I was growing slack and bored.

The butterflies, gorgeous with color, attracted the author's attention, as well as other winged shapes, sometimes so large and grotesque as to cause uncertainty as to their aggressive qualities:

> Then there are the other things which, so far as most of us know, have no names, though a sailor, wringing his hands in anguish, is usually ready with a name. Today we had such a visitor. He looked a fellow the doctor might require, so I marked him down when he settled near a hatch on the after-deck. He was a bee the size of a walnut, and habited in dark blue velvet. In this land it is wise to assume that everything bites or stings, and that when a creature looks dead it is only carefully watching you. I clapped the net over that fellow and instantly he appeared most dead. Knowing he was but shamming, and that he would give me no assistance, I stood wondering what I could do next; then the cook came along. The cook saw the situation, laughed at my timidity with tropical forms, went down on his knees, and caught my prisoner. The cook raised a piercing cry.
>
> On the bridge I saw them leveling their glasses at us; and some engineers came to their cabin doors to see us where we stood on the lonely deck, the cook and the purser, in a tableau of poignant tragedy. The cook walked round and round, nursing his suffering member, and I did not catch all he said, for I know very little Dutch; but the spirit of it was familiar, and his thumb was bleeding badly. The bee had resumed death again. The state of the cook's thumb was a surprise till the surgeon exhibited the bee's weapons, when it became clear that thumbs, especially when Dutch and rosy, like our cook's, afforded the right medium for an artist who worked with a tail that was a stiletto.

The yellow fever mosquito was always on hand and to be guarded against, but far more interesting was the mantis, green in color and four inches long. The captain had captured a specimen and was trying to persuade it to respond to the name of Edwin:

> This mantis is an entertaining freak, and can easily keep an audience watching it for an hour, if the day is dull. Edwin, in color and form, is as fresh, fragile, and translucent as a leaf in spring. He has a long thin neck—the stalk to his wings, as it were—which is quite a third of his length. He has a calm, human face with a pointed chin at the end of his neck; he turns his face to gaze at you without moving his body, just as a man looks backwards over his shoulder. This uncanny mimicry makes the chief shake with mirth. Then, if you alarm Edwin, he springs round to face you, frilling his wings abroad, standing up and sparring with his long arms, which have hooks at their ends. At other times he will remain still, with his hands clasped up before his face, as though in earnest devotion, for a trying period. If a fly alights near him, he turns his face that way and regards it attentively. Then sluggishly he approaches it for closer scrutiny. Having satisfied himself it is a good fly, without warning his arms shoot out and that fly is hopelessly caught in the hooked bands. He eats it, I repeat, as you do apples, and the authentic mouthfuls of fly can be seen passing down his glassy neck. Edwin is fragile as a new leaf in form, has the same delicate color, and has fascinating ways; but somehow he gives the observer the uncomfortable thought that the means to existence on this earth, though intricately and wonderfully devised, might have been managed differently. Edwin, who seems but a pretty fragment of vegetation, is what we call a lie. His very existence rests on the fact that he is a diabolical lie.

The daily dosing with quinine has already been mentioned. It was tolerated because of its envelope of gin, and at last it was regarded as a privilege to be sought for and a right to be demanded:

> There was one of our stokers, and one night he was drunk on stolen gin, and latitudinous, and so attempted a curious answer to the second engineer, who sought him out in the forecastle concerning work. Now the second engineer is a young man who has a number of photographs of himself which display him, clad but in vanity and shorts, back, front, and profile, arms folded tightly to swell his very large muscles. He has really a model figure, and he knows it. The cut over the stoker's nose was a bad one.
>
> To the surgeon the stoker went, early next morning, actually for a hair of the dog, but with a story that he was then to go on duty, and so would miss his ration of quinine, which is not served till eleven o'clock. The quinine, as you know, is given in gin. The surgeon complimented the man on such proper attention to his health, and willingly gave him the quinine—in water. He also stood at the door of the alleyway to watch the man retained the quinine as far as the engine-room entrance.

The arrival at Porto Velho was followed by the usual medical inspection for yellow fever, and then by an incident typical of a country usually associated in conversation with references to hell. The cook burst into the cabin saying he had seen a canoe overturn in the river:

> Our chief mate got out a small boat, and vanished; and we were already growing anxious for him when his luminous grin appeared below in the range of my lantern, and with him came the ponderous figure of a man. The latter, deft and agile, came up the rope ladder, and stepped aboard with innocent inconsequence, shocking my sense of the gravity of the affair; for this streaming object, lifted from the grip of the boney one just in time, was chuckling. "Say," said this big ruddy man to our gaping crowd, "I met a nigger ashore with a letter for the captain of this packet. Said he didn't know how to get. So I brought it, but a tree overturned the canoe. I came up under the timber jam all right, all right, but it took me quite a piece to get my head through." In the saloon, with a pool of water spreading round him, while we got him some dry clothes, he produced this pulpy letter: "Dear captain" (it ran) "I'm as dry as hell, have you brought drinks in the ship?"

The country abounds in daring, strong, and unscrupulous men who defy all law and have no respect for man or God. But the author tells us he found them always entertaining and often instructive, "for their naïve opinions cut our conventions across the middle, showing the surprising insides." Such a man was O'Brien, who was a frequent visitor at Porto Velho. His amazing travels seemed to be insignificant to him, and he might have been a tramp talking of English highways:

> As he droned on one evening I began to doubt he was unaware that his was an extraordinary narrative. I guessed his unconcern must be an air. It would have been, in my case. I looked straight over at him, and he hesitated nervously, and stopped. Was he wasting my time, he asked. Prospecting for his illusion, his last journey was over the Peruvian Andes into Colombia. He broke an arm in a fall on the mountains, set it himself, and continued. On the Rio Yapura an Indian shot an arrow through his leg, and O'Brien dropped in the long grass, breaking the arrow short each side of the limb, and in an ensuing long watchful duel presently shot the Indian through the throat. And then, coming out on the Amazon, his canoe overturned, and the pickle jar full of gold dust was lost. He put no emphasis on any particular, not even on the loss of his gold.

The tragedy of the white man in the tropics is continually reverted to. The author tells the story of an English clerk eager to be free from the slavery of the desk at home and gladly welcoming a job which he supposes will mean liberation, and adventure, and the open air. He describes the end of his journey:

> "In two hundred miles we reached a clearing. Why it should have been at that particular place did not show. But there it was, the tangible link in an invisible, encompassing scheme. It was my place. I landed with my box. There was a white man on the river bank, sitting on a sea-chest, his head in his hands. He looked up. 'You the victim?' he said. 'Well, there you are'—sweeping a lazy arm round the small enclosed ground—'that's your job. There's your store. There's your house. That's where the niggers live.'
>
> "'Pedro!' he called. A copper-colored native, in shorts and a wide grass hat, loafed over to us. 'This is your servant,' he said. 'He's a bit mad, but he's not a fool. He's all right. Keep your eye on the niggers, though. They are fools, and they're not mad. You'll find the inventory and the accounts in the desk in your hut. The quinine's there too. Take these keys. Oh, the mosquito curtain's got holes in it. See you mend it. I couldn't. Had the shakes too bad. Cheer up!'"

A concluding incident in an unusually sprightly volume is devoted to the capture of fish by dynamite, an unholy expedient to be justified only on the ground of needing fish badly. There were said to be fearful monsters in the Madeira River, and indeed the author tells us that he saw a water serpent twenty-two feet in length and three feet round in its middle. But the fish refused to be caught in the orthodox way, and then "old man Jim" suggested dynamite:

> I had never seen dynamite, but only heard of it. I understood it had unexpected qualities. Jim had a cartridge in his hand, and was digging a knife into it. I repeat, the flooded wilderness was round us, and below was the black deep. Jim fitted a detonator to a length of fuse, and stuck it in the cartridge. He was in no hurry. He stopped now and then for another drink. Having got the cartridge ready, with its potent filament. he tied four more cartridges round it. I put these things down simply, but my hand ached with the way I gripped the gunwale, and I could hear myself breathing.
>
> Then Jim struck a match on his breeches, with all the fumbling deliberation of the fully ripe—brushing the vine leaves from his eye the better to see what he was doing—and he lit the fuse, after it had twice dodged the match. It fizzed. The splutter worked downwards energetically. Jim did not deign to look at it, though it fascinated me. He slowly scratched his back with his disengaged hand, and gazed absently into the forest.
>
> The spark and its spurts of smoke were now near the bottom. Jim changed the menace into his right hand, in order to reach another part of his back with his leisurely left. His eyes were still on the forest. I kept swallowing.
>
> "Jim," I said eagerly—though I did not know I was going to speak—"don't—don't you think you'd better throw it away now?"
>
> He regarded me steadily. with eyes half shut. The spark spurted, and dropped another inch. He looked at it. He looked round the waters without haste. Then, and I could have cried aloud, he threw the shocking handful away.

And here we must leave one of the most delightful travel books that it has been our good fortune to see. There have been other books dealing with the American tropics, but they have been devoted to trade and statistics and politics and all the other things that do not matter. But here we have a volume of humor and adventure, and the nature of man and beast, and it is a pure delight from cover to cover.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Bishop's Purse.

By some moral obliquity in human nature we are always interested in the beautiful woman criminal. The authors of this story are evidently aware of that fact, for they introduce us at once to two American girls and an English bishop in a railroad carriage. Betty Thompson and the bishop are friends, and when the bishop confides to the lady that he has five thousand pounds in his pocket, Hester Storm, who seems to be sleeping and who is actually determining to abandon her career of crime, is easily persuaded to have one more flutter and to get that pocket-book. She does so easily, but fearing detection after the alarm has been given she slips her booty into Betty Thompson's golf bag in the hope that she can recover it later on. Thenceforward the story unfolds rapidly. The naughty girl follows the good girl to her country house, establishes relations with her, and we soon find ourselves involved in a web of manœuvres with the golf bag as a centre. But the story has an interest apart from crime. It is a clever romance with plenty of the tender emotions that are disappearing from life, but that are still orthodox in novels.

The Bishop's Purse. By Oliver Herford and Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

"'Tis Sixty Years Since"

By a curious obliquity in the conduct of American public life the influence of Charles Francis Adams reaches us only through the medium of his pen. In any other country in civilization he would probably occupy a large and permanent political position as belonging to the finest flower of the national wisdom. But we do things differently here.

In this remarkable essay Mr. Adams sketches the trend of events since the Civil War. It need hardly be said that he does not join in the idiot cry of progress that has all the resonance that can be given to it by empty heads. Indeed, he sees a retrogression, a loss of ideals, a waning of faith, and a decay of confidence. The negro question is now as nearly insoluble as any human problem well can be. In Puritan Massachusetts he sees processions with banners bearing the words, "No master and no God." The whole tendency of legislation has been to create two great classes of privilege, the capitalist and the "wage-earner." The monopolist class exists and "calls for no proof at the bar of public opinion":

> At the same time, both here and in Europe, organized labor is instant in its demand that immunity denied to ordinary citizens, and those whom it terms "the classes," shall by special exemption be conferred upon the labor union and upon the wage-earner. The tendency on both sides and at each extreme to inequality in the legislature and before the law is thus manifest.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Boston Globe: It contains a mass of interesting data—an exhaustive study of the eminent dramatist, anecdotes illuminating the human side of the man, and the story of his early struggles for bodily maintenance as well as for recognition.

New York Publishers' Weekly: This book gives a thoroughly ship-shape account of the man and his works. What it sets out to do it does in a well-organized and adequate way. The record of Sardou will never need to be compiled again. To this biography, pleasantly narrated and with much anecdotal color, the author adds the stories of over twenty of the plays. These little narratives are clear and fluent and well-proportioned—by no means an easy task. It is not always that a book so well accomplishes its entire purpose.

Rochester Post Express: The analyses of the various plays are interesting, and there is an admirable sketch of the playwright's career.

Indianapolis News: An exhaustive study of the life and works of the great French playwright.

Pittsburg Sun: This book fills a place that has been waiting for it on the dramatic shelf. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the part devoted to "Methods of Work."

New Haven Journal-Courier: An admirable summary of the work of this successful and most famous dramatist of recent years.

Illustrated. 403 pages. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.65. May be ordered through your Bookseller

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers
PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

Democracy has become the panacea for all evils. "The cure for too much liberty is more liberty." By counting noses we attain to wisdom, the more noses the more wisdom:

> Panaceas, universal cure-alls, and quack remedies—the initiative, the referendum, and the recall—are pleaded as if these—nostrums of the mountebanks of the county fair—would surely remedy the perplexing ills of new and hitherto unheard-of social, economical, and political conditions.

Concrete examples are among the abhorred bugbears of the new reformer. He meets them all with the assertion, "Oh! That is different." Yellow fever was abolished by the skill of a few scientific autocrats, "the patient experimentation and self-sacrifice of the wisest":

> Was the remedy effected through universal suffrage? Was the remedy sought for and decided upon by the initiative, or through a referendum, at an election held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of a certain month and year? Had resource in this case been had to the panacea now in greatest political vogue we all know perfectly well what would have followed. History tells us. The quarantine, as it is called, would have been decreed, and a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer appointed. The mosquito, quite ignored, would then have gone on in his deadly work.

But the problems of a nation are infinitely more obscure than the problem of yellow fever.

The author is equally unsparing in his condemnation of the recall. It took an Anglo-Saxon race, he says, two centuries of incessant conflict to wrest from a despotic executive, practically an autocracy, judicial independence. This independence it is now proposed to destroy. A power which, the author says, he could not trust himself to use is to be trusted to an irresponsible and vacillating democracy. If the recall had been in vogue at the time of Andrew Johnson "every one of seven independent, self-respecting senators who then by a display of high moral courage saved the country from serious prejudice would have been recalled out of hand."

The decay of the legislative functions comes in for comment by this vigorous pen and with a note of personal experience:

> I have seen legislators bought like bullocks—they selling themselves. I have watched them cover their tracks with a cunning more than vulpine. I have myself been blackmailed and sandbagged, while whole legislative bodies watched the process, fully cognizant at every step of what was going on.

Legislation by counting of noses is bad enough, but when the process is localized it becomes worse:

> In other words, when it comes to the choice of our lawmakers, reducing provincialism to a system, we make the local numerical majority supreme, and any one is considered competent to legislate. He can do that, even if by common knowledge he is incompetent or untrustworthy in every other capacity.

Carl Schurz, who commanded the largest following of any man in the United States, was retired from the national legislature because upon one occasion he was rejected by a single constituency. "I am very weary," says Mr. Adams, "of provincial nobodies, 'good men' locally known to be such." So are we all, but, with less restraint, we should say that they disgust and sicken us.

To hope that this able volume will have any efficacy is, perhaps, too much. Mr. Adams is far too large a man to reach the muddled minds of modern "reformers." And yet it is well that he should say what he has said.

"'Tis Sixty Years Since." By Charles Francis Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

The Quarry.

The author tells a distinctive story of a boy unjustly convicted of crime and condemned to a life term of imprisonment through lack of the funds and friends that would have defended him. Eventually he escapes through the benevolence of a fellow-prisoner, finds work in the country, and invents some mechanism that raises him to wealth. But the police are on his track and he finds himself confronted by a detective who has his Bertillon measurements. The dramatic incident of the book is Montgomery's desperate expedient to destroy the fatal proofs of identity furnished by his finger prints. The story is written with knowledge and sincerity, and with a simplicity that adds to its strength.

The Quarry. By John A. Moroso. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

Psychology and Efficiency.

In spite of the author's eminence we read his book with a certain suspicion that he is giving us a multiplication of words on a "science" of psychology that is no more than a classification of different kinds of common sense. And wherever there is an appearance of real precision we suspect further that certain facts are omitted as unascertainable and that it is just these facts that are essential.

For example, he tells us how to select a man who can be relied upon to extricate a ship from a situation of sudden danger. He would present him with twenty-four cards each marked with a letter and he would require him to arrange these cards in a certain way and in the shortest time. The successful competitor would then be the right man for the job.

Well, it may be so, but we should not like to sail with a navigator chosen in that way. He may have shown satisfactory dexterity with the cards and at the same time he may be a coward, and this all essential fact would not be shown by a test with cards and one unattended with danger. In fact we should say that such a test had practically no value.

We may doubt if there is such a thing as a science of psychology. There have been tabulations of small numbers of material facts of memory, attention, and so forth, but to speak of laws of the mind just as we speak of laws of electricity is not justifiable. Would any of the author's "tests" have disclosed the fact that Joan of Arc was a military genius? Will any of them show the presence of courage or of those moral qualifications that constitute the highest of all efficiencies.

But the volume has distinct value as a record of experimentation and as a presentation of suggestive theories. It is divided into three parts—"The Best Possible Man," "The Best Possible Work," and "The Best Possible Effect"—and while we may doubt if it will help us largely in either of these directions it will at least provide us with some interesting facts upon which we can cautiously build.

Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Uncle Wiggily's Travels," by Howard R. Garis (R. F. Fenno & Co.; 75 cents), is a book for little children. There are some good illustrations in colors.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by Fred P. Emery, A. M., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents net.

Thanks to the translations published by Brown Brothers, Philadelphia, we are becoming acquainted with the stories and plays of Frank Wedekind. Three volumes have already appeared and now we have a fourth, a play in five acts entitled "Such Is Life." The English version is by Francis J. Ziegler. Price, $1.25 net.

In "Notable Women of Modern China," by Margaret E. Burton (Fleming H. Revell Company; $1.25 net), the author gives us an account of Dr. Hü King Eng, Mrs. Ahok, Dr. Ida Kahn, Dr. Mary Stone, Yu Kuliang, and Anna Stone. Except for a strong religious bias which somewhat vitiates the work we have here a valuable light upon some of the agencies for change at work in China. Whether that change will be for good or ill the future will show.

Charles H. Kerr & Co. have published a translation of the "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," by Karl Marx. The author shows the economic forces underneath the turbulent politics of three eventful years in France, 1848-1851, during which "an adventurer much like our own Roosevelt made himself first president and then emperor." The price is 25 cents.

The White House

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Readers of "Queed" can guess something of the whimsical charm of style of this new novel by the same author, but even they will find a surprise awaiting them in the breadth, depth, and intensity of its power. *Ready May 24.*
With pictures by R. M. Crosby. $1.35 *net.* *Postpaid* $1.48.

Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. New York

"FINE FEATHERS."

A six-star cast at the Columbia Theatre! Trust that to attract the public, always delighted to draw a big interest on its investment in theatre seats.

Strictly speaking, Lolita Robertson is not yet a star, although she is a very good actress and a woman of beauty, individuality, and charm. She plays the rôle of the wife, whose love for fine feathers blinds her to the ethics of business honor, with a certain freshness of perception and absence of stereotyped methods, which cause her personation to have a stamp of its own. It must have greatly pleased Eugene Walter; for in the character of Mrs. Reynolds he blended those conflicting elements which, in life, prevents the majority of people from being classifiable as wholly good or wholly bad, and it is completely from this standpoint that Lolita Robertson expresses the character of Jane Reynolds.

Once upon a time all characters in the drama were strictly defined as either sheep or goats, and players acted accordingly. But we have changed all that. It is life, now, that the dramatist seeks to represent; life, and the people that make it. So, if Lolita Robertson did not act with that assuredness, that authority, and that firmness of touch of the recognized star, she played her rôle with so much sympathetic divination that she made herself one of the galaxy.

Not that the others obtruded their starship. Your true actor knows better than to get out of drawing, no matter how great his reputation may be. The performance of "Fine Feathers" is like that of a particularly excellent company. Each character is sharply defined by the author, and the distinguished players show their quality by the excellence of their ensemble work.

Robert Edeson has the most emotional rôle—that of the husband who forswore his ideals of honor for his wife's sake and lived a wretched man. Max Figman represents a cheerful, socially inclined jester with high principles and a good heart. Rose Coghlan is Mrs. Collins, a vulgar, ungrammatical suburbanite who has acquired, during her narrow life of small means and sordid aims a very disparaging opinion of men, particularly of husbands. Wilton Lackaye's rôle is the one that ushers in the poignant element in the play, which opens, intentionally, in a light, comedy manner, in order to mark a contrast to the later havoc worked by the coming of John Brand, the instrument of Bob Reynolds's undoing. Amelia Summers represents a suburban, two-dollar-a-week maid, whose principal talents run to childlike candor and dish-smashing.

I am always surprised at the vogue that Eugene Walter seems to have with the general theatre-going public, which is essentially light-minded in its attitude toward the theatre. Walter is a writer with the ultra-civilized view of life. He is un-American in his ruthless depiction of things as they are. He sees them so clearly that he is forced to represent them thus, and his attitude seems to say, "This is a picture of real life." Yet he has no message, and our young and hopeful people, drawing vigor and optimism from the soil of a new world, are of all peoples in the world most insistent in a belief that things can be righted. Apparently Eugene Walter thought so once, when he wrote "Paid in Full" and "The Wolf." But "The Easiest Way" and "Fine Feathers" seem to represent later convictions. He now paints a world without hope, in which the man of conscience is obliged to forfeit his ideals and "the system" stays on top.

The audience was much cheered by the opening of the play, which is in the darkness of the Reynolds's shabby suburban bungalow, and begins with a complaining monologue from Rose Coghlan's Mrs. Collins, newly returned from the matinée with her young neighbor, and full of wise saws about how to manage and befool a husband.

Eugene Walter, by his novel opening, kills several birds with one stone. He amuses the audience, he introduces to us in an unconventional way the young wife and her only neighbor, and he discloses the inconveniences of the Reynolds's dismal little suburban bungalow, which tends to the chronic discontent of its mistress.

Following this is a scene which includes the appearance of Dick Meade, the chum of Bob Reynolds. Dick has a sort of Dick Swiveller cheerfulness, and he and Bob Reynolds form two pictures of happy, healthy, young American manhood. The two chaff each other with man's characteristic ruthlessness, and jokes and persiflage abound.

For some reason, although the audience responded with pleasure to this appeal to its sense of humor, I thought, in the matter of acting, that this scene went less naturally and with less of a sense of reality than any in the play.

The coming of John Brand brings with it a feeling of drama in the air. John Brand is a successful man, and Bob, his old schoolmate, is poor, and tied down to making monthly payments to a cheating company on a hideous and badly built bungalow that he wishes he had never seen. His pretty young wife, to appease her native love for woman's finery, is reduced to evading the payment of the house bills. So Bob has just discovered. And following that discovery he has to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," to an old friend and schoolmate who offers him the fine position, with perquisites, of chemical inspector of the cement to be used by the engineering company he controls in building an important dam.

The conflict has begun.

John Brand's character, in the matter of business probity, is a repetition of that of multitudinous thousands of business men. He has a downright, savage, sincere scorn of honesty. He considers it utterly weak, and bound to keep the man who practices it a down dog in the battle of life. He offers Bob Reynolds forty thousand dollars if, as a chemical expert, he will pronounce third-class cement a first-class article. Their talk is quiet, low-toned, unemotional on the surface. Bob gives an unqualified refusal, and says, without mincing words, that it is straight stealing. Brand tries persuasion; says that, for all practical purposes, the stuff he wants to use is just as good; it would probably last a hundred years, etc.

Here we see how admirably Wilton Lackaye sinks himself in his rôle. He seemed to be acting the least of any one of the players, yet the reverse was the case. He made his physiognomy, his manner, his very tones, conform to the character of a vulgar materialist, whose outer sleek prosperity covered the fixed determination and ugly pugnacity when balked of a man whose will is the law of his life, and whose lack of conscience the instrument of his success.

Eugene Walter removes the polite coverings of a character of the kind, and makes it patent that the wealth, the free-handedness, the monied ostentation of such men, is gained by ruthless parsimony and matter-of-course fraud in their contracts. John Brand's policy is that there must be no free-handedness in dealing with the public, which is to be mercilessly squeezed dry, to enable him and his kind to buy handsome, complaisant wives, to wear purple and fine linen, and to smoke the best cigars.

That scene in which John Brand gets rid of Bob's cheap cigar is thoroughly in character. And, when Jane throws herself in with the enemy and tries to persuade her husband to do Brand's bidding for the sake of success, he says to her, with sincere conviction: "Mrs. Reynolds, you are a very sensible woman. My wife is a sensible woman, too, and we have a beautiful family life."

With Jane as the instrument of persuasion, Brand has his way. Bob succumbs, and the second act shows him a miserable man, abandoned to the wretchedness of utterly defeated ideals. He drinks, he speculates, and he broods fiercely on the victory of the enemy.

A curious point of character is brought up at this point by the author. A fresh conflict is born between Brand and Bob, arising from the perception of the latter that since he is utterly and irredeemably a thief, he is entitled to his half of the profits. This gives us further view of the methods of a man of John Brand's stamp. Money-making and self-preservation are the twin instincts that rule him. He foresees a threat of disclosure on Bob Reynolds's part if he does not hand over the sum demanded. But the wary Mr. Brand is protected at every point from the one thing he dreads, the law, by his lawyer, the instrument of that same law. The threat of Bob Reynolds to expose him brings a counter-threat, showing how bare of grace or compassion are the interior workings of that well-fed, well-clothed image of prosperity. He ties Bob's hands by threatening if he confesses the cement fraud to have his wife arrested, as being, by her previous knowledge, accessory to the crime.

The struggle between the two men is painful to witness. The thing seems real, and the fingers tense themselves unconsciously as we realize Bob's defeat, and the ugly inaccessibility of Brand to any emotion of pity toward Jane, who has just passed through the room gleaming in triumphant youth and beauty. In the face of that image of resplendent womanliness we could not believe in her danger, if it were not that Brand is so completely the self-worshiper, who builds his success upon the prostrate bodies of those who thwart him.

The breaking of the dam precipitates the solution. Bob kills himself, and as he hears the shot, Brand exclaims in tones of satisfaction, "Suicide! That lets me out and saves Mrs. Reynolds."

It is a play of despair, and leaves behind it a sense of dejection. The literature of the day, much of it written by brilliant men who have been behind the scenes, and know whereof they speak, has enlightened us sufficiently to make us realize that this drama reflects true conditions. The play is written with that terseness of dialogue, fine construction, and strong sense of characterization that stamp Eugene Walter's work. His dramatic technic seems to me absolutely faultless, and the play, interesting from the first, becomes absorbingly and more and more painfully so, as the action proceeds. But it seems to shadow forth the idea that a man may have ethical standards and principles apparently fixed, and that fate may so arrange things that he must forfeit them for a good reason; in this case, the husband's conviction that he must sacrifice them for the sake of that calmly resolved woman who threatens to leave him if he does not reach out and secure the material success that is offered him.

Thus the dramatist has created situations reflecting the blind and brutal chances of life. The good man goes down and cold-hearted, calculating wickedness is left unharmed and triumphant. So is the pessimist upheld in the doctrine of despair.

Perhaps we might draw some useful conclusions from "Fine Feathers." Perhaps the public may deduce from it why dams mysteriously burst sometimes without apparent cause, and why bridges are swept away. But regarding it from the standpoint of drama it carries no encouraging message to humanity.

Aside from the intense interest experienced in following the painful scenes of the play, the audience derived its keenest pleasure from witnessing the fine quality of the acting. I find the dominating figure that is left on my mind to be that of Wilton Lackaye, or, rather, John Brand, for the actor made us forget he was other than he seemed. That watchfulness to secure his ends never relaxed, that hardness of the predatory grafter, out for prey, intolerant of opposition, never softened, and he seemed to express the same implacable resentment to the power behind "the act of God" that destroyed the dam that he felt toward the finite creatures that sought to oppose him. Robert Edeson, although he might be ranked as a more conventional actor, yet, in his expression of the prolonged strain and emotion experienced by a desperate man, struck the note of sincerity at all times. These were the two most exacting rôles.

Rose Coghlan only appears in the first act. She gives a brilliant, well-rounded representation of the satirically inspired character of Mrs. Collins, and she and Amelia Summers may enjoy the agreeable consciousness of having supplied oases of mirth in a wilderness of tragedy. Max Figman, who figured with his usual efficiency in these same oases, also takes part in the more serious scenes, and has occasion to demonstrate his ability as a consistent player to efface himself to the status of an acutely sympathetic observer, while big passions are raging in the centre of the stage. Josephine Hart Phelps.

* * *

When Verdi died he left a large sum for building a home for superannuated, indigent musicians. Once a year the inmates give a concert in memory of their benefactor. This year special pains was taken because it marks the Verdi centenary. There was a chorus of twenty-two former soloists, and arias from Verdi's operas were sung, one of them by a baritone of sixty-eight, another by a soprano of eighty-one. The critics were not invited.

* * *

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that has no peer is the Italian-Swiss Colony's Asti Rouge. It is naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated.

The Story of the Figures

In this space last week appeared some account of the growth of that pioneer concern, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, in the last seven years, during which time it has expended $31,415,232 for plant additions alone. The annual report of President John A. Britton shows a careful compilation of data and statistics which the general public will find very interesting.

Under the head of statistics the report shows nine hydro electric power plants in operation at the present time, with a total installation of 90,227 horsepower. To these are added the steam-electric plants in operation in the four big cities of the company's territory, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, and Sacramento, with a total capacity of 94,100 horsepower. The number of consumers of electricity is given at 116,666, to accommodate whom the company has in operation 2321 miles of overhead distribution lines, 67 miles of underground conduit, 6052 street arc lamps, and 12,122 incandescent.

The statistics from the gas department show the number of gas plants in operation by the company at the present time as 17, including plants in the principal cities of the vast territory covered by the company's system. The number of consumers of gas in 1912 was 196,133, and the total amount of gas sold was 6,691,072,400 cubic feet. For the accommodation of these consumers the company operates 48 gas generators with a total daily capacity of 42,000,000 cubic feet, 2201 gas mains, 17,242 gas arcs, and 8436 gas street lamps.

From the water department the figures show 8071 water consumers during the past year. The company's system includes a reservoir capacity of 2,472,509,500 cubic feet.

The following additions to the physical plant of the company were made in 1912: Hydro electric substations, 15; steam plants, 1; steam mains, 2.6 miles; high tension transmission lines, 141 miles; low tension distributing lines, 411 miles; gas mains, 283 miles; water mains, 7 miles; gas, water, and electric service, 33,435 miles.

No less than 10,100 appliances were installed in the gas department during the year. The sum of $1,106,330 was spent during the year for maintenance alone.

There was expended in new construction, inclusive of the Lake Spaulding-Bear River development, $7,821,712.

The report calls attention to the Panama-Pacific Exposition contracts for light, heat, and power, which were secured recently by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and the installation for which, according to the report, will call for a maximum demand for 20,000 horsepower. The contract was entered into in March, and will remain in force during the life of the exposition, in the latter part of 1915. That the Pacific Gas and Electric Company should have received such a contract is a magnificent testimony of its ability to cope with any situation, however large. The undertaking is undoubtedly the greatest of the kind ever attempted on the Pacific Coast, and ranks with the greatest in the United States. It means the extension of gas mains, lighting and power lines, and the working out of many engineering problems, but the work will be carried through to completion as smoothly as though it were an everyday occurrence, and when the world's fair bursts forth in all its magnificence there will be the satisfaction of knowing that "Pacific Service" has well performed its share in the success of the enterprise.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Maude Adams Comes to the Columbia Theatre.

The return of "Peter Pan" to the Columbia Theatre next week will undoubtedly prove pleasing to a great many people, for it means the return of Maude Adams, who has a more numerous following here than has any other star. With what has proved to be a woman's fine intuition, Miss Adams decided that the present season would be an opportune time for a revival of Barrie's whimsical drama of the child heart. It is said that her present tour in the work has exceeded in point of success any of her earlier tours in it.

"Peter Pan" was first produced nine years ago. The favor that has been given it has been earned from the absolute merits of the work itself, from its charming imagery and the spirit of youth that permeates it. In it Barrie has laid bare the heart of a happy-go-lucky boy, bubbling over with enthusiasm and a healthy imagination.

With Peter will come all of those delightful characters peopling Barrie's Land of Make Believe. There will be little Wendy and the Darling children, who accompanied Peter to the Never-Never Land; the twins; Nana, the faithful dog; that bold, bad pirate, Captain Hook, and his marauding band; the friendly Indians, the pack wolves, the ostrich, and the crocodile that swallowed the alarm clock. The Band of Lost Boys will again build the house for Wendy with a lady's slipper for a door-knocker and a silk hat for a chimney; the Indians will guard Peter's friends until driven off by the pirates, the children will be captured and brought aboard the pirate ship, there to remain until Peter comes to their rescue and throws Hook into the sea. Then the children will return to their anxious mother. Last scene of all shows Peter's little house nestling in the tree-tops in the moonlight, the house that Wendy promises to visit every year to do Peter's house-cleaning.

The five acts of the play are elaborately mounted. In the cast will be Robert Peyton Carter, Marion Abbott, Allen Fawcett, Ann Pittwood, William Sheafe, Jr., Margaret Gordon, Byron Silvers, Dorothy Chesmond, George Driscoll, Dillon Deasy, Wallace Jackson, and J. L. Carhart. The matinées will be on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Tik-Tok Man" Continues at the Cort.

"The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" pursues his merry way at the Cort Theatre, and the theatrical barometer records no abatement in public favor. The whimsical creation of L. Frank Baum's fancy has caught the town. The fairyland fantasy is now in its second week, and crowded houses are still the rule. But one more week remains of the engagement, which must positively terminate a week from this Saturday night.

Louis Gottschalk's delightful melodies are being whistled and sung everywhere. "The Magnet of Love," "Ask the Flowers to Tell You," "I've Lost My Bow," and "A Rainbow Bride" are some of the songs hits that have particularly pleased.

On all sides is heard unstinted praise for the truly elaborate manner in which Oliver Morosco has staged "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz." This city has known many lavish theatrical productions, but none that has approached that of "The Tik-Tok Man" for beauty and novelty. All of which may sound like extravagant praise, but this newest extravaganza inspires the superlative.

The cast has distinguished itself. Morton and Moore are a whimsical pair as the Tik-Tok Man and the Shaggy Man, respectively. Charming characterizations are contributed by Edith Decker, Dolly Castles, and Lenora Novasio. The ringing voice of Eugene Cowles is conspicuously in evidence as King Ruggedo. Charles Purcell, Josie Intropodi, and other favorites do clever work, and the chorus remains a feature.

On Sunday night, May 11, comes Eddie Foy and the seven Foy children in the smashing musical comedy success, "Over the River."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Julius Steger, who will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum, will present his latest success, "Justice," a one-act play by Edgar James, which has its foundation in fact. The scene is the warden's private office in Sing Sing Prison, and Mr. Steger plays a convict who has served nineteen years of a life sentence for murder in the first degree and in whose welfare the warden is greatly interested. Mr. Steger's fine voice is heard to great advantage as the leader of the prison choir. The play created a sensation in New York, and was endorsed by the press of that city. Mr. Steger will have as his support Harry Maitland, Fred G. Hearn, George H. Wiseman, and Katheryn Greeley.

Lydia Barry will also be a feature of the new bill. For several seasons she has been associated with George Felix and her two sisters, but it was not till "she went it alone" that she developed into a star that captured critical Broadway. Miss Barry is a genuine comedienne and her songs were written for her. Among them are "Twenty Years Ago," "Toodle Dum," "The Best Man," "Mrs. Cupid," "Who Let Father Out?" "Original Bits," and "Barry."

Foster Ball and Ford West will present their eighteen-minute character study, "Since the Days of '61." Their act is a skillful combination of humor and solemnity, and a clever bit of characterization.

The Arnaud Brothers, European tumbling clowns and recent Orpheum importations, will appear. While playing the violin they go through a routine of tumbling tricks, and accomplish other difficult acrobatic stunts while performing on a variety of instruments.

Mlle. Alaska Teschow will introduce her feline entertainers. With infinite patience she has tutored her troupe of cats to perform amazing stunts.

The Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be "The Musical Blacksmiths," and "Dob Serving the Writ."

Next week will be the last of Colonel J. A. Pattee's Old Fiddler Soldiers and Bohker's Whirlwind Arabs. It will also conclude the engagement of Henry E. Dixey, who is scoring one of the most brilliant triumphs in the history of San Francisco vaudeville.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Featured on one of the strongest bills that the Pantages Theatre has yet presented, opening Sunday matinée, is Miss Laurie Ordway, a genuine militant suffragette from London. Miss Ordway for years was one of England's celebrated comediennes, but took up the cause of woman's rights, and besides being an actress of unusual calibre, is the author of a sheaf of campaign documents and other writings on the subject of equal rights. She was one of the prominent participants in the suffrage parade held in Washington, D. C., and attracted unusual attention owing to the fact that she demonstrated her thorough belief in woman's rights by donning genuine "Dr. Mary Walkers." In her vaudeville act she introduces her idea of a militant suffragette delivering a speech, right out before the footlights, with a Joe Cannon mallet and a pitcher of ice-water. Don Carlos's Manikins will delight the little folks with their dancing and gymnastic feats on tiny wires. The marionettes give a little stage drama which is said to be ludicrously funny. A playlet with a strong moral lesson is "The Choice," presented by the Walter Percival players. An act with a great local following is the Cervo Duo, who were a tremendous success on their last tour of the circuit. They are accordion players with an excellent idea of what the average vaudeville audience wants. La Scala Trio will give vocal selections from "Faust." The trio are excellent vocalists and also have an extensive repertory of popular songs. Forrester and Lloyd are ragtime singers and instrumentalists, with a line of rollicking songs and up-to-the-minute parodies. The Stadium Trio in strong-man feats will complete the bill.

The final performance by the all-star cast in "Fine Feathers" will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Greek Theatre Festival.

This Saturday afternoon, May 3, the long awaited production of Pierne's "The Children's Crusade," with choruses of two hundred adults and two hundred children, accompanied by a festival orchestra of one hundred, and with ten eminent soloists in the leading rôles, is to be rendered in the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley at three o'clock. Among the soloists are Regina Vicarino, Virginia Pierce, Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, Roland Paul, Lowell Redfield, and Charles E. Lloyd, Jr.

Tickets may be secured at the gates, and from San Francisco the best boat to take is the one leaving at two o'clock by either the Key Route or the Southern Pacific.

The Farewell Julia Culp Programme.

The last concert by that exquisite artist, Mme. Julia Culp, who has proved to be one of the very greatest singers that has ever appeared in San Francisco, will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, at 2:30. Gifted with a beautiful voice, a charming personality, and an abundance of intelligence of the highest order, Julia Culp has already established herself in the hearts of our music lovers, and her return will always be welcomed. Greenbaum has never brought a finer artist here. The accompaniments of Coenraad V Bos are beyond criticism, and a more delightful and satisfying combination of artists it would be impossible to find.

The programme Sunday afternoon will consist of five groups of gems, as follows: Works by Schubert, "Heimliches Lieben," "Suleika," "Ungeduld," and "Wiegenlied"; works by Richard Strauss, "Befreit," "Morgen," and "Heimliche Aufforderung"; works in English, "All through the Night," Old Welsh; "The Cottage Maid," Beethoven; "At Parting," Rogers. Two Dutch songs by Catherine Van Rennes; five works by Brahms, "Feldeimsamkeit," "Vor dem fenster," "Das Maedchen spricht," "Wie komm, ich denn zur Thuer," and "O liebliche Wangen."

No one who cares for the art of song in its highest and most beautiful form can afford to miss hearing Julia Culp. Tickets are on sale at the Greenbaum box-offices.

The Ysaye Concerts.

The musical season will be brought to a close in a blaze of glory with the concerts to be given by the greatest violinist that ever lived, Eugene Ysaye. There is something big, broad, and noble about both Ysaye and his playing that never fails to draw the people to him, and Greenbaum has certainly done wisely in securing him to sing the "swan song" of a notable season.

With Ysaye we are to hear his son, Gabriel Ysaye, who is said to have exceptional gifts as a violinist, and M. Camille Decreus, the famous French pianist and composer.

The sale of seats for the four Ysaye concerts will open at the Greenbaum box-offices next Wednesday morning.

The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, May 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, when the important numbers on the programme will be the Sonata in D major, Mozart; Concerto by Mendelssohn; and Wieniawski's Fantasie on Gounod's "Faust." There will be smaller numbers by Wagner-Wilhelmj, Zarzycki, and Ysaye.

The second concert will be given Tuesday night, May 13, when Grieg's G minor Sonata, Bruch's Concerto in G minor, and the Concerto for two violins by Bach, played by Ysaye and his son, will be the important features.

Thursday night, May 15, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, Saint-Saëns's Concerto, and Chausson's "Poeme," will be the principal offerings.

The farewell concert, on Sunday afternoon, May 18, will offer a Beethoven Sonata in G major, Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, and Handel's Sonata for two violins in G minor, played by M. Ysaye and his son.

Mail orders may be addresed to Will L. Greenbaum at either box-office, where complete programmes may be secured.

Ysaye to Play at Greek Theatre.

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California expects the special Ysaye concert at the Greek Theatre on Commencement Day, May 14, to prove a red letter event in the history of the big open-air auditorium. Ysaye will be the first of the world-renowned violinists to play in the Greek Theatre, where so many great singers and pianists as well as actors have appeared. To add to the enjoyment of the occasion, a symphony orchestra of sixty has been engaged to play his accompaniments, and two of the great concertos for violin and orchestra are programmed in addition to a group of solo numbers. The entire programme will be furnished by Ysaye, with the exception of the opening number, which will be an overture by the orchestra under the baton of Steindorff.

Seats for the Ysaye concert at the University will be on sale at the usual box-offices in San Francisco and the usual stores in Berkeley and Oakland, commencing next Wednesday morning. Prices will be no higher than at his regular recitals.

"The presentation of the old Pittsburgh home of Stephen Collins Foster is a cheerful evidence of the appreciation of this first characteristic American musical genius," says *Musical America*. "For a period of thirty years or so Foster was so far ahead of all competitors, as the most popular American composer, that the others were scarcely in sight. While we know little enough about a great many of his melodies today, such songs as 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Uncle Ned,' and 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground' have sunk deeper and more permanently into the American heart than any other songs ever written in America. For a better understanding of Foster it is well to remember that his melodies had nothing whatsoever to do with negro melodies, the composer's models being the great melodists of the Old World—Mozart, Beethoven, Handel. The fact that his songs formed the *pièce de résistance* of negro minstrelsy, and therefore, in general, drew their poetic subject-matter from negro life, is responsible for the legend, so hard to kill, that his melodies were derived from negro songs."

The only works of Mozart designed for the stage (there are nearly a score of them) that have remained regular "repertory operas," as the Germans say, are "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "The Magic Flute." Once in a while, however, a Mozart cycle is given in one of the larger German cities, and this includes, generally, besides the three operas named, "Idomeneo," "Die Entführung," "Cosi Fan Tutti," and "Clemenza di Tito."

The Italian government has issued a decree forbidding all experiments in hypnotism, magnetism, mesmerism, and kindred arts in theatres, music halls, or any other public entertainments. The decree is the outcome of protests made by the medical faculty on the ground of the deleterious consequences of such experiments upon weak-minded persons.

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MAUDE ADAMS
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Music by Louis F. Gottschalk.
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Commencing Sunday Night, May 11—EDDIE FOY in "Over the River."

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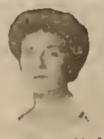

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YSAYE
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Scottish Rite Auditorium
Sunday afts, May 11 and 18;
Tuesday and Thursday nights,
May 13 and 15.
Box-offices open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Prices $2, $1.50, $1.

GREEK THEATRE } With a Symphony Orchestra
Wednesday aft, May 14, at 3

Chickering Piano.

VANITY FAIR.

No one can say that this newspaper has ever been indifferent to the reform of women. Doubtless we have our faults, although they are few and far between, but an apathy toward the moral amendment of the louder and more conspicuous sex is not among them. If fanaticism forms any part of our nature it is a fanaticism for the uplift movement, and especially for that portion of it that concerns itself with the improvement of women. There are those who say that we are wasting our time, that nothing can be done, that women can not be reclaimed, that their hearts are permanently closed against the good, the beautiful, and the true. We do not believe it. Male energy and devotion have made the desert to blossom like a garden. Most of the implacable and devastating forces of nature have been chained, and now the redemption of women is the next great task on the path of male humanity. It would be unworthy to flinch. True heroism rejoices in the impossible. It is nourished upon the hopeless.

But this is an introduction, as well as a digression. It is intended only as the prelude to an announcement that has moved us profoundly, and to which no lover of women can remain indifferent. The glory of a momentous reform belongs to Mrs. M. S. Jones, who lives in a place called Illinois and who belongs to a Women's Reformatory League. Mrs. Jones has devoted some attention to the needs of her criminal sex and she believes that she has solved the problem. Self-respect, she says, is the first element toward the reclaiming of a woman's soul, and the corset is the first element toward self-respect. Let the delinquent woman have a corset and then we shall see the fair flowers of virtue where before there were the weeds of vice.

Well, it may be so. It ought to be tried. The male prisoner usually objects strongly to the strait-jacket and denounces it as a barbarity, and the strait-jacket is just a corset to all intents and purposes. But women are different. None the less we have our doubts about the humanizing influence of a corset. We once saw several women entering a shop for the purpose of buying corsets. They were entering simultaneously, so to speak. They seemed to be in a hurry. The prices had been reduced, some of them so much as 10 cents. And there was nothing humanizing about that spectacle. There was nothing there suggestive of childhood's happy hours, and mother, and church bells in the hazy distance, and young lovers walking through shady lanes. Not a bit of it. And those women already had corsets, every one of them. They wanted more corsets. If it had been a question of corsets or no corsets those women would have flayed each other alive. Now we have no objection to the introduction of a few humanizing corsets to our prisons. We think that all women should be reformed, whether they are actually in prison or only ought to be there. But we think that the state militia should be ordered out first before the experiment is tried.

The New York *Evening Post* prints a long article headed "Woman Dressmaker Tells All about Her Work." The writer of the article is a young lady of position who has found it necessary to work for her living. And did you ever notice that women usually speak of other women as being "reduced" to this necessity? But let that pass, although it would be quite easy to take it as the text for quite a book.

In this case the writer says that she has learned quite a lot of human nature since she has been a dressmaker. Her old friends were quite willing that she should make their dresses for them. In fact "they were all here in full force, pretty nearly on their knees, and urging old friendship and all sorts of motives to get their clothes in first." But then comes the sting. For what is the social position of a girl who has been "reduced" to the necessity of work? It is true that one used to ask her to afternoon tea as an equal, but can one afford to do that now? If she were merely doing unnecessary work of course that would be quite another matter. Her status would remain unchanged, if she were only painting silly candle shades and weak-minded menu cards. But ought society to countenance a girl who disgraces herself by working because she is now poor? It is quite a nice point, but in this case it seems to have been solved in the negative, perhaps because a little social ostracism might be expected to cause pain, and there are very few women who can resist the temptation to inflict that particular kind of misery. They "feel it to be their duty." And so the writer says that "there is some doubt as to whether I am eligible for cards to tea."

It is just that doubt, she says, that dissuades other girls from following her example. To quote her own words: "In the first place there is that question about being invited to tea. That hurts girls. I've no doubt, and any girl who earns her living from any other motives than necessity will stop twice before she puts herself out of the things her associates are doing." No doubt the reader will get the point, even though a man. He will understand that a girl who gets her living just for fun, so to speak, will still be eligible for the tea cards. She need not be affronted and tortured, because her work is not a matter of necessity. But if she *must* get her own living then she is beyond the pale of the tea cards, and to inflict mortification upon her becomes a social duty. Please don't ask any explanation of this enigma, because there is none. It comes under the popular head of "What Women Are Doing."

The crowd of women who assembled at Oyster Bay to witness the marriage of Miss Ethel Roosevelt were not noticeably better mannered than the other crowd at Washington a few weeks back who dragged the clothing from a society bride and fought a pitched battle with the police who were trying to protect that bride. And, by the way, this unfortunate young woman received far worse treatment at the hands of her own sex than the suffragette paraders received at the hands of a few hobos a few weeks later.

It was very much the same thing that occurred at Oyster Bay. The bridegroom arrived first at the church, as all well conducted bridegrooms ought to do if only in a vain effort to show that they are not afraid. When the women saw him they advanced in solid formation. The bridegroom ran. It was all he could do. Once they nearly had him. If he had slipped his foot he would have been caught and stripped. But he doubled successfully, gained a few yards, and reached the chancel with the perspiring pack of femininity just at his heels. Every one said that it was a narrow escape. Then came the turn of the bride, and as she was unable to run she was fairly caught. Her father did what he could to protect her, but what is even Mr. Roosevelt against a herd of ladies. He rapidly turned himself into a column of rough riders, deployed in rear and flank to cover his convoy, and advanced in strategic formation toward the church, driving in the outposts while keeping open his communications with his base. But for one dreadful moment the issue seemed to be in doubt. Hand-to-hand fighting became general all along the line, and it seemed for an instant that the bride was down. But no. A lady had snatched at her veil and dragged it off, and in the momentary respite caused by the struggle for mementoes Mr. Roosevelt and his disheveled daughter gained sanctuary at the church.

Can not something be done to persuade Mr. Frank Jay Gould to shed the light of his presence upon his native land? We must be strangely lacking in our appreciation of moral values that we allow this scion of plutocracy to live in France, to keep his race-horses there, and to make his bets there, when he might be doing all these things at home. Mr. Gould has lately paid us a flying visit. No one took any notice of him. But for his agility in waylaying a reporter we might never have heard of his presence at all. And yet we call ourselves progressive.

Mr. Gould explained to the reporter that he is practically compelled to live in France because our own benighted government is indifferent to the glorious advantages of the racing stable and the betting ring. His French stables cost him $250,000, and the money might have been spent here just as well. In the course of one season he won $75,000. He might just as well have won it here. And yet we make a parade of supporting home industries.

But the French government knows a good thing when it sees it. Mr. Gould pointed proudly to a little slip of green ribbon in his button-hole. No, it did not mean that he was a member of the Ancient Hibernian Order of Policemen. Nor did it imply honorary association with the East Side Branch of the Sons of St. Patrick. It had been given to him by the French government. It was the order of "Merite Agricole," and it was in recognition of his services to the sublime cause of horse-racing. And with this explanation Mr. Gould gazed over the waters to the Statue of Liberty and furtively wiped a tear from the southeast corner of his right eye. And when he turned round again the reporter had escaped.

◆

The Bore—I wish I had money. I'd travel.
She—How much do you need?—*Judge.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

A native station-master on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for his sending the following telegram: "Superintendent's Office, Calcutta—Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."

◆

The president of a small college was visiting the little town that had been his former home, and had been asked to address an audience of his former neighbors. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs, he began his address thus: "My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."

◆

The laziest man is reported in Arkansas, where he conducts a shoe store in a little town. A woman entered his shop one day and said she wanted to buy a pair of shoes. The lazy man, who was sitting on a box at one end of his establishment, looked at her, yawned wearily, and then said: "I caint wait on you today. Come in some time when I'm standin' up."

◆

Mrs. Oyle Blank advertised for a maid and got a lot of answers. From the cloud of applicants she chose one. And ere long there was trouble in the family. The maid had been employed elsewhere, and she knew the difference. On a day of the days, the lady became acrimonious: "Do you call yourself a lady's maid?" "I used to, ma'am," replied the servant, "before I worked for you."

◆

The good Samaritan was taking his constitutional walk in the country one afternoon when Tim Connors, the man of all work from a neighboring farm, was seen approaching in the distance. "Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast?" said the Samaritan. "Up hill, is it?" said Tim, with a wise smile. "Oh, begorra, what's the difference? The nag's blind and he can't see it."

◆

A man who had been troubled with bronchitis for a long time called on a rather noted doctor. After a few questions the doctor told him he had a very common ailment that would readily yield to treatment. "You're so sure you can cure my bronchitis," said the man, "you must have had great experience with it." "Why, my dear sir," confided the doctor, "I've had it myself for over twenty years!"

◆

A metropolitan matron once ventured to interrogate James Lane Allen as to the reason for his state of celibacy. "Are you a bachelor from choice?" she queried. "Yes," came the answer with disconcerting promptness from the famous author. "But isn't that—er—rather ungracious and ungallant?" protested the fair inquisitor. The novelist smiled. "You must ask the ladies," he suggested gently; "it was their choice, not mine."

◆

A poetical old shopkeeper was always doing kind things and saying lovely ones. One spring he was having his shop repainted. He told the painter to leave a certain corner untouched for the time being; he explained that the young people at that season did all their courting there, and he didn't want them to get smudged. "But," objected the painter, "these young folks would be fools not to know the smell of fresh paint." "Young fellow," said the old shopkeeper, "you've never had a girl, that's plain. If you had, you'd know that when folks are in love, everything—wet paint included—smells like violets and roses."

◆

A commission in lunacy had called a woman to the witness-stand. "And now," said the commission's counsel to her, "what is your ground for claiming that the accused is insane?" The woman gulped, wiped her eyes, and answered: "Well, gentlemen, he took me to the theatre twice in one week. Each time we went in a taxicab, we had supper each time after the performance, and each time he bought me chocolates and flowers. He didn't go out to see a man between the acts, either." "But, madam," said a commissioner, "surely these actions do not prove insanity on the accused's part." "But you forget, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile, "you forget that the accused is my husband."

◆

In the journal *South Africa*, Mr. Sutton Vane, the dramatist, who died recently, says reminiscently of Barney Barnato: "He was the best amateur melodramatic actor I ever met. A little rough; so is a diamond, but the fire is there. He played Claude Frollo in Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda' splendidly, I playing Quasimodo, the hunchback, with him. In the great scene on the parapets the hunchback tries to throw the monk (Frollo) into the street. Mr. Barnato resisted vigorously. He seized me by my hump, which came off in his hand. It was a sponge bag stuffed with various articles. He shook his fist at me, and then, with a quiet smile, threw the hump from the cathedral roof. Looking over, he exclaimed, 'Good heavens, I have killed a policeman.' Tremendous round of applause from the audience."

◆

Sir William Meredith, chief justice of Ontario, and Mr. Hellmuth are mutual fathers-in-law—the lawyer's daughter having wedded the son of the knight. During a rather tedious argument on a case which Sir William was hearing Mr. Hellmuth was proceeding to elaborate on a certain point of law which he thought had an important bearing on the issue. But the chief justice thought otherwise. He was impatient. For a while he listened to the lawyer's argument, then he leaned back with an air of boredom, and interrupted with: "Mr. Hellmuth, it seems to me that this is not relevant. What reason is there why I should be compelled to listen to all this?" Mr. Hellmuth's mouth had just a suspicion of a smile around its corners as he answered: "Reason, my lord—why, $8000 per year."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Secretary's Stovepipe Hat.

Don't you hear the news a-humming up and down the mighty land,
From the prairies of Nebraska to the far Floridian sand?
Don't you sense the modern wonder booming up like Thoric thunder?
Common People, stand from under—since you can not understand.
For it's William Jennings Bryan in a—halt—what's that?
Yes, it's William Jennings Bryan in a *stovepipe hat!*

I have seen a plague of places and observed a lot of things
In a thirty year meander 'mong the cabbages and kings;
I have witnessed cataclysms, been a party unto schisms,
Known a many mad surprises such as ardent living brings;
But I never yet imagined such a shock as that—
Namely, William Jennings Bryan in a *stovepipe hat!*

Is the mild and meek Caucasian now eternally played out?
Is there nothing more to marvel at and nothing left to doubt?
Have the stars begun to tumble in a universal jumble?
Has the sun begun to rumble, with the planets in a rout?
Well, I reckon things are crosswise, for it seems like that
Since the William Jennings Bryan wears a *stovepipe hat!*

If I ever get to heaven, which I own I hope to do,
I shall not lay out a beeline for the Cherubimic crew;
Nor for Socrates go looking soon as I have had my booking,
Nor for Shakespeare, nor for Shelley, nor for you, Dear Reader, you.
Nay, I'll mosey round the Throne Room in the seventh heaven flat .
Till I greet the angel Bryan in a *stovepipe hat!*
—*Robertus Love, in New York Sun.*

◆

A Vision of Judgment.

Josiah Henry Wilkins had a nifty baby grand
On which he syncopated with a tune in either band,
And as he pounded blithely on the keys one afternoon
He hit upon the measure for a fascinating tune:
A raggy bit of ragtime which he happened to compose
That put a magic turkey-trotting tickle in the toes!
It sold a million copies in the stores and on the street,
And when the people heard it they went crazy in the feet;
The merchant turkey-trotted as he made his way to work,
And found his secretary turkey-trotting with the clerk;
The waiter turkey-trotted as he entered with a tray,
The copper on the corner turkey-trotted night and day;
The barber turkey-trotted as he started in to shave,
A funeral procession turkey-trotted to the grave;
The firemen turkey-trotted as they hastened to a fire,
The parson turkey-trotted while his turkey-trotting choir
Sang syncopated versions of Josiah Wilkins' rag,
And the ushers turkey-trotted while the sexton did a drag;
No mortal could resist it when he heard that raggy air,
And everybody turkey-trotted madly everywhere!
At last they seized Josiah, and his face grew very pale
As they turkey-trotted with him to the warden of the jail.
They burned his grand piano and his music by the ton,
And all the hurdy-gurdy men were sent upon the run.
The phonographic records were destroyed in every store,
And every one was ordered not to play it any more—
But Josiah is enchanted by his own melodic spell
And he turkey-trots forever in his narrow little cell.
—*Berton Braley, in Puck.*

◆

Annual stockholders' meeting of Hauptmann Lumber Co. will be held at office of said company at 145 Berry St., city, Tuesday, May 6, at 12 m.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Marmaduke B. Kellogg has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Louise Kellogg, to Mr. George Harding Whipple, son of Mrs. H. L. Whipple of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cooper Pennell of Berkeley have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace Martha Pennell, to Ensign Frank Luckel, U. S. N. Miss Pennell is a sister of the Misses Helen and Katherine Pennell. Ensign Luckel is attached to the U. S. S. *Colorado,* which is in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Chaffee Earl have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Martha Ford Earl, and Mr. Donald Graham Houston, Saturday, May 17, at Plymouth Congregational Church, Oakland.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home, The Pines, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained a number of friends at a supper at their home on California Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew.

Mrs. Julia Galpin entertained a number of friends Thursday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Horace Brigham Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn gave a bridge-tea at her home on Webster Street.

Mrs. William T. Sesnon was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club complimentary to Mrs. Littlebrandt, wife of Major Littlebrandt, U. S. A.

Miss Marion Stone gave an informal dance last week at her home on Broadway.

Dr. James A. Black and Mrs. Black entertained a large number of guests at a dinner Friday evening at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Black was hostess earlier in the week at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. John Rodgers Clark.

Miss Kate Peterson gave a tea at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of the Misses Holton of Canada.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anne Peters gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of ex-Postmaster-General Frank Hitchcock of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. William Alston Hayne was hostess Thursday at a bridge-tea at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. William Hoff Clark entertained a number of friends at a supper Saturday evening at her home on Commonwealth Avenue.

Mrs. Scott Hendricks was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Bacon of New York, who have been entertained during their visit by Mr. Charles N. Black and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Philip King Brown entertained fifty children at an afternoon dance and candy pull Saturday at her home on Twenty-Seventh Avenue. The affair was to celebrate the birthday anniversary of her little son, Cabot Harrison Brown.

Mrs. Charles Butters gave a dance Wednesday evening at her home in Claremont in honor of her niece, Miss Lois Crosby.

Mrs. Smith O'Brien will give a "rag party" this evening at Wellesley Studio in honor of her daughter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien.

Miss Alice Hager was hostess last Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Gough Street.

Mrs. John Sibley was hostess yesterday at a bridge party at the Sorosis Club.

Dr. Frederick J. V. Skiff and Mrs. Skiff entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Harriet Caswell has issued invitations to a tea Wednesday, March 7, in honor of Miss Ila Sonntag.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair gave a dinner recently in Coronado in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook.

Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw has issued invitations to a luncheon May 8 at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Charles Gove was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Yerba Buena.

Captain John T. Geary, U. S. A., and Mrs. Geary gave a dinner Friday evening preceding the dance at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Halsey Dunwoody, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dunwoody also gave a dinner and accompanied their guests to the dance.

Mrs. Allan Greer was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party last week at her home in the Presidio.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her three children will leave today for New York en route to London, where they will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris at Reigate. They will remain abroad indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Monroe Pinckard have rented the house on Gough Street which was formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick. Mr. and Mrs. Pinckard have been spending the past week in San Rafael.

Miss Floride Hunt will arrive Tuesday from Washington, D. C., where she has been spending the winter. Judge William Hunt is accompanying his niece on her homeward trip and will spend several weeks in this city.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Cunningham, who were expected several days ago from New York, will arrive tomorrow to spend the summer in Woodside.

Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. William Alston Hayne, and Miss Ida Bourn will spend the summer at their home near St. Helena.

Miss Harriet Stone has gone to Beowawe, Nevada, to spend a month with Miss Helen Hinckley.

Mr. Berrian Anderson returned to Sacramento Monday after having spent the week-end in San Rafael with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Porter are established in Ross, where they have leased the home of Mr. Wharton Thurston.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard and Mrs. Fannie McCreary will leave next week for Europe. Mrs. McCreary will join Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mr. William Carey Van Fleet, Jr., who have been abroad for the past six months.

Miss Constance Borrowe is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William P. Horn in San Rafael.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and Miss Isabelle Beaver will leave shortly for the East. Miss Beaver will visit Miss Helen Crosby, who spent several weeks last summer at the Beaver home.

Mrs. G. L. Simmons has returned to Sacramento after a few days' visit at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond have returned from a visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid arrived Sunday from New York and will spend the summer at her home in Millbrae, where she will be joined by her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Ward (formerly Miss Jean Reid), who is at present in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores will spend the summer in Banff.

Mrs. John Breckenridge has rented for six months the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond D. Splivalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin took possession Thursday of Mrs. Leigh Sypher's home, which has been vacated by Mrs. Breckenridge.

Miss Ella Deming of Sacramento is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, in San Mateo.

Miss Fannie Danforth is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fletcher at their home in Yonkers, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and their daughters, the Misses Olive and Elizabeth Wheeler, will spend the summer at their country home, The Bend, on the McCloud River.

Mr. William S. Strickler and his daughter, Miss Katherine Strickler, have gone to Santa Barbara to spend a week at the Hotel Potter.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels of San Diego has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been spending several days in town en route from Pasadena to his home in the East.

Mr. Harold Chase of Santa Barbara was a recent visitor in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. Edric Wolseley will leave today for Europe, where they will remain until October.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge will leave Wednesday for New York and will sail May 21 for Europe, returning home in August.

Mr. Roderick Macleay of Portland has been spending the past week with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson have leased a home on Jackson Street near Locust Street and will give up their apartment on Presidio Avenue June 1.

Miss Ruth Winslow has been spending the past week with Miss Sophie Beylard in San Mateo and Miss Lee Girvin in Menlo Park.

Mrs. George F. Ashton, Miss Helen Ashton, and Mr. Raymond Ashton will move shortly to Second Avenue and Lake Street, where they have leased an apartment. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott (formerly Miss Bessie Ashton) will move June 1 into their new home, which is within a block of Mrs. Ashton's residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crocker and Mrs. Steiner have returned from Southern California and will spend the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey have returned from Coronado and are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned from Santa Barbara and is visiting her brother, Mr. Richard Tobin, in San Mateo.

Mr. Paige Monteagle, who is studying law at Harvard, will spend the summer in Europe, where he will join his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, and his brother, Mr. Kenneth Monteagle.

Miss Edith Metcalfe has returned from Berkeley, where she spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Umbsen, Miss Mollie Sidebotham, and Mr. John Martin, Jr., spent a few days recently in Monterey.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman have returned from a month's visit in Honolulu.

Mrs. George Hooper and Mrs. Hattie Loring Van Bergen have returned from Southern California.

Miss Phyllis de Young is recovering from a recent operation for appendicits.

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, and Dr. Herbert Carolan left last Friday for Thorndale, Pennsylvania, to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Timlow (formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan).

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foss and their little son have arrived from Boston and are visiting Mrs. Foss's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Maud O'Connor will sail today from New York for Europe. They will spend July in Carlsbad and plan to return home in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan will leave Monday for New York en route to Paris, where they will spend several months in their apartment on the Place des Etats-Unis.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have opened their homes in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and her two little sons are established for the summer in Mill Valley. Mr. Harris is expected home next week from the East, where he went for a brief visit.

Mrs. Ernest Stent and her children are at the Hotel Arlington in Santa Barbara, where they have been joined by Mr. Stent and Mr. Reis, who motored to Coronado.

Miss Laura Baldwin left Sunday evening for Santa Barbara, where she will spend a month with the Misses Katherine and Mildred Kaime.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright are established in an apartment on Van Ness and Pacific Avenues. They have recently sold their home on Scott Street to Dr. George Ebright.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and her niece, Miss Henriette Blanding, will spend the next few weeks traveling in the East.

Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood has gone to Europe to spend the summer with her son, Mr. Henry Warner Sherwood, who is perfecting his violin study in Vienna.

Miss Sydney Davis is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss, with whom she will remain until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore from Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will spend the summer in Belvedere, where Miss Davis will be married in June to Mr. Carl Wolff.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour returned Thursday to their country home in Rutherford, Napa County, after having spent the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf spent the week-end with Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin are established in San Mateo, where they have leased the home of Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson left Wednesday for Burlingame, where she will reside in her new home, which has recently been completed. She was accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader, who will spend the summer with her.

Mr. Platt Kent spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson have returned to their home in Belvedere for the summer months.

Miss Kate Peterson has lately returned from a three months' stay in the Eastern states and to Hamilton, Ontario, visitng friends and relatives. The Misses Willmot and Brisiez Holton of Hamilton, nieces of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton of this city, returned with Miss Peterson and are now her guests in Belvedere for the summer.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Miss Doris Wilshire, Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. DeL. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harold, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Edwards.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Kennedy, U. S. A., has returned to his regiment in the Presidio after several months of detached service at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., is established in a cottage at Camp Yosemite, where his mother, Mrs. Pratt, will join him during the summer months.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after a brief visit in this city.

Lieutenant Frederick Boschen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Boschen have gone to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where it is hoped the climate will benefit his health.

Mrs. Francis Hardaway and her little son have arrived from St. Louis and have joined Lieutenant Hardaway, U. S. A., at Fort Winfield Scott.

Brigadier-General Walter S. Schuyler, U. S. A., retired from active service last Saturday, when a review of the troops was given in his honor. Colonel Cornelius Gardener commanded the review.

Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), and his daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempff, have returned from Southern California and are at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., Mrs. Rees, and Miss Margaret Rees have returned from Fort Barry, where they were the guests of Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knowlton.

◆

The home in Santa Cruz of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mr. Coleman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman of this city.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Dupont Coleman has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mr. Coleman is the son of Mrs. Barry Coleman of San Mateo.

◆

The home in Sacramento of Dr. Clinton Farris and Mrs. Farris has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Farris was formerly Miss Ethel Pippy.

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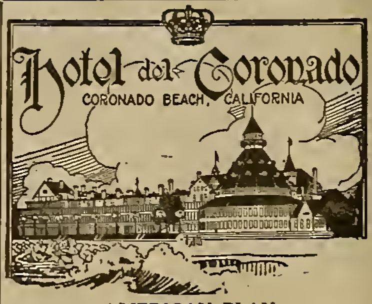

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan visited San Francisco on Wednesday and was shown over the Exposition grounds and in the evening was entertained at a banquet at the Fairmont Hotel.

May Day festivities in the Stadium, Golden Gate Park, were participated in by thousands of children. Preceding the games, music, and distribution of candy and fruit there was an imposing parade, and after the outdoor celebration a concert and ball in Pavilion Rink.

The grand jury has indicted Frank Esola, detective on the city police force, for bribery, in connection with exploits of an organized gang of swindlers and robbers. Lello Pelligrini, hotelkeeper, and Joseph Secco, saloonkeeper, are also indicted, the first for grand larceny and the second for perjury. Seven policemen and detectives are under investigation. This upheaval in the police department follows the conviction of a noted Italian bunco man, who asserts the active coöperation of the police in swindling operations long continued.

On account of the large number of bonds issued by the city for various public improvements and the expansion of the city business, City Auditor Thomas F. Boyle recommends to the supervisors the necessity of a large increase in the tax levy. The auditor shows that to pay the interest on bonds already sold the levy will have to be increased from .37 to .5668, which is nearly double the present rate. The sale of still other bonds is in contemplation, which will call for further increases. The estimate of the auditor has been sent to the supervisors to aid them in framing the budget for the ensuing fiscal year. His figures contemplate a tax rate of $2.1472 on the $100 of valuation. The assessed valuation of all taxable property is estimated at $530,000,000.

Representatives of business houses in San Francisco interested in foreign trade, to the number of about two hundred, attended the foreign trade dinner at the Commercial Club Tuesday evening. The speakers on foreign trade topics were Captain Robert Dollar, John H. Rosseter, E. W. Wilson, George W. McNear, R. H. Swayne, J. B. Havre, William H. Hammer, and P. E. Quin, representative of the New South Wales government.

Americans were denied entrance to a monster mass meeting held by Japanese in the San Francisco Bible College Wednesday night. More than 3000 Japanese business and professional men of San Francisco filled the hall and joined in the speaking, which arose at times above the clamor of the street. That the alien land bill was the subject discussed and talk of war deprecated was the only information the leaders would give out.

Dragged one hundred feet under the wheels of an auto driven by Walter B. Lomax, a certified public accountant, living at 122 Clayton Street, Mrs. Marie Vellie was almost instantly killed while trying to save her five-year-old daughter, Katherine, at Ninth and Market Streets at 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning. The little girl was thrown clear of the car by the mother, and escaped with a few cuts and bruises.

◆

The Mountain Play.

The play to be given in the afternoon of Sunday, May 4, at Rock Springs on Mount Tamalpais, is "Abraham and Isaac," an ancient miracle play. It was written by an unknown monk about 1316, whose genius created a dramatic version of the story which is of engrossing interest.

Professor Baker, in his well-known book, "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," writes thus: "The most wonderful of these old miracle plays, 'Abraham and Isaac,' shows in masterly fashion every shade of interplay of emotions between father and son, as the former struggled between his affection for Isaac and his duty to God, and the latter hesitated between unquestioning obedience and a child's dread of physical pain and the unseen knife."

A group of monks heads the procession as it winds up the hillside, a solemn chant is heard and the singers place themselves around the grassy place where the play is to be enacted. The monks withdraw and the patriarch and his son are seen asleep. The voice of the Deity arouses the father and bids him take his child to the hilltop and there sacrifice him. Again the chant rises and the aged man and his son set forth for the mount of sacrifice. Abraham first comes and breaks down with the weight of the ordeal imposed upon him. The boy's suspicions are aroused and in a touching scene he discovers the truth and prepares for the end. Abraham can scarcely speak for his overmastering emotions, and it is the youth who acts the part of the comforter, strengthens his father, and after most touching messages to his absent mother makes himself ready. Just as the knife is about to fall the angel of the Lord intervenes and the trial of Abraham is terminated. A solemn chorale played by hidden musicians finishes the drama. The picturesque figures, the solemn music of the trumpets, the singing of the monks, and above all the exquisite beauty of the play, will create an impression on all those who witness the drama, played as it will be with the most magnificent background of any theatre in the world. The play is under the stage direction of Garnet Holme and the management of Austin Ramon Pohli.

The miracle play will be short and the rest of the programme will be given over to lighter thoughts. The clever actors who recently produced "Twelfth Night" in the Greek Theatre will give the comedy scenes centring around the plot of Maria and her satellites against Malvolio.

The theatre is reached by a woodland trail from West Point on the line of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais Railway. Plans should be made to spend the entire day on the mountain, as there are many delightful spots for picnicking. The 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, and 11:45 Sausalito Ferry will bring one in time for the performance, which begins at two o'clock.

◆

In an article on "The Dramatic Artist," by Philip Carr, printed in the third number of the *Manchester Playgoer,* the critic writes: "This intellectual invasion of the theatre is a healthy thing. It is bracing, it is cleansing, it has activity. One might say it has life, and from the side of the intelligence, it has life. But for all its cleverness, it misses out something which is a part of life, and that is, perhaps, why it does not attain to a complete expression in art. In its anxiety to avoid sentimentality it leaves out sentiment, and sentiment is a part of life. In its anxiety to be novel it forgets simplicity, and simplicity is not only the most vital thing in life, but the most eloquent and enduring thing in art. In its determination to escape the preoccupation of sex—a determination in which it does not, in fact, succeed, being just so much human—it is in danger of a worse thing, which is sexlessness. If art is to become sexless, it is to lose not only sex but courage. That last, happily, it is not in danger of doing at present, for courage it has. But it is a courage which tends to be of a dry, intellectual, ungenial kind. And drama that is ungenial is out of touch with life."

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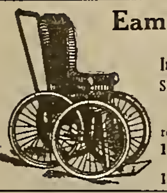

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—Now what is a sentence? *Bright Pupil*—Thirty days, miss.—*Boston Transcript.*

Binks—Hello, old chap, how's the world treating you? *Banks*—Very seldom.—*Canadian Courier.*

Gibbs—I never argue with my wife. *Dibbs*—Same here. I always plead guilty and take a light sentence.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is he rich enough to keep an automobile and a yacht?" "Yes, he is even richer than that. He keeps a lawyer."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

First Chicago Dame—People take shorter wedding trips than they did formerly. *Second Chicago Dame*—Perhaps—but they take them more often.—*Life.*

Sillicus—What is the age of discretion? *Cynicus*—There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I hear Wombat is a gentleman farmer now." "Right up to the notch, too. Puts evening dress on all his scarecrows every day at dusk."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Aunt Mandy (to the clerk of the general store)—You all aint got no fo'-cent calicer, is you—or is you? Ef you is, is you all got some jes' a speck cheapah?—*Woman's Home Componion.*

"My husband is forty today. You'd never believe that there is actually ten years difference in our ages." "Why, no. I'm sure you look every bit as young as he does."—*London Opinion.*

Curate—I am glad to see you come so regularly to our evening service, Mrs. Brown. *Mrs. Brown*—Yus. Yer see, me 'ushand 'ates me goin' hout of a hevening, so I does it to spite 'im.—*Punch.*

"What is the principal difference between modern and ancient times?" "One of the main points was that the modern earn their living, while the ancient urned their dead."—*Baltimore American.*

"How did they happen to meet?" "He ran over that poodle of which she was so fond." "Did he replace it?" "Looks that way. He and she are now engaged."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Sympathetic Lady—Poor man! How did you lose the use of your legs and your eyesight? *Beggar*—I lost de use o' me legs riding in taxicabs, and me eyesight watching de taximeters!—*Puck.*

"What does this young fellow write? I won't have my daughter married to a starving author." "Off the handle, as usual, dad. That young chap wrote $400,000 worth of life insurance last year."—*Washington Herald.*

"Do you object to my daughter's piano practice?" asked the considerate neighbor. "No," replied the musician. "I used to be annoyed by those exercises. But now I'm glad to hear anything that isn't turkey trot stuff."—*Washington Star.*

"Our product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff today that has not been tested." "We manage to sell our product without testing it." "That's odd. What do you sell?" "Dynamite."—*Washington Herald.*

"Where's what's-his-name, the leading romantic actor of his day?" "Kean Kemble? Why, he's filming at a thousand a week." "And where's Patty Lind, the marvelous young soprano?" "She's cabareting at two hundred a night."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Who's that impressive-looking woman over yonder?" "That's Mrs. Peckum. She's a remarkably strong-minded woman, and they do say that she commands a very large salary." "How does she earn it?" "She doesn't earn it. Her husband earns it, and so she commands it."—*Puck.*

Friend—Why, Elvira, what's the matter? *Elvira*—Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death! I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet! *Friend*—She doesn't? *Elvira*—No, not a word! She must he in love with my husband!—*London Opinion.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Reflections Upon the Anti-Japanese Incident.

In the sense that he did not get what nominally he came for, Mr. Bryan's mission to Sacramento must be characterized as a failure. But it is to be remembered that in the sphere of diplomacy the object in view is not always the object avowed. It is probable that the President did indeed hope to stay the hand of the California legislature. But he must have reflected that failure to do this—the enactment by the legislature of a bill offensive to Japan—would make a situation of some embarrassment. In such a situation the position of the Washington government, after having tried to prevent action at Sacramento, is very much better than if it had made no effort. That Mr. Bryan, acting for the President, visited the California capital to protest against anti-Japanese legislation puts the Washington government in an excellent attitude in its future dealings with Japan. The fact has been emphasized that the action against which Japan protests is the action of a state and that it does not represent the purpose of the United States government. While Mr. Bryan's visit did not prevent the California legislature from an act of discrimination, it saved the government of the United States against any suspicion of participation in and of responsibility for such act. Thus regarded, Mr. Bryan's mission was eminently successful.

In the form of its final passage the anti-alien land law will almost certainly prove a nullity. It will not prevent Japanese occupation of our lands, since it provides a leasing system with a dozen loopholes by which the absolute prohibitions of the act may be evaded. The national government, being out of sympathy with the act of the California legislature, may be expected to array all its influences in an effort to make this law of no effect, and probably it will succeed. In all likelihood the net result of the action at Sacramento will be a non-effective law on our statute book. Regulations which might have been made through diplomatic effort will now be impracticable. It is nine to one that Japan hereafter will hold towards us a feeling of suspicion, if nothing worse. This is far from saying that we shall have any open trouble with Japan. The possibility of war is too shadowy for serious consideration. Japan could not fight us if she would. Her resources are too limited for any kind of aggressive activity; and even if they were not, the certainty of ultimate retributive vengeance is too obvious. We shall have no war, but we shall no doubt have an enemy in place of a friend.

Nor do we think there is serious likelihood that Japan will withdraw plans already made for participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Racial and national irritation will unquestionably be keen and there may be in some quarters a disposition to retaliate. But larger purposes and wiser counsels will control. The motives which have prompted Japan in plans already formulated are not those of compliment so much as of self-interest. The consuming desire of the controlling element in Japan is that of exploiting the art, the science—the civilization in a word—of the country. And now when the fundamental equality of Japan and her people with the Western world has been challenged these motives will be more commanding than before. The exposition will afford an opportunity which the keen Oriental mind will readily appreciate to exhibit to the world, even before the very face of her detractors, the things best calculated to command for Japan respect and admiration. We look to see Japan carry forward to perfection the project which she has already outlined in connection with the exposition. And we suspect that when it shall be seen that the Japanese Section is at once the most charming and effective feature of the great fair we shall find it hard to explain to visitors and critics the feeling against the Japanese which prevails here. Perhaps we shall even be a bit ashamed of ourselves.

Apart from the merits of the matter immediately involved, there is one aspect of the anti-Japanese incident at Sacramento calculated to make the judicious grieve. It relates to the comparative success of contrasting methods on the part of the government at Washington. It is not pleasant to reflect that whereas President Wilson in an effort to estop a precipitant procedure failed, President Roosevelt in a similar emergency succeeded. Mr. Wilson held strictly to the limitations of the Constitution; he neither raged nor blustered, he civilly and even graciously counseled with the governor and the legislature. Mr. Roosevelt flew into a violent rage, gave no heed to the Constitution, and exhibited one of the least pleasant phases of an unlovely character. It is truly grievous that the methods of the reckless bulldozer should be more effective than the methods of the considerate gentleman. It is of course to be remembered that President Wilson has had to deal with conditions not amenable to reason and moderation. The plan, as Senator Cartwright sententiously remarked, had been "programmed." And Governor Johnson had his reasons. Having exhausted the "cause" by which he climbed into office, and having in office utterly discredited himself and his faction, he stood in need of an "issue." It mattered nothing at all to him that the plan which he had conceived involved a diplomatic false stroke—nothing less than an international affront—and that it further involved an affront to the President of the United States. Lacking the sensibility and delicacy which should go with authority, and without which authority becomes a mere arbitrary dictatorship, it rather pleased than restrained him that what he proposed was in violence of all the proprieties and an insult to the national government. Men of coarse fibre fall by preference into coarse ways; that which would have restrained a man of nicer feeling simply spurred him on.

The incident, following other happenings of the past three years, will go far to classify California in the public mind with Oklahoma, Kansas, and the other wild and woolly communities where a vulgar practice of political slap-dash illustrates a low degree of civilization. It will take many years of orderly political action, whenever in the providence of God we shall work round to it, to efface from the popular mind of the world the bad impression that has been made. And this ill repute is but one of the elements in the colossal price which California must pay for yielding to a distempered and passion-crazed leadership and for sending to her legislature a crew of subservient irresponsibles "hog-tied" to a dictatorship minus principle, minus honesty, minus decency.

Mr. Bryan's suggestion that a vote under our referendum practice will correct the mischief done by the legislature at Sacramento exhibits neither a thorough understanding of the California mind nor a profound political cunning. Plainly his eye is so fixed upon the affront to the government that he fails to perceive how deep and widespread is the feeling of dislike and resentment here toward the Japanese race. It is in truth all but universal. In one degree or another, it is felt even by those least sympathetic with the administration at Sacramento. In matters of this sort popular feeling invariably loses sight of the incidental and more delicate considerations and proceeds straight to the issue. A very respectable minority of the California electorate, considerate of the special circumstances, would, no doubt, if the matter were submitted to a referendum, vote to recall the act as passed by the legislature. They would do this, not because they are in sympathy with a system of Japanese privilege in California, but in consideration of the proprieties of the case, including the courtesy due President Wilson and his administration. But the vast mass of the people of California would vote to sustain a law which assumes to forbid Japanese ownership of California lands. We venture the prediction that if the matter were brought to a vote the law would be sustained five to one—possibly ten to one. This estimate is based upon what we believe to be a competent understanding of the Californian mind with respect to this issue. And herein lies the cunning of Governor Johnson and his associates in the direction of the legislation. Wherever else their deficiencies may lie, they are not without a shrewd understanding of the popular feeling in California towards Orientals, especially towards the Japanese. Probably they know that the law which they have enacted will prove a nullity; but they likewise know that there is effective popular politics in promoting this law, whether it be good or bad from the legal standpoint. They know that it gives them, as the proposers and enactors of the law, an issue immeasurably popular within the state and therefore calculated to sustain political pretensions and hopes which must otherwise fall before popular resentment of acts both of omission and commission done in contempt of propriety and reason.

In connection with events at Sacramento during the past two weeks and in many other incidents in Cali fornia and elsewhere we have heard a vast deal of talk about the tenderness of Japanese sensibilities. This or that must not be done or considered because it may wound the feelings of a proud and sensitive people. Now, speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* grows a bit weary of this limitation upon straightforward dealing. If indeed the Japanese are abnormally sensitive, the sooner they get over it the better. For first or last they must learn that in the eyes of the United States and the leading European countries they can never be men and brethren in full social and domestic affiliation. Diplomatic policy accords to Japan a place in the so-called family of nations, and diplomatic courtesy gives to the Japanese themselves a kind of recognition of which they are amazingly greedy if not exactly appreciative. But there is a good deal of make-believe about it, since "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." We are perfectly willing to give Japan and to her people every privilege and every courtesy consistent with the maintenance of a distinct social and domestic separateness. Now and again we are quite willing to receive individual Japanese as social visitors. But as for any general mix-up between the two races we want none of it and will have none of it. The American or Englishman does not live who relishes a close affiliation between members of his family and Japanese neighbors. The old question, so often heard in days preceding the war—"Would you have your daughter marry a nigger?"—conveys the idea a bit vulgarly to be sure, but with absolute precision. Nobody wants his daughter to marry a Japanese. Nobody wants Japanese in the character of familiar domestic associates and friends. Nobody is pleased when a Japanese family moves next door or buys the adjoining ranch. There is a fixed, persistent, ineradicable antipathy on the part of the Western European toward the Oriental. No argument can overcome it or ever will overcome it. And no argument has ever yet been advanced indicating any possible advantage to come through disregard of instinctive feeling. It rests upon the decree of nature, and nature usually knows her business. It is better that the races should live apart; and it is this instinct which makes white men abandon any community or any neighborhood wherein the Japanese predominate to the extent of establishing their ideas and the civilization founded upon them as the rule of community life. If there is any notion among the Japanese that by any arrangement possible to be effected, artificially or by process of time, they are to grow into domestic affiliation with the white race, they would do well to disabuse their minds on this score.

There are possibilities in the situation as it has been falsely and stupidly made by Governor Johnson and his "hog-tied" legislature which may result in conditions more grievous than before, even permanently so. The sentiment of the country outside the Pacific Coast States is with the President and against California. The fact is attested by every avenue of public expression, including the newspaper press. The President has been urged, in retaliation against the affront put upon the administration by California, to ask Congress to enact a law permitting naturalization of the Japanese as American citizens. The passage of such a law would take from California the power which it now has to make its land laws discriminatory against Japanese. The nation as a whole does not wish to so discriminate and it has the power through Congress to enforce its wishes. It would indeed be a striking rebuke to the precipitancy, discourtesy, and folly of the aggregation of cranks and damphools at Sacramento, and at the same time a blow to the social integrity of California and the Pacific States especially, if a scheme devised in factional calculation and for local political advantage should result in giving to the Japanese a firmer foothold in the country than they have had hitherto.

The Sundry Civil Bill.

When Mr. Taft vetoed the sundry civil bill because it contained a clause exempting labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Act he took occasion to say that this exemption was "class legislation of the most vicious sort" and a "crime against the state." The country at large was generally of the same opinion as Mr. Taft. It was shocked by even an attempt to lift the obligations of a law from one favored class of the community and specifically to permit a labor union to commit actions that would be punished as a crime if committed by any one else. Mr. Taft never did a wiser or a more righteous thing than in this closing act of his administration, or one more properly applauded. This same bill has now been introduced again, and the President is quoted as saying that he sees no objection to the principle of exemption that is involved. There is no reason to suppose that he was incorrectly reported, but there is reason to hope that he will hesitate before signing a bill that would involve the handwriting on the wall for his presidential career. When Mr. Taft made his celebrated tariff speech at Winona it was generally agreed that he had sealed his own political fate and that he could never retrieve a mistake that was impulsive and unpremeditated and that was comprised in a single sentence of a dozen words. It may now be said that if President Wilson shall sign this bill exempting labor unions from the operation of a general criminal law it will mean the end of his political career. The support and approval that he is now receiving from nearly every shade of political opinion will recede like a wave on an ebb tide.

The Administration and Morals.

Possibly we shall have to wait some time for a general and adequate realization of the mischief that has been done by the present state administration and by the legislature that is now drawing to a close. A situation has been created that is far too serious to be mended either by ridicule, contempt, or scolding, and the state has echoed with these from north to south. Bad laws can be rectified, bad officials can be removed, and we can always rely upon a certain saving common sense that will mitigate the absurdities of law-makers. But a lowering of the general political tone is not so easily corrected. The mechanism of legislation, once brought into popular scorn, does not readily recover its status. And reflecting minds are already asking themselves what must be the effect upon our institutions of a political procedure that compels us to look upon a state legislature with dislike, with apprehension, and even with terror. The highest deliberate assembly in the state, under the direction of a governor who is one of the standard-bearers of the new democracy, finds itself regarded almost universally as a public threat and a public nuisance. That such a condition is significant of much needs no indication.

That the blame lies largely at the door of Governor Johnson is evident enough. Very rarely has the local political life offered such opportunities as were offered to him. Never have opportunities been so flouted and neglected. He came into office on one of those tides of moral sentiment that need only intelligent and sincere direction to become permanently effective, and it was just these elements of intelligence and sincerity that he lacked. Governor Johnson, in point of fact, has been an opportunist from start to finish. He espoused the Progressive cause because he believed that it held the winning cards. Had his forecast of events been a different one he would have shown the same mock enthusiasm, the same effrontery, for stand-patism or for anything else. His political gospel is, and has always been, to win, and in his effort to win he has used any and every weapon without scruple or hesitation.

When the well-intentioned voters of the state—and most voters are well-intentioned—have reached the point where they can face conditions instead of theories, facts instead of appeals and war cries, there will be only one evident reality before them. They must recognize that the governor has brought the political morals of the state to as low a point as they have ever reached. Denouncing a score of public evils, he has perpetuated and increased them all. Repudiating the discredited methods of past administrations, he has adopted those same methods one after the other and applied them with a vigor and an inclusiveness never before known. Practically every ugly and nefarious expedient with which the political history of the state has familiarized us is now to be found in full flower at Sacramento and sanctified by a sort of pious pretense that makes them even more ugly and nefarious than they were before. Not a single evil has been removed from our political life, but on the contrary every evil has been cherished and enlarged. To whatever was evil in systems past there has been added the element of hypocrisy.

Now these things speak for themselves. They are patent and undeniable. Two years ago we were told that the advent of Governor Johnson would mean the end of machine rule in California. But machine rule has not ended in California. It is more aggressive and more dominant than ever before. There has never been an administration in California so unblushing in its machine building as the present one. We may search the legislative files from the beginning and nowhere shall we find a parallel to such extraordinary proposals as those now before us, proposals empowering the governor to appoint without limit and to pay without limit, to create an army of personal beneficiaries without check either as to size or to remuneration. If this is not a political machine, then there is no such thing as a political machine. If this is not a crude and insolent means of corruption, then there is no such thing as corruption. It will be within the unchallenged authority of the governor to make every man and woman in the state an office-holder and dependent upon him for daily bread. Heaven knows that the political history of the state is full of the scandalous use of scandalous powers, but there was never yet a boss who even conceived of such palmy days as those outlined by the governor for his own political advantage, who ever imagined himself as in possession of such authorities through the malign use of money. It has been left to a Progressive among Progressives to show us the last ultimate possibilities of boss rule in a machine-ridden state.

In outlining such a situation there is no need to use invective. The facts themselves have an efficacy that no invective could have. And the facts are a matter of record. There is not a single administration measure—unpleasantly described as the "Ten Commandments"—that is not intended to add to the personal power of the governor by appointment, by pay, or by flattery. One and all, those measures are vitiated by exemptions, by privilege, by immunity, by all the arts of the professional boss, whose only standard of values is the votes that will accrue, the venalities and the vanities that can be brought within reach of the net. Never before has there been so extraordinary an itch for the powers of patronage. There have been other bosses whose demands upon the public funds have been extortionate and insatiable, but they have all placed some sort of limit, if only a nominal and deceptive one, upon their drafts. But Governor Johnson has outdone them all. He asks for a blank check upon the treasury at the state capital in order that there may be absolutely no limit to his powers of appointment and of pay.

But most of these evils will right themselves so far as they are concerned with direct legislative acts. There is always a remedy for bad laws. But the debasement of political ideals is another matter, and it is no small thing that we should be accustomed to consider the whole political system of the state, the whole scheme of current legislation, in terms of venality and corruption.

Obviously a Canard.

We may avow a frank incredulity toward a certain news item emanating from Philadelphia to the effect that a number of men have organized themselves into a weekly sewing circle in order to prepare themselves for the day when housework will fall to the lot of their already meek and subjugated race. In the first place no news from Philadelphia can possibly be true, since news does not happen in Philadelphia. In the second place it is not necessary for men to learn the domestic arts, since they know them already.

The delusion that women are experts in such matters as sewing and cooking is one of those superstitions that ought to disappear. It is unworthy of a new and glorious age of sex equality, which ought above all else to be characterized by candor. A sense of chivalry has heretofore impelled us gracefully to concede every claim advanced by women, whether it be to a higher order of virtue or to a special dexterity in the domestic arts. But truth ought now to prevail over empty compliment, and the truth is that women can neither cook nor sew except for a family circle too well drilled in submission to permit of either criticism or comment.

Women's claim to culinary skill is sufficiently disposed of by the fact that there is hardly an hotel, a restaurant, or a wealthy family in civilization that would allow its cooking to be done by a woman. And so far as sewing is concerned, it is sufficient to point to the fact that no woman rich enough to hire the services of a man dressmaker would ever think of having recourse to a worker of her own sex. The explanation is simple enough. So far as cookery is concerned, the chef works from recipes that are as precise as the prescriptions of a physician, whereas the feminine formula calls for a "spoonful" of this, "enough" of that, and a "little" of something else. And the average woman's incapacity to make a perfect dress is fully explained by her determination not to recognize any fraction of an inch less than the quarter.

Therefore it would be no irreparable misfortune if women should withdraw wholly from the domestic field. A man can cook his own dinner, and do it excellently, after he has hunted up the correct specifications and estimates. He can sew on his own buttons, and with a well-placed confidence that the powers of darkness shall not prevail against them, and that no lurking humiliation awaits him in his hour of need. Moreover, he can button himself up, ahead and astern, port and starboard, and that is more than most women can do. They can not even stand still nor refrain from speech while it is being done for them.

The report from Philadelphia may therefore be set down as a canard, since men need not learn what they already know. Now if this report had said that women were at length showing a willingness to learn from men the finer and more subtle delicacies of the domestic arts we should still have our doubts of its authenticity, but we should at least hail it as a foreshadowing of better things.

The Observations of a Statesman.

Hon. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, has written a letter to the New York *Times* embodying observations, various and sundry, during a recent visit to California. Mr. Foster is a man of vast experience and of calm wisdom, and when one such speaks it is worth while to give heed. Mr. Foster is not much impressed by recent political changes in California. Concerning woman's suffrage he says:

> My study of the subject and my intercourse with the people and my careful reading of the local press led me to the conviction that the amendment of the state constitution conferring the franchise on women was a serious error, and that so far in actual practice is not proving an unmixed blessing to the state, counties, and municipalities. The amendment was adopted by a minority of the legal voters. I met many women who were opposed to it, and quite a number who since its adoption have never gone to the polls. Some towns formerly "dry" have, since the granting of female suffrage, voted themselves "wet." So-styled reforms, adopted since the amendment, have proved impracticable or unwise in enforcement. The proceedings of the legislature now in session have not shown that the new measure is bringing about any greatly improved standard of patriotism, disinterested legislation, or integrity.

Of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall Mr. Foster says:

> They are having their effect in perplexing the average citizen and wearying him over the multifarious political duties which he is called upon to discharge. The day I left Los Angeles on my return home its citizens were called upon to vote upon eighteen separate and distinct propositions which affected a variety of matters, such as the city charter, bonded indebtedness, possession or control of properties, and municipal offices, the effect of which no one but the most intelligent and caretaking person could fully comprehend, and the mass of voters had to act upon the indication of their partisan leaders or "bosses."
>
> The week before I left one of the "cities" of 7000 or 8000 inhabitants, which constitutes a suburb of Los Angeles, held an election to decide upon various schemes referred to the voters by the city council, involving the acquisition of parking ground, extensive school improvements, and other matters involving the well-being of the community. Most of these measures were approved by the voters, but they all failed of ratification, because considerably more than one-half of the electorate abstained from voting.

Within the thirty days of his stay in one unnamed California city Mr. Foster notes that the voters were called upon to resort to the polls four different times. Referring to this phase of the new political condition in California, Mr. Foster says:

> The result usually is that the busy citizen and the laboring man find it inconvenient to devote so much of their time to the affairs of state, and they stay away from the polls, and leave the amendment of the city charter, the increase of its bonded indebtedness, the choice of its mayor and other officials, in large measure, to the idle and such as obey the call of the political manipulators, and in many cases constitute a minority of the legal voters.

Summing up his observations in California covering a period of four months, Mr. Foster concludes

> —that it would be wise for the older states of our Union to await the result of the working out in practice of these modern measures of government by such adventurous states as California and other more recent members of the Union. When they shall have shown by a full test that these revolutionary methods of government are wise, it will then be time enough for the older states to abandon the forms of government prescribed by our Federal Constitution and under which we have grown to be a great and prosperous nation.

Editorial Notes.

Colonel J. R. Beggs, president of the First National Bank of Arcola, Illinois, member of the State Progressive Committee of the Nineteenth District, and a leading supporter and financial backer of the Progressive movement in Illinois, has hauled down his flag. "The Progressive party," says Colonel Beggs, "is dead not only in Illinois but in the whole United States. The Republican party is the real party of progress, and Republicans and Progressives will soon get together again."

Let us confess frankly to something of that provincial quality of mind which delights in the approval and is capable of swallowing even the flatteries of voluble visitors. We are distinctly pleased to be told by a distinguished Eastern engineer, recently a sojourner here, that San Francisco possesses the "amplest and most royal harbor on the Pacific Ocean," the "full equal of New York's." We are pleased also to be told that we have an "imperial position" with respect to the Pacific world. And perhaps we are not mightily displeased to find our own advantages emphasized by a judicial and discriminating comparison of our status and prospects with those of Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle. But we shall do well to bear in mind that fine talk nor even very considerable advantages of nature can sustain a community unless it accepts the discipline and obeys the laws of community welfare. Our "beautiful surroundings," our "imperial situation" with respect to the Pacific Ocean, our contiguity to vast "reservoirs of productive wealth," our "broad streets" will do us little good if we fail to maintain the conditions essential to productive and commercial activity. These things are indeed worth while and they can be made of supreme value, but only in conjunction with right domestic and social conditions. We can not prosper on scenery, mutual approval, the admiration of visitors, Portola shows, New Year's fêtes, and municipal opera houses alone. San Francisco has got to have, if she is to hold her own, the conditions which secure and sustain industry and commerce. We have got to kill the dragon of an aggressive and selfish system which is grinding the life out of our industries; we have got to create and sustain the conditions essential to commerce. There is no other career, no other certain resource for a great modern city. Our beloved San Francisco, for all the fine things that may be said of her, and for all the fine things we are constantly saying to each other, will not maintain her place as against the rivalry of Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle unless there shall be found the courage and the hardihood to create conditions of industry and trade here at least upon a parity with those elsewhere. Men and brethren, let us not be lacking in appreciation of the gracious phrases of those who visit us, but let us not over-emphasize their value. Let us not forget that the assurance of San Francisco's fortunes lies in the maintenance of forces which lie within ourselves in conjunction with our advantages—but mainly within ourselves.

Naturally there has been an outbreak of shrill protest against the refusal of the New York school board to grant a year's leave of absence to a woman teacher who wishes to have a baby. The divine right of motherhood, we are told, has been affronted, and a direct rebuff has been administered to the sacred business of propagation. But it is hard to see the matter in quite this light. We do not gather that the school board has in any way prohibited the baby, nor can we suppose that it would in any way attempt a feat so clearly *ultra vires*. All that it has done is to remind the prospective and doubtless happy mother that her proposed incursion into the domestic field is incompatible with the scholastic duties for which she is paid and that she must either postpone an experiment that we can not help feeling to be rash or surrender that other position in the schools that she is obviously unable to fill. And it may be said that if some corresponding application were made by a man—an actual identity of circumstances can hardly be expected—it would be dismissed without comment and as frankly preposterous.

It is not pleasant to read that a group of twenty Vassar girls has been devoting time and energies to ferreting out and running down the white slavery practice of the very interesting town of Poughkeepsie, New York. Not, indeed, that detective work in this particular line is intrinsically unworthy or that the dragon of white slavery at Poughkeepsie or elsewhere is not deserving of any and all blows that may be given it. But it is not a nice business for schoolgirls. Vassar girls might be more delicately employed than familiarizing themselves with the details of disgusting vice and they might easily find cleaner and more inspiring objects of inspiration. The white slavery crusade is an enterprise which would better engage maturer energies and sensibilities a bit more hardened to the rougher observations and uses of life. The legitimate purposes of education are what girls go to Vassar for, and they would much better devote their time and their minds to these purposes than divert them to the unclean and essentially corrupting business of social reform in its darker and grosser aspects. There will be time enough for this sort of work at a later period in life, when character has been duly formed and when the definite responsibilities of life have been properly assumed. We suspect that if the pursuit of vice shall become established as a feature of the Vassar curriculum there will be old-fashioned folk who will prefer to send their daughters to some other and some less aggressively progressive school.

The proposal in Congress by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon to abrogate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, out of hand, is a case of shirt-sleeves diplomacy with a vengeance. Of course the thing could be done, just as a man may "cancel" his note of hand by informing his creditor that he will not pay, or abandon his wife because he is tired of her. But it can not be done with honor. The proposal ignores not merely our obligations under the treaty, but precedent obligations of which the treaty is the formal guaranty. To abrogate the treaty by notifying England that we shall no longer be bound by it would by no means relieve us from pledges which we are bound in honor to carry out. If the principle be accepted that a treaty may be abrogated at the whim of either party to it, then there would be no value in treaties, since none would be worth the paper it is written on. A treaty is in effect a bond for the performance of specific engagements, and there is no way honorably to abrogate a treaty excepting by answering its obligations or obtaining a formal readjustment of them. To abrogate our treaty with England out of hand, as Senator Chamberlain proposes, would be repudiation; and it would entirely justify England in proceeding against us by any method within her power. We have under solemn treaty promised certain things, and we must do these things or confess dereliction. Senator Chamberlain's proposal would shame us in our own house, and in the eyes of other nations put us outside the lines of common respect. If Senator Chamberlain's plan should be carried out England probably would not go to war with us, but she would do something infinitely worse—she would hold us in contempt.

The burning of a London church by the militant suffragettes was hardly an ingratiating preliminary to the vote in the House of Commons on the new suffrage bill. The vote was heavily adverse, but whether it was cast on general principles or as a protest against the desecration of the sacred edifice must remain a matter for speculation. And this particular outrage is certainly a surprise. That women should commit assault, that they should destroy property and resort to gunpowder and dynamite, has always been within the realm of possibilities. But that they should so far forget an early piety as to attack a church is something in the nature of a revelation.

A telegraphic announcement to the effect that Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw sailed from New York on Sunday last for Europe, "accompanied by her infant son Russell," in some subtle way recalls an incident of a Sunday-school entertainment given at Seattle some years ago—the children of the Sunday-school having in the matter of the programme been left to their own devices. A feature of the entertainment was a scene representing the return of an Alaskan miner, duly bearded and bronzed by a dozen years of exposure in the hyperborean wilds. "I have returned to you, my beloved," says this hero to his rejoicing wife, "after all these years, and, thank God, not empty-handed. I determined never to return until I should achieve fortune, and at last I am with you again, and have brought ample provision for our future." After her first flush of ecstatic joy at the reunion the wife takes the centre of the stage, saying: "Dear John, while you have been bravely facing the hardships and hazards of the cold Northland, struggling for the fortune which now assures our future happiness, I, too, have not been idle." Then, as the climax of the story there came trooping in seven small children, as representing maternal activity during those not empty years.

Los Angeles has once more declined Mr. Job Harriman's offer to be mayor of the city.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. C. F. Hunt, writing to the St. Louis *Mirror,* puts a somewhat new face on the English problem of the militant suffragette. He says that the movement is organized by the Tory or aristocratic party, which hopes to create a large number of new votes pledged to the Tory cause. The militant suffragettes, he points out, expressed themselves as fully satisfied with what was known as the Conciliation bill. Now this bill would have had the effect of enfranchising about a million women, all belonging to the propertied or Tory classes, and such an increase would have been amply sufficient to turn the scales against the Liberal government at the next general election. Whether Mr. Hunt's theory of motive is a correct one or not it is certain that the women who would have been enfranchised by the Conciliation bill were of the class or caste from which the Tory party draws its strength.

It must be admitted that the defense of the chairman of Krupp's armament company against the charge of bribing German government officials is a weak one. He dismisses the whole affair with a general statement that the bribes consisted of "several one-dollar, two-dollar, and five-dollar bills, and in one or two cases a twenty-five-dollar bill at Christmas." This reminds us of the excuse advanced by one of Captain Marryat's heroines under accusation of having had an improper baby. She said it was only a very small one. The statement in question hardly persuades us of the purity of the Krupp company, but it is enough to show us that the price of the government officials is a very low one.

It is too soon for our poets to take heart of grace from the assurance that Alfred Noyes, the English poet who has lately visited America, finds it possible to make a living from his poetry alone. The estate of Will Carleton has just been settled, and after all claims have been paid there will be a balance of $75 on the wrong side of the ledger. And Will Carleton's poems are among the most popular of the day. The poor remuneration offered to literary work of all kinds is often considered a fit topic for humor. The histories of the future are likely to refer to it as evidence of a mental darkness like that which preceded the renaissance.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, leader of the Conservative party of England, is not hopeful of democracy. He declares that he himself is a democrat, since he wishes sincerely that the deliberate will of the community shall prevail. None the less he is alarmed at "the fact that in so many countries where democracy, so far as paper constitutions can make it, really rules the whole destinies of the nation, it seems incapable in many cases of creating an assembly representative of itself, to which it can pay the smallest possible tribute of respect." There will be many to echo Mr. Balfour's words. We have to face the fact that as our legislatures have grown more democratic so they have incurred a constantly growing measure of public contempt, either for their wickedness or their idiocy. The British Parliament, says Mr. Balfour, stands less well today in the public mind than ever before, and "I do not think that a debate in the House of Commons is looked to with the same respect, or interest, or attention as it was when I was a younger politician. Time alone will determine the effect of this debasement upon the status of democracy, but the effect must necessarily be a momentous one."

It is unfortunate that the art and other degenerates of the days are usually far too degenerate to understand the rebukes directed against them by responsible authorities. Thus we find Mr. Kenyon Cox denouncing the idea of novelty in art. Writing in the *Century,* he says: "Let us clear our minds. then, of the illusion that there is in any important sense such a thing as progress in the fine arts. We may with a clear conscience judge every new work for what it appears in itself to be, asking of it that it be noble and beautiful and reasonable, not that it be novel or progressive." Mr. Cox's admonition will not, of course, reach the minds of the futurists and the cubists, and for every evident reasons. The search for the progressive is a disease of feeble minds, whether it be in art or politics, and like other collective hallucinations and hysterias it must work itself out.

India seems at last to have produced a great poet, and there have been very few since the days of the Mahabharata. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who knows good poetry when he sees it, and even writes it occasionally, says of the lately published volume by Rabindranath Tagore: "I have carried the manuscript of these translations about with me for days, reading it in railway trains or on the top of omnibuses and in restaurants, and I have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved me."

Who knows anything about Professor Charles William Wallace of Nebraska? "Who's Who" says of him that he "published in 1909 the most important documents ever found on Shakespeare and his theatres . . . and is now publishing discoveries that change the whole history of the Elizabethan-Jacobean stage." Is it possible that Professor Wallace wrote this himself? If not, how did "Who's Who" discover that he published "the most important documents ever found on Shakespeare and his theatres." Superlatives are dangerous when used about Shakespeare.

Miss Zelie Emerson, the American militant suffragette who has just emerged from prison, announces that she will now devote her energies to the reform of English jails. It is a laudable object, but it is noteworthy that the English themselves are just now fiercely agitated over the condition of the prisons in Portugal. And now comes the Springfield *Republican* with the unkind suggestion that Miss Emerson cast her reforming eye upon the prisons in her own country, which are not always what they should be. Miss Emerson has not yet been in an American prison, so far as we know, but she would soon find herself there if she were to behave at home as she behaves abroad. In the meantime we may derive what satisfaction we can from the interest we are all taking in other people's jails. As the saloon-keeper said when the Salvation Army persisted in singing hymns outside his door it seems as though it must do good to some one. Anyway, he liked music with his drink.

A writer in the *Sewanee Review* relates a curious incident that befell Wilkie Collins after the publication of "The Woman in White." He received a letter from a lady, who congratulated him on his novel and then continued: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description, I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain, and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have read in your books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. *In fact, he is my own husband.*" The lady was the wife of Bulwer-Lytton. But was Bulwer-Lytton actually so bad a man? There is little but the evidence of his wife to support that belief, and wives, as we all know, are rather addicted to the view that their husbands are the worst men alive. And perhaps they are.

Doctors very rarely agree with one another, but some of the great alienists who have come from all over the world to the opening of the Henry Phipps psychiatric clinic at Baltimore are good enough to express the united opinion that "half of the great poets were insane." The idea is not a new one. Indeed it seems to be a favorite among alienists, who usually include all genius in their diagnosis of insanity. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that some forms of insanity are essential to the progress of the human race, seeing that but for the leadership of genius our evolution would have been much slower than it has been. Consequently the alienist is a public danger so far as he conceives it to be his mission to combat insanity in all its forms. That he is often a very absurd as well as a very venal figure is evident enough, but we may wonder why he is so fond of displaying himself as contemptuous of the finest products of the race. We can all do very well without the alienist and profit largely from our loss. But we can not do without the poets.

The trade forecasts of the British chancellor of the exchequer are usually supposed to be as nearly infallible as human skill can make them, seeing that they are used as a basis for taxation. Therefore it is interesting to note that Mr. Lloyd George confidently assumes that the forthcoming year will give him an increased revenue of $35,000,000 due to trade expansion, and that the stimulation is due to confident commercial expectations that "in a very short time peace will be restored and we shall get normal conditions." Capital is the most cowardly thing in the world, and therefore the most cautious. Its predictions are by no means certain of fulfillment, but there will be a general disposition to believe them when they promise good things.

A sensational libel suit now being tried in England has elicited some curious scientific opinions on the efficacy of the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia. Dr. Henri Boucher, a well-known French army surgeon, testified to the fact that the popularity of the treatment was on the wane in France, and added his personal opinion that the treatment itself was largely responsible for the increase in hydrophobia. The germ, he said, is introduced into the system and eventually becomes active. Before the day of Pasteur hydrophobia very rarely followed the bite of even an admittedly mad dog, but since the practice of remedial inoculation the percentage of ill results had largely increased. The same statement has of course been made repeatedly, but it would be interesting to get positive statistics. A mere statement of the small number of those who develop hydrophobia after inoculation is, of course, valueless unless accompanied by statistics of those developing the malady without inoculation. In this connection we may recall the story told by that gifted American, Mrs. Cornwallis West, who recalled the young American girl in London who surprised her friends by exclaiming: "Oh, joy! Father has been bitten by a mad dog and we are all going to Paris tomorrow."

Mme. Pavlowa had to pass through something of an ordeal during her recent visit to Russia. After a performance at St. Petersburg she was called to the imperial box and the Czar asked her why she had ceased to live in Russia. But the dancer was equal to the occasion. She entered into an animated description of the beauties of her new London home, and especially of her pet swans, pigeons, and parrots, who could hardly be expected to enjoy the delights of travel and who even at that moment were pining for the return of their mistress. The Czar listened with amusement and made a virtue of necessity when he gave his permission to the great dancer to live where and how she pleased so long as she remembered that her own people were second to none in appreciation of her art.

There is hope for the ultimate consumer, seeing that apatite, asafetida, balm of Gilead, bones, cudbear, divi-divi, dragons' blood, fossils, joss sticks, old junk, lava, leeches, manna, pulu, skeletons, and spunk have been put on the free list. On the other hand it seems that diamidostilbendisulfoacid, phenoephthalein, and benzaldehyde are still dutiable. But of course we can not expect everything all at once.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Earl o' Quarterdeck.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

The wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spake the king himsel:
"Haud on for Dunfermline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I vow;
This is something underhand!
'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets
Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east-wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,
To drink the gude French wine,
And up she cam', his daughter fair,
And luikit owre the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet;
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
"What's that ahead?" quo she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quo he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
Wi' the land far on the lee;
And up cam' the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam' oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the king he stepped on the land.
"Skipper, kneel doun," the king he said.
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
"For the Lord alane can do that;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han'
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
A wrathfu' man to see;
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was owre weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved yer life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "That I will!"

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king i' the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And awa with the skipper gaes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman wi' whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?

—*George Macdonald* [1824-1905].

MORE MANHATTAN REVIVALS.

Reminiscent Plays a Feature of the Dull Theatrical Season in New York.

A little while ago it was asserted both humorously and seriously that everybody was writing a play. There was probably some evidence for the charge, but it could not be found in the present condition of theatricals in New York. It stands to reason that some good suggestions would be found in, say, a hundred thousand efforts, even if the readers for theatre managers are as dense and unappreciative as they are said to be. Nevertheless, there are no new plays to be had. If there were, why would the managers be taking long chances reviving moth-eaten, hopelessly out-of-fashion dramas? It costs just as much to put on an old play as a new one. Should it be successful it would mean a run of but a month or so at the most. A new play that makes a hit has not merely probabilities but certainties. New plays are not to be had. There is no other explanation.

Here is Charles Frohman with a revival at the Empire Theatre of Pinero's "The Amazons," and playing it, not as it was written, for a well-balanced company, but as a "star" vehicle for Billie Burke. It was not a bad example of light, satirical comedy when it was first seen here at the old Lyceum Theatre nearly twenty years ago, yet its success was made as much by the cleverness and dash of its actors as by the fun of the situations. That was before the day of mannish women majorities, and Lady Castlejordan's whimsical idea of rearing her three daughters as if they were really boys was easily built upon for laughter. There are other angles in the satire now, and its final and complete surrender to feminine impulses and emotions is not so well attuned to general sympathy.

In spite of these handicaps "The Amazons" might furnish entertainment above cavil, were its production on the original plan. But Mr. Frohman has slowed up the piece to give the star effective entrances, and to allow her to introduce a "specialty." Further, Billie Burke is not suited to her tomboy part. She can not be other than fluffy and kittenish, and her cute mannerisms become irritating. The rôle of Tommy Belturbet is beyond her capabilities. Her popularity has been won by her attractive personality, not by her art as an actress, and she sacrifices too much in putting on trousers. This is not the first time that Mr. Frohman has seemingly failed to recognize the obvious in fitting out his stars. It is easy to believe that his unhappy inspirations have other parentage.

There are two members of the original Lyceum cast in this revival of the play—Ferdinand Gottschalk and Fritz Williams, and their work is distinctly superior to that of their associates. This is not a matter of memory and familiarity with them, but a demonstration of the fact that players of the old school were better trained, and possessed a grace, a lighter touch, an authority, that is rare in these later days. I can reënforce this judgment by references that will have better place in a later paragraph. Mr. Gottschalk's Earl of Tweenwayes is an accomplished characterization that would be even better under other conditions. It is measurably affected by its dependence on Miss Burke's responses. Mr. Williams as the French count is less affected by circumstances, and can set his pace to suit the requirements of the part. The fate of this revival would be a sad one but for the skill of these two.

Another revival of the week is "Arizona," that frontier play by Augustus Thomas which seemed a big improvement on old-time melodrama when it was first produced a dozen years ago. It has held its own very well, for it has been played all over the country and is still a favorite with established stock companies in other cities. Dustin Farnum is probably the real instigator of the present production at the Lyric Theatre, as he heads the cast, which includes also Elsie Ferguson, Chrystal Herne, Vincent Serrano, Rapley Holmes, Walter Hale, Oliver Doud Byron, and William Farnum. All things considered, this is a capable force, and the result is a very good representation. Elsie Ferguson is a captivating Bonita, and the various male impersonations are not conspicuously lacking in strength. That the situations are forced, and that the heroine of the play is almost outside the sympathy of the audience in her entanglements and in her silence when an innocent man is accused, seem to weaken none of the illusions that Mr. Thomas's skill as a playwright have made real. Mr. Thomas has given us much better plays since he wrote "Arizona," though it must be admitted that he has never created a highly admirable heroine.

Another revival that has just passed was that of "Rosedale," a great play back in the days of Lester Wallack. There are many theatre-goers of today—now in the sere and yellow stage—who remember the thrills of its romance, the picturesqueness of its gipsy camp and its red-coated guards, and the suspense of its climax. The last one of the old-time players who made this old-time melodrama seem worth while was Joseph Haworth, but he was an actor who had long been a student in the best school. Charles Cherry, handsome, capable, and modern, is by no means an effective substitute for Haworth. Mr. Cherry was assisted by such players as Robert Warwick and Della Fox, and in a play of the twentieth century they could have carried their responsibilities easily. In "Rosedale" they failed. Partly because some of the machinery of the drama, the asides and soliloquies, for instance, creaked with age and disuse, but more particularly because the actors were saturated with the belief that what they were doing was not to be taken seriously. There is no greater error into which a player may fall. "Rosedale" could not hope to gain a new audience in this day of sex problems and sentimental sympathy for refined criminals, but it might well expect to arouse a reminiscent and curious interest that would not be disdainful. It did not succeed even so far.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera Company goes on serenely with its revivals of the classics of English comic opera, and in proportion as it does its work with genuine regard for author and composer is it applauded. There have been some changes in the membership of the company since its organization a year ago, but mainly on the feminine side. De Wolf Hopper, George MacFarlane, Arthur Cunningham, Arthur Aldridge, and Kate Condon are still towers of strength among the principals. Long may they continue. Rumor asserts that Mr. MacFarlane will be starred next season in a new musical concoction. Let us hope not.

It is a dry time in the regions of the American playwright and composer, with apparently no signs of rain.

New York, April 29, 1913. Flaneur.

Far from the railroad, and more than forty miles away from the nearest white resident, hidden in the wilds of one of the most picturesque parts of the province of Ontario, Canada, spectre-like, stands the deserted village of Sawbill, once a bustling mining camp where several hundred men were employed. The end came suddenly. Tools were dropped where workmen were installing a dynamo, dishes and furniture and household goods were left as they were when the word came that the mine had closed. The books end on July 31, 1901 (writes Robert E. Pinkerton in the Ontario *Globe)*. The store was left with its stock of goods on the shelves, the hotel closed its doors, its contents intact, and the postoffice ceased to be. Only a watchman was left. Sawbill grew out of a gold strike. The ledge, reported fabulously rich, quickly gave out when real mining was attempted. A road was built through the wilderness, a power-house was erected, a forty-stamp mill went up, along with a hotel, store, postoffice, and many buildings for the employees. On August 15, 1899, the electric lights were turned on. The telephone line was opened. The water rushed through the huge flume across the lake, the giant turbine revolved, the dynamo hummed, and the power for operating the mine's machinery was at hand. But the $200 per ton output of the little mill first installed proved to be only a deceptive lure for all the dollars that were poured into the enterprise. When the big mill did run, the greatest amount of gold obtained per ton was said never to have exceeded $1.87. The shafts were sunk deeper, new ones were opened, but the wide veins of ore which showed on or near the surface narrowed to thin ribbons or to nothing at all. The gold obtained could not begin to pay the operating expenses. The mill and its machinery, the power plant and its equipment, stand as though waiting for the whistle announcing the beginning of a day's work, though the last evidences of the half-million spent at Sawbill are disappearing before inevitable decay and the encircling and encroaching forest.

More than 30,000,000 sticks of gum is the annual output of American factories. All this stuff is made of chicle, which comes from a gum tree in the tropics, the importation of chicle into the United States figuring up $2,000,000 a year. Prior to 1888 chicle sold for from 7 to 8 cents a pound. Now it is selling for $2 a pound. The chicle tree is indigenous in northern South American countries, Central America and the Mexican states of Yucatan, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Jalisco, San Luis Potosi, and the territories of the Tepic and Quintana Roo. Experiments have shown that trees planted at a distance of ten feet apart, or 400 to the acre, will yield from five to six pounds of chicle gum when from eight to ten years old. In their wild state the trees are usually found in groups, frequently growing to a height of from forty to fifty feet.

As early as 1720, at least, oysters were grown by artificial means in Japan, and long before the descendants of the *Mayflower* pilgrims had realized the desirability for oyster culture the Japanese had grasped the situation, and provision for an enlightened administration and utilization of oyster grounds. Old as the industry is in Japan, it has not grown to great importance in itself, the aggregate output being valued at less than a quarter of a million dollars a year.

A cemetery known as the "Devil's Graveyard," on top of a rocky hill overlooking Sion, Switzerland, where for centuries were buried sorcerers and sorceresses, is being blasted away to make room for public improvements. From the tenth century to the early seventeenth those supposed to be in traffic with the Evil One were tortured, executed, and buried there. The excavators have found bones estimated to be those of many hundreds of persons.

Regarded medicinally, strawberry wine is held to be superior to grape wine. Spanish doctors who have investigated the matter report that strawberry wine gives the greater strength to a weakened constitution. The strawberry wine industry is said to be assuming some importance in Spain.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Togo, the naval hero of the Russo-Japanese War, has been promoted to be admiral of the fleet.

Dr. Togo Yorhida, after working for twenty years on his "History of Japan," has just had it published. He is professor of literature at Waseda University.

Mrs. Albert Burleson, wife of the Postmaster-General, is a playwright of some ability and has added to her laurels by two new productions, "Her Hour" and "A Monologue," which are to be produced in Washington this week. Mrs. Burleson will personally direct the staging.

Guy Lowell, whose designs for the new court-house in New York, to cost $10,000,000, have been accepted, will receive about $600,000 for his plan and for supervising the construction of the building. He is a cousin of President Lowell of Harvard and has designed many costly buildings.

Glyn W. Philpots, to whom the international jury at the seventeenth annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh has just awarded first prize, a gold medal, and $1500, for his painting, "The Marble Worker," is an Englishman, a native of London, where he lives. He has exhibited in the Luxembourg, Paris.

Dr. William H. Welch, the new president of the National Academy of Sciences, is world-famous as a pathologist, and since 1889 has been prominently identified with that work at Johns Hopkins University. He is a native of Connecticut, is an honorable fellow of the Royal Medical Society, London, and has written numerous technical works.

Alexander Monroe Dockery, the new Third Assistant Postmaster-General, is one of the odd characters of the administration. He was born in Missouri in 1845, and has held some kind of a public office nearly all his adult life. He is a graduate in medicine, and has been a banker. For eighteen years he was a member of Congress, and has served a term as governor of Missouri.

Sir John Tenniel, the greatest of English political cartoonists, is now in his ninety-fourth year, and despite his great age is in good health. He joined the staff of *Punch* in 1851, retiring in 1901. Though probably most widely known for his political cartoons, he won undying fame by illustrating the "Alice" books, and "Lalla Rookh." He is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color.

Adolfo Muller-Ury, who has sailed from New York to Madrid, to paint a portrait of the King of Spain, is a native of Switzerland, having been born in 1864. He studied at Stans, Munich, Paris, and Rome, and in 1886 came to America, where he has his home, though he makes yearly trips to Europe, having a studio in London. He has painted portraits of Pope Pius X, McKinley, Grant, J. P. Morgan, and Emperor William of Germany, among others.

Hermann Sielcken, the coffee merchant, is generally known as an American, as he has his offices in Wall Street, New York, but he came from Germany, and at Baden-Baden, since he made his fortune, he has established one of the most beautiful private parks known. He bought a hundred acres of hillside and valley, built a main villa and four neighboring villas for guests, and set out flower gardens and filled conservatories. A force of forty gardeners under skilled overseers works steadily on the place.

Professor Adolph C. Miller, who has been appointed First Assistant Secretary of State, has been permanently with the University of California for eleven years, and is now head of the department of economics. He will go East on leave of absence. Professor Miller is a native of San Francisco, a graduate of the institution at Berkeley, took higher degrees at Harvard, and studied abroad at Paris and Munich. He has been a member of the faculties of Harvard, Cornell, and University of Chicago. He holds membership in the British Economical Society, and has contributed largely to the magazines.

W. J. Richards, first vice-president and general manager of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, one of the largest hard-coal interests in the country, started as a chainman on the Ashland division of the parent corporation, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, which he still serves. He advanced through the various engineering departments of the mining company until 1902, when he was appointed general manager of all the Reading Company's coal interests. He is a member of the Anthracite Conciliation Board, and exerts an influence second to none engaged in anthracite mining.

Dr. Jacob W. Bolotin, who has just been appointed attending physician at the tuberculosis hospital of the Dunning Asylum, Chicago, is not only blind, but is the first blind man who has ever taken the full course of four years in medicine and passed the present Illinois examination for medicine and surgery. He is only twenty-five years of age, but has examined 3500 patients at the municipal tuberculosis hospital in the last fourteen months. His diagnosis is made wholly by touch. He can give the exact temperature by feeling the skin, and an exact pulse without the aid of a watch. At fourteen he graduated from the Illinois State Hospital for the Blind, and traveled over the country selling typewriters, finally earning enough money to enable him to study medicine.

"THE DEEP-SEA KRAKEN."

A Monster of Mystery.

At Honolulu, half-way house of the Pacific, converge the routes of the great liners from Vancouver, San Francisco, Shanghai, Yokohama, Sydney, Auckland. Often there is a white or gray steel cruiser in port, while the harbor is dotted with pearl or copra schooners, and traders from "the islands," a motley and picturesque armada.

"On the beach"—Pacific name for the waterside purlieus of any town or village—all sorts of human flotsam and jetsam are attracted by the climate, while at the club there is naturally a constant stream of properly accredited visitors and transient tourists, and here one may listen to strange tales of Bully Hayes and the "blackbirders," of suspicious wrecks, of great fortunes lost and won, of reputations made or marred.

Three men—all old-timers in the Pacific—the Consul, the Trader, and the Captain of an American gunboat, sat on the club veranda one glorious moonlight night, smoking lazily and sipping cool, fizzy drinks out of tall glasses. To them foregathered a fourth—the Doctor, physician in charge at the government hospital on the hillside above.

"How's the patient, Doc?" queried the Consul.

"Died an hour ago. Here, boy, bring me a drink!"

The hard-bitten old medico seemed strangely shaken, gulping his Scotch-and-soda greedily.

"I've lately listened to the most grisly yarn mortal man ever heard," he averred, "and it's given me the creeps."

"Meaning——" the Trader asked after a pause.

"Meaning that the poor devil who just got his discharge papers had enough on his mind to drive a whole ship's company to drink. No wonder he went to pieces! But he's been sane enough for the last week or so, and—well, I've got his statement here in good Remington black and white."

"Mate, wasn't he?" the Consul put in.

"Yes, one who'd sailed in deep-water ships all his life, and no doubt a man's man until the Horror came to him. And let me tell you, gentlemen, that incidentally Bartley Campbell has cleared up some of the great sea mysteries of modern times."

"Campbell—Bartley Campbell?" queried the cruiser commander. "Why, that's the man who was taken off an abandoned brig east of the Marquesas by some trading schooner?"

"Same chap," nodded the Doctor. "The brig was named the *Alicia*, from Auckland to San Francisco, chock-up with wool. The salvage crew the schooner put aboard managed to pile her up on Christmas Island, you remember."

"Yes, yes," we chorused, for the brig's agents were a Honolulu firm, and had all gone well with her she would probably have touched there on her way north.

"So we can't get any evidence from *Alicia* herself, but Campbell's story rings so true that I doubt the need," the Doctor went on. "However, when the schooner people took him off the brig he was a gibbering idiot, lashed to the fore-t'gallant crosstrees, and they had to lower him to the deck in a bowline. Then he took to a bunk, from which he refused to budge, cowering and shivering under his blanket and muttering to himself like a frightened child. That's the condition he was in when they brought him ashore and up to the hospital. Brain fever set in, but he got over that and would have convalesced only the heart had been scared out of him and the marrow in his bones had turned to water. Bartley Campbell literally died of the effects of fright—yet before the last he was clear-headed and right-minded. That he spoke the truth when he gave me his weird story I'm as convinced as I am of my mother's honor."

"But what was the yarn, Doc?" asked the Consul.

"I'm coming to that. And I'll wager the biggest pearl in yonder lagoon against a rotten breadfruit that you won't dare make it a part of your official records. Man! It's too horrible—too impossible—too improbable—what you will—only I believe it's true, what I'm going to tell you."

The Doctor drew a long envelope from the inner pocket of his linen coat, and unfolded a sheaf of closely typed sheets.

"The story really began years ago, as many seafaring men know. During the last century and a half the maritime world has been repeatedly mystified by a series of strange and apparently inexplicable events in widely separated sections of the Seven Seas. To give you only a few: In the summer of 1750 some fishermen on Bailey's Beach, Newport, Rhode Island, were astonished to see a handsome brig under full sail heading straight for the shore, eventually taking the ground. When boarded, she was found to be from Honduras, sound and in good order; not a halliard was missing nor a sail split, nor was there any evidence of hard usage by the Atlantic gales; in cabin and forecastle all was shipshape; meat was in the coppers and still sweet, the clothing and instruments of skipper and crew were intact, and hammocks and bedding showed comparatively recent use; but of the officers and crew not a sign remained; there were no vestiges of struggle or mutiny, nor were any of the boats missing; the brig had been suddenly abandoned for no apparent cause within a hundred miles of port! Why? The question remained unanswered, and the brig's story became one of the mysteries of the sea.

"In 1871 a similar case occurred here on the Pacific. Midway between San Francisco and Honolulu the brig *Helen of Troy* was discovered abandoned under precisely similar conditions. The crew that boarded her found her deserted, but the boats were all at the davits. In the staterooms everything was in order, bunks were made up, the captain's sextant and a sight taken and partly worked out lay on his bed, and there was nothing to indicate that any disturbance had taken place aboard. In the cabin the table was set for dinner, with the food still on it. But the chairs were pushed back as though something had imperatively drawn the diners on deck. About half way between the cabin and the stairs a napkin lay on the floor, but this was the only suggestion of a hurried departure. The *Helen* was taken into San Francisco by a prize crew, but the puzzle was never solved.

"Next year, in 1872, occurred the famous affair of the American brig *Marie Celeste*, found abandoned in calm sea and pleasant weather off the Azores. She was bound from New York for Genoa with a cargo of oil. There had been thirteen souls on board, including the captain's wife and little daughter. She was boarded by the crew of the British ship *Dei Gratia* and found to be totally deserted. On deck and aloft everything was shipshape, but there were tokens of hasty and unforeseen departure. On a sewing machine in the cabin was the sleeve of a garment, with the needle halted half way in the seam. In the galley the crew's breakfast was in the pots and pans, cooked but untasted. That there had been no storm was shown by the fact that a spood of thread stood on the edge of the sewing machine, and there also lay a thimble on its side. A half-finished breakfast was on the table. A bottle of cough medicine, the only thing missing from the medicine chest, was found on the dining-table, probably at the place where the captain's wife had sat. The last entry in the log-book was made fifty-six hours before the *Dei Gratia* sighted the *Marie Celeste*. It gave merely the latitude and longitude, with the addition "Light wind from the southwest." In the forecastle hung the sailors' underclothing, evidently washed on the morning of the vessel's abandonment. The boats were in their places, there was no blood on the decks, and the cargo was intact. The mystery of the *Marie Celeste* remained a mystery, although many solutions—all more or less improbable and unsatisfying—were offered by imaginative writers. One made the author of the mischief an immense baboon; another introduced a crazy fanatic who hated all Americans; neither theory accounted for all the facts.

"Then there was the *Inverness* found abandoned off the Falklands, and the *Remittent* near the Bermudas; same old story in each case.

"Now mark this: Every one of these vessels were small ships—five or six hundred tons—and all had been abandoned in calm sea or while light airs were blowing. And so it was in the final case of which I am going to tell you—with Bartley Campbell for its sole survivor. I'll read you the yarn as I took it from his dying lips."

We drew our chairs closer together, and there under the blazing moon of the true Pacific listened to the story of the Kraken, devourer of whole ship's crews.

"For thirty years I've followed the sea, man and boy, finally reaching a mate's berth with a captain's ticket in my kit, and could find my way in or out of 'most any port in the Seven Seas.

"A year ago last month I signed on as mate of the brig *Alicia*, from London to Auckland with a varied lading, David Dover master. We carried a crew of eleven men before the mast, a bos'n-carpenter who stood watch as acting second mate, a cook, and a cabin-boy—sixteen souls all told. The *Alicia* was a fine sea-boat, well found, and in A1 conditions alow and aloft.

"The voyage out was uneventful, save that Cap'n Dover proved somewhat of a surprise. He was an undersized little cockney—I'm North Britain myself—and so far as looks went anything but a sailorman. He wore a tasseled red fez perched rakishly over one ear, an abbreviated monkey-jacket, and smoked incessantly a black cutty-pipe. All down Channel and till we were in twenty something north he kept below playing on a great big concertina, leaving the working of the ship to me and the bos'n. That's what made me at first despise him, yet he took his regular noon observations with me, and our reckonings agreed to a hair, so I had to admit he has some navigator.

"Well, we picked up a screeching cyclone north of the line, and then the skipper showed his true mettle. No ship was ever handled better than the *Alicia*, and we came out of the blow without a spar sprung or a sail split or carried away. Then Dover went back to his everlasting concertina. So you may imagine we were a happy ship—why, he used to accompany the bullies in their old sea chanties as they pulled and hauled, and the little ship was like a London music-hall for melody.

"At Auckland we discharged and filled our hold and 'tween-decks with wool in bales—five hundred ton of it—consigned to Frisco. We had middling weather going north till in latitude 30 South and 120 West we struck a three days' easterly buster that hove us to with the usual pinnacle seas found in that part of the South Pacific. But the gale blew itself out, wind and sea went down, and we had suffered no worse damage than a sprung fore-t'gall'n mast.

"Coming on deck from my watch below one morning I found the sea like oiled silk with only a faint air aloft, so that the bos'n had triced up the mains'l, spanker, and all our kites. The brig had barely steerage-way, and it was consequently all-fired hot, the watch going barefoot, down to shirts and dungaree breeches. Well, the bos'n turned in and I had charge. About six bells—eleven o'clock—Cap'n Dover came on deck with his sextant. All morning the concertina had been squealing away, and the sweat was pouring down his cheeks. Like all good skippers he took a quick look around and aloft, then:

"'Mr. Campbell, I wish you'd go aloft and take a squint at that fore-t'gall'n mast. If we've got to send the spar on deck, now's a good time. Better take some marline and small stuff with you; perhaps you can fish it.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' I replied, and dropped to the main deck, picking up a length of flag halliards and a bunch of marline which I slung around my neck while footing the ratlines. The job properly belonged to the bos'n, but we didn't mind a little thing like that on board *Alicia*, being as you may guess a happy little ship.

"As I trotted aloft it was sensibly cooler, although the sun stung abominably. But at that instant the light drafts of air fanned out completely, and the brig was becalmed, sluggishly slewing on her heel.

"Gaining the crosstrees I examined the t'gall'n'mast and found it badly sprung three feet or so above the cap, and jumping with every heave of the brig on the deep-sea roll. It would have to be unshipped and a new one set up, I decided. But while I was aloft I thought I might as well fish the spar with the marline I'd brought along, and in order that my hands might be free I took the precaution of passing a few turns of the halliards around my middle and the step of the mast. Then, seated on the cross-trees and facing aft, I went to work, passing turn after turn of the marline around the break, just as a boy splices a broken cricket-bat or a fishing-rod.

"Suddenly there arose a confused medley of sounds from the deck below. Cap'n Dover had returned to the cabin and was droning out 'Nancy Lee.' The music ceased in the middle of a measure. The skipper's dog Prince—a splendid red setter—was barking furiously and leaping from one rail to the other; I could hear the slapping of bare feet on the hot planks as the watch on deck ran hither and yon, uttering hoarse cries and shouts; I could feel the vibrations of the mast as a rush was made for the fore-shrouds; next came six hurried shots from the captain's automatic; then the dog's barking subsided into a final choking yelp, and there were ominous splashes overside. All these things happened almost at once; then silence, punctured by an agonized human shriek below where I sat.

"Now, sir, you must remember I told you all plain sail was on the brig, save the brailed-up mains'l and spanker, including the big main-stays'l, and the yards were square. This gave me a fairly clear view of the main deck from fok'sle to after-cabin, although the big stays'l cut the picture in two, and the lower main-tops'l hid the man at the wheel. The poop was partly hidden and the fok'sle was behind me.

"'What's happening?' I queried half aloud, shading my eyes to where the blue smoke from Dover's revolver hung in the air, still quivering with the dog's suddenly stifled cries. But then I became intensely conscious of a most horrid effluvia poisoning the atmosphere. I've smelt a dead whale in my time and green hides and guano, but this was worse—a foul, fetid, musky stench, fit to make a man choke and retch.

"'My God! What's that?' I exclaimed, beginning to cast off the lashings that secured me aloft and make a hurried slide to the deck by way of a backstay. Luckily I stayed my hand in time.

"Leaning far out to starboard—I was on the port side of the mast—here is what I saw: Clinging to the starboard bulwarks was a horrible grisly monster—an oval, barrel-shaped trunk, twenty-five or thirty feet long, its backbone ridged with horny spines. From the monstrous body a great horny beak protruded, having cruel black eyes the size of saucers on either side, while underneath was a cavernous red mouth in which there whipped hungrily like a scorpion's tail a forked tongue. The mouth or maw was cavernous—big enough to swallow a man whole at a single gulp.

"But this was not all. The Horror had besides eight or ten long tentacles studded with suckers like those of the giant squid or devil-fish. These measured at least thirty feet—thick as a man's thigh near the creature's body, fining down at their extremities like the tip of an elephant's trunk.

"By two of these arms the monster clung to our starboard bulwark, its stinking, grayish body half inboard, its beak sapping hungrily; the remaining free tentacles went squirming over the decks, up the rigging, down into the foc'sle, picking up the poor wretches of the crew one by one, crushing the life out of them as you'd pinch a moth between thumb and forefinger, then dropping them overboard to be picked up and devoured at leisure. In this way I saw disappear the bos'n and three of the crew, two of the latter being hauled shrieking out of the fok'sle, whither those cruel and remorseless tentacles had wormed and twisted to the remotest corner. The last to go was the man who had taken refuge in the fore-rigging below me. Luckily I was fully sixty feet above the deck and out of reach—or else the monster didn't spy me.

"A man's mind works quick at such times, and I can remember recalling in flashlight fashion all I'd ever read about sea-monsters, real or fabulous. The giant devil-fish I'd seen and known in California, also in Victor Hugo; somewhere I'd seen an old print of the fabled Kraken that in mediæval days was reputed to attack ships and devour whole crews. Was this monster a survival of some such prehistoric nightmare, inhabiting the ocean deeps far from the ken of mankind? Of course I could not tell, nor did the speculation occupy more than a few moments. But looking back since coming to my senses here I can find no other solution.

"The tragedy ended even quicker than I can tell about it. Captain Dover's hullets might just as well have been fired at a dreadnought as at that tough mottled skin. Just when the monster got him or how I did not see—but the skipper went the way of all his crew—save me!

"The last I remember is the sight of the Kraken, or devil-fish, or whatever it was, slowly indrawing those deadly tentacles to itself. Then silently, noiselessly, and with a final malevolent glance around the decks out of those saucer-eyes, the putrid brute loosed its hold on the *Alicia,* slid slimily into the ocean, and sank out of sight with scarce a ripple to mark the spot. There had been no bloodshed, the ship's gear was all intact, yet I was alone on the brig!

"Then I must have swooned, since I remember no more."

The Doctor folded the manuscript and passed it over to the Consul. The Commander was the first to break silence.

"That's a straight yarn if ever there was one. Whether what Bartley Campbell saw was the deep-sea Kraken or a gigantic devil-fish, the actual survivor of geologic ages long past, I believe that the mystery of the *Marie Celeste* and her ill-fated sisters has been solved. The question is: In what quarter of the globe will the monster next take toll of those who go down to the sea in ships?"

Who knows? Frederic Reddale.

San Francisco, May, 1913.

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No European has ever been able to meet in their own dwelling-places the Kukuhuhus, a shy, yet ferocious tribe of New Guinea. Other tribes of the country, while they have a great fear of the Kukuhuhus, manage to do a bartering trade with them. They bring salt, earthenware, dried fish, etc., and deposit them in a certain indicated place. They then retire for a few hours, being notified to do so by a curious cry from the distance. The mountain dwellers then descend to view the goods offered for sale. If they want them they put down other goods, such as skins, feathers, and other jungle produce, next to those articles wanted by them. Then they retire in turn, and when the way seems clear the coast dwellers approach again. If the latter are satisfied with what is offered in exchange, they take the goods put down by the mountain people and go away; if not satisfied they retire again as before with empty hands.

◆

Tomsk, the agricultural centre of Siberia, boasts of the only university in that country. It was opened twenty-six years ago and is so well endowed that tuition fees amount to only $50 a year. It has a library containing 110,000 volumes, probably the biggest collection of books in the northern half of Asia. There are two courses, medicine and law. The former is the more important, and with it are connected well-equipped laboratories and a biological institute. At the university hospital may be obtained the only Pasteur treatment for mad dog bite that is available in Siberia. As rabies is rife, this is no small blessing to the settlers. A great institute of technology and school of mines, too, is to be found at Tomsk. It has an enrollment of 1700 students, many of them from the far-away region of the Caucasus, in southern Russia. American engineering text-books are largely used in the institute.

◆

An old Spanish ecclesiastical document in the possession of the University of California has yielded a new story of the founding of San Francisco, which places the date before the birth of the nation—March 27, 1776. The document is contained in the Robert E. Gowan collection presented to the Academy of Pacific Coast history by the late Collis P. Huntington. It has just been deciphered by Professor Frederick C. Taggart. The narrative deals with the journey from Sonora, Mexico, of Padre Pedro Font, first apostle to the Indians of San Francisco Peninsula. His party founded a mission at Yuma Arizona, then crossed the Imperial Valley of California to San Diego, and moved up the coast to San Francisco. There, "on the extremity of the white cliff at the inner point of the entrance to the harbor," the cross was planted and a settlement established.

◆

There is a chemist in Paris who sold eggs at from $1 a dozen upward and found plenty of customers for them. Knowing how strongly many people object to taking medicine in its natural form, he used to impregnate the eggs with drugs of various kinds. Persons suffering from insomnia could be supplied with antipyrin eggs, influenza patients with quinine eggs, gouty people with colchicum eggs, and others with different varieties, according to their complaints.

◆

Benjamin Robinson, the discoverer of fish glue, from which fortunes have been made, died recently at Gloucester, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-four. He was a fisherman and a sailor early in life. After perfecting his discovery he established an industry which has become one of the largest in Gloucester.

A "CORNER" THAT FAILED.

The Lien on Twickenham Ferry.

From Richmond to Teddington as the Thames flows is a distance of more than two miles, and in all that space the royal river is not crossed by a single bridge. Yet between those two points lies Twickenham, a spot no longer the quiet and sparsely populated village it was when Pope set up his household there, but a considerable residential suburb inhabited by more than twenty thousand souls. Now of course there are occasions when the lieges of Twickenham wish to reach the further shore of the Thames, but unless they made a wide detour to Richmond or Teddington bridge there was only one method—apart from swimming—of doing so, namely by that famous ferry immortalized in song.

Twickenham ferry is one of the oldest institutions of the upper reaches of the river, the ownership of which has been invested for more than three centuries in the family represented in these modern days by the Earl of Dysart. The creation of that peerage takes us back to the first Charles, who had for his whipping-boy and companion in education a lively Scottish lad named William Murray, whom in later life the second of the Stuart kings honored with the title of Earl of Dysart. This explains how Twickenham ferry became an adjunct of the Dysart title, for in the sixteenth century the favorites of the king could always count upon comfortable additions to their pocket-money by being granted the sole privilege to do this, that, or the other. It is a fatal mistake to attribute to American 'cuteness the creation of "corners," for exclusive franchises had been thought of long before the *Mayflower* set sail for the New World. No sooner, for example, had James I succeeded to the English throne than there was drawn up by his orders a prodigious list of monopolies he was pleased to grant to his friends, a list which shows how this courtier was to enjoy the exclusive right to transport woolen cloth, how that favorite was to be the sole authority for licences for inns and taverns, and how the other minion was alone to control the importation of yarn.

While most of those monopolies were for a limited term of years it would appear that my Lord Dysart was granted a perpetual lien upon Twickenham ferry; at least the family archives are rich in documents which show that for three centuries the descendants of the whipping-boy of Charles I have claimed the exclusive right to ferry the lieges from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore of the Thames and to charge toll for such services. In the seventeenth century no doubt my Lord Dysart deputed the ferrying to some of his servants and pocketed the proceeds without any deductions; in more recent years his descendants have sublet the ferry for a stipulated sum per annum, leaving it to the lessee to make a profit if he could.

Hence the appearance of Twickenham ferry in the law courts last week. The lessee had been complaining to my Lord Dysart that his receipts were falling off, and my lord, dreading the terrible prospect of having to reduce his rent, made an appeal to justice. For it seems that in these democratic days, when hoary monopolies, even though held by peers, are treated with scant respect, it had occurred to another boatman that he might turn an honest penny by ferrying the lieges across the Thames. This explains the plight of the lessee of the old original ferry. Whereas his takings had averaged several years ago the comfortable sum of nearly a thousand dollars, he had to he content last year with about seven hundred and fifty. This was a sad falling off for seven days' work a week, work which called him from his bed at five in the morning and kept him occupied till ten at night. Nay, he never knew when he could count upon repose between ten and five, for often would the cry of "Ferry, ahoy!" arouse him from his slumbers in the midnight hours and compel him to row a solitary customer over the river for the munificent fee of two cents. Truly it was intolerable that such industry should be shorn of its reward by an unlicensed interloper.

Those with whom sentiment and use and wont count for more than the convenience of democracy were doubtless prepared to support my Lord Dysart's monopoly against all comers. And it might have been expected that the majesty of the law, which is so firmly enthroned on precedent, would have been exerted in behalf of my Lord Dysart and his hard-worked lessee. For there are not too many occasions when law and common sense and the public convenience have been found in perfect agreement. But Twickenham ferry has taken its place in the history of corners that failed. In other words, its glory remains, but its privilege is restricted. As thus: my Lord Justice reduced the problem to three questions, two of which he answered in the affirmative. Had Lord Dysart a franchise? He had. Was his ferry one from point to point or from vill to vill? From point to point. Was the interloper disturbing his ferry? No. All this will be clear to the non-legal mind with the exception of the subtle distinction of "point to point or vill to vill," which makes it necessary to explain that "vill" is equivalent to parish or county, whereas "point to point" limits the ferry to a definite starting or landing place on each side of the river. If the franchise had been from "vill to vill" then no one save my Lord Dysart could have claimed the right to row a boat for hire from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore of the Thames.

For once, then, the law must he absolved of being an "ass." And it has won that distinction by taking account of tired humanity. It seems that between Twickenham ferry and Richmond bridge is a distance of more than a mile, and that any one who wished to cross the river midway between those two points would have to either hark back to the old ferry or march forward to the bridge, an intolerable hardship to be imposed upon the omnipotent People. This is the chasm which the interloper has bridged by his new ferry, and justice bids him go on and prosper for the convenience of wayfarers too weary to walk half a mile.

That those wayfarers are becoming more numerous every year would have been regarded by Horace Walpole as a delicate compliment to his own taste. And Pope might have indicted a sonnet to the praise of those modern cockneys whose pilgrimages to Twickenham are a tribute to his choice of a home. It may be, indeed, that the poet and the letter-writer are largely responsible for the increasing popularity of this Thames-side suburb. Pope's villa no longer exists, for it was pulled down by a tenant irate at the calls of so many pilgrims; but his grotto still stands, a sufficient relic to satisfy the devout. Besides, does not the poet sleep in Twickenham Church, with the nurse of his childhood, and with Kitty Clive for a silent companion? Walpole's Gothic temple of Strawberry Hill has had a happier fate; its approach of "two delightful roads" is somewhat transformed, but it is yet set in "enameled meadows" that slope down to the Thames and is surrounded by "enough land to keep such a farm as Noah's when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind." The villa looks spick and span, supporting the character Walpole gave it as cleaner than Noah's abode after he had been cooped up with his menagerie for forty days. And the windows yet overlook the river, even though "barges as solemn as barons of the exchequer" have given place to cockney rowboats. For the literary pilgrim, too, the charms of Twickenham are enhanced by the memory that the lusty Fielding and the musical Tennyson are among the immortals who have dwelt within its borders.

Nor are the associations of this Thames-side district limited to men of letters. No district near London has been so high in favor with royal refugees, for here stands that Orleans House which was the haven first of Louis Philippe and then of the Duke of Aumale. That reputation, indeed, has continued to this day, for another monarch out of business, the exiled King Manuel of Portugal, lives with his mother in a mansion close by. For the delectation, too, of those who take an interest in court scandal there is such a notable shrine as the Marble Hill mansion which was built hy George II as a home for his mistress, the Countess of Suffolk. The grounds of that mansion, however, have suffered as great a democratic change as Twickenham ferry, for they were acquired a little since as a park for the enjoyment of the People. Wherefore let my Lord Dysart be of good comfort; he can still keep his strip of the Thames immune from trespassers and may yet do a thriving trade if he advertises his ferry as the old original. Henry C. Shelley.

London, April 22, 1913.

◆

Perique, a unique sort of tobacco raised in this country, is limited in quantity, and the district producing it is confined to a small section of St. James Parish, on the east side of the Mississippi River, Louisiana. The total production is about 200,000 pounds a year. This tobacco is perfected by an involved method of sweating and curing, which was developed by the Arcadians of St. James Parish. When picked, the tobacco is stemmed and rolled into loose twists which are placed under pressure until the juices are forced out and the leaves become black and sticky. These juices in the "working" are reabsorbed, and during this process rum is blown into the mass. It is finally stored to cure, and at the end is of peculiar strength, with a characteristic aromatic odor. It is used in cigarettes, pipe mixtures, and for chewing, and some manufacturers insert a few strands in cigars to give them fragrance.

◆

Although the greater part of the world's coffee now comes from South America, there are some states in that country where it is scarcely used. In Argentina, for instance, only the foreigners ask for it. Hence it is classed as a luxury and commands a very high price. The natives drink "mate" or Paraguay tea. Among the lower classes this beverage is drunk as freely as beer in Germany or tea in England. After dinner in Argentina many housekeepers serve, instead of coffee, a basin of soup, which strangers find some difficulty in swallowing.

◆

Containing a quart of clear, pure water to every foot, the "water vine," a black, snake-like, leafless stem, dropping from the ceiba and mahogany trees to which it has climbed, is one of the wonders of the Guatemala jungle. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil, and filtered through the pores of the plant.

◆

Japanese love of flowers is said to have been bred in the people during the long peace of the Tokugawa era, when their cultivation became fashionable as a relief to the monotony of peaceful days.

◆

German beer is steadily increasing in favor among the peasantry in southern Russia and the village vodka houses are more and more being replaced by beer taverns.

THROUGH FRANCE ON FOOT.

Edward Harrison Barker Describes a Tramp from Auvergne to the Bay of Biscay.

Mr. E. Harrison Barker tells us that he spent three years tramping through the valley of the Dordogne in France, and from there to the valley of the Garonne, thence through the vast pine forests of the Landes in Gascony, and across the valley of the Adour to the Bay of Biscay at Biarritz. It was a route unspoiled by railroads, one still saturated with the spirit of ancient days, and to an extent that seems almost incredible to those who know only the beaten and cosmopolitan tracks. The author tells us that when he consulted the people of St. Sauve as to the possibility of following the Dordogne through its gorges it was laughed at. An old cobbler to whom he was referred assured him that the project was a mad one:

"You will never do it. There are rocks, and rocks, and rocks. Even the fishermen, who go where anybody can go, do not try to follow the Dordogne very far. There are ravines—and ravines. *Bon Dieu!* And the forest! You will be lost! You will be devoured!"

To be devoured would be the climax of misfortune. I wished to know what animals would be likely to stop my wayfaring in this effectual manner.

"Are there wolves?"

"No; none have been seen for years."

"Are there boars?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"But boars," I said, "are not likely to interfere with me."

"That is true," replied the local wiseacre, "so long as you keep walking; but if you fall down a rock—ah!"

"I would not care to have you for a companion, with all your local knowledge," I thought, as I thanked the cobbler and turned down a very stony path towards the Dordogne.

The journey was by no means a comfortable one, but then discomfort is one of the delights of a tramp such as this. At La Fage the author found accommodation at the house of the mayor, which was also an inn, and for supper he was supplied with a bowl of hot dishwater with slices of bread thrown in:

Monsieur le maire was not exactly a polished gentleman; he took no notice of me after the first searching glance. He made an unpleasant impression, but this wore off when I found that he was a well-meaning man, who had not cultivated fine manners. Why should he have cultivated what would have been of little or no use to him? These rural functionaries are just like the people with whom they live. The young *séminariste* told me an amusing story of a mayor of St. Pantaléon, who had had a very narrow escape of being caught by gendarmes when upon a poaching expedition. *"Tout le monde est braconnier ici,"* added my informant with a sincerity that was very pleasing. Of course he was a poacher himself when reposing from his theological and philosophical studies. I thought none the worse of him for that. After all, poaching in France generally means nothing more immoral than neglecting to take out a gun license, and to respect the president's decrees with regard to the months that are open and those that are not.

The whole territory was eloquent of the Roman occupation. Near Turenne was the old stronghold of the Cadurci that was besieged by Cæsar, and the visitor may still see the tunnel by means of which he diverted the water supply:

Who, passing by here without foreknowledge, would suppose that on this bit of desert the great struggle between Rome and Gaul was brought to a close? What a wonderful thing is a book, that it should preserve age after age, with undiminished reality, all the torment, anguish, and passion of a siege, and give a human interest to rocks and streams, which without such aid would tell us nothing of the horrid tumult that raged over and around them! Now I can see the half-naked Gauls rolling down their barrels of flaming pitch upon the Roman engineers, and hear that great clamor of the besiegers and the besieged of which Cæsar speaks. Above were the Celtic heroes defending their last rock with the obstinacy of despair, and ready to accept death in any form but that of thirst; and here were the veteran legionaries exposing themselves day after day to the burning pitch, the stones, and the arrows of the defenders, with that disciplined courage and unwavering resolves to conquer which made Rome the mistress of the world. But the most terrible scene must have been that in which the Gaulish warriors, after their surrender, had their hands cut off. What frightful business was that, and what a heap of hands must have been buried somewhere, either upon the tableland or in the valley! A deep-ploughing peasant may long since have come upon an extraordinary collection of little bones, and been much puzzled by them. And poor Drappes, who, after his capture, refused to eat, and died from starvation: he must have been buried somewhere near. But Nature says nothing about all these things; she covers up the traces of human ferocity with her new leaves and moss, and smiles there as tenderly as upon children's graves.

The English occupation, of more recent date, is still the subject of wrathful recollection by the natives. Scarcely a town, or even village, of Périgord without its vivid traditions of the "temps des Anglais":

While at Martel I was arrested as a spy by an old *garde champêtre,* who, seeing me taking notes of the church, wished to know who gave me permission to "make a plan of the town." I did not reply to him with the politeness he evidently considered himself entitled to. It is probable that I should have chosen my words with more circumspection had I guessed what an important person he was; but as he wore a blouse, and was squatting upon a heap of stones which he had been pulling about, I underestimated his dignity. That he united the functions of *cantonnier* and *garde* did not occur to me. He sprang to his feet, put on his official badge, and seizing me by the arm, shouted: "I arrest you!" Then, when I took the liberty of removing his hand, he called out: *"Au secours!"*

But those to whom he appealed were women, who preferred to let him manage his own business, and who, moreover, were too much amused to interfere. When he had calmed down a little I walked with him to the deputy mayor, whose office was over a little shop. After hearing me and examining my papers this gentleman was satisfied that I was not a very dangerous person, and told me that I had better forget the incident.

The fierce old man could not understand why I was released. He even protested: *"Il dit qu'il est un anglais; mais il le dit!"* . . .

I remember asking a woman in an inn not far from Martel how an old gateway and other mediæval holdings close by had been brought to such a state of ruin. "It was you," she exclaimed, "who did that—*vous autres anglais!"*

And she looked so resentful for a few moments that I wished I had let the sleeping dog lie.

The Dordogne is extraordinarily rich in fish, and of fine quality, thanks to the purity of the water, but the author explains that he could never overcome his repugnance to seeing them cooked alive:

The fixed belief of all the riverside people in this and other valleys is that fish should be cooked alive. You enter an inn and ask for a *friture* of gudgeon. In a few minutes you see the victims, which have been pulled out of a tank with a small net on the end of a stick, jumping on the kitchen table, and they are still jumping when they go into the boiling grease. I am not among those who have grown callous to such sights, common as they are in France. To see fish scraped, opened, and cooked while still alive gives me disgust for it when it afterwards appears on the table. I can imagine somebody saying: "Why look at what goes on in the kitchen?" That somebody does not quite understand what rural France is. In a country inn we invariably pass through the kitchen to reach the room set apart for guests, and it has often fallen to my lot to seek rest, shelter, and food in a poor auberge, where the kitchen is also the common room of the family and outsiders.

There were other culinary experiences equally disenchanting. At Tursac the author met a commercial traveler "in the drapery," who related an experience of his own in the country of the Corrèze:

"I had learnt to put up with a good deal in the Corrèze, but one day I had a surprise which was too much for me. I had dined at one of those auberges that you have been speaking of, and then asked for some coffee. It was an old man who made it, and he strained it through—guess what he strained it through!"

I guessed it was something not very appropriate, but was too discreet to give it a name.

"Eh bien! It was the heel of an old woolen stocking!"

"And did you drink the coffee?"

"No. I said that I had changed my mind."

Périgord is veritably a part of the mediæval world, with all the débris of ancient days still to be seen on every hand. The author visited the château with its great ramparts and Gothic chapel:

Following an old servant who carried a lantern along a dark passage leading to an *oubliette.* I saw what looked like a large cattle trough, and I inquired the use of it in such a place. It was put to no purpose now, was the reply, but it was intended for keeping a whole bullock in salt. In the tumultuous ages it was always necessary to be prepared to take immediate measures in view of a siege, and at no period more than during the wars of religion, when the owners of these castles, whether they were Huguenots or Catholics, had to be continually on the alert. When there was fighting to be done, a salted bullock gave less trouble than a live one.

The old man, having tied a string to the top of the lantern, let it down through the round hole of the *oubliette* until it touched the ground many feet below. Then he told me that, when the dungeon was discovered years ago, immediately beneath the opening an old tree was found stuck about with rusty blades and spikes, with their points turned upwards. This story was confirmed by others.

Rural France, it seems, is not so entirely religious as has been supposed. Many a village and small town is divided in allegiance between the mayor and the curé, the mayor representing an anti-ecclesiastical republicanism:

It was not yet evening when I came to Lisle, a rather large village near the Dronne. Here I fell in with a plasterer, and he being a good-tempered man, with some spare time on his hands, he offered to show me before dinner the picturesque ruin of an old bridge, known in the district as the Pont d'Ambon. On our way to the river he talked much, and especially about his village, in which he took a very lively interest. It had not changed its principles, he said, for a hundred years.

"And what are its principles?"

"Republican. We don't go to church here, although there is no ill-will towards the curé."

"And is all the country about here republican?"

"Oh no, not at all. There is a village close by that is full of religion. We are often called savages. When the curé asked the commune to give him 200 francs a year for saying an extra mass on Sundays, the majority of the inhabitants signed their names to a paper offering him 300 francs a year if he would say no mass at all."

The author was in some doubt whether to ask for a night's lodging at the Trappists' monastery, and so he classified with the tramps, or to pay for his accommodation in the usual way at the inn. But curiosity had its way and so he found himself opening up negotiations with the porter at the gate:

Although he was very much in religion, having been a brother at Echourgnac since the foundation, he might be termed without disrespect a "jolly old soul." He was, as he said, a man who had no pretensions whatever to be learned. His lack of book knowledge made him all the more natural. His age appeared to be about sixty-five, but he had a body that was still robust and vigorous under his dirty brown frock, although he had been living so many years on bread and cheese and vegetables, and short commons withal. The post of porter must have helped him not a little to bear up against the discipline, for it allowed him the use of his tongue, and the rule of silence would have been a more severe trial to him than to many another. He poured out some beer for me from a great stone jar that he kept near at hand. I had heard that the Trappists of Echourgnac added to their other accomplishments the arts of beer-brewing and wine-making, and was therefore not surprised by the porter's kindly offer; but when I noticed the yellow color and soup-like consistency of the fluid that he poured out for me, I was sorry that I had accepted it.

"It is a little thick," said the Trappist, whose keen eyes had noticed that there was a lack of warmth in the manner in which I took the glass from his hand, "but the beer is good. It is rather new."

"It must be very nourishing," I replied, after heroically draining the cup of tribulation.

"Have some more?" said this good-natured Trappist as he raised the jar again. I saved myself from a second dose by an energetic *"Merci!"* and changed his thoughts by asking him if he had been a long time at the monastery.

The author gives us a gloomy account of the Trappist monastery, where he received a hospitality rendered almost repulsive by the weird and terrible austerities of the place. The bell for matins rang at two o'clock in the morning, and this was the beginning of the day's work:

When the prior stood up, the brothers left to begin their manual labor, each one in his allotted place. The fathers remained in their stalls until after the four o'clock mass, and then they, too, fell to work until six o'clock—the hour of prime. I soon followed the brothers, although not so far as the fields, the cheese-rooms and farm-buildings. I returned to my room; but as I had to pass on the upper side of the screen on leaving the church, I looked at the two rows of white figures standing in their stalls. It may have been the effect of the mingled daylight and lamplight: whatever the reason, I thought during those few seconds that I had never before seen such a collection of strange and startling faces. They were those of sombre men who had walked through hell like Dante, and who bore upon their calm and corpse-like features the deep-cut traces of the flame and horror.

One of the fathers was deputed to accompany the author on a tour of inspection. He was a tall man with a face that was an enigma:

This father volunteered no information whatever; it had all to be drawn out of him. He spoke in a low voice, and, as it appeared to me, with something of the hesitation of a man who is recalling his mother tongue after many years of disuse. His face was large and heavy; but there was a keen light in his eyes which at times was that of gayety well kept under. He soon let me see that even a Trappist may give out an occasional flash of humor. I was questioning him respecting the help that the monastery gave to the poor, and he told me that in addition to thirty or forty persons living in the locality who received regular assistance every day, about the same number of wanderers stopped at the gate and waited for the bread and cheese which was never refused them.

"Men looking for work?" I asked innocently.

"Yes," replied the monk, without moving a muscle of his stolid face; "and who hope that God will not give them any."

Evidently the community was under no illusions as to the mendicant classes.

Here we must leave a finely written book, and one that gives an unusual insight into the French characteristics as they may still be found far from railroads and the conventional paths of the tourist. Would that it were given to us all to do as Mr. Barker did and to go afoot from Auvergne to the Bay of Biscay.

Wayfaring in France. By Edward Harrison Barker. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50 net.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sempre.

Youth calls to youth, the wide world over
Like wind to lea, like bee to clover.
None but the cynic dares to spurn
Red blood that cries red blood in turn.
The dark eyes dazzle, soft lips burn,
Pale dreams arise, swift heartbeats yearn
Up—up some ecstasy to learn
The spirit dares not speak. Afar
Youth lures its fellow—like a star.

And who will dare to say it nay?
While souls are sad, while souls are gay
Youth is the color of the play,
So dear because it flies away,
So dear it flies ere life is gray.
Thus over hill and over vale
Youth calls its fellow to its trail.
Youth calls to youth, the wide world over
Like wind to lea, like bee to clover.
—*Leolyn Louise Everett, in Life.*

Spring Song.

There's a whisper in the street
Through the din of passing feet.
Just a fragrant, vagrant murmur on the spring wind borne along,
Breathed from fern-wet forest bushes
Where the frail arbutus blushes,
Mingled clear from swamp-sweet rushes
With a distant thrush's song.

There's a smoke-spread sun-warmed haze
On the dingy city ways,
Just a lazy, hazy veiling in a blue-infolding blur;
Crept from reedy lowland sedges
Through the white-starred wayside hedges.
Past the hemlocks on their ledges,
By the edges wind-astir.

Spring has loitered in the street
Mid the throng of heedless feet,
Blossom-laden, gypsy maiden, through the grimy buildings' train;
Mid the cries of hucksters vending,
City tumult never-ending,
Song of forest reaches blending
Woodland-wending through the rain.
—*Martha Haskell Clarke, in Ainslee's Magazine.*

Francis Thompson.

Thou hadst no home, and thou couldst see
In every street the windows' light;
Dragging thy limbs about all night,
No window kept a light for thee.

However much thou wert distressed,
Or tired of moving, and felt sick,
Thy life was on the open deck—
Thou hadst no cabin for thy rest.

Thy bark was helpless 'neath the sky,
No pilot thought thee worth his pains
To guide for love or money gains—
Like fantom ships the rich sailed by.

Thy shadow mocked thee night and day,
Thy life's companion, it alone;
It did not sigh, it did not moan,
But mocked thy moves in every way.

In spite of all, the mind had force,
And, like a stream whose surface flows
The wrong way when a strong wind blows,
It underneath maintained its course.

Oft didst thou think thy mind would flower
Too late for good, as some bruised tree
That blooms in autumn, and we see
Fruit not worth picking, hard and sour.

Some poets *feign* their wounds and scars.
If they had known real suffering hours,
They'd show, in place of Fancy's flowers,
More of Imagination's stars.

So, if thy fruits of Poesy
Are rich, it is at this dear cost—
That they were nipt by Sorrow's frost,
In nights of homeless misery.
—*William H. Davies, in London Nation.*

A Roman Doll (in a Museum).

How an image of paint and wood
Leaped to her life with a love's control,
Struck the chords of her motherhood.
Passionate little mother-soul!
Fair to her sight were the stolid eyes.
Dear to her toil the robes empearled.
She crooned it the ancient lullabies,
She gathered it close from the outer world.
They watched together, as Nero's pyres
Fed the haze of a hundred fires.

Me in her fresh young arms she bore.
See, I am small,
Only a doll,
But I keep her kiss forevermore.

Long and lonely the toy has lain.
One by one into time's abyss
Years have dropped as the drops of rain.
Yet the cycles have left us this!
O red-lipped mother, O mother sweet,
Today a sister has heard you call.
Your heart is beating in her heart-beat,
I saw her weep o'er the crumbling doll.
She knew, she knew! You had lived and smiled!
You had loved your dream, little Roman child!

Me in her fresh young arms she bore.
See, I am small,
Only a doll,
But I keep her kiss forevermore.
—*Agnes Lee, in Poetry Journal.*

◆

Colonel Henry Watterson, whose account of the Grant-Greeley campaign, published in the November *Century,* attracted wide attention, has contributed to the May number of the *Century* an article on "The Hayes-Tilden Contest for the Presidency." Colonel Watterson was Tilden's personal representative in the Lower House of Congress and likewise chairman of the convention which nominated the New Yorker, and so is eminently fitted to write this special chapter of our history.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Penalty.

Gouverneur Morris gives us a story that is spicy enough for jaded appetites and warranted to bring no undue strain upon the reflective faculties. It is a story of revenge, and revenge of a peculiarly ugly kind. Many years before Dr. Ferris, through a surgical blunder, had unnecessarily amputated both legs of a young man brought to him for treatment. The victim, supposed to be unconscious, had overheard the reproaches of an older physician, and we now find him in later life obsessed with a thirst for vengeance and in a position to gratify it through political power and a certain vileness of temperament that will stop at nothing. Blizzard sees his chance when the physician's daughter, Barbara, invites him to sit as a model for her statue of Satan, and thenceforth we see a struggle for mastery between the mutilated monster and Barbara's protectors, which include her lover.

That the story is of faultless workmanship is implied by its authorship. That it verges sometimes upon the suggestive and the gross is also, unfortunately, implied by the later methods of the same authorship. Mr. Morris gives us the impression that he has carefully attuned his writing to the lower levels of the popular mood, and this seems a pity, as he can so easily reach the higher levels.

The Penalty. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35.

Field Days in California.

Mr. Torrey's book is a reminder of a great loss to California and to the whole world of nature lovers. The author died only about six months ago, and before he had read the proof sheets of the present book. It comes, therefore, with something of the force of a memorial, a force that is increased by the portrait frontispiece and by some other illustrations in which Mr. Torrey himself appears.

A book of this kind needs no extended review. The author says that men of sixty or seventy who proclaim that they feel just as young as ever they did "are mostly liars, I think," but he himself writes with all the enthusiasm of a boy. The discovery of a new trait in some animal friend, or a rare opportunity for observation, is always hailed with positive exultation. Indeed the dominant note of his book is one of delight and eagerness, and no more delightful note than this is possible.

Field Days in California. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50 net.

Italians of Today.

Mr. Richard Bagot writes acceptably of the Italians of today, not from the economic or commercial standpoints, but from his own observations of customs and character. The whole of his book is interesting, whether he deals with politics, the classes, the church, or the soldier, but perhaps the most immediately vital part of the work is the section in which he refutes, or attempts to refute, the charges brought against the Italian forces in Tripoli. And here his case seems to be weak. The stories of Italian atrocities are as well sustained as any evidence ever presented to human judgment. The sources are unimpeachable, the proofs overwhelming. That this mass of personal testimony was based only upon rumor is unthinkable. It is still more unthinkable that it was invented. The idea that Mr. Bagot can overthrow it by references to "official documents" is almost grotesque, and that he should attempt to do so is highly creditable to his heart, but not to his head. If he had said that his knowledge of the Italians prevented him from believing in their cruelty he would have said all that it is in his power to say effectively. None the less his work is one to be read, and especially by those whose knowledge of Italians is confined to those who, for reasons not always creditable, have sought a haven upon other shores.

The Italians of Today. By Richard Bagot. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

The Kasai.

The Congo has been so much in the public mind that there should be a welcome for this record of two years' wanderings among its peoples. Mr. M. W. Hilton-Simpson accepted an invitation of Mr. Emil Torday, the Hungarian traveler, to accompany him on an expedition to the Kasai basin of the Congo Free State, and the present volume is the story of the journey. The Kasai is one of the tributaries of the Congo, rising near the sources of the Zambesi and flowing northward into Congo territory, and the journey was therefore through much of the territory brought into prominence by political and commercial causes.

Perhaps no better praise could be given to this work than to say that it is a faithfully kept diary, and without either speculation or appeal. Indeed it is almost curiously free from the egotism that so often burdens the travel book and from the disposition to preach and to teach. As a result we have a picture of native life that is almost without a rival, and of the differences in character between one tribe and another that seems to be as marked among aborigines as among the civilized. Of atrocities upon natives the author saw nothing, and he tells us that his failure to be horrible was the cause of some indignation upon his return, and possibly this may throw light upon some of the grewsome testimony that, like most other things, follows the law of supply and demand. A final word of praise is deserved by the illustrations and the eight full-page color plates.

Land and Peoples of the Kasai. By M. W. Hilton-Simpson, F. R. G. S., F. Z. S., F. R. A. I. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $3.50 net.

The Maker of Rainbows.

Only a poet can write an acceptable fairy tale, since the fairy tale, whatever else it may be, must be a translation of the commonplace into the beautiful. For this reason there should be welcome for these fifteen stories by Richard Le Gallienne, who finds much of his material in Harlem, where fairies are more successful in keeping out of sight than in almost any other part of the world. But they are evidently there, and of a quite unusual beauty and daintiness, which shows us how little we know of the things that are best worth knowing. Mr. Le Gallienne's stories are exquisite, and so are the illustrations, colored and plain, by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Perhaps it should be said that the author dedicates his book to Harper & Brothers, with whom his relations have been of the kind "seldom found out of a fairy tale." Other authors, if we remember aright, have spoken similarly.

The Maker of Rainbows. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Along the Road.

It is easy to believe Mr. Benson when he says that the public has shown so much interest in his shorter writings as to justify their publication in volume form. There are about sixty of them, and they occupy 462 pages. They may be said to cover the world and its activities and to range from pole to pole of human thought, but all of them leave the impression of pleasant meanderings. Perhaps that is why Mr. Benson is so popular. He persuades us into an impression that we have been thinking, whereas, of course, we have been doing nothing of the sort—only cerebrating. He never shocks us by the unusual or by audacity, and, moreover, he seems to be talking about us instead of about himself. Mr. Benson's writings are the perfection of saccharine egotism, and they charm us by their exquisite and cream-laid conventionality. He makes us alternate between self-pity and self-satisfaction, both delightful in their way.

Along the Road. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Cat's Elegy," by Gelett Burgess and Burges Johnson (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 60 cents net), is a little volume of verse about cats. The pages are decorated and enlivened with whimsical illustrations.

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published Book Two of the Silver-Burdett Arithmetics, by George Morris Philips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D. Part One was intended for the first grade, and the present volume for grades five and six.

The boy with a motor-boat will find all the information that he needs in "Motor Boating for Boys," by Charles G. Davis (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net). It is practically and concisely written and the numerous illustrations are of the highest value.

The inaugural catalogue of the Hackley Art Gallery of Muskegon, Michigan, is evidence not only that Muskegon possesses a collection of unusual merit, but that it is set forth with equally unusual taste and discrimination. The catalogue is worth preservation if only for its admirable reproductions.

The architecture, history, past associations, and present appearance of Canterbury, Rochester, Lincoln, Salisbury, and other English cathedrals are satisfactorily set forth in "An English Cathedral Journey," by Kate F. Kimball (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50 net). The illustrations are numerous and good.

The Short Course series now in process of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons has been enlarged by the addition of "The Higher Powers of the Soul," by Rev. George M'Hardy, D. D. The author's treatment includes a consideration of conscience, reason, memory, imagination, faith, hope, and love. The price is 60 cents net.

Those who like realistic stories of the sea will do well to read "The Best of a Bad Job," by Norman Duncan (Fleming H. Revell Company; $1 net). Mr. Duncan has already established his reputation for an unusual power of direct narrative and for a certain enviable intimacy with the ocean, and his latest story will do that reputation no harm.

An educational volume of some interest has been published by the Neale Publishing Company under the title of "Dr. William Leroy Brown," compiled by Thomas L. Brown. The first part of the volume is of a biographical nature, and this is followed by various personal, political, and scientific papers well edited and arranged. For twenty years Dr. Brown was president of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, but his fame as a teacher was national rather than sectional. The price is $2 net.

Frederic Brooks Lindsey appears among the newer poets with a little volume of verse entitled "The Spirit Prospero" (Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net). The title poem is a distinctive production, evidently based on Eastern philosophy and sometimes approaching a suggestion of nobility, but many of the shorter poems are trivial and unmusical.

A pleasant variation from the usual form of stories for children is to be found in "The Japanese Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net). The stories are admirably told, and we may believe that they are true to Japanese life, but the crayon sketches by the author that appear upon every other page are peculiarly good and a distinctive decoration to the volume.

The American School of Metaphysics has published a volume by Leander Edmund Whipple entitled "Healing Influences" and which is practically a survey of the psychotherapeutic field. We can not find much that has not been said before, and many centuries before the present one, but the author puts his ideas as lucidly as they will permit and his work may be safely recommended to the curious. The price is $1.25.

Mrs. Sarah Pike Conger, whose knowledge of China has been so much at the service of the world, has now published a little volume of short stories for children. It is entitled, "Old China and Young America," and is based upon historical incidents of the author's life in the East. Mrs. Conger has the gift of writing a story just as she would tell it. The little book is published by F. G. Browne & Co. Price, 75 cents net.

"The Song and the Soil," by W. G. Jordan, B. A., D. D., is among the later additions to the Short Course series under the general editorship of Rev. John Adams, B. D., now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons (60 cents net per volume). Dr. Jordan subtitles his book "The Missionary Idea in the New Testament," and he treats his topic with much beauty of language and simplicity of thought. The volume is one of the best of the series.

Among later additions to the Home University Library is "Dr. Johnson and His Circle," by John Bailey (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). The subject has been a popular one for half a century, but the author has succeeded in writing a small book that contains much, that contains indeed nearly all that the average reader wants to know. Whether Mr. Bailey is justified in his eulogy of Boswell is a matter for determination, but it is at least set forth with courage and sincerity.

In spite of the publishers' assurance that "if Dickens had followed Stonewall Jackson he would have written just such a book as this" we are able to read without prejudice "One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry," by John H. Worsham (Neale Publishing Company; $2 net). It need not be said that it does not bear the dimmest resemblance to Dickens, but it is none the less a thoroughly well written account of personal experiences, including a history of F Company, Richmond, Virginia, Twenty-First Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Second Brigade, Jackson's Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

According to latest statistics 41,620 books were published in Japan during 1912, or 27 per cent of all the books printed in the world, if the Japanese figures are correct. Of the books published in the land of the Nipponese only 52 are translations, while books on politics lead 8391 strong, industry next 4087, religious works 2497, literary books 2818, novels 455, and books on etiquette 23.

Harper & Brothers have sold *Harper's Bazar* to William Randolph Hearst. They can not sell its former readers to Mr. Hearst.

"Sardou and the Sardou Plays" could not fail to attract the attention of Professor Brander Matthews, for his interest in the drama is continuous and regularly turned to good account. The professor wrote an article on Mr. Hart's volume for the New York *Times*, and, as usual, with a somewhat superior tone. In a later issue Mr. Hart replied to his critic, objecting to the implication of inadequate research made by the professor. The concluding paragraph of Mr. Hart's reply is characteristic in its smooth-cutting stroke: "It is peculiar that my reviewer does not seem to have noticed that most of the publications he mentions figure in my list of 'Books Commenting on Sardou.' True, I designedly omitted the pamphlets; had I inserted them it would have seemed to me like undue padding. The list contains twenty-six titles, some of them works in many volumes. Of course, Professor Matthews would not knowingly create the impression that the authorities I cite were not consulted by me. If he had read as well as reviewed the book 'Sardou and the Sardou Plays,' and did not see the list of authorities on Pages 7 and 8, then he does not read very carefully. And if he did see them and still implies that I am 'not familiar' with them, then he does not write very carefully."

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Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

New York American: Mr. Hart's book is full of anecdotes, and is exceedingly entertaining. It forms a welcome addition to any library, and it is doubly welcome because it deals with a man of whom so little has been written in an intimate way. Moreover, all the analyses of the plays are narrative analyses, and do not weary.

Brooklyn Eagle: The last half of the book is devoted to analyses of Sardou's dramas. The first half will be of even greater usefulness to playwrights, because it discloses Sardou's methods of work.

Baltimore American: A thorough and exhaustive study of Sardou's life and works.

Wilmington Every Evening: Of Sardou's life very little has been written, which makes this volume important as well as new. The work is highly satisfactory. The life of Sardou is told with much power and with attractive detail. It forms a study of unusual interest. The second section comprises narrative analyses, which it is a rare treat to read.

Des Moines Capital: Mr. Hart's study is a distinct addition to dramatic literature.

Nashville Tennessean: The book contains about all of the available data relative to the dramatist. It is a careful and appreciative study.

Galveston News: The book is unusual, but no one can deny that it is highly interesting.

Illustrated. 403 pages. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.65. May be ordered through your Bookseller

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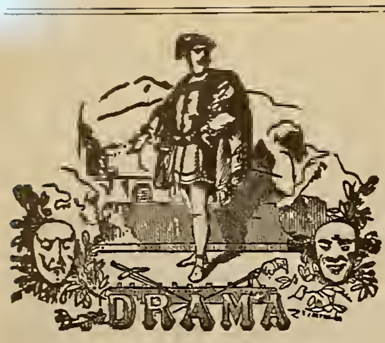

"THE TIK-TOK MAN OF OZ."

The curtain at the Cort Theatre rolls up as, without any particularly keen anticipations, we chat about trifles, and we suddenly find that "The Tik-Tok Man" has us in its grip. Why? I don't know. It just has.

There is music that says, "Something doing!" Sinister rollings and rumblings intimate that that electrically inspired sea of heaving billows has some surprise concealed in its surging depths.

"Rumble—umble!" says the music. "Hoo—hoo—hoo! Clangle—ang! Swounce! Roar! Boom!"

As we watch sinister, Salomé-suggestive clouds racing across the storm-darkened sky, we suddenly see, on the surface of the water, a moving object, and cry, with a pleasurable, expectant thrill, "What's that?"

It is a ship made toy-like by the distance, struggling with the engulfing billows. "Look! She's on fire! Oh, she's sinking!"

So she is, but something remains on the surface after she has been swallowed up in the electric billows. It is a raft, with living freight.

For the moment we can not make out whether it is man or beast on the raft, but swift solution follows the disappearance of the singular object, through its speeded reappearance at the side, when we are enabled to make out, with the aid of the friendly programme that its two passengers are Betsy Bobbin and her pet mule, Hank, floating to the shore of the Rose Kingdom of Oz.

How the child in us survives, even in the heated atmosphere of the theatre; and it is to that undying child in us that "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" makes its appeal.

The men who got the play together—they are play-and-lyric-writer L. Frank Baum, and score-composer Louis F. Gottschalk—have based their appeal on the human love for constant surprise and perpetual change and novelty. Betsy Bobbin's pet mule, and the Tik-Tok Man furnish many surprises in the comic line, and the author has evinced considerable ingenuity in departing from the stereotyped routine of musical comedy. He calls his piece "a diversion," but it may be more completely classified as a sort of modernized extravaganza, in which the old-style features are just as popular as the new.

His second act is prettily conceived. It is the Rose Kingdom of Oz, where, from flower-pots carefully tended by fierce and jealous gardeners, armed suggestively with pitchforks, grow lovely rose-maidens, their enchanting girl faces crowned with American Beauty corollas, and their symmetrical green stems terminating seductively in green-satin-slippered extremities, which are able to detach themselves from the parent soil and show a very realistic agility in the up-to-date dance. The love-smitten gardeners of this enchanting garden kneel, in an infatuated row, by the flower-pots from which have grown their rose-bud garden of girls, and sing a sweet, enamored ditty of devotion. And all the colors of the scene and of the costumes shade into or blend with the rich rose-crimson of the American Beauty color.

It is just sheer prettiness offered to eye and ear. The lyrics and dialogue are adapted to this fairy-tale atmosphere and we enjoy all this fanciful prettiness until it is time for the laughter-lovers to have their chance. And at the psychological moment, come Betsy Bobbin and her pet mule, Hank. Hank, or, rather Fred Woodward, who impersonates the mule, does not have his name in capitals on the programme, but, all the same, he is the star of the performance. I can not say, however, that the histrionic merit of the impersonation is wholly due to the impersonator, for it is evident that some one—no doubt the author, Mr. L. Frank Baum—has planned out an infinity of ingenious business for the mule, who keeps the audience in a state of perpetual grin, mixed with pleased anticipation of his next move. But Fred Woodward shows an immense amount of muscular stay and agility in keeping Hank on all-fours throughout the evening, and in the highly expressive pantomime with which he succeeds in making Hank convey his meanings with his four hoofed feet. The mechanical workings of Hank's eyes, ears, and jaws are managed in a way to show quick-wittedness and sure-handedness, and I am quite sure that I have never before seen an inarticulate beast upon the stage who contrived to say so much.

Another ingenious and cleverly worked out conception is that of the Tik-Tok Man, a purely mechanical being who is gradually wound up to a state of humanity. James C. Morton does the part very cleverly, coming to life spasmodically, and contributing a metallic and automatic utterance to the various mechanical expressions of the Tik-Tok Man's comedy.

One of the most entertaining scenes during the evening was the winding up of the Tik-Tok Man's complicated mechanism, during which his tentative galvanic movements are followed by many spectacular falls until, finally, his spasmodic assumption of life and speech is followed by a clever musical number, "The Clockwork Man," the aptly measured refrain of which was carried by a lot of pretty girls hooded in property clocks, with their prettiness set off by a glittering circle of clock-face figures.

The piece, indeed, is fairly crammed with surprises and novelties of the kind, the sixteen-officered army with its one private offering further opportunity for color, movement, marches, and comedy. This brought to the fore our old friend, Charles Purcell of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, his familiar, drily sarcastic manner experiencing a revival in the rôle of the solitary private of the army of Ogahoo. Mr. Purcell was also called upon to make love to a rose princess, a lady whose principal claims to admiration lay in a symmetrical and marvelously white-fleshed form, and in the perfectly delicious costume she wore.

No true woman could gaze unmoved on that costume, and I think some of our local belles will without doubt appear at some fancy-dress ball with that same delicious American Beauty color shading down by imperceptible degrees to the deep, ardent, crimson glow at hem and feet.

The designer of the costumes, whoever it may be, is a person of taste. All kinds of pretty—from the theatrical point of view—ideas went into the making of the flower costumes, and the stage seemed banked up with living flowers as rank after rank of pretty, smiling girls, costumed, in groups, to represent various blossoms, deployed before us, waving giant specimens of the blooms they represented, or paving the stage with their prostrate loveliness, and holding aloft great flowers that seemed to have grown from a magically productive human soil.

And there was more to come. For, on a darkened stage, we saw a dim bar of light gradually transforming itself to an arch of glowing color. And beyond there was a curved and magic stairway reaching down from the stars. And, dimly descending, we saw lovely forms, the waving of graceful arms, and the gradual appearance of the rainbow fairies, joining in a graceful revel, headed by Polychrome, an enchantingly pretty daughter of light costumed in a bit of blue sky trimmed with silver stars.

And still there was more to come. Like the Bluebird group (which may have borne some share in the suggestion of the idea of this gorgeous extravaganza), Polychrome, Betsy Bobbin, Hank the mule. the Tik-Tok Man, Shaggy, and others wander through the Rose Kingdom of Oz to find the key to the Metal King's realm, and there seek for Shaggy's conveniently evolved brother. So, eventually, we behold the underground realm of the Metal King, an imposing, crowned, red and cloaked personage, with a deep, rumbling bass voice quite appropriate to the low degree of latitude and strangely suggestive of our old friend Eugene Cowles. And sure enough, we presently recognized the countenance of the once-basso king, and even his symmetrical legs, when Ruggedo, in accord with a fanfare of the music, obligingly casts aside the fold of his royal mantle, and revealed once more to our admiring eyes those well-shaped members.

The gorgeousness of the metal monarch's realm certainly demanded a man of kingly presence to preside over it. For it was a resplendent place, lighted by a Mephistophelean red glow, roofed with stalactites, spangled with electric stars, ornamented with an ever-glowing forge-fire, and peopled with gorgeously caparisoned workers, whose costumes were suggestive of the rich metals they mined from their underground caverns. And dominating this illuminated yet shadowy retreat, sitting on his throne guarded by wild beasts couchant, was the cruel King Ruggedo, maker of the Tik-Tok Man, wooer of Polychrome, and hater of all mortals.

The play is so crammed with gorgeousness, dance, song, and spectacle that one does not have time to take a breath between. There is a dance of the fireflies, a march of imps and fairies, an exciting whirlwind dance by two specialists, an ascent to her rainbow palace by beautiful Polychrome, and what not besides. And mingled in, and adapted to the ceaseless action of the piece, are a number of very good songs and choruses, in a marked, descriptive style particularly appropriate to this kind of play. Eugene Cowles's fine bass voice assisted in making the anvil chorus, "Work! Lads, Work!" particularly notable, but the gardeners' chorus, "The Magnet of Love," "Summer Rain," "The Clock-Work Man," Polychrome's special song, and several others were particularly full of appropriate swing or sentiment.

The whole piece, in fact, is charged with youth, enthusiasm, and go. I can not say that it sparkles with wit, but it does with what makes for popularity, and both the music and the rest of it are full of this element of zip.

Mr. Gottschalk himself, by the way, has been conducting during the San Francisco engagement, and one can detect in his energetic and enthusiastic handling of the bâton qualities that he has shown in the building up of his score.

As may be seen from the preceding description, the production—which is, I believe, Oliver Morosco's first contribution to traveling attractions—is a very costly one.

Besides the actors already mentioned there are others of standing from the musical-comedy world: Frank F. Moore, very good as "Shaggy"; and Josie Intropidi, excellent as Queen Ann of Ogahoo. Burns and Fulton are the whirlwind dancers, Edith Decker is Princess Ozma, and pretty Dolly Castles is the graceful sprite who fell from the rainbow to consort with humans.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

By arrangement with the heirs of Henry W. Longfellow and the publishers of Longfellow's "Evangeline," Arthur Hopkins announces that he will produce next season in New York a stage version of the poem. The dramatization, made by Thomas W. Broadhurst, has been approved by the Longfellow family, and will be interpreted by a cast of seventy-five persons, headed by Edna Goodrich. The scenes will portray four stages of Evangeline's life in Arcadia and seven stages of her wanderings. Incidental music, both orchestral and choral, has been composed by William Furst.

◆

There will be no Sunday performances during the engagement of Frances Starr at the Columbia Theatre. Matinées will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

◆

The final performance of the Maude Adams engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given this Saturday evening.

◆

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§Auburn	2,375
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Alvarado	900
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‡Barber	500
‡Belmont	350
Ben Lomond	800
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Benicia	3,360
‡Beresford	25
‡Berkeley	40,000
Biggs	750
Big Oak Flat	20
Brentwood	200
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Broderick	200
§Brown's Valley	50
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Campbell	600
Centerville	1,000
Centerville	20
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‡Colma	3,500
‡Colusa	1,500
Concord	1,500
Cement	1,500
§Colfax	500
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Corte Madera	350
Crockett	2,500
Crow's Landing	375
Cupertino	50
Daly City	250
Danville	250
Davis	750
Decoto	350
De Sabla	25
§Dixon	1,000
§Dobbins	50
Davenport	1,000
§Drytown	20
Durbam	500
§Dutch Flat	500
Duncan's Mills	150
‡Easton	300
‡East San Jose	1,660
Eagle's Nest	50
Edenvale	500
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Elmira	150
El Verano	400
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Encinal	100
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VETERANS' WEEK AT THE ORPHEUM.

It is an Indian summer week for the veterans before and behind the footlights at the Orpheum. Those who can not qualify by remembering "Evangeline," that great extravaganza of the 'seventies, are not altogether out of it; but they miss some of the enjoyment. And those who can hark back thirty-five years are willing to wager a big block of exposition bonds that the theatrical memories they have accumulated along the way represent more keen satisfaction than is likely to be harvested in amusement fields by the younger generation.

For instance, think of the cast of "Evangeline" and compare it with any offered today: Richard Golden, Williē Edouin, George K. Fortescue, Henry E. Dixey, Harry Hunter, Alice Atherton. Well, never mind. But we have with us this evening one of that merry band—Mr. Dixey.

Dixey's reputation began with "Evangeline." It budded and burgeoned and blossomed in later pieces and years. Some always think of him in "Adonis." There is another who has the picture of his fantastic Malvolio in "Twelfth Night" hung on the line of special favor in Memory Hall. It is enough that he is a veteran, and that he has dominated every scene in which he has appeared and impressed his individuality on every rôle he has essayed. Nature endowed him well, but good looks and a resonant voice were not all that was required for a place up near the head in the company he has kept.

Vaudeville is almost too easy for Dixey. A nearer and more stimulating or stinging rivalry would bring out more of his best. He does not slight any of the details of his act—recitation, impersonation, burlesque, singing, dancing—but it is full of echoes. He has dramatized that skit, said to have originated with Wilton Lackaye: The impetuous man bursts into a room, glares at a loving couple on the sofa, draws a revolver and shoots—bang, bang! The lovers fall lifeless on the floor. The avenger stoops and looks at them closely. Amazement shows in his face—he does not know them. He turns up the lights and surveys the unfamiliar surroundings. "Heavens!" he cries, "I am in the wrong flat." It is funnier to hear than to see. Older vaudevillians could tell Mr. Dixey why. But all the way, whether his humor is broad or subtle, his effects gained by light or heavy strokes, he is the old, insouciant Dixey. He does not lag superfluous. He might have been another Mansfield, had he been willing to pay the price. It is his pleasure and ours that we have him as he is.

There is more of pathos than humor in the act of the Old Soldier Fiddlers, but it wins as many laughs as any number on the bill. These are military veterans, and genuine. Three wore the blue, two wore the gray, in that war between the states which is now passing swiftly from remembrance to the printed pages that can hold but a shadow of its heroism, its sacrifices, and its deeper woes. Colonel Pattee indulges in no sentimentality in his brief and ingenuous introductions, and the old-time tunes that the fiddlers play are of the jingly country dance order, but there is an under-current of melancholy in it all, and tears are close to the smiles that light up most faces in their audience. It is as wholesome, as bracing, as thoroughly pleasing an act as vaudeville will ever see.

Lydia Barry is a singing comedienne of class, and a young and handsome woman, but her name and some of the inflections of her voice stir older memories. One need not be a real veteran to remember Barry and Fay. Many in her audiences have seen Billy Barry in "McKenna's Flirtation." And this is Billy Barry's daughter, though she is more like her mother in figure. But she inherits Billy Barry's aptitude in comedy, and she carries every word and tone clearly to the rear rows in a manner that is all her own. Miss Barry sings the old songs and good new ones, and in her contempt for rag-time and contortion dances speaks the sentiments of her most loyal admirers.

Not many actors would have the courage to offer on the vaudeville stage the scene from prison life shown in "Justice," but Julius Steger knows his audiences. It is not as dramatic as either of the two one-act plays which Mr. Steger has made familiar on the Orpheum circuit, but it is a powerful presentation of one of the amazing cruelties of the law. The author says it is an incident from life, and it is certain that the records show many similar instances. After twenty years an inmate of the prison is found to be innocent, and is—pardoned. The young man grown old, gray, broken, and timid, is turned out into the world to begin a struggle for which he is no longer fitted. And the state that has wronged him offers no reparation, no aid, save the pardon for a crime he did not commit. Mr. Steger has but one real opportunity in this bit of experience, the prisoner's outburst at the end in a description of the injustice he has suffered, but he makes the most of it. It is an argument rather than a play.

There are whirling Arabs, whistling clowns, trained acts, and talking pictures also on the programme, but it is the veterans that set up the big vibrations.

George L. Shoals.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Eddie Foy at the Cort Theatre.

The announcement of Eddie Foy's engagement at the Cort Theatre, commencing next Sunday evening, precedes a theatrical event of much interest, not only on account of the promise of a night of fun with Eddie Foy, but because Werba & Luescher are sending a company and production in Mr. Foy's latest success, "Over the River," that is said to rival both their "Spring Maid" and "Rose Maid" productions.

"Over the River" is described as one of the most stylish girlie shows that ran on Broadway last season. Its chorus and ballet, augmented by the addition of the Eight Berlin Madcap dancers from Germany, became one of the most talked about ensemble organizations of the year. The piece was also the first to introduce a cabaret scene, showing the interior of one of New York's popular all-night restaurants where the four hundred go for their after-theatre entertainments. In fact, the plot of the play is built around one of these fashionable resorts. The music is spoken of as unusually catchy.

Eddie Foy is said to be at his best in this latest success. The famous Foy smile and his clever dancing legs delight the audience during a half-dozen musical numbers written especially for him. The fact that Eddie Foy's children will appear during the action of the play has aroused interest, for there has not been a magazine nor daily periodical that has failed to make mention of these clever children.

"The Case of Becky" at the Columbia Theatre.

While David Belasco has upon several occasions presented Frances Starr in excellently constructed and well executed plays, it appears that her latest creation, "The Case of Becky," affords her greater opportunities to disclose her versatile histrionism than anything she has heretofore played. "The Case of Becky" is a fascinating and unique drama founded upon a celebrated case of dual personality that came under the observation of Dr. Morton Prince of Boston in 1898. Edward Locke, aided by that genius of dramaturgy, David Belasco, constructed from this experience "The Case of Becky," and gave to the stage a concrete and concise exposition of dual personality that is a veritable gem of stagecraft.

Frances Starr has made the pronounced success of her career in this dual rôle of Dorothy and Becky, in the delineation of which she reflects a brilliancy of art that places her portrayal among the best characterizations in the annals of the American stage.

David Belasco has Miss Starr supported on tour by her New York company, including Charles Dalton, Albert Bruning, Harry C. Browne, Eugene O'Brien, Mabel Norton, John P. Brawn, and others. The original production and embellishments are presented intact from the Belasco Theatre, New York City. The engagement here opens next Monday evening, at the Columbia Theatre.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

There will be five entirely new acts in the Orpheum bill next week. A marvelous exhibition of canine intelligence will be given by Don, the Talking Dog. Don is eight years old, a German hunting dog, and the property of Miss Martha Huberland, who puts him through his paces on the stage. Whether he understands what he says is a question. He speaks such words as unger (hunger), ruhe (rest), kuchen (cake) very distinctly.

Few ballets have been conceived on so original or unique an idea as "The Top o' th' World Dancers." They consist of several boys and girls trained to perfection in the various intricate numbers they execute. In the novel Collie Ballet half a dozen finely bred dogs do their share. The company is seen in "Kris Kringle's Dream," the characters in which are either toys or the human and animal population of the far north.

Lester, America's premier ventriloquist, will also be included in the new bill. He is unique in his line, and his puppet, instead of obeying his master's orders is the boss of the job.

The Curzon Sisters, two little Southern girls, who are known as "The Flying Butterflies," will flit through the air like real winged flowers.

Hale Norcross, formerly with Henry W. Savage's "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman," will present Charles Dickson's comedy playlet, "Love in the Suburbs." He will be supported by a capable little company.

"The Tenderfoot's Temperance Pledge" and "The Singing Society" will be the Edison Talking Pictures for next week, which will be the last of Lydia Barry, the Arnaud Brothers, and Julius Steger and his company in "Justice."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Lasky's jingling travesty of the road with his sextet of merry musical tramps tops the new bill which opens at the Pantages at the Sunday matinée. This is the second trip over the circuit of the "hoboes" and they are repeating their former triumph.

A playlet with a distinct change from the ordinary run of vaudeville sketches is "The Days of '61," dealing with a scene at the old soldiers' home at Washington, D. C. Jere McAuliffe enacts the rôle of old Pat McCarthy, who fought with Sherman through the four years' conflict and dreams the fighting days are back again.

"The Cinderella of Vaudeville" is what they call Violet McMillan, who, besides laying claim to the smallest foot among vaudevillians, is an enticing little comedienne.

Ella Fondelier and her brother offer a tabloid vaudeville show with bits of juggling, acrobatics, dancing, and singing.

Jeanne Brooks and Billy Noble have a short session of songs and dances, with Miss Brooks introducing her newest song hits.

An acrobatic juggling performance second to none will be shown by the Six Tetsurwari.

Two reels of comedy motion pictures will round out an all around bill.

The Yaaye Concerts.

The music lovers of the Bay Cities are all anxiously awaiting the series of concerts by Eugene Ysaye, "the master of the master-violinists," the first of which is to be given this Sunday afternoon, May 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Ysaye is said to be in splendid form and playing more magnificently than ever. Everywhere he has appeared the audiences have been simply astounded by the "bigness" of the man and his art.

At the Sunday afternoon concert the artist will play the Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor; the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," transcribed by Wilhelmj; Wieniawski's brilliant "Faust" Fantasie, and a number of other works, including a composition of his own which he calls "Lointain asse." With M. Decreus he will play the Sonata in D major by Mozart, and the gifted French pianist will also be heard in two solo numbers.

The second concert will be given next Tuesday night, when Ysaye will be assisted by his son Gabriel in a performance of the Bach Double Concerto for two violins, and on this occasion the master will play the Concerto in G minor by Bruch; Saint-Saēns's "Rondo Capriccioso"; an original composition entitled "Old Mute," and a number of smaller works. The Sonata on this occasion will be the Grieg No. 2, in G minor. A novelty at this concert will be M. Decreus's playing of "The Spinning Girls of Carantec," by Rhene Batoy.

Next Thursday night the programme will be particularly fine, as it includes Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata; the Saint-Saēns Concerto; Chausson's "Poeme," and works by Schumann, Kreisler, and Chabrier-Loeffler.

The farewell Ysaye concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 18, on which occasion Ysaye and his son will play the Handel Sonata in G minor for two violins; Decreus and Ysaye will play the Beethoven Sonata in G major, and Ysaye's solo numbers will be the Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski, and a group of works by Brahms, Kreisler, and others.

Tickets may be secured at the Greenbaum box-offices and on Sunday at Scottish Rite Hall.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Cussed Damozel.

The Cussed Damozel cut loose
About half-past eleven,
Prepared to do as wild a deed
As any under heaven.
Oil-soaked rags were in her hands,
And the bombs in her grip were seven.

She cried, "We'll blow this mansion up
Where Lloyd and George do dwell!"
"Wow!" cried her fellow-suffs, whose names
Were sweet as caramel,
Millicent, Pansy, Rosalys,
Phyllis and Christabel.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

◆

For the space of several minutes we have directed our earnest attention to the subject of marriage, and we are therefore prepared to advance solutions to each and all of its problems. The immediate and exciting cause of these mental corruscations is two news items, one emanating from Boston and the other from London. The Boston item tells us that the organization of girls of Wellesley College who have resolved to marry no man with an income of less than $5000 a year are now endeavoring to persuade girls of other colleges to follow their example. The second item relates to the report of the Women's Industrial Council of London, and is to the effect that restaurant keepers are unable to retain their waitresses owing to their fatal addiction to matrimony. One large restaurant in Holborn has completely changed its staff three times in one year. Out of the last batch of twenty brides five married lawyers, four married prosperous business men, and two are now riding in their own automobiles. Other restaurant-keepers have similarly sorrowful stories to tell. And this demand for waitresses as wives is a comparatively new one.

Now we may doubt if there is any such demand for Wellesley girls. The very fact of the organization with the $5000-a-year limit is evidence of that, seeing that people do not organize for purposes that can be carried out just as well individually. The opportunity of the girl who has education and caste to marry any one at all is always more or less shadowy, but apparently there is nothing shadowy about the opportunity of the waitress, nor does she need to put a visible price-tag on herself. She takes her choice from among her suitors, and there are always plenty to choose from. We may therefore suppose that the Wellesley ordinance is something other than it seems. Ostensibly intended to limit the number of suitors, it is actually intended to conceal the fact that suitors are few and far between. And they are likely to be still more scarce, since it is hard to imagine that any man would be quite such an idiot as to marry a girl who had publicly placed a reserve price upon herself. Nice girls do not do this, and the mere fact that the price is a high one does not make the process respectable.

◆

Now prediction is not exactly our long suit, but there are occasions when we are willing to don the robe of the prophet. This is one of those occasions. Therefore we foresee a general tendency on the part of successful men to turn away from every variety of new woman and to seek their wives from restaurants and department stores, where it is still possible to find women who are women instead of mental and moral perverts in feminine form. We may reasonably doubt if any save very young and silly men would willingly marry a suffragette. Certainly no sane male biped would knowingly marry a woman who avowed an interest, for example, in sex hygiene—not that we object to hygiene, in the bathroom—or eugenics, or problem plays, or any other of those nasty things that are only a cloak for an unclean curiosity. Men are rarely attracted by feminine intellect, but they are always attracted by what is far higher than intellect, by those graces of the heart and the affections that intellect so often mars. And most men have an intuitive recognition that in the woman there is eternal war between head and heart, and that when intellect passes a certain point of development it is at the expense of the heart. Of course there are exceptions, but they prove the rule.

Therefore the day of the department store girl and of the waitress is at hand. They and their kind are fast becoming the only representatives of womanhood. They may have their weaknesses, but they are not prurient weaknesses. They neither think nor talk of the things that make us sick. They belong to the dwindling number of women who may be courted but not purchased.

◆

A correspondent of an Eastern newspaper asks why the Board of Trade of Washington, D. C., should concern itself with marriage regulations. It seems that this august assembly has devoted its energies to drawing up a model set of laws to be enforced against all who are contemplating matrimony, and that it proposes to recommend these laws to all of the states. It need hardly be said that one of these regulations provides that no one shall be married who is unable to produce a certificate of health from a physician.

We fail to see any reason why the Board of Trade should not concern itself with marriage. So far from holding that such an activity is beyond the proper sphere of a Board of Trade we can hardly imagine anything more consonant with its proper functions. For if marriage is not a trade then there is no such thing as trade. Indeed the modern marriage may be described as a legal contract entered into for immoral purposes.

As for all this nastiness about certificates of health, it simply means that reputable people will be compelled to ignore the marriage ceremony altogether and to rely upon their own private promises and vows. And of the two evils this would be the lesser. Most of the talk about the injuries inflicted upon innocent and confiding girls is sheer buncombe. The girl who marries an immoral man knows that she is doing so in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and she does not mind. She may not know all of the possible results, but she is not entitled to protection upon that account. The average modern woman has no objection to male immorality. She rather prefers it. Her objection begins only when it inflicts physical suffering upon herself. If girls would refuse to marry any man whom they know to be immoral there would be no talk of such filthy iniquities as pre-marital health certificates. And what a vista of dazzling and glittering opportunity they open to the glad eyes of the grafting and blackmailing physician.

◆

A number of English women have sent a joint letter of protest to all London magistrates denouncing the practice of asking women to withdraw from court during the presentation of indecent evidence. They say that the practice is sex discrimination and an outrage.

Well, so it is. If women wish to hear indecent evidence they have a right to do so. If they wish to read indecent books they have a right to do so, especially in view of the fact that most of the indecent books are written by women. But we should like to assuage the indignation of these particular protesters. We should like to be peacemakers in the matter. The practice of which they complain is not due to cussedness, as they seem to suppose. There was a time when women—real women—felt themselves at liberty to attend trials because they relied upon the judge to warn them of the approach of indecencies. They wished to have that warning—in those days. They did not like indecencies—at that time. And so the practice came into existence, but it was not a feminine disability but a feminine privilege. It was a part of a general system of courtesy under which a man would cease swearing, for example, on the approach of a woman. It was understood that the woman did not like swearing, or indecency, or the sight of violence and bloodshed and a score of things of a like kind. But now it seems that times have changed. There is no longer need for the same consideration, since women have developed other likes and dislikes. Therefore if women wish to hear indecent evidence—and it seems that they do—they have a perfect right to hear it. Indeed no one ever questioned their right, although it may be that the judicial warning to women to withdraw from court may slowly have assumed the form of a command. By all means let them stay in court. Let them serve on coroner's juries if they now have no objection to "view the body." Let them act as cattle slaughterers, and executioners, and floggers. No one has a right to forbid them if they wish to do these things. The present discriminations date from the days when women did not wish to do these things. But the times and the women have changed. That is all.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

It was an English ship with an English crew and an American passenger list. Two stewards were having a heated altercation and pouring forth anathemas upon each other's heads, when as a crowning insult one said to the other, "Aw. you eats just like a passenger."

Richard Butler Glaenzer, the New York essayist and critic, said at the Players' Club: "Poetry is delightful. But poets are so very poorly paid. I know a millionaire who has a beautiful, golden-haired stenographer. The girl said to her employer the other day: 'I am going to get married, sir. And I am going to marry a poet.' 'Dear me!' said the millionaire. 'Then you will leave us, eh?' 'No, sir,' she replied; 'I shall not leave you, but I shall need more pay.'"

A traveler who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland. and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank God, they are Christians!"

Mr. Skinclothes was seated on the rock reserved for visitors and was deeply interested in the proceedings of the Antediluvian Congress. A long-bearded patriarch had the floor and delivered a speech despite the jeers of the other members. "I warn you," announced the patriarch, "that unless we pay more attention to forest conservation we will have floods that may do great damage." "Who is that old patriarch?" asked Mr. Skinclothes. "That is Senator Noah," replied the attendant.

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The negro janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants. After the services one of the deacons asked the old negro what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?" "Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de Lord fo' things dat de udder preacher didn't even know He had!"

The dinner was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White, and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White occasionally attended. Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion Mr. White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious. "Brudah White," he smilingly remarked, "do dat nex' do' neighbor ob you'n keep chickens?" "No, sah!" came the prompt response of Mr. White, as he deftly pried loose a well roasted wing, "but he try hard 'nuff to keep 'em."

The legislature of a Western state contains this year several women members. At a recent banquet they were invited to speak, but all with one accord began to make excuses, and one of the men was asked to represent them. He accepted, saying that he was willing to do so, so far as in him lay, but that his case was similar to that of a naughty little girl who was told that if she didn't behave she would be shut up in the chicken coop. "You can shut me up in the chicken coop if you want to," replied she, "but I aint going to lay any eggs."

A Baltimore woman who had never had a garden was unexpectedly afforded the opportunity to possess one wherein she could do just as she pleased. It was, therefore, with careful study that she perused the seed catalogues. One day her husband came home and found her deep in its illustrated pages. She had a long list of names written on a sheet of paper, which, she announced, contained the seeds which she wished her husband to procure for her. "You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" asked her husband, after looking at the list. "Why, yes." "Well, then, it may interest you to learn that those you have put down here don't bloom until the second summer." "Oh, that's all right," said the wife. "I am making up my list from a last year's catalogue."

While the New York American baseball team was training in Bermuda, a cricket match began between a couple of the island teams. At four o'clock every afternoon the teams used to knock off and drink tea. Mr. Chance, the New York manager of the baseball artists, viewed the cricket game with disfavor. One day he stood upon the sidelines, idly watching it. An outfielder made a brief run and caught a little pop-up fly. "Well caught, sir," roared an English enthusiast. "Well caught, sir." Mr. Chance was pained. Pretty soon another outfielder ran for a long hit, and failed to catch it. The cricket fan at Chance's elbow approved anyhow. "Well run, sir," he bellowed. "Well run." Mr. Chance glared at him. A moment later an infielder tried to run, and fell on his face. It was Chance's chance. "Well fell, sir," he shouted. "Well fell."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Den.

What is a den?
A den is when
The broken chairs,
The rugs with tears,
The pictures cracked,
The table hacked,
A tickless clock,
Desk that won't lock
Are gathered in a heap by ma
And put into a room for pa.
—*Houston Post.*

Belinda.

Belinda's waist is small;
Belinda's form is neat;
And oh, the fine French clock that shows
Above Belinda's feet!

But oh, Belinda's face!
I do not mean to mock,
Yet if you saw it you would swear
'Twould surely stop a clock!
—*Town Topics.*

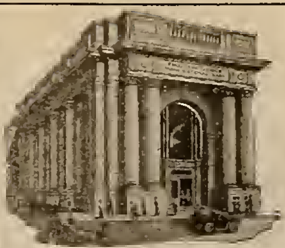
Away From the Danger.

With hopeful hint the farmer's boy
Leaned on his hoe and said:
"The fish is bitin' fiercest kind,
Down by the mill pond's head."

"Don't be afeerd," the farmer said,
Dropping a seed or two.
"Jes' keep on kiverin' 'taters, son,
'N' the fish they won't bite you!"
—*New York Sun.*

The Loafer.

You kin always tell a loafer, if there's loafin' in the crew;
You kin always tell a loafer 'cause he has so much to do:
When the men are in the maintop he is fussin' with a jib;
On the drive he's always lookin' fer a chance away to snib;
In the woods the smallest timber is the timber he will find
In the yard the twelve-by-twenty is the kind he leaves behind.
He will fuss an' he will fiddle huntin' up the softest snap:
Life is one eternal treadmill fer the take-it-easy chap.
Yes, it takes a lot of trouble skippin' labor day by day;
Fer a fellah has to figger how to dodge it all the way.
On the drive er in the timber, in the mill er in the yard,
You kin always tell a loafer 'cause he works so bloomin' hard.
—*Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.*



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Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital.....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
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Sig. Greenebaum......Chairman of the Board
Washington Dodge.............Vice-President
Jos. Friedlander..... ....Vice-President
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R. Altschul............................Cashier
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December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund....... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors................59,144
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OF SAN FRANCISCO
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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,079,373.37
Deposits............................ 26,882,124.40
Total Resources...................... 45,791,813.97
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I. W. Hellman, Jr....Vice-President
F. L. Lipman.........Vice-President
James K. Wilson Vice-President
Frank B. King..............Cashier
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American Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Argosy and Argonaut	4.75
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	7.15
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.35
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Out West and Argonaut	4.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	6.00
Puck and Argonaut	7.85
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.50
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut	4.25

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Lola Davis of San Francisco and Mr. Andrew W. Simpson, Jr., of Stockton. Miss Davis is the sister of Mrs. Frank Bootb. Miss Blanche Davis, and Mr. George F. Davis. Mr. Simpson is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Simpson, and brother of Mrs. Minot Tirrell, Jr., and Mrs. Bertha G. Simpson. The wedding will take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis of Ross have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Constance Davis, to Mr. Arthur Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford of this city. Miss Davis is a sister of Mr. Spencer Davis. Mr. Ford is a brotber of the Messrs. Bernard, Sidney, Norman, and Geoffrey Ford. Mr. Bernard Ford was recently married to Miss Marian Miller.

From New Jersey comes the news of the engagement of Miss Helen May to Mr. William Brainard Gring of Montecito. Mr. Gring formerly lived in this city. The wedding will take place in June.

The wedding of Mrs. Lillian Sutton Hopkins and Dr. George Ebright took place Thursday afternoon, May 1, at tbe bome on California Street of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins. Dr. and Mrs. Ebrigbt will reside at 2504 Scott Street upon their return from tbeir wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Stafford and Mr. Robert Newell Fitch will take place Thursday evening, June 5, at Grace Pro-Cathedral Church.

The wedding of Miss Sydney Davis and Mr. Carl Wolff will take place Tbursday, June 5.

Mr. Cbarles Page Bryan has announced the marriage of his sister, Miss Jennie Byrd Bryan, to Judge John Barton Payne, Thursday, May 1, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edric Wolseley was bost Tuesday evening at a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a luncheon last week at ber home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a number of young people at a picnic last Sunday at Lake Pilarcitas.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. Hannah Gale were hostesses last week at a luncheon and bridge party at tbeir home on Gough Street.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained fifty children Saturday at her home in Burlingame. The affair was to celebrate the birthday anniversary of her little son.

Mr. Frank Michael was host Thursday evening at a theatre party whicb was followed by a supper.

Miss Elizabetb Putman was hostess at an informal tea last week, prior to her departure for New York.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr., was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Nellie Grant.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was host recently at a dinner at Pebble Beacb Lodge.

Mrs. James C. Eaves gave a tea last week in honor of Miss Esperance Ghirardelli.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mr. Fred Seller, who is visiting here from his home in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner at her home on Broadway in honor of her relatives, Mr. Ricbard Burke, Miss Edith Burke, and Mr. Ricbard Burke, Jr., who have recently arrived from Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay gave a dinner last week at tbeir home in Lafayette Park to celebrate the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Mr. Holladay's fatber, Mr. Samuel W. Holladay.

Mrs. William Augustus Bryant entertained a dozen friends at a tea in bonor of Mrs. Pierre Tiffany.

Mrs. Crawford W. Clarke was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Miss Sadie Murray was hostess at a luncbeon at her bome at Fort Mason complimentary to Miss Nellie Grant.

Captain Leonard Waldron, U. S. A., and Mrs. Waldron gave a bridge party at Fort Winfield Scott in honor of Miss Katherine Taylor of Portland, who is visiting Major Kensey Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard Hammond will leave New York today for home after an absence of several months. Mrs. Hammond has recently been visiting her sister, Mrs. James Parker, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bryce arrived Thursday from the East and sailed Saturday for tbe Orient. Mr. Bryce was formerly British ambassador.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weir bave opened tbeir country home in Woodside for tbe summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Kittredge and their son have gone to Europe to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. John D. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd bave returned from New York and have opened their country home in San Rafael.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., has returned from the East and has joined Mr. Marye at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, returned to Stockton Thursday after having spent a few days in town.

Mrs. Horace G. Hellman is in Belvedere visiting her brotber-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard. Mrs. Hellman is recuperating from a recent attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Downey Harvey has returned to Monterey after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. Robert Hayes Smith has gone to New York for a brief visit. Upon his return he and Mrs. Smith will go to San Mateo, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington for the summer.

Mr. Felton Elkins has rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. Richard Tobin, who will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and her daugbter, Miss Agnes Tillmann, arrived in New York yesterday and are guests at the Plaza Hotel.

Mrs. W. H. Le Boyteaux and her daughter, Miss Mary Stuart Le Boyteaux, have gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering spent the week-end in tbeir bungalow in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding is again established in her town house, which was rented during her absence in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and their little daughters, the Misses Mary and Eleanor, will leave June 1 for Napa County, where they will spend three months, during which time Mr. and Mrs. John Drum will occupy their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller are established for the summer in their country home in Menlo Park, whicb they have recently bought from Mrs. Abraham Stern.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller gave up their town house last week and moved to Menlo Park for the season.

Mrs. Horace Wilson has arrived in Paris, where she will visit friends during the season.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have returned from a two weeks' visit in Paso Robles. Mr. Scott arrived last Tuesday from New York, where he went for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have gone to Panama and will travel extensively in South America. They will visit friends in the East before returning home.

Miss Margaret Nichols has returned from the Presidio. Monterey, and has recently been the guest of Miss Sophie Beylard in San Mateo.

Miss Polly Mills has again joined Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott after a visit in Fruitvale with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Champion. Miss Mills has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Brayton, Miss Theresa Brayton, and Master Clarence Brayton sailed last week for Honolulu and Australia.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has arrived from Bakersfield to visit friends during Captain McKittrick's absence in Arizona. Sbe spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has joined her sister, Miss Cecilia O'Connor, at the Hotel Victoria after having spent the winter with friends in Coronado.

Mr. Roger Topp has gone to Honolulu for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting have returned from a few days' stay at the Tamalpais Tavern.

Mrs. E. P. Brinegar has gone to New York, where sbe will be joined next week by Mr. Brinegar. They will sail May 15 for Europe.

Mrs. W. S. Thorne has taken an apartment on California and Buchanan Streets, where she will reside after May 15.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, returned last week from Coronado, and will spend the summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jay Foster and tbeir daughter, Miss Enid Foster, are established in their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Weaver are visiting Mrs. Weaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilkins, in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and their children will spend the summer in their country home at Los Altos.

Miss Rosita Nieto has returned from a visit in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker returned from Seattle yesterday and are occupying their home in Woodside.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson is visiting her sister, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, in Coronado.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson is established in her new home in Burlingame, where she will reside until November. Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader will spend the summer with Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and her niece, Miss Henriette Blanding, left last Thursday for the East, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard closed their town house last Thursday and have gone to Belvedere for the season.

Mr. Lawrence H. Van Wyck, who sailed on the *Cleveland*, will arrive at Naples tomorrow and will spend the next few weeks traveling in Italy and Switzerland. He will return home in July.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her protégée, Miss Dottïoel Latham, left last Saturday for the East, where Miss Latham will continue her musical studies.

Among those who went South to attend the golf tournament between the Burlingame Country Club and the Los Angeles Country Club were the Messrs. Chapin Tubbs, Percy Selby, Ferdinand Theriot, Prescott Scott, Harry Scott, Robin Hayne, and Cyril Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Warren Harrold (formerly Miss Madeline Clay) have been spending the past two weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon and their children will leave early in June to spend the summer in their country home near Soquel.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings and their children arrived from Mazatlan on the *Wilhelmina*. They are visiting Mrs. Rawlings's parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner, at their home on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Splivalo are established for the summer in the home on Washington Street of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Splivalo have rented their country home in San Mateo to Mrs. John C. Breckenridge.

Miss Helen Jones has returned from a visit with Miss Beatrice Nickel at her ranch near Gilroy.

Mr. Hugh Fairlie has leased a home on Lake Street and Sixteenth Avenue, where he will reside after his marriage next month to Miss Grace Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis have been spending the past week in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Harrison-Smith and her daughters, the Misses Henrietta and Alice Harrison, are established for the summer in a cottage at Miramar.

Miss Lilian Van Vorst has returned from a visit in Honolulu.

Miss Norma Burling of Santa Barbara is visiting the Misses Pischel at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell have returned from a visit in the East and are again in their home in Atherton.

Mr. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo has gone to Arizona for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne have returned from Bakersfield, where they have been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Domingo Ghirardelli and their daughters, the Misses Esperance, Corona, and Ruth Ghirardelli, will leave shortly to visit relatives in Italy.

Miss Mercedes Crimmins has returned to New York after an extended visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins, at the Presidio.

Dr. Charles Poor Kindleberger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kindleberger will arrive in August from Guam for an indefinite visit. They are at present traveling in Japan.

Mrs. Richard Derby has returned from New Orleans, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Burgin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgin.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader will leave May 30 for Fort Liscum, Alaska, where tbey will visit their son, Dr. Alleyn von Schrader, U. S. A.

Lieutenant David A. Scott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scott left last week for New York, where Lieutenant Scott has been assigned to shore duty for the next two years.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has been spending a few days in Mare Island with Mrs. Emily Cutts, who is entertaining Miss Patty Palmer of this city.

Mrs. Eugene Tobey and her little son are en route to Washington, D. C., to join Paymaster Tobey, U. S. N., who is stationed at the navy yard.

Mrs. John M. Ellicott and Miss Priscilla Ellicott will spend the summer at Mare Island. They are anticipating a visit from Mrs. Kingsbury (formerly Miss Ellicott), who is en route from Honolulu to Charleston, where Lieutenant Kingsbury, U. S. A., has been ordered for duty.

Captain L. B. Simonds, U. S. A., has closed his home in the Presidio and has gone to New York to spend two months.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Frederick Trotter, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of surgeon. He will remain for the next two years in Honolulu.

Colonel D. M. Appel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Appel sailed Monday on the *Sherman* for Honolulu, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mrs. Charles P. Huff, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Huff, has returned from the East and Europe and is visiting her parents in Shasta County.

Captain James A. Pourie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pourie have returned to this city to reside. Captain Pourie has been assigned to the Quartermaster's Department.

Mrs. Lawrence Kauffman has returned from a visit with her mother in Coronado. Ensign Kauffman, U. S. N., is now on duty with a torpedo boat in Sausalito, so they will reside in this city.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller), who have been residing at Annapolis, will come to California to reside, as Lieutenant Shipp will be ordered to one of the ships of the Pacific fleet.

Colonel John Chamberlain, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chamberlain are expected to arrive shortly for an indefinite visit. Colonel Chamberlain is the inspector-general of the United States Army.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Miss F. J. Stewart, Miss E. Marion de Guerre, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Dickson, Miss Marion Dickson, Miss Dorothy Page, Mr. and Mrs. William Greaves, the Misses Greaves, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. S. M. Cutler.

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hot cakes, made with ROYAL Baking Powder are delicious, healthful and easily made.

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Auto Grill and Garage. Special attention to auto parties. Unusually low winter rates now in effect make this the ideal place for winter residence. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, Manager

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Tea served in Tapestry Room from four to six o'clock
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Coronado is the most delightful spot in Summer on the Pacific Coast. Hot days are unknown. Golf, Tennis, Bay and Surf Bathing, Yachting, Deep-Sea Fishing, Motoring, Riding and Driving. Kindergarten school conducted under the Montessori System. Write for Booklet.
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JOHN J. HERNAN, Manager, Coronado, Cal.
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334 South Spring Street

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Representatives of improvement associations comprising sections of San Francisco populated by 14,000 people have called upon the mayor and supervisors and expressed their dissatisfaction with the proposed municipal railway extensions in so far as they purported to serve the people concerned.

J. M. Allen, who served as a superior judge from 1880 to 1883, after an illness of several years, died at his home on Washington Street, May 6, in his sixty-ninth year. Judge Allen was born in Bethlehem, Ohio, and graduated from Yale in 1867. In 1874 he came to San Francisco, taking up the practice of law. Afterward he formed a partnership with William F. Herrin, present vice-president of the Southern Pacific in charge of legal affairs, and Francis G. Newlands, later United States senator from Nevada. In 1888 this partnership was dissolved. Judge Allen was made attorney for the Bank of California, which position he held up to the time of his death. Judge Allen married Miss Ida M. Davis, sister of Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick. Surviving him are his widow, two sons, Francis F. and James Kirk Allen, and two daughters, Mrs. J. Otis Burrage and Mrs. Lucius H. Allen.

Appreciating the need of refinancing all of his enterprises across the bay on a long-term basis instead of by short-term financing, F. M. Smith, the controller of the Key Route System, the United Properties Company, generally, the Realty Syndicate, and of immensely valuable borax properties, has arranged with two boards of trustees to carry through what will unquestionably be one of the largest financial operations ever conducted on the Coast.

The finance committee of the supervisors has completed the budget for the fiscal year 1913-1914. It appraises for the necessary expenses of the city government the sum of $14,222,233, as against an appropriation for this year of $12,887,626. Thus it will be necessary to raise by taxation for the ensuing fiscal year $1,334,607 more than was acquired in the last budget. To meet the increased needs of the city government the tax levy has been raised 13.3 cents, which will make the tax rate next year $2.23 instead of $2.10, the rate for the present year.

Frederick Hess, Sr., proprietor of the California *Demokrat*, the oldest publisher of a German newspaper in the United States, died at his home in this city on May 4. Frederick Hess helped to mold the early history of San Francisco. Coming to America with his parents early in the 'fifties, he purchased the daily newspaper he was identified with all his life in 1856. He was active in the affairs of the Vigilantes and was one of the founders of the German Bank, the German Hospital, the Altenheim at Fruitvale, and of the Argonaut Club. He was born in Coblentz seventy-six years ago. A widow, two sons, and two daughters survive.

In the presence of several thousand friends, 1700 men and boys, members of the First Regiment, League of the Cross Cadets, and its junior branches, solemnly renewed their vows of total abstinence at St. Mary's Cathedral Sunday afternoon. The ceremony, which was instituted many years ago, is gone through annually by the cadets.

H. Alexander, past president of the United Ancient Order of Druids in New South Wales, was tendered a reception Saturday night by Eldorado Circle, of which Mrs. J. S. Godeau is district deputy, at Foresters' Hall, followed by a banquet, at which Julius S. Godeau, past supreme arch of the local grove of Druids and district deputy for the Pacific Coast, presided.

Eight policemen have been suspended and are on trial for alleged colusion with the Italian bunco ring.

At a meeting of the Ocean Shore Railroad stockholders the action of the directors in assessing the stock $2.50 per share was ratified and a vote of confidence in the present management was passed without a dissenting voice. C. C. Moore read a statement of the increase of gross earnings for the first four months of the present calendar year, and the needs of the road to meet the larger traffic.

◆

Ysaye to Play Beethoven at the Greek Theatre.

For the first time in many years we are to have an opportunity of hearing the greatest composition ever written for the violin and orchestra. At the request of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, Ysaye, the "king of the violinists," who is to give the grandest programme of violin music ever heard in this country at the Greek Theatre next Wednesday afternoon, May 14, at three o'clock, has consented to play the Beethoven Violin Concerto, accompanied by a symphony orchestra of sixty of our finest musicians. This is a work that only a real master is capable of adequately interpreting, and were this the only number on the programme it would be worth traveling miles to hear.

In addition to the Beethoven work Ysaye is going to play, also with the orchestral accompaniment, the old classic masterpiece, Viotti's Concerto in A minor. Between the two great works there will be a group of violin solos with piano accompaniment, the whole forming a feast of violin music that is in every way extraordinary.

The event which falls on Commencement Day is not an orchestral concert with Ysaye as soloist, but an Ysaye concert with the accompaniments played by the orchestra.

As to the orchestra itself, it is one specially arranged for this auspicious event, and is the finest body of players ever assembled here. Paul Steindorff will conduct.

Tickets are on sale at the usual box-offices in San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley.

There will be 5000 general admission seats, which are also on sale at the box-offices.

From San Francisco take the two o'clock boat.

◆

The Tivoli Opera House Comic Opera Season.

The cheerful announcement is made that the Tivoli Opera House will open Wednesday evening, May 21, with the same policy that made it one of the best beloved of San Francisco institutions for decades before the fire. Manager W. H. Leahy returned from New York on Wednesday with his customary smile and a pocket full of contracts with light operatic stars of metropolitan renown. The musical director chosen for the Tivoli is a man peculiarly adapted to the work before him, and the stage will be under the supervision of a master of his art. Of course the chorus, always a feature of the old Tivoli, will be made of the best voices obtainable and the girls will be many and pretty. Manager Leahy has selected for the opening "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which ran for fourteen weeks in the good old days, and which will afford all of the principals an excellent opportunity for displaying their abilities.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I feel afraid of that woman. They say she is a mindreader." "Well, she won't bother you."—*Baltimare American.*

The Governor (sternly)—When I was your age. my boy. I was making an honest living. *The Boy*—And now look at you!—*Life.*

Habbs—So you've struck it rich and are now able to keep several servants? *Dobbs*—Alas, no—only to hire them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Billy (to suffragette leader)—Say, lady, if yez want any winders busted, me an' de gang'll take de contrack cheap.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Darling. do you love me for myself alone?" "Why, certainly, Charles. But you really have that $50,000, haven't you?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Are you a Socialist?" "I was until I discovered the other day that I had several things the other fellow wishes he had."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is your daughter musical?" "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "she seems so in conversation, but when she sings opinions differ."—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Gazip—That romantic Miss Passé says there is a secret connected with her birth. *Miss Pickles*—So I've heard. It's the date.—*New York Globe.*

"Poverty may be a blessing in disguise." "No doubt," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it is such a small blessing and such a big disguise!"—*Washington Star.*

Stello—Did you understand the game? *Bello*—I don't remember much, except that it was all settled by a man they called the vampire.—*New York Sun.*

Boss—A lady book agent? Tell her I'm too busy to see her. *Office Boy*—Ye better take a peep at her through the keyhole first, sir. She's some pippin.—*Life.*

Block—She said on her wedding day that she would go through everything for him. *White*—Well, I guess she has. I loaned him a tenspot this morning.—*Judge.*

"The Parvenus are furious at the society reporter for saying 'there wasn't a jarring note' in their last affair." "I suppose the poor wretch didn't know they made their money in preserves."—*Town Topics.*

Newedd—Did you spend so much money as this before I married you? *Mrs. Newedd*—Why, yes. *Newedd*—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Never count your chickens before they are hatched." "Of course!" sneered Mr. Crosslots. "You're another of those people who want to take the chief pleasure out of the poultry business."—*Washington Star.*

The Father—Really, I am afraid to associate with my own children for fear my morals will be hurt. *The Daughter*—But, papa! Don't you suppose we realize that, and are careful when we're with you?—*Life.*

"Has your son-in-law any prospects?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Knowing mother and the girls as I do, I am sure he has some very lively prospects. But I'm not worrying him by mentioning the matter."—*Washington Star.*

"Well, Weary, wot d'ye tink of dis new tax on de incomes?" "You mean de proposed tax dat dey're goin' to put on de incomes dat's over four t'ousand?" "Sure." "Well, wot I tink of it would fill a book. An' I've got me mind made up to one ting." "Wot's dat, Weary?" "My income aint goin' to he more'n four tousand!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Policeman—Do you know this sick man? *Interested Bystander*—No. I only jest met him. He seemed a nice sort of a feller; he shook my hand and we chatted a while, an' I told 'im I was Seth Pinewood from Pennsylvania, an' that I'd come on with one thousand in cash to see this here town. I ast him if he knew of some young feller as could show me around; an' then he threw up his hands an' fell down!—*Puck.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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A Smart-Aleck Cleric.

The Reverend Theodore C. Williams of Santa Barbara thought no doubt he was doing a smart thing when naming some dozen or more well-known ladies of the community, standing in known opposition to the prohibition movement, he invited them through a newspaper to join him in a "standing drink" at a local bar, declaring "it is not well for man to drink alone." The manner and terms of this invitation sufficiently stamp the man. He may be dismissed as a vulgar smart-aleck. But it remains to be pointed out that your sensational reverend is never by any chance able to see other than evil motives in whoever may not agree with him in his proposals, whatever they may be. It seems impossible for creatures like the Reverend Theodore C. Williams to understand that anybody can be opposed to prohibition, regarded as a social and moral principle, without being abandoned to the vice of drunkenness and its associated infamies. He has no mental machinery qualifying him to conceive of disapproval of prohibition as an invasion of personal liberty, as an infringement of the rights of private conduct, as a principle involving in its practice a weakening of individual moral muscle. Men of the Williams type can never be made to understand that there are values in character which prohibition, like other forms of enforced inhibition, may destroy. It was men of this sort who in the middle ages instituted the Inquisition and so gave to the world its supreme example of cruelty allied with bigotry and hypocrisy. We live, thank God, in another age—in an age which, though it permits such men as Williams to exhibit their narrowness and meanness, does not allow them to impose the penalties of their mental and moral deficiencies upon others. Incidentally we are waiting to hear that some righteously resentful husband has swatted a dirty face at Santa Barbara.

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The President and Labor Exemption.

The statement that President Wilson is disposed to favor the provision of the sundry civil bill exempting labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Act will be received with consternation by every friend of the administration. It will be received with an even greater consternation by every friend of American institutions. It will be remembered that President Taft vetoed this same bill unhesitatingly and contemptuously as a "crime against the state" and "class legislation of the most vicious sort," and the whole country applauded him. Indeed we may doubt if those who proposed it had any real expectation that it would be adopted. Probably they only intended to burn a little incense to the labor unions and to gather in a few stray votes by emphasizing their devotion to the "cause" of exemption and privilege. That the President should favor, that he should even tolerate, so daring an assault upon human equality before the law is almost incredible in view of his earlier refusal to tolerate any riders whatever to any bill. But unfortunately there is no room for doubt, and the reasons that are advanced in explanation of his compliance seem to aggravate rather than to minimize the gravity of the incident. First we are told that the Department of Justice will not be permanently bound by a vote that applies to a single fiscal year, and secondly we are reminded that the President is "very much occupied with other controversies" and has no leisure for "a fight with the labor organizations." But does the President actually suppose that the principle of labor-union exemption from criminal law, once admitted and sanctified by an act of Congress, is lightly to be overthrown? Precedents, once created, are not so easily destroyed. A principle, once established by a legislative vote, has a stability that is not readily shaken. Once passed and signed, this abominable bill becomes a formal recognition of labor-union exemption from a law that binds all other men, and if the President supposes that this evil can be undone as easily as it was inflicted his temperament is evidently too sanguine, too confiding, for his position. And the plea that the President is "very much occupied with other controversies" is almost staggering in its simplicity. No one has suggested that he shall enter into any controversy with the labor unions. It is the last thing to be wished. President Taft entered into no controversy. He merely flicked the bill into the waste-paper basket, and if President Wilson does not wish irretrievably to damn his administration, to chill with disgust every honest supporter throughout the country, he will do the same.

If the labor unions are to be exempt from the Sherman Act, why not from all other criminal laws as well? Why should not Congress quash the Indianapolis verdicts by a short bill to the effect that murder by dynamite shall continue to be a criminal offense except in the case of labor unions, and that this enactment be retroactive? In fact why not meet the whole situation in a comprehensive and statesmanlike manner by a general legislative understanding that the criminal law in its entirety be abrogated in favor of all labor unions and their members? The idea would not be wholly an innovation. It is already an unwritten rule in San Francisco, where labor unions are permitted largely to share in the general immunity graciously accorded to gamblers and thugs. And so far from this being in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum* we may be very sure that if this bill is passed it is not at all likely to be voided by some other vote in some other fiscal year. On the contrary it will be maintained, and it will be used as a basis for other demands for immunity, for other steps on the road to a complete labor-union supremacy over the law.

Certainly it is a disheartening situation and one without a parallel in civilization. That a private organization should insidiously encroach upon the supreme functions of government, that it should be a law unto itself, that it should possess powers of life and death over honest citizens, that it should try, convict, and execute without reference to the law of the land, is bad enough in all conscience. It is bad enough when the connivance of the government is a passive one, when it merely permits by failing to prohibit. But it becomes a thousand times worse when the government sets the positive seal of its sanction upon an *imperium in imperio* that in all the history of the world has never failed to destroy the nation in which it found a place. The vitality of the American nation may be great enough to resist even this. Let us hope that it is. But it is none the less true that no nation can ever wholly recover from the destruction of its early ideals of liberty and of equality. If President Wilson signs this bill it will mean not only the shipwreck of his own ambitions, which does not very much matter. It will mean also the submergence of the fine old Americanism which was built upon human equality before the law, and this does matter a great deal.

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Exit the Legislature.

Governor Johnson's valedictory address to the legislature was evidently intended to allay such apprehensions as that amazing body might reasonably be expected to feel. Whether it produced the desired effect may well be doubted. A few platitudes from a professional politician, a few words of conventional thanks for the effective grinding of his own personal axe, are a poor compensation for the chorus of ridicule and contempt that has echoed from one end of the state to the other. Even a Sacramento legislator is not wholly impervious to public opinion. Human stupidity always has a vulnerable point somewhere. The armor of pious silliness is never quite impenetrable, and if we may judge from the character of the newspaper comment during the last few weeks it is easy to believe that the arrival of the Sacramento mail must have been dreaded like the pestilence.

But the legislators themselves have received an unfair amount of blame, and they are entitled to whatever excuses can be found for them. In the first place they can not help being imbeciles. In the words of the commercial bill of lading, their mental incapacities are due to the "act of God." In the second place they imagined themselves—and not without reason—to be elected for the express purpose of registering and legalizing the will of Governor Johnson. That they found leisure for a large number of apish tricks of their own was a part of what they conceived to be their mission. According to their dim lights they were doubtless honest enough, since human responsibility can never be imposed except on a basis of human intelligence.

The responsibility for the whole sorry business rests, of course, upon the electorate which showed so fatal a readiness to place its destinies in the hands of a cheap and vulgar politician whose whole tendency is toward the mendacities, the brutalities, and the dishonesties of the old evil "system." That this is no mere denunciation is proved by the legislative achievements that are now classified and indexed before us. They speak for themselves. Excluding the mere exuberances of the *bandar log*, we have some ten or a dozen measures d rectly inspired by the governor himself, and there is not one of these that is not branded hoof and horn with the mark of the crude and corrupt machine. The only test of a proposed law that the governor was ever known to entertain is its capacity to put electoral power into his hands and the opportunities that it gives him to appoint and to pay without check or restriction. To say that these powers and opportunities are unlimited is to state the exact and literal truth. The wording of the bills shows them to be actually unlimited. So long as there is a dollar in the state treasury the governor may use that dollar for the reward of the faithful. No formula, no process, is needed except to take it. So long as there is a single ward-heeler in California who needs a job that ward-heeler may be appointed to one or more of half a dozen different positions on boards and commissions with indefinite elasticity. There are the laws in all their undefended insolence and oppression, and they speak for themselves. There is not an industry in California, not a home in California, hardly a human right in California, that is not henceforth liable to strange and tyrannical invasions and to dangers that can not be foreseen nor guarded against. And for the first time in history we have a code of laws based on the placid assumption that the employer of labor is a public enemy, that he has neither rights nor friends.

With the remedy we need not at the moment concern ourselves. It will come with time and a restoration to sanity. The *Argonaut* has little sympathy with those who are quick to appeal to the referendum and similar methods of political quackery as a remedy for their own follies. It might be possible in this way to wipe out the whole legislative record, or at least its more oppressive portions, but the result would be only a further degradation of law and its institutions, one more throw of the dice in the unseemly gamble of progressive politics. There is only one legitimate remedy, and it is necessarily slow in operation but certain in results. We have made our bed and we must lie upon it, but the time will come when that bed can be remade. If the community at large will elect a governor on the strength of his character and experience instead of on the strength of his lungs, if it will turn its back upon mountebanks and humbugs and imbeciles, it will have learned a lesson at a price by no means excessive. Any other remedy will be to jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

Praying for China.

That the Chinese government should invite the prayers of Christendom has evidently been the cause of great jubilation to the churches of America and Europe. The response has of course been enormous. The attention of Providence has been directed toward the affairs of the Chinese republic with an energy and an unanimity almost unprecedented. Great church dignitaries have collaborated in the preparation of petitions that are alike dignified, persuasive, and mandatory, while the lesser conventicles have coöperated with a zeal that may possibly compensate for a lack of literary graces and the refinements of diction. The world will watch with much curiosity for the results of this outpouring of the spirit, but it may be that a glance into the profundities of the Chinese heart would do much to mitigate the prayerful enthusiasms of Christendom. The heathen Chinee is admittedly "peculiar." His ways are not as our ways, but his powers of subtle and adroit flattery he shares with the whole Oriental world. A few weeks ago we read that Dr. Sun Yat See, that pillar of a militant Christianity, and various other great Chinese dignitaries had engaged in a splendid Pagan ceremony intended to ingratiate the shades of the ancestors of the nation. Today they are asking for the prayers of Christendom. Evidently their interpretation of religious truth is both broad and liberal, as is becoming to good Chinese republicans. They remind us somewhat of Mark Twain's Hindu visitor, who rejoiced in the fact that since his conversion to Christianity he had a thousand and one gods, whereas in his previous benighted condition he could claim only a thousand.

The request for Christian prayers is, of course, an astute piece of Oriental diplomacy. It is a clever play upon the strings of the white man's vanity, and one that is well calculated to have its marked effect upon Chinese political fortunes. More than one large question is looming upon the horizon. China is beginning to quiver a little as she realizes her own audacity. She is afraid of Japan and she is afraid of Russia. She is still more afraid of herself. But China in a pose of religious penitence makes an irresistible appeal to the organized religious forces that are even more powerful in Europe than they are here. The individual Chinese convert has always been the object of the extraordinary solicitude of the missionary. He has been pampered, petted, and protected against his own laws. Why should not a collective China display herself in the same way upon the penitents' bench and so claim the favor that is never so bountifully given as to the convert?

It is strange that the churches do not see this for themselves, but there is nothing so blind as a gratified vanity. The London *Times*, always a faithful reflection of the high official conventions, does indeed take some pains to combat the idea that this "is merely an ingenious attempt to enlist the good-will of foreign nations." That, of course, is exactly what it is, and the *Times* is well aware of it. It has been said upon high authority that no Chinaman was ever yet converted to Christianity, and while this is no doubt an exaggerated statement it still leaves us with an utter inability to believe that the Chinese government has been actuated by anything else than an astute desire to profit by the unctuous credulities of the Western world.

Democracy and Peace.

When Mr. Bryan said that war would be abolished by the intelligent democracies of the world we may suppose that he was less anxious to contribute to the solution of a great problem than to utter one of those conventional nothings that can always be relied upon to produce a cheer from a flattered gallery. It may be that long years of rhetorical appeal have habituated Mr. Bryan to the use of resounding sentiments that have no relation whatever to facts. Certainly they come so trippingly from his tongue as to suggest that they are automatic. His recent speech on home rule for Ireland simply bristled with all the old hackneyed verbal veterans of oratory that had not even a shadowy connection with actual conditions. And now we have these old stereotypes about peace and democracy that are surely entitled to honorable retirement and a pension after long years of effective service.

There was a time when peace and democracy were considered almost convertible terms. It was a case of great expectations, and, as is usual with great expectations, they have been disappointed. We are all familiar with the fanciful picture of the enslaved masses of Europe, eagerly and naturally anxious to be brothers, and yet marshaled against each other in deadly array at the bidding of a few selfish and ambitious rulers. Once let democracy assert itself, we were told, and these same masses of men would refuse to be food for gunpowder. Those who made the wars would be invited to fight them, and an enfranchised proletariat would decline to follow the fife and drum and would stay at home and attend to its own lucrative but uninteresting pursuits. These are the fine old pictures that are still before the Bryan eye and these are the fine old sentiments that still come glibly from the Bryan tongue. That they have no bearing upon the facts does not matter.

Ideas none. [illegible] read his history to little advantage. Who were responsible for [illegible] Revolutionary War France [illegible]

Certainly they have no bearing upon the facts, and it is the duty of a statesman to face the facts, however lamentably they may conflict with the theories. It is the facts that will prevail. The last forty years have seen a steady advance in the democracy of Europe. There is now more than one country in the old world that has a much larger measure of democracy than we have ourselves and where rulers and statesmen alike are little more than instruments for the instant registration of the popular will. Even Russia in the Far East has the beginning of popular rule, while France and Portugal in the Far West are republics. But there is no sign of an era of peace. There is hardly a whisper of any popular demand for peace. In fact there is an almost universal expectation of war, and an almost universal acquiescence in its necessity. If democracies are opposed to war then they have a most extraordinary way of showing it. At the present moment Europe is one vast armed camp and every one of its countries is fortifying itself with an unprecedented energy and to the hysterical applause of its people. It is true that the peace societies are not wholly silent. They are doing what they can with their rather absurd statistics and tabulations, but their voice in comparison with the popular outcry for war is like the squeak of a mouse in a tornado. Once more, democracy has an extraordinary way of showing its pacific temperament. It may love peace, but it loves war more.

Professor Ferrero has lately had something to say about these pacific democracies, and Professor Ferrero is an unusually competent and careful observer. Certainly he does not mince words. He says that democracy is the supreme danger to European peace, that it is the people who will let loose the dogs of war, and not their rulers. The great masses of Europe have never seen war, and they look upon it as a frolic and an adventure. Moreover, they are eager to exercise their new powers. It is not the people who are driven to war by their rulers, but the rulers who are driven to war by their people. The King of Italy, he tells us, had to face the alternative of a war with Turkey in Tripoli or the loss of his throne. If European peace depended upon its statesmen there would be no danger of a conflict. But it depends now upon the pugnacity of its democracies and therefore there is every danger.

No one who reads the newspapers can doubt that Ferrero is right. Can any one believe in the possibility of war between Germany and England if the issue depended upon the will and initiative of statesmen? On the contrary we know that these same statesmen are straining every nerve to allay the passions of their own people, that there is not a single bone of contention between the two countries nor any cause for conflict except the mutual hates of the people. And the same may be said of France and Germany, where a single shot on the frontier might easily drive the great Gallic democracy to frenzy. The German emperor, usually supposed to be a warlike figure, has kept his country in unbroken peace for a quarter of a century, but he said recently that his power of resistance to the popular war fever was nearly exhausted. Even from Russia we read that the popular excitement in favor of war with Austria may easily force the unwilling hands of the government. And so far as America is concerned, it need hardly be said that President McKinley would not have declared war against Spain but for a public demand that could not be withstood.

Democracy as the preserver of peace is, therefore, a broken reed. What the future will bring us in the way of enlightenment not even Mr. Bryan can foretell. It is the present that concerns us, and the present mood of the world's democracy is warlike, and it grows more warlike every day. It must be so with an unbridled and licentious press, suborned by the demagogue and by the exhaustless money of the armament companies eager to stimulate hatreds and to welcome their appalling consequences. Democracies may one day grow wise, perhaps from the teachings of a hideous experience, but it is very certain that they are not wise yet. And the day of their wisdom is as far removed as the millennium, inasmuch as the millennium would come with it.

Johnson's One Chance.

There is neither political sense nor any other kind of sense in proposals for appeal under the referendum against the alien land law and the so-called red-light law enacted by the recent legislature. Both these laws are as matter of fact foolish and futile. The one attempts the impossible, and at the same time offends a nation with which we stand on friendly terms. The other is a rank invasion of private rights. But it so happens that as these laws stand appeals may be made for them to overwhelming popular prejudice. Governor Johnson and his associates would be able to defend the anti-alien law by ringing the changes on the text of California as a white man's country. Anti-Japanese feeling is almost universal here, and the public, broadly speaking, would vote its sentiments without regard to more delicate considerations. The question would resolve itself practically into this: Are you for or against the Japanese? Nobody who knows anything of public sentiment can for one moment question the result. The law enacted by the legislature, impertinent, untimely, inoffensive though it be in certain aspects, would be sustained. There is no doubt about it.

Similarly in the case of the red-light bill. It would be presented to the public as a great "moral issue." Fundamental principles involved would be lost sight of. The superficial considerations would dominate the public mind. The issue would come in this form: Are you for granting to vice an unlimited license or are you for subjecting it to restraint? Can any rational man doubt what the popular answer to these questions would be? Not one voter in fifty would think of the fundamental principle; and the result would be a complete triumph for the restrictive law.

And in these triumphs the Johnson administration, now deeply involved in discredit by its manifold follies, would get a new moral foothold. Posing as the champion of California as a white man's country on the one hand, as a defender of all the virtues on the other, it would bring to its support all the unthinking, all the prejudiced, all the mushy-minded sentimentalists of the state. Its follies and crimes, if not forgotten, would in very considerable measure be condoned. Possibly—we think probably—it would find in a referendum campaign, based on the issues above defined, a means of re-establishing itself in an effective backing of popular favor.

We suspect that Governor Johnson and his associates in the leadership of a now discredited progressivism are praying to the Providence which so often for brief periods safeguards folly and knavery to move their critics to bring to bear against them the powers of the referendum. It is the one possibility afforded by the present situation for putting their stupidities and sins into the background and for getting at the front of a popular "moral movement."

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The Married Chauffeur.

An absorbing interest in the intricacies of human nature causes us to pause in surprise before a news item that reaches us from Paris. There is, it seems, a great demand for chauffeurs' licenses and the authorities are compelled to exercise some sort of discretion in their issue. Therefore it has been ordered that a preference be given to drivers who are married.

At the first glance we are disposed to applaud on the ground that a married chauffeur has domestic responsibilities that ought to be recognized and aided by a paternal government. But further perusal discloses the interesting fact that the favor shown to the married chauffeur is due to quite another cause. It is not the fact of his responsibilities that appeals to the authorities, but the far more interesting theory that the married chauffeur is likely to drive more carefully and to be more heedful of the lives and limbs of the supposedly innocent pedestrians.

Now this is a matter for reflection. Heaven forbid that we should rashly accept or reject an opinion that is doubtless based on observation and experience. But it may be admitted that our immatured ideas had pointed to a quite different conclusion. We should have supposed that a chauffeur who had already displayed a reckless and daredevil temperament by getting married would have discounted his chances of a license at the hands of a cautious police official. Now if the preference had been given to unmarried men we could have understood it, since the unmarried man is presumably actuated by a certain sagacious prudence that would have been a guaranty of wariness amid the lesser dangers of the Paris traffic. But the terms of the rule are explicit. Married men are to have the preference because of their greater caution *(circonspection)*.

There must be a reason for this. The French are a nation of psychologists and famed for their insight into human motives. They would not have made such a rule without adequate reasons into which we ought to inquire. It may be that they regard marriage as a mark not so much of recklessness or foolhardiness as of that sublime courage that is always associated with tenderness toward the weak and the helpless. They may argue that matrimony is an indication of heroism, hardihood, fortitude, valor, and prowess that ought not only to be rewarded with a chauffeur's license, but that is in itself an assurance of those more tender characteristics that would so greatly ornament, but that are so seldom found in the profession of the automobile driver. The French are notoriously sentimental, and after all it is only a hair line that separates recklessness from courage. The one is the defect of a virtue and the other is the virtue of a defect. The mere fact that marriage may be regarded as a foolhardiness ought not to blind us to the claims of those who consider it to be the highest form of a sublime courage. We do not claim infallibility in such affairs.

There are, of course, many other points of view that may have appealed to the Paris police. They may have argued that the chauffeur who had been unable to move fast enough to escape matrimony would be similarly deliberate in driving his automobile. Or that having himself been run down would make him peculiarly careful not to run down others. On the other hand we are faced by the possibility that matrimony tends to a sort of weariness of life, a certain eagerness to end it all, that would be highly undesirable in a chauffeur.

It is a complicated problem, and we are by no means sure that it has been solved aright. It bristles with possibilities and with conflicting theories, and while we have every respect for the Paris police we should like to give the matter further consideration before either applauding or censuring.

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Distinctly Shabby.

In connection with purposes entirely legitimate and worthy and with respect to which there is no reasonable objection San Francisco asked the legislature for an act authorizing communities in different counties to unite in a single municipal government at their own pleasure. The proposal did not involve anything in a positive way; it merely asked that a door be opened for consolidation of contiguous towns or cities if at some future time they may wish to come together. The purpose was to remove a technical obstacle which now prevents the formation of one great city through unification of the several communities about San Francisco Bay, if at some future time these communities shall elect to unite under a common municipal charter. There was no suggestion of forcing the issue; only a clearing of the ground, so to speak, for coöperative action if ever the time shall come when it may be mutually desired. Against this proposal Los Angeles arrayed all the influences at her command. Because the San Francisco Bay communities under consolidation would make a city very much larger in point of population than Los Angeles the representatives of that city in a spirit of jealousy stood opposed. And under the conditions which governed the closing hours of the session this opposition was successful. It was cheap business—mighty cheap business!

There was presented to the legislature a resolution memorializing Congress to grant to the state for the purposes of a railway passenger and freight terminal available upon equal terms to all comers, the island of Yerba Buena (otherwise Goat), which lies in the harbor in direct line between the eastern and western shores of San Francisco Bay. All the considerations as they relate to the common interest are favorable. It would cut out two-thirds of the bay transit by boat and cut down the time approximately ten minutes. It would likewise cut ten minutes from the schedule of every passenger and freight train connecting the two sides of the continent. It would cut two-thirds from the ferry service between San Francisco and at the same time eliminate the hazards involved in navigating crowded channels subject to fogs and shifting currents. It would in every way associated with public convenience and the necessities of commerce be a distinct advantage. But it would remove the terminal from the western end of the Oakland mole—two miles out into the bay—to Yerba Buena Island, one mile further west. And so Oakland, in the spirit of an unspeakable narrowness, protested and, under the conditions of the busy closing days, protested successfully. To be sure, Oakland gains and can gain nothing by defeating or delaying this project. What she did do was to defeat a plan which, if it could be carried out, would involve a great advantage to San Francisco.

We suspect that when our sister cities come to take sober second thought with respect to these procedures they will have an unpleasant sense of having acted shabbily.

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Editorial Notes.

The assignment made by F. M. (Borax) Smith of all his rights and interests to a committee of trustees is the climax of a series of too venturesome operations. Mr. Smith has holdings of enormous value, but he has also enormous debts. The margin is said to be ample, and if affairs work out fairly Mr. Smith will remain a very rich man, which is extremely gratifying in view of the courage and public spirit which have been behind his operations. The effort of certain daily newspapers to find something crooked in an affair obviously straight has been an unpleasant aspect of Mr. Smith's troubles.

In the closing weeks of the legislative session there has been pending a measure looking to the removal of certain cemeteries in the western part of San Francisco. The expansion of the city toward the west has made this desirable on many accounts, but there has nevertheless been a strong sentiment against it. Those whose dead lie in the acres to be vacated have very naturally stood opposed. In the earlier stages of this measure in the legislature it had smooth sailing, since the arguments urged for it were, from a material point of view, conclusive and overwhelming. But when the matter came to final action there appeared at Sacramento a committee of five women representing not so much the interests as the sentiments involved. To tear open and vacate the cemeteries meant to these women something kin to sacrilege; and so they came to ask the legislature to stay its hand. They did not come in the spirit of militancy, or in the spirit of exploitation of any "cause," or in anger or resentment. They made no threats either personal or political. They asked simply that their dead might lie undisturbed in the soil where they had been reverently placed. The bill was put upon its passage—and it did not pass. The appeal of a group of women, speaking as women, and in behalf of sentiments of which women are the special custodians, won the day. Herein lies a suggestion and a lesson which ought not to be lost upon the womanhood of the country. Does anybody imagine that a committee of suffragettes, headed by a speech-maker and employing devices familiar in the practice of the lobby, could have achieved this result? If yes, they have little knowledge of human nature.

Five years ago, when the name and fame of Evelyn Thaw graced the top of every newspaper front page in America every day in the week, the *Argonaut* remarked that so much valuable notoriety would not be permitted to go to waste. "Sooner or later," it was remarked in these columns, "'art' will claim its own." Well, it has taken some time for this particular prophecy to come true, longer than usual with the *Argonaut's* guesses. But here at last it works out. The more or less fair and the more or less frail Evelyn is to take to the footlights under the direction of a famous and prosperous vaudeville manager. The price which has tempted so much virtue and so much misfortune to present itself for the public delectation and inspiration is declared to be $5000 per week, but we suspect that the figures have been slightly juggled for dramatic effect. We would like to wager something handsome that when the income-tax man calls upon Mrs. Thaw for a statement the figures will be somewhat shy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Washington State Anti-Alien Law.

Olympia, Wash., May 8th.

Editor Argonaut: It is unfortunate that your excellent editorial, "The Anti-Japanese Proposal," in your issue of May 3, should have been marred by misconception and misinterpretation of facts, more particularly so from the reason that had the facts been related they would have strengthened your position. The particular portion of the editorial I complain of reads:

> Enactments which in Washington and Arizona have scarcely more than an academic interest, and therefore have not been made subject of international protest, have in California a large and practical significance. Their proposal here gives them an extraordinary emphasis and has had the effect of bringing out a protest hitherto in abeyance. Existing statutes in Washington and Arizona in no sense justify the adoption of such statutes in California, rather their proposal in California emphasizes their impropriety and nullity in Washington and Arizona in advance of diplomatic effort on the part of the national government.
>
> It is the theory of the government at Washington and the judgment of competent lawyers here and elsewhere that the anti-Japanese laws of Washington and Arizona, being in conflict with a national treaty, are null and void.

There has been a persistent and to a great extent successful effort made to misrepresent this state's laws. The facts are that the constitution of Washington, adopted in 1889 and today the law in this state, contains this provision:

> Section 33. The ownership of lands by aliens, other than those who in good faith have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, is prohibited in this state, except where acquired by inheritance, under mortgage, or in good faith in the ordinary course of justice in the collection of debts; and all conveyances of lands hereafter made to any alien directly, or in trust for such alien, shall be void: *Provided,* That the provisions of this section shall not apply to lands containing valuable deposits of minerals, metals, iron, coal, or fire clay, and the necessary land for mills and machinery to be used in the development thereof and the manufacture of the products therefrom. Every corporation, the majority of the capital stock of which is owned by aliens, shall be considered an alien for the purpose of this prohibition.

This is not "similar to that proposed in California," nor does it deserve reference as to "impropriety and nullity," and neither is it true that the government at the national capital and competent lawyers consider that provision null and void.

A number of attempts have been made here to amend this provision. The first attempt was to enable residents of British Columbia to make investments at Spokane, Seattle, and Tacoma. This failed several sessions. At the session this year an amendment was proposed in two bills. One proposed to wipe out all alien ownership restriction. The other as originally drawn permitted acquirement of property by all aliens "except those who by race or color are prohibited from becoming citizens." This bill was amended before passage by the legislature and the constitutional amendment to be submitted to vote of the people in November next year will if adopted give all resident aliens the right to acquire property within any municipality. This amendment if adopted gives Japanese and all other alien races superior rights to those of native-born citizens. For example, if a native-born fails to protest a local improvement assessment before the city authorities and defaults in payment of the tax his property can be sold. A foreign, alien, land-owner can only be divested of property rights by action in the federal courts, and also has the right to raise questions as to the involvement of treaty rights. Whether the voters will adopt the proposed amendment next year remains to be seen. In any event, either under present laws or proposed laws, your references to the situation in this state was made in error.

J. H. Brow

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Among the minor disadvantages of royalty which have caused us to resolve not to accept the throne of Albania is the difficulty of self-defense against slander. It is true that King George brought a libel suit against Mylius, but the circumstances were exceptional and involved a large question of public policy. There is no such question in the case of ex-King Manuel of Portugal, who has just become engaged to Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern. We are not well versed in the habits of royalty, but we may suppose that the lady's father asked for an explanation of the rumors that have connected the name of Manuel with that of Miss Gaby Deslys. And no doubt Manuel replied that the story was a fabrication, and profitable only to the New York journalist responsible for it and to the lady herself, who was keenly alive to the value of advertising in the dramatic profession. Now if Manuel had been an ordinary human being he would probably have defended himself against a scandal that had practically no basis in fact, but kings and ex-kings are debarred from the usual means of self-defense. It seems a stupid rule, but then most of the conventions that surround royalty are irrational, and also the conventions that surround other people.

Writers of popular stories of the Zenda type never conceived of a better situation for a novel than the one furnished by the siege of Scutari. The story of the compact between the Turkish commander, Essad Pasha, and of the King of Montenegro may not be true, but it is at least *ben trovato*. The compact is said to have been in the nature of an agreement that Essad Pasha should surrender and that he should be allowed to march out with his 30,000 trained Albanians and declare himself king of the new principality. In this way Nicholas of Montenegro brought the siege to a close in obedience to the dictates of Austria and at the same time introduced a new thorn into the flesh of the powers somewhat sharper and more painful than the one that it replaced. Essad Pasha with 30,000 seasoned warriors behind him would be "some king," and we need only a keen young American in love with some Albanian beauty—presumably there are such—to have all the elements for a first-rate romance. If we could only get an afternoon off we should attempt this ourselves—writing the story, not playing the part.

Dr. Jordan's arraignment of the great armament firms as *agents provocateurs* in the production of war scares seems to be receiving support from all over the world. The activity of the Krupps in the gentle task of sowing hate between Germany and France has already been noted, and now comes Lord Loreburn, ex-lord chancellor of England, who writes in a preface to a pamphlet on the "German Panic," by J. A. Hobson: "The zeal of the naval and military services in all countries . . . the pressure of inventors and contractors for the engines and materials of war, of the press which they control, and of the press which neither they nor any one else can control, are constant influences in producing international unrest." If we had eyes to see and ears to hear, which unfortunately we have not, we should now be on the track of similar activities in connection with the little misunderstanding between America and Japan and the yelpings for more bloodshed in America. Quite an extensive sale of armaments might be worked from either situation.

It is hard to see any good reason why new poetry by Julian Hawtborne should be greeted by any special enthusiasm merely because the author happens to be in jail for an offense that might be described as robbing the public. There is still less reason for enthusiasm when we learn that the poetry itself is plagiarized from some verses written by Arturo Giovannitti while in prison on charges growing out of the Lawrence strike. Mr. Hawthorne writes:

> From barred door to iron wall,
> From wall to door I hear it go,
> Four paces heavy and slow.

Mr. Giovannitti adopts a different metre and a more effective one:

> One—two—three—four; four paces and the wall,
> One—two—three—four; four paces and the iron gate.

If Mr. Hawthorne should at any time meet Mr. Giovannitti he will doubtless be able to explain a similarity that can hardly be explained on the ground of a chance coincidence.

An Eastern critic asks why Mrs. Wharton chooses such ugly names for her middle-class heroines, and cites the name of Sophie Viner, the chief girl in "The Reef." Now Sophie Viner is not a beautiful name, but we fail to see what else this particular damosel could have been called. The name fits her like a glove. As soon as we know that she is called Sophie Viner we seem to have a premonition of exactly what she will do. To have called her Montmorency, for example or Dagonet, would have frustrated the whole story. If we were writing a novel, which we solemnly promise not to do, the name of the heroine, or the hero, would be made the subject of prayer and meditation, although not of fasting. Any one can find beautiful names, but to find appropriate names is a very different matter. Imagine changing the name of Mr. Pecksniff, or of Mr. Snodgrass, or of Mr. Pickwick. It could not be done without fatal results. And Sophie Viner by any other name would be quite another girl.

Vice-President Marshall seems to be assuming the position of universal mentor, and it is a position that is not without its dangers. But there should be hearty applause for the rebuke to certain scientific quackeries and dishonesties that he administered before the National Academy of Sciences in Washington. Litigants, he said, could easily hire scientific experts upon any side of any question whatever, and for a fee of from $50 to $500. The fee comes first, and this is followed by instructions as to the particular point that is to be "proved." Of course the Vice-President was careful to add the conventional "present company excepted." Nothing could persuade him to impugn the scientific virtue of the eminent men before him, but there were other scientists of a lesser rank to be found outside in the great wicked world and who were always ready, like lawyers, first to receive the fee and then to read their briefs. But we are not sure that the National Academy of Sciences deserved the exemption courteously accorded to them. There may have been some cheeks even there that burned. It is even conceivable that it included among its membership that eminent alienist who changed sides—and testimony—during the Thaw trial in obedience to the lure of a larger fee.

Sir Frederick Banbury, speaking in the British House of Commons, defined a typical Radical as "a total abstainer who has married his deceased wife's sister and refuses to have his children vaccinated." But surely all Radicals are not total abstainers, even in England.

The *Argonaut* is not exactly upon terms of an affectionate intimacy with Mr. Haywood, that "undesirable citizen" whose later activities have carried him further than ever into the ranks of the unwashed and the unwanted. But even Mr. Haywood sometimes says something that is worth attention. In a recent attack upon the American Federation of Labor he charges that organization with the annual collection of $48,000,000 from its members, which of course is absurd, and with the payment of numerous and large salaries, which is not absurd but true. Mr. Haywood further attacks the federation for its policy towards apprentices, a policy that allows only one apprentice to twenty journeymen. "Where," he asks, "do the other boys go?" And he answers his own question truly by saying, "They go to jail, to the army, to the navy, to the gutter." That is precisely where they do go.

There seems to be something ghoulish in speculating on the identity of the next Pope, and still more so in the preparations that are being made openly for his election. Of course the choice will be an Italian, and it seems to lie between the two cardinals, Vanutelli and Rampolla. It is now well known that Rampolla would be in the papal chair at this moment but for the sudden objections raised by Austria, with whom Rampolla is not a favorite, but the attitude of the defeated candidate has been so irreproachable that his friends are once more encouraged to hope for his success. But the world at large would not welcome Rampolla as Pope. He is too intellectual, and intellect is no longer a virtue in a ruler. If we must have rulers at all we like them to be very virtuous and with just the faintest suspicion of dullness.

When the government of India offered a reward for the heads of poisonous snakes it soon discovered that the thrifty and wily Hindu was establishing snake farms and carefully breeding the deadly reptiles for the sake of the bonus. So the reward was discontinued. The school authorities of Cleveland are now learning something of the same lesson. The prizes offered for the greatest collections of dead flies have inspired certain youngsters with the shrewd idea of using dead cats and rats as baits for the flies. Of all the crazy scholastic follies of the day that of "swatting the fly" is perhaps the craziest. In the first place we do not send our children to school for the purpose of swatting flies, or even swatting each other. And in the second place we are removing the result of an evil instead of the cause and so inducing an indifference to the cause. The fly is a filth insect and it is a part of our topsy-turvy way of doing that we concentrate our energies upon effects and allow the causes to do as they will.

We are not enamored of the medical expert, but his opinions are sometimes worth quoting if only because they are so different. A week ago there was occasion to notice the testimony of a French army surgeon to the effect that hydrophobia had largely increased as a result of the Pasteur treatment. Now comes another expert who testifies in an English libel suit that the treatment by serum has greatly increased the plague mortality in India.

Mr. Hamlin Garland remarks that "there is some beauty of architecture in Venice." This leads the Springfield *Republican* to remark: "Also there are some pictures rather worth seeing if one has time to stop over a train. The Titians are well spoken of, and Tintoretto is a fad with some people, perhaps because one has to go to Venice to see his pictures. But except for the architecture the Grand Canal can not be compared with the Chicago drainage canal, and in the main to a Chicagoan the city is much what the great Western novelist calls it, 'mediæval bunk.' It is not so antiquated, perhaps, as the bunk of Rome, where an American business man on a flying trip once demurred to visiting the palaces of the Cæsars. 'Nothing but ruins, is there?' he asked an old resident, who looked him over, smiled pleasantly, and answered. 'Nothing but ruins.'"

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

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Investigators have taken such cold-blooded animals as frogs, toads, snakes, and some fish and put them in jars with liquid air at a temperature of minus 300 degrees Fahrenheit. The animals freeze immediately and are left in this state for months. Then they are taken out and life is restored by massage.

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The largest killing, freezing, and packing plant in the world will soon be in course of construction at one of the seaports of Northern Australia, in which sheep, hogs, and cattle will be handled for the markets of the world.

OLD FAVORITES.

Elsinore.

A REMINISCENCE OF BOOTH'S HAMLET.

We sit in breathless silence—
  The spell-bound throng around—
Art's magic seals our senses
  From meaner sight and sound;
And though our forms are stirless
  The mimic scene before,
Our souls o'erleap the footlights,
  And dwell in Elsinore.

O wondrous, wondrous magic,
  That gives the Ideal life;
That wins us from the Real,
  Its cares, its toils, its strife.
Time's ocean, slowly ebbing,
  Leaves jewel-strewn the shore,
Gives back to us the glories
  Of buried Elsinore.

And lo! the Prince of Denmark
  Meets our fixed gaze the while,
With eyes whose saddest glances
  Are gladder than their smile;
Sublime in mournful beauty,
  As when he had of yore,
In majesty and mourning,
  The halls of Elsinore.

O rare and royal vision
  Thus given to our eyes!
The soul of Shakespeare's shaping
  Hath found an earthly guise,
And we, beholding, whisper,
  "This is the form he wore,
Who deathless lives in Shakespeare,
  Who died at Elsinore."

O manhood, worn and wasted
  By anguish and despair!
O words, whose mournful music
  Makes sweet the haunted air!
We seem the painted phantoms,
  This, the unreal shore.
And there, beyond the footlights,
  The true world—Elsinore.

The rest—"the rest is silence,"
  The curtain's downward fall.
A fair and noble record
  For Memory—that is all.
And we, uprising, murmur,
  "Dull life to thee once more,
We come from charmèd dwelling
  In Shakespeare's Elsinore."

—*Lucy H. Hooper.*

◆

Edwin Booth.

His bark will fade, in mist and night,
  Across the dim sea-line,
And coldly on our aching sight
  The solemn stars will shine—
All, all in mournful silence, save
  For ocean's distant roar—
Heard where the slow, regretful wave
  Sobs on the lonely shore.

But, oh, while, winged with love and prayer,
  Our thoughts pursue his track,
What glorious sights the midnight air
  Will proudly waft us back!
What golden words will flutter down
  From many a peak of fame,
What glittering shapes of old renown
  That cluster round his name!

O'er storied Denmark's haunted ground
  Will darkly drift again,
Dream-like and vague, without a sound,
  The spectre of the Dane;
And breaking hearts will be the wreath
  For grief that knows no tear,
When shine on Cornwall's storm-swept heath
  The blazing eyes of Lear.

Slow, 'mid the portents of the storm
  And fate's avenging powers,
Will moody Richard's haggard form
  Pace through the twilight hours;
And wildly hurtling o'er the sky
  The red star of Macbeth—
Torn from the central arch on high—
  Go down in dusty death!

But—best of all! will softly rise
  His form of manly grace—
The noble brow, the honest eyes,
  The sweetly patient face,
The loving heart, the stately mind
  That, conquering every ill,
Through seas of trouble cast behind,
  Was grandly steadfast still!

Though skies might gloom and tempest rave,
  Though friends and hopes might fall,
His constant spirit, simply brave,
  Would meet and suffer all—
Would calmly smile at fortune's frown,
  Supreme o'er gain or loss;
And he the worthiest wears the crown
  That gently bore the cross!

Be blithe and bright, thou jocund day
  That golden England knows!
Bloom sweetly round the wanderer's way,
  Thou royal English rose!
And English hearts [no need to tell
  How truth itself endures!]
This soul of manhood treasure well,
  Our love commits to yours!

Farewell! nor mist, nor flying cloud,
  Nor night can ever dim
The wreath of honors, pure and proud,
  Our hearts have twined for him!
But bells of memory still shall chime,
  And violets star the sod,
Till our last broken wave of time
  Dies on the shores of God.—*William Winter.*

◆

With the exception of the Forth bridge, the largest ever built by British engineers is now being made at West Bromwich for the Eastern Bengal Railway. It will span the Ganges 120 miles above Calcutta, India, and consists of seventeen spans. The bridge will be the largest ever shipped from England.

KIPLING AND ANOTHER.

London Sees a New Play and Hears a New Opera.

What Mr. Kipling will say when he finds himself bracketed with a German is indeed "another story." He has a fine command of vigorous conversational epithets. When, during the Boer war, he foregathered with the journalists in Bloemfontein who commandeered the printing outfit of a disloyal newspaper to produce a daily sheet for the delectation of Tommy Atkins his remarks on the misprints of the Boer compositors were not lacking in strength or picturesqueness. And in those bellicose days he was specially emphatic in characterizing the conduct of that Teuton who had tried to condone his anti-British conduct before the occupation of the capital of the Free State by running up the Union Jack after the British troops marched in. Was not he—Rudyard Kipling—the anointed laureate of the flag, the sworn foe of "little Englandism," the high priest of imperialism? And now it has befallen that he must be coupled with a subject of the Kaiser! If he protests, he must be informed that the blame is to be equally shared by the almanac and the authorities of the Royal Opera House.

For this has been a week of a dual début. It has introduced Mr. Kipling as a dramatist and H. W. von Walterhausen as a composer. Perhaps the playgoer with a retentive memory may suggest, having a recollection of "The Light That Failed," that Mr. Kipling can not be a débutant twice over; the answer is that he did not make the stage version of that story. Not until the other evening, when "The Harbor Watch" was produced at the Royalty Theatre, had the poet of the empire appealed to the suffrages of the playgoer in his own person. And he did so in more modest fashion than his critics could have anticipated. Notwithstanding his reputation, he has been content to serve the apprenticeship which every novice of the drama in London is expected to observe. If Shakespeare were to return from the shades he would be required to obey that unwritten law which demands that every aspirant to dramatic honors shall win his way by two or three "curtain-raisers." In other words, a full-course play in the London theatres is frequently preceded by a *hors-d'œuvre* playlet, the theory being, apparently, that the dramatic chef who is not equal to the production of an appetizer is not to be trusted with the banquet.

But Mr. Kipling made such a success of his *hors-d'œuvre* that his promotion to chef in chief must be rapid. It is a slight thing, this "The Harbor Watch," a miniature rather than a full-bodied picture, but it betrays the touch of the master hand. Wisely avoiding the India he knows so well, eschewing any attempt to make Mulvaney live on the stage or to turn his inspired beasts of jungle-land into mines, Mr. Kipling has given us a little group of sailors and marines under the influence of love and beer. The plot is nothing more than an amplified anecdote from one of his own stories, setting forth the untoward adventure which befell Albert Blashford, an A. B. of the royal navy, while paying attentions to his sweetheart Jenny. Albert and a few of his comrades are "on leave," and while Albert improves the occasion to cement his relations with Jenny, Edward Glass, a valiant member of the marines, seizes the opportunity to imbibe unlimited quarts of beer. Albert finds his occupation so fascinating that he allows his ship to sail without him, whereby he becomes an unintentional deserter. Now this is the opportunity of the villain of the piece, one William Agg, a lecherous old widower and money-lender, who has designs on Jenny and is the chief creditor of that maiden's mother. So Albert's forgetfulness of his ship makes for Agg's advantage in two ways; if Jenny will not marry him he will have Albert arrested as a deserter and her mother turned into the street.

Now is the time for providence to intervene, the said providence being represented by another sailor named Emanuel Pyecroft, who remembers that Glass of the marines is one of the best amateur actors in the navy. Although under the influence of his quarts of beer, Glass is promptly sobered by a bucket of cold water, and at once agrees to assume the rôle assigned him by Pyecroft, which is that he impersonate an officer authorized to arrest deserters. To complete the comedy Albert goes to bed under Agg's roof, thereby giving color to the accusation that Agg is harboring a deserter. Thus the money-lender has the tables turned upon him, and is made to disgorge fifty pounds as the price of silence on the part of the supposed officer. But the story is nothing save as affording pegs for the inimitable monologues of the bibulous Glass, who, whether drunk or sober, lurched his way through the piece with rollicking high spirits. There is the authentic flavor of Black-eyed Susan all through the little play, which, despite or perhaps because of its touch of melodrama, won the audience from start to finish.

Such a verdict can hardly be recorded for the other débutant of the week, Herr von Walterhausen, whose "Oberest Chabert," although fifteen months old, was the first novelty of the season at the Royal Opera House. Yet the calmly sympathetic rather than enthusiastic reception given to the opera had nothing to do with the anti-Teutonic spirit which is supposed to be dominant in the English capital just now. If a reason were required, other than the inexplicable cause of which no manager or composer has yet divined the secret, it might be discovered in a choice between the non-operatic character of the production and the familiarity of its theme. A possible third cause was the somewhat inadequate performance.

What is meant by the non-operatic character of the work is that it approximates too closely to the dramatic. The cast, for example, was almost Ibsenite in its frugality. Six characters sustain the burden of the opera, minus chorus, and one of those might be eliminated, leaving but five persons to fill the stage. This is too exacting a test for so spacious a platform as that of Covent Garden, especially when the story is carried on in interiors and with a minimum of scenery. All this, according to the most reliable accounts, has not interfered with the success of the opera in Germany, where, however, the opera-lover is more competent to live the simple life than the amusement-seekers of a London season. To make amends for the absence of those accessories which have become part of the tradition of grand opera, the whole trend of the work is dramatic, impelling the principals to lay stress upon acting rather than singing.

Of course this, in the last resort, is to be laid to the charge of the composer and the nature of his libretto. His own librettist, Herr von Walterhausen has derived his inspiration from a story by Balzac, for his plot is a condensed version of "Le Colonel Chabert," plus a difference of the composer's own. In brief, it is a kind of Enoch Arden motive, for it will be remembered that Colonel Chabert returns from the Napoleonic wars to find that on the report of his death his wife Rosine had married her old lover Ferraud, to whom, like the wife of Tennyson's hero, she had borne several children. Three acts suffice for narrating the story, the first being laid in the office of the lawyer Derville, who has managed Mme. Chabert's affairs during her husband's ten years' absence. To Derville the returned officer discloses his identity, a question on which one of the clerks, having served under the colonel in the wars, has no doubt. To give most of the principals an opportunity in this first act, Rosine also drops in to ask her lawyer's protection against an impostor who is claiming to be her first husband. So the two meet at the opening of the plot, but Rosine, who is happy as the wife of Ferraud and the mother of his children, refuses to recognize Chabert.

One set, a château interior, suffices for the second and third acts, during the first of which Rosine attempts to bribe Derville. All he will promise is to spare her from unnecessary disclosure. But he insists upon telling Ferraud, which leads to the discovery that on the eve of her second marriage Rosine received a letter from her first husband denying the rumors of his death. As it happens that Ferraud has tired of Rosine, he avails himself of the concealed letter to renounce his wife. So the way is paved for the third act and climax, in which Chabert shoots himself and Rosine swallows poison. Here, then, is a story which lends itself to realism, and it is in the naturalistic manner Herr von Walterhausen has composed his music. In brief, by angular orchestral figures and other devices, now emotion and anon action is the theme of the music, with an occasional touch of lyricism. On the whole, then, the chief distinction of the work is that it lays emphasis upon that development which is transforming the operatic artist into a tragic actor.

London, April 29, 1913. Henry C. Shelley.

London's smallest house, No. 10 Hyde Street, visited by tourists from every part of the world, was recently put up at auction. It is built in the passage between Nos. 11 and 9, and has a street floor guarded by an iron gate, leading on to Bayswater. There is, however, only one room in the house, and this is reached by a kind of ship's ladder, which runs up to it from the passage below. The house really goes with No. 9, but it was endowed with a separate existence as a house, and a number placed on the street door, by the then owner of the house next door, who built in the early 'seventies for her maid to live in. The passage over which it is built is a cul-de-sac and the one room is the width of this passage and some twenty feet long. Readers of J. M. Barrie's "The Little White Bird" will recognize the place of the house in fiction.

When active sanitation work was commenced in Jerusalem last year it was found that every fifth person in the city had malarial germs in his system, and that every third person had an enlarged spleen. The chief causes of the malaria were found to be the open cisterns and the pools that abounded in the city and around about. For the first time in centuries there is a real checking of the mosquito plague.

Ruins of an ancient city have been found beneath the Ægean Sea, east of the island of Lemnos, near the Turkish coast, by Greeks who were carrying out marine observations. The ruins lie on the reef marked on the charts of the British admiralty as Pharos bank, at a depth ranging from five to twenty-five meters, and prove the town to have been at least three miles in circumference.

On feast days the life of the Czar of the seventeenth century was enlivened with such amusements as a battle to the death between a well-baited bear and a spearman, in which, it is said, frequently the man lost his life. In the event of a successful issue the spearman was rewarded by being taken to the royal cellar, where he was allowed to drink to his capacity.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Schoubine, recently elected mayor of St. Petersburg, Russia, was at one time president of the zemstvo of the capital.

Robert A. Taft, son of the ex-President, will practice law in Cincinnati after his graduation this spring from the Harvard Law School.

Bennett C. Clark, son of Speaker Champ Clark, has been appointed House parliamentarian. The position, which carries a salary of $4600 a year, makes him adviser to his father on all disputed points of order. He is a graduate of the University of Missouri.

Sir Joseph Lyons, England's largest caterer, went into the business years ago in a small way to furnish clean, cheap lunches to clerks. That laid the foundation stone of an industry which now feeds 2,000,000 of the inhabitants of London, and which on every working day in the year caters to 500,000 men, women, and children. In the business with its 250 branches are nearly 16,000 employees.

Reverend Father William J. Finn, who is reported to have been asked by Pope Pius to become leader of the choir of St. Peter's Church, Rome, is choirmaster of a Paulist boy choir in Chicago, and has made a world-wide reputation as a leader. Although he is only twenty-nine years of age he has brought his choir up to such a standard that it is regarded as the best body of boy singers in the world.

Mrs. Anna Powless, who will have the unique distinction of being graduated from the University of Colorado on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding, started her college career at the age of forty. In four and one-half years she has completed her A. B. work, has made up fifteen hours of high school conditions, and has added fifteen additional college hours that will be counted toward an A. M. degree.

William Lyman Phillips, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1908, has been appointed by Colonel Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, to be landscape architect and first assistant in a municipal department in the Canal Zone, his special duty being to plan and supervise the building of the town of Balboa, the Pacific entrance to the canal. He is now in Europe on a four months' leave of absence studying landscape art.

Karl Theodore F. Bitter, who designed the Thomas Jefferson statue, as part of the Jefferson memorial, which has recently been dedicated in St. Louis to commemorate the statesman, and also the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase, is a native of Vienna, but since 1889 has resided in this country. One of his first important achievements in America was to win the prize in competition for the Astor memorial gates of Trinity Church, New York. He was the chief sculptor of the St. Louis Exposition.

Milton V. Richards, who recently went to Europe to attend the International Agricultural Conference in Rome, has done more, probably, to locate settlers, in connection with his position as railroad land agent, than any other man in the country. For thirty years he has been at work in this field, and although he has placed thousands in various parts of the United States it has always been with a view to harmonizing the railroad and the settler. He is country bred, the son of a farmer and real estate dealer, and for years has been prominent among railroad men.

Colonel John L. Clem will occupy a unique position in the Memorial Day exercises in this country, for he is the only Union officer who fought in the Civil War remaining on the active list of the army. He enlisted as a drummer boy in the Twenty-Second Michigan Infantry, but exchanged his drum for a musket before the war ended and saw hard service in the ranks. He came out with the sobriquet, "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," which has clung to him. After the war, when eighteen, he was appointed second lieutenant in the regular army. He has since seen varied service, including activity in the Philippines.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of physical anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, has returned to Lima, Peru, where he will resume the anthropological investigations which he began in 1910. These investigations are directed towards ascertaining the various physical types that occupied Peru in prehistoric times, with their geographical distribution, and towards learning as far as possible what diseases prevailed among the old Peruvians. He is a native of Bohemia, but has lived in this country since about 1890. Dr. Hrdlicka is the author of many scientific articles, and has produced several books bearing on the work which he has made a life study.

Napier Lothian, who served for forty years as leader of the Boston Theatre orchestra, recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday anniversary in the Hub City. He came to California with his father in 1849 by the overland route, and endured many hardships. At Los Angeles the ragged, hungry lad borrowed a fiddle from a saloonkeeper, and played and passed the hat, receiving $4.50, which he took to a restaurant and procured the first real meal he had tasted in many months. Father and son went north by boat, and the youth played in orchestras in San Francisco and Sacramento, as well as making tours of the mining camps. In 1858 he returned East.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

The Story of a Night Encounter with a Floating Nymph.

Archie Resnick stood on the bridge at midnight. Doubtless in the distant city of St. Francis, whence he was come, the clocks were striking the hour, but there in the country was to be heard but many-voiced Nature. The moon had long since risen on a world of unreality in which anything might happen and now, from the zenith cast the shadow of the rustic bridge and the head and shoulders of the young man leaning over its seaward parapet on the waters rushing twenty feet below. Archie could feel within him, too, the rising of the sap, the bursting of the green buds of joy. A well-to-do business man, he was poet enough to take his yearly holiday, not in the garish summer, but in the subtle spring. The moon had beckoned him out of his tent and the amorous voices of the night called. The unearthly beauty hurt; the companionable loneliness was an exquisite pain.

All at once out of his own shadow emerged the face and then the form of a woman—a woman fairer than she whom dead the dumb steered—and went floating downstream. As in a dream, Archie saw distinctly the loosed golden hair, the eyes closed as in final sleep, the lithe body swathed as in a winding sheet all silvered over with the moonlight. Like a vision startlingly vivid was she come and gone. Then, wide awake, he leaned further, threw out his hands towards her, and toppled over.

His feet scraping on the parapet made him dive deep, touch bottom, lose time. In water, when in a hurry, the denseness of the medium is exasperating. The diver cursed himself for a fool. A clean shallow dive made at once, and he had been lengths and lengths to the good. That the woman was dead he simply would not believe because—hers was the face of his dreams. Hence dead she could not be, never on such a night, with God almost visible in his starry moon-sweet heavens. Was he dead himself? Would he ever get to the surface and so really going?

He came up fifty feet from the bridge—he had been swimming under water and the current was swift—and at once began "crawling" with all his might. A strong swimmer, he could keep up the crawl, that fastest and most tiring of strokes, for a mile. Out of the moonlight into the shadow, out of the shadow into the moonlight, he crawled, making incredible headway, yet thrashing the water in a fury of rage against its density, and as he swam in light or shade, she lived or was dead. Coaxed from his tent in slippers, light outing trousers and silk shirt, the handicap of clothes was not half as great as he felt it to be. Once in a more than usually long stretch of Asphodel gloom, as the swimmer lifted his head to breathe, the word "hallucination" escaped his lips. The woman was purely subjective. Was she not, as a matter of fact, too beautiful to be objective? At that very instant, though why the inference he couldn't tell, that she was real was borne in upon him in a most overpowering way, by a great crashing as of a wild beast through the underbrush that lined the river. Whatever it was, a mountain lion, most likely, its object, instinct told Archie, was the same as his. She was alive, then. The idea that he, himself, might be in any danger never occurred to him. If it had, he would have laughed it to scorn. He felt that he could throttle a lion, wrestle with a grizzly.

But a short while after, the night again grown still and dark as death, the shadowed water death-cold, Archie could not escape the thought that she was dead; then, as no sign of her was to be seen in a moonlit space of a hundred feet or more, that he must have been dreaming, his senses have played him a sorry trick. Still, though he was tiring, his doubt as to the reality of the ghostlike girl he had seen was not strong enough to cause him to slow up, laugh at his fool self, and enjoy the swim for the swim's sake. A dozen times, while leaned over the parapet, he had been on the point of accepting the laughing invitation of the water to a frolic. Always had he been moved strangely of moving waters. This stream, transfigured of the moonlight, was a living thing, a beauty-breathing demigoddess. When she said "Come!" for him to have said: "Wait a minute, will you, till I run over to the tent and get on a bathing-suit!" would have been sacrilege. Archie Resnick was not the young man to let a little thing like dress interfere with the full enjoyment of a holiday mood. What a swim just for fun it would have been!—using a loafing double overhand, lying on his back, looking through trees and vines at shimmering patches of sky, the sting of the cold goading the blood to a riot of reaction. He had more than half convinced himself that he had "fallen in" merely for the fun of the thing and was about to turn over on his back and take it easy when there, almost within arm's length, floating inshore, so deep in shadow as to be hardly discernible, the object of his strenuous crawl!

Three strokes and he had seized—corpse or living maiden he did not stop to ask which, though the question flashed blindingly across his mind. It was answered by a cry, a terrible cry, and then the romantic Resnick found himself set upon by a fury, as if she whom he had "rescued" were in fact the goddess of the river and he mortal man that had laid impious hands on her. To the accompaniment of strange inarticulate noises, there fell upon the spent swimmer a deluge of blows under which he sank, too paralyzed by surprise and a pseudo-fear of the uncanny to help himself. [illegible], she was very much alive and objected quite strenuously to dying just yet, as is only to be expected of young flesh and blood in the spring.

Bobbing up serenely, no more inclined to die just then than was she, Archie fought her to a standstill, took her captive, and hauled her faint to land. There he who had thus impiously taken her breath away proceeded, as was only right, to give it back again according to the most approved methods. Laying her flat on her face, he squeezed her uncorseted ribs what time it takes to count a fallen prize-fighter out, and then gently released the pressure so that the air be drawn into the self-expanding lungs. This he did rhythmically, breathing for her, as one in a hurry helps an express train along. Under his deft, practiced manipulations she was just beginning to breathe for herself and he to breathe freely, when he felt himself pounced upon from behind by—as he thought—the mountain lion that he had heard crashing through the brush. Instinctively writhing about, he found himself in the clutches of such a son of Anak as he had never before wrestled with. The giant, like himself, was dripping wet. Holds were hard to get, harder to keep. Weakened as he was by the nerve-straining crawl, Archie found to his dismay that he had met with his more than master in the catch-as-catch-can game, at which he was an adept. After much furious wrigglings on the ground, they had struggled still clinching to their feet. No word had passed between them. They fought in deathly silence broken only by terrible breathings. Young Resnick finding himself being forced downhill towards the bank let himself be thrown heavily on his back and, aided by the momentum, succeeded in sending the giant hurtling over him into the river. He had won by a ruse a chance victory.

Archie stood up victorious and looked about him dazed more physically than mentally. In a dream night the most incredible happenings seem natural. And yet he was somewhat taken aback to hear the girl hoarsely: "Go after him. He can't swim. Hurry! He'll be drowned!"

"Let—him!" gasped the victor.

The girl, who was on her knees, rose and staggered towards the water: Her face said: "Well, if you won't go after him, I will."

Archie caught her, threw her back roughly, and dived in. Try as he might, he could not "get going." There was little or no heart back of his stroke. Duty was now the motive power. Changing to the single-overhand and the scissors kick, he plugged on conscientiously. Swimming on his right side, his face was towards the left bank of the river, along which the girl was struggling weakly, baffled by the thick growth, tripped by blackberry vines and the roots of trees exposed by floods, held back at every step by clothes that clung to her like the tentacles of an octopus, every now and then gasping: "Have you got him yet? Do you see him?" Now all would be still as death, and then the silence would be pierced by little cries of pain sharp as a needle, cries expressive not of physical hurt but of anguish at being so cruelly held back.

Endeavor to keep her in view, dread lest she should fall and not be able to get up, the paralyzing thought: How dear that big brute is to her! over and above sheer weariness of the flesh, caused Archie to slow up in spite of himself. He did not reach out as for something infinitely desirable; there was no snap to his kick. And yet before they realized it, they were half a mile downstream from the scene of the fight. All of a sudden Archie stopped dead. "Have you got him?" cried the girl for the fiftieth time. "No," said Archie in an agonized voice, "I've got it!" She took "it" to mean corpse, whereas the swimmer meant cramp, with which he had been seized for the first time in his life. Strangely enough, naturally, perhaps, she now neither cried out nor collapsed, but rushed to the bank to help. Archie's helpless floundering was to her mind a struggle to get the body to land. Thinking him unequal to the task, she plunged in and "crawled" to his assistance. Thanks to her phenomenal skill in the racing stroke, she was just in time. Archie was all in. The cramp had used up the last ounce of his strength. Letting, as she thought, her dead go, she got the living to land. The touch of earth seemed to cure him. He unkinked himself with a grimace that told her the truth. The incongruity was too much for the overstrung girl. She shrieked with hysterical laughter, went suddenly all to pieces. The frailty of human nature is well exemplified by the way the fortunate will laugh at the unfortunates in the clutch of grippe or cramp, for all that cramp is no joke, or one grim as death. Whatever be the philosophy, the fact is: the girl shrieked laughing at the strong man in the last throes of stomachache, and then bethought her that ten minutes in the water for a man that can't swim means—eternity. Which accounts for the sudden going to pieces.

Heroically straightening up, Archie caught her in his arms, and there she hung shivering—his dream girl—with as he well knew heart-chill. Just then, as he was on the verge of collapse, a hysteria of incongruous conflicting emotions, the awful stillness of this night of wonders was shattered by a howl as of a chorusing pack of ten thousand coyotes gone suddenly moon-mad.

The grief-wilted girl literally sprang out of his arms, and danced up and down like an Ophelia bejeweled with the moonlit water. Then the cry repeated seemed to cut its way through the air like a sword of sound, and the legs from under the dancer, so abruptly did she bring her dancing to an end. Standing still, her chin uptilted, making a megaphone of her hands, she answered back with so unearthly an imitation of a coyote as to be, coming from her, ridiculous in the extreme. Was she mad? Archie asked himself. She was—with joy.

"That's him, away back there! What do you think of that?" Archie Resnick did not know what to think, but upon her proceeding to have a good human cry, he knew what to do, and did it like a man. Back that half-mile he half carried her. That night he would never forget—its so dream-like happenings, its beauty, its terror, its pleasure, its pain. With his arms about her, he was hurrying her to *him!* He could feel the urge forward of her young body. When she asked, "Why doesn't he come to meet us, I wonder?" Archie committed murder in his heart, yet wished the chap no worse death than drowning. Outwardly solicitude itself, he wondered in his turn: "How could I have missed him? You're quite sure it's him?"

"Quite sure. We've been practicing for weeks. There's only one such pair of lungs in California!" She spoke with joy, pride, love, and a whole lot of other things that Archie didn't like one bit. For one thing, he was the long-distance champion of the Pacific Coast, and swimming in the open ocean takes the wind out of you, if any exercise does. Well, thank goodness, he had a heavenly tenor voice, not an infernal howl like that.

"And to think," the girl made audible an afterthought, "that you threw him clean over your head! I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

Gently she disengaged herself and took stock of him. Archie felt a trifle less murderous. A faint coyote howl recalled her to her senses. "Come on," she bade, "what are you waiting for?" There was renewed anxiety in her tone. It was noticeable that the cry was growing fainter and fainter. The girl answered as she hurried on, then to Archie: "He must be going back to the tent—queer thing for him to do, and leave me here——"

"No," said Archie, "he's just where he was; that's the queer thing."

"I don't think so," she returned with spirit, as much as to say: How dare you contradict a lady! "I know one thing: I'm not going to break my neck running after him." She slowed up and let Archie coax her through the many obstructions. All at once she flung away from him and asked, "What in the world induced you to grab me that way in the water? You scared the wits out of me. I thought it was a lion. Dick and I've been hearing them round lately. I thought at first it was a lost child. Isn't it a weird cry?"

Archie said it was and then told her the whole story, taking his time and hers. They were getting along swimmingly when a feeble coyote howl of helpless rage, as of one caught in a trap and weak with loss of blood, brought them back to earth, where the walking, though bad, was more secure than on air. Grabbing Archie's hand, as if he were a child, the girl took the lead and "Hurry, hurry!" she cried; "he's still in the water. I know it!"

"If he is," said Archie to himself, "that was his ghost—sounded like it, too!"

But he hurried all the same, brave youth!

Arrived at the scene of the fight, they ranged like a pair of hunting dogs through the trees on the bank. In so doing Archie chanced to step on a sapling that, half uprooted by flood, had fallen to the level of the water, and was astonished to find it come up with a jerk under him instead of being depressed by his weight. Glancing quickly, he caught a glimpse of a vanishing hand, and the mystery was solved. Not fifty paces from where he had been thrown in the giant had been swept towards the right bank, and had got hold of the sapling, which was barely strong enough to keep his head above water.

For the third time Archie dived in. When he came up he had got his man and, though he had often said he never could get it, enough of swimming. Landed, the big fellow thrashed around like a fish out of water at his last gasp, no fight left in him.

"Mr. Resnick," the girl said, coolly as if in her own drawing-room, "this is my brother Dick." Brother Dick said neither: "Glad to meet you!" nor "We have met before I think!" Archie expressed his sentiments as follows: "Brother! Well, I'll be——"

"Blest!" concluded the girl. And he was.

The girl and her brother were camped in a couple of tents a quarter mile above the bridge. The night had tempted her out, she had dragged him. She had gazed on the water longingly and sighed: "I'd just love to fall in there and float a mile or two downstream!" which shows how buoyant she was feeling. "Well," the brother had answered, in that brutal way of loving brothers, "why don't you? I'm not stopping you."

"I've a good mind to!"

"Float a mile or two! What are you giving us?"

"Sure, easy as falling off a log.– Just you watch!"

No sooner said than dived, and then the dead-man's float, the eyes closed in the shadowy places and even in the moonlit, the better to enjoy the deliciousness of it all, the wild joy of drifting, of doing something out of the common run of things, the fact of being dressed adding to the delight.

Dick said he couldn't understand a girl doing such a thing. Archie said he could—thoroughly. Had he not been on the verge of doing it himself when she came drifting his way.

For the life of him Dick could not see whatever possessed the pair of them, nor wot that it was the spirit of spring.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1913.

LIFE AT THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

Countess Marie Larisch Writes Her Reminiscences and the True Story of the Death of Prince Rudolph.

There is now nothing unusual or unconventional in a volume of royal reminiscences, and they are always written by women. Queen Victoria has more than one stout book to her credit. The Queen of Roumania shares her poetry and her art with the world. The Infanta of Spain allows us a literary peep into her unconventional mind, and a princess has lately favored us with her confidences on her marital difficulties. And now comes the Countess Marie Larisch with her "reminiscences of the courts of Austria and Bavaria, together with the true story of the events leading up to the tragic death of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria." The Countess Marie Larisch, before her marriage, was the Baroness von Wallersee, daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria and niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Her sources of information are therefore of the best, and even a cursory glance at her book shows that she is unhindered by that excessive and reticent caution that sometimes marks the royal autobiography.

The author begins at the beginning. She tells us that she was sometimes a naughty little girl with dirty hands and face, and that she once saw her aunt, the empress, in tears and was required to promise that she would never tell what she had seen, a promise that she seems now to have broken. When she was twelve years old she went to Italy and was noticed by Pope Pius IX, who was very friendly and said, "I should like to have a talk with this little lady":

> My parents were much flattered by the Pontifical condescension, and the next day my governess and I went to the Vatican. The Pope examined me in religion, we conversed together in Latin, and at the conclusion of his questionings Pius smiled and asked: "Well—were you very frightened?"
>
> "No," said I, for the Pope, who was a tall, well-built man, had one of those "good" faces which inspire confidence and affection.
>
> "Ah! I am glad to hear it," he said; "but, truthfully, which do you prefer,—a religious examination or dancing? When I was young I am sure I should have said I liked dancing better than religion?"
>
> His eyes twinkled, he patted my hand reassuringly, and before I left gave me his picture and a beautiful medallion, accompanying the gifts with his special blessing.
>
> The Pope was most kind to our family. He stood sponsor to the Queen of Naples' daughter, and when misfortune overtook my aunt and uncle they lived for many years in the Farnese Palace.

We are told a good deal about the Emperor Francis-Joseph and his little domestic difficulties with the empress, who exasperated her husband by constantly dabbing her mouth with her handkerchief while speaking in order to hide her bad teeth, and also keeping her lips close together for the same reason:

> The emperor occasionally came to Feldfing for a few days, but he did not like the place. Francis-Joseph did not care about wearing mufti, and the empress used to annoy him by saying that out of uniform he looked for all the world like a shoemaker in his Sunday clothes. Elizabeth never called Francis-Joseph by his name, but invariably addressed him as "Du" (thou). "'Du,' come here," she would say to the Emperor of Austria, before whose power the whole of his family trembled, and at whose command defiant archdukes went into exile.

The author tells us that she frequently went to ride with the emperor when the empress did not hunt. He was always very nice to her, but then "I think he was much better-tempered in those days than he is now":

> However, Francis-Joseph was very angry with me on one occasion. We came to a very broad ditch, and as I naturally expected him to take the jump, I did not stop when I was over myself to see whether he had followed me. Suddenly I discovered that I was alone, and when we met, later, the emperor told me he was greatly displeased.
>
> "But why?" I asked; "I never imagined the ditch was too broad for *you*, majestät," but the frown on the imperial brow told me I had only made matters worse.

Royal superstitions are an old story, and indeed there seem to be few royalties that are exempt. The weird performances at the Russian court are matters of common knowledge, and a belief in omens and divination seems to have been just as firmly rooted at Vienna, although not displayed with the same extravagance:

> The empress was very superstitious, and occasionally, when I had exhausted the gossip of Vienna, she would make me put the white of an egg into a glass of water, and together we would try to read omens in the shapes which it took. Elizabeth invariably made three bows to a magpie whenever she saw one, and the new moon afforded her the occasion to indulge in any longed-for wish. The empress firmly believed in the virtues of cold iron, and she never passed nails or cast horseshoes without picking them up; the Evil Eye inspired her with real dread, and she feared the malign influence of those who possessed it.
>
> Aunt Cissi once went incognita to consult a cardwoman, but she refused to disclose anything the seeress told her except a prophecy that she would never die in her bed.
>
> "And that is most likly to happen," she said, "for when Valérie is grown up I shall travel in distant parts of the world, and one day I shall never return."

The tragic death of the empress seems to have justified her presentiment, although such forebodings must be common enough among those who are not without reason in expecting the assassin at almost any moment of the day or night.

The author tells us that the name of the late Archduke Otto was generally execrated in Austria on account of his many and varied wickednesses. The early training of the Hapsburgs, she thinks, encourages whatever vices are lying dormant in them, "for self-indulgence, idleness, and dissipation generally develop their hereditary failings":

> Otto married Princess Marie Josepha, a sister of the King of Saxony, one of the best of women, whom he systematically neglected from their wedding day. One evening, the archduke went with some women to supper at Sacher's, where he had luckily engaged a private room. Suddenly he appeared shockingly drunk on the staircase of the restaurant minus all clothing except his gloves, his cap, and his sword. The intense horror of a highly respectable count who had brought his daughter to supper is better left to the imagination, and they both fled, followed by Otto, who thought he would see if any of his cronies were supping downstairs. Needless to say the proprietor did not wish for a general stampede, so the archduke was seized and got somehow into his uniform. This escapade caused much comment, and for some time the restaurants were not patronized by fathers of families for fear of encountering this drunken lunatic in a condition of nudity.
>
> A favorite pastime of Otto's was to keep an ox without water for days and nights, and then allow it to drink to repletion and die in agony. Another time he forced his military servant to drink brandy until he was helpless, and then the archduke poured the raw spirit down the throat of the poor man, who died soon afterward from the effect.

The chief interest of the book naturally centres around Prince Rudolph and the *liaison* with Mary Vetsera that had so terrible a close. The author appears to relate what she saw and heard with commendable fidelity, but those who expect to find here any succinct explanation of the tragedy will look in vain. Probably its true causes are as mysteriously unfathomable as the human heart. The author thus describes her first impressions of Mary Vetsera:

> The image of Mary Vetsera is unfading in my remembrance, and I have only to close my eyes to see her in all the freshness of her beauty. She was not tall, and her supple figure and well-developed bust made her look older than her eighteen years. Her complexion was lovely, and her red, voluptuous mouth parted over sharp little white teeth, which I used to call her "mouse-teeth." Mary's nose was slightly *retroussé*, but it gave an added piquancy to her lovely face, and I have never seen such beautiful eyes as she possessed—deep blue, with curling lashes set off by finely marked eyebrows. Her dark-brown hair was very long, and she had nice hands and feet, and she walked with a seductive, swaying grace that was irresistible.

It is evident enough that Mary Vetsera set herself heart and soul to the task of capturing the prince, and the curious part of the story is the prince's apparent indifference to her. At one time their intimacy threatened a scandal, and the author tells us that she remonstrated with Rudolph, who professed himself helpless in the matter:

> "I suppose Herr von Pechy has started the scandal?"
>
> "Precisely—and you know what *he* is."
>
> I nodded. "He's dangerous; but, Rudolph, however could you be so foolish as to get into this entanglement?"
>
> The crown prince shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing is so easy for a man as to become entangled with a pretty woman, and Mary is a perfect little devil. The bother is that she has lost her head, and unless you do something to steady her, she will kick over the traces and cause a regular scandal. I don't want *that*."
>
> "No," I assented; "but you have shaken off many feminine encumbrances in your time. Why not Mary?"
>
> "Simply because she won't be shaken off, I tell you," said Rudolph crossly. "Goodness knows I have tried my utmost to persuade her to accept Miguel Braganza; it would suit me admirably, for I believe I have a positive genius for playing the rôle of the family friend."

Eventually Mary Vetsera's friends awoke to the danger of the situation and the young lady was confined to her room, but managed to escape and to meet the prince at the Hofburg. Then an appeal was made to the author to ascertain the whereabouts of Rudolph with the certainty that Mary was with him, and it was agreed to consult the chief of the secret police, whose discretion could be depended upon:

> Directly I told the chief that I was related to the empress, he was instantly on the alert, and I briefly explained that I wished to ascertain the present whereabouts of the crown prince, who had persuaded a young lady to leave her home and to accompany him. "The honor of a well-known name is at stake," I said; "there must be no scandal, and the chief object is to persuade the girl to return to her mother at once."
>
> The chief of police listened to me in silence until I had finished speaking. "I can not possibly interfere," he replied emphatically, "it is not within my province, for believe me, countess, that if I were to mix myself up in the love affairs of the imperial house I should have my hands full. Indeed," he added, "I dare not."
>
> Alexandre Baltazzi thereupon lost his temper.
>
> "What! are the Hapsburgs allowed to behave like common ravishers and yet go unpunished—is there no justice in Vienna?" he cried angrily.
>
> "I can not interfere with what the crown prince chooses to do," repeated the chief of police.
>
> "But perhaps you don't realize," said I, "that this young lady belongs to the aristocracy."
>
> "Then it's not one of the *bourgeoisie?* Oh, that's *quite* another story," replied the functionary. "Very well, I will see what I can do," and he left the room while we waited in suspense for his return.

The news that the crown prince was dead was quickly bruited abroad, and the author tells us that she hurried to Vienna, where she had had her last interview with the dead man and where she had implored his paramour to sever a connection that boded so ill for them both. Once more, she says, she thought she saw Mary's lovely face. She could almost smell the odor of her cigarette and hear the impatient click, click of her little high heels:

> And then the air outside reverberated with the deep and solemn tolling of bells. Each stroke made my heart quiver, and fell like a sledge-hammer on my tired brain. Would they never stop? One—two—three—Rudolph was now lying in the Augustina Kirche . . . where was his spirit? Near me, I felt sure . . . what touched my cheek just then? . . . the last kiss . . . yes, that's what I felt . . . one—two—three—the bells again; I shall hear them forever in my dreams.

Dr. Wiederhofer eventually explained to her what had occurred. Mary and her lover had been a day and a night at the shooting lodge. A drunken orgy had prevailed, "but those two sinful souls spent their last night undisturbed." In the morning the prince's valet had been unable to gain admission to the room and the door had been broken down:

> "They broke open the door, and I hope they may never see such a sight again. There was blood everywhere. It stained the pillows, it bespattered the walls, and it had flowed in a sluggish stream from the bed to the floor, where it had made a horrible pool. Rudolph lay on his side, his hand still holding the revolver, and the top of his head was almost completely shattered."
>
> "I can not listen . . ."
>
> "Countess . . . it is imperative that you should hear all. The bed bulged a little and Count Hoyos lifted the coverings. Mary Vetsera lay under them—dead; she too had been shot in the head."

The remains of the supper were still on the table in the little salon; there were some empty champagne bottles, and one chair had been overturned:

> A decanter half full of brandy lay on the carpet near the bed, and Wiederhofer ordered it to be removed to prevent the emperor from seeing it. He then temporarily bandaged the shattered head and washed the face and neck of the crown prince. With the aid of Loschek he covered up the blood-stained bed, and made the body somewhat presentable; all else was left untouched to await the arrival of the emperor.
>
> "And now," said Loschek to Dr. Wiederhofer, "now you must see the woman." He preceded the doctor, and led the way down a corridor; he opened a door, and Wiederhofer found himself in a small room which was lit by a skylight. It was very difficult at first to distinguish the various objects around him, but at last the doctor saw a large linen basket. On top of this was a hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, and the floor was strewn with various articles of woman's clothing.
>
> Wiederhofer was well accustomed to horrible sights in the practice of his profession, "but," he said, "for the first time in my career I felt faint when Loschek threw aside the sheet which covered the basket.
>
> "There I saw the body of a woman—nude except for a fine lawn and lace chemise, which had been pulled up over her head. I told Loschek that it was too dark for me to examine the corpse where it was lying, so he carried it into the adjoining room and placed it on the billiard table.
>
> "Then I began my examination. I parted the long hair away from the face, which was almost completely hidden, and then . . . Oh, countess! . . . then I recognized Mary Vetsera—the girl I had known since she was a child."
>
> The voice of the good doctor trembled with emotion. "Poor child," he said, "for she was little more than a child!"
>
> Mary was not so terribly disfigured as Rudolph; part of her face was badly wounded and an eye had fallen out of its socket, but the uninjured side preserved all its beauty and her expression was almost peaceful.

The most horrible scene of all was the removal of the body of the dead girl and its summary burial:

> The uncles were then told that the orders were that the corpse of the Baroness Mary was to be fully dressed and taken to the carriage which was waiting. "And," said the policeman, "you are to support the body between you in such a way as to make it appear that the baroness still lives."
>
> Then began the dreadful task of dressing the dead. Mary's hair was smoothed and pinned up in one heavy twist, and the uncles who loved her tenderly washed away the fresh stains on the once beautiful face. Then a ghastly thing occurred. Wiederhofer's lawn bandage broke. . . . But much endurance was mercifully given to the two gentlemen, and Count Stockau bound up the wound with his black silk cravat.
>
> Mary was dressed in her underlinen and corset; her silk stockings and dainty boots were put on, and then came the pretty gown she had worn on that disastrous day at the Hofburg. Her hat and veil were next placed on her head, and the body was set in a chair until her uncles could nerve themselves to wrap her in her sealskin coat.
>
> It must have been an awful experience for those who assisted at this last toilet of Mary Vetsera, for as her uncles were preparing to put on the coat her head drooped heavily on her breast and she could not, of course, be taken out like that.
>
> The police officer at once thought of an expedient, and he slipped a walking-stick down the dead girl's back, and bound her neck to the stick with a handkerchief. Count Stockau and Alexandre Baltazzi then put on the fur coat and lifted the corpse off the chair.
>
> The two men supported their niece's body between them, and half carried it and half dragged it out of the room, along the dimly lit corridor, and down the principal staircase to the waiting carriage.
>
> The dead girl was placed on the back seat, and her uncles sat opposite. Count Stockau told me that occasionally the jolting threw Mary almost upon them, and he said that her close contact during this sinister journey was almost more than they could bear.

Here is practically the end of the author's story, and those inclined to speculation may indulge their fancy at will. Perhaps if the tragedy had taken place at a tavern and among ordinary people it would be dismissed as a drunken crime, and probably no better explanation than this will ever be given. But the book as a whole is a striking picture of life at the Austrian court, and it is an ugly, sinister, and repellant one. But it is well drawn.

MY PAST. By the Countess Marie Larisch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.

◆

Pottery and china, with decorations setting forth events in the history of the United States, are now on display in the National Museum. They constitute a collection which probably is the most complete of its kind in America, if not in the world. The exhibit is the result of the life-long labors of the late Rear-Admiral Francis William Dickins, U. S. N., and has been placed on exhibition by his widow. There are about 450 pieces in the display, chiefly pieces of English manufacture, including plates, cups, saucers, pitchers, mugs, and many other odd and unique dishes of different periods. Each piece is decorated with scenes, portraits, or inscriptions of historical significance.

◆

Where once a colony of Shakers numbering 225 dwelt at Enfield, Connecticut, but ten members remain. Recently ten Norths left for Lebanon, New York, where conditions are more favorable to the growth of the sect. Enfield has been a Shaker colony for a century and a quarter, but failure to enlist the interest of recruits lowered the ranks. Originally there were three families, the North, South, and Church families, the Church family owning the land in the centre of Enfield. It is the last to remain and owns 1700 acres.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

In Another Moment.

Charles Belmont Davis gives us another story of stage life in New York and of the allurements exercised by the Great White Way on the beautiful country girl who supposes that her face is her fortune and finds it to be something quite otherwise. In this case the country girl is Fay Clayton and the tempter is a New York stockbroker named Lusk, who, for reasons of his own that may easily be guessed, persuades Fay to come to the metropolis, finds her a chorus part, and so arranges things that she shall become gradually dependent upon him. Of course Fay is saved, but she would have been lost "in another moment." The most interesting character in the story is Jimmy Stuart, a wealthy young clubman who makes a hobby of helping needy theatre girls and expects nothing in return. Are there such men? Certainly it would be pleasant to believe so.

In Another Moment. By Charles Belmont Davis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

Kirstie.

Those who read "The Journal of a Recluse," by M. F., will need no other recommendation to this admirable novel by the same author. "Kirstie" is a story of tangled love affairs, and they are not of that vapid and vicious kind that is rapidly becoming associated with the name of romance. Kirstie herself is a nurse who has been "jilted" by a young doctor in favor of a wealthy woman. The long arm of coincidence, a meaningless name for fate, eventually brings Kirstie on a professional errand to the house of her former lover, who renews his attentions before the unseeing eyes of his wife. Then comes a second suitor, the awakening of the wife, and the necessity for more than one final choice where the heart pulls one way and duty another. The situation itself is distinctly an ingenious one, but the great value of the story is to be found in the character of Kirstie. Very few authors have given us a heroine with so many of the essential elements of womanly greatness, and it may be said regretfully that very few modern writers have even tried to do so.

Kirstie. By M. F. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.25 net.

In Beaver World.

The human conceit that intelligence and the power to reason are peculiarly human possessions will find a useful corrective in this delightful volume about beavers that comes from the competent pen of Enos A. Mills. Mr. Mills has studied the beaver for years, and by the laborious processes of personal observation. He has watched his engineering feats, his family life, his occupations in summer and winter, and his methods of government that seem so much superior to ours. His plea for the preservation of the beaver is convincing. He says that they would practice conservation and that their presence would reduce river and harbor appropriations and make rivers more manageable, useful, and attractive. There are still some beaver left and it is not yet too late to undo the results of some of our mischievous disturbances of nature's economies. And no one can read this book without acquiring a new respect for the beaver and the hope that something may be done for the "Abou-Ben-Adhem of the wild."

In Beaver World. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75 net.

Desert Gold.

The Mexican revolutions were certain to produce their harvest of novels, and it is well that their number should be headed by so vigorous a writer as Zane Grey. "Desert Gold" is a story of the frontier and of that "no man's land" that was constantly and unofficially invaded by Mexican rebels and United States soldiers. George Thorne is an army officer who has fallen in love with a Spanish beauty and who has to fight for her possession with a Mexican lover with a band of guerillas at his back. Thorne is so lucky as to find an old friend. Dick Gale, who in his turn has two or three reliable cowboys to support him, and so we have a sort of long-drawn-out desert combat with the girl for a prize and an extraordinary Yaqui Indian to help the right side. We can hardly suppose that the story is a picture of actual conditions, but it is eminently readable and with enough hard blows to satisfy the most exacting.

Desert Gold. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30.

Concert Pitch.

We are indebted to Frank Danby for another excellent story, and one that bears every mark of a careful effort to present a picture of human character. The heroine is not quite so captivating as Sally Snape, but none the less Manuella is a dainty piece of work and one to be remembered. The story turns on the efforts of Manuella's wealthy parents to marry her in the conventional caste manner and with due observance of the social proprieties. But Manuella is a particularly frank [illegible] another childish schoolgirl, and when [illegible] receives a letter from her fiancé's mistress she promptly disengages herself with a schoolgirl's impetuosity. Then she becomes engaged to the Earl of Lyssons, who is quite a good fellow, although somewhat blasé, but a misunderstanding that could have been cleared up in half a dozen vigorous sentences sends her to the arms of a young musician who has genius enough to make married life an outrage. Of course true love triumphs in the end, after a little timely bloodshed has paved the way, and we may reasonably believe that life is still long enough to give Manuella a thoroughly good time.

Perhaps the author was not well advised to put so many aristocrats upon her stage. Human nature has hard work to pierce so thick a crust and we get a little disgusted with Manuella's detestable step-mother, who was once a governess and who is therefore inflexible in her demands for blue blood and propriety. The father is nearly as hateful with his colossal gifts to the church and his open offer of a million pounds with the hand of his daughter. Lord Lyssons is tolerable, but even in his case we feel that a little red blood instead of blue would have shown him how to save Manuella from her headlong folly. That the story is by Frank Danby is proof of its thorough workmanship, but we wish that she had chosen more human characters.

Concert Pitch. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

The Regent Library.

This series, now containing fourteen volumes, deserves a word of hearty commendation. It is intended to cover the standard authors, each in one volume, with an introduction by a writer of authority. The volumes are of various sizes suited to their topic and are made up of selections chosen with care, representative in their character and admirably printed. The series now contains Johnson, Leigh Hunt, Richardson, Wordsworth, Blaise de Monluc, Mrs. Gaskell, Thomas Love Peacock, Cowper, Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley, Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and Oliver Goldsmith. Many others are in preparation.

The Regent Library. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; 90 cents net each.

Out of the Blue.

The ensuing relations between a man and a woman who have been cast away on a desert island have proved attractive to more than one novelist, and now Mr. R. Gorell Barnes tries his hand at the same problem. In this case the man is married to an uncongenial wife, which, of course, makes the lady castaway all the more attractive. And as the gentleman is so susceptible and the lady so charming we may pay special tribute to a moral constancy that allows them to hold hands through the leafy partition of their island hut and to be relatively satisfied with a contact so attenuated. Doubtless the Puritanism of today will applaud, but the worldly ones will smile.

Out of the Blue. By R. Gorell Barnes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.35 net.

China Year Book.

The China Year Book for 1913 appears to contain everything that a year book ought to contain, and everything that need be known by statesmen, merchants, and an interested public. A careful examination of its over seven hundred pages fails to disclose an omission or an inaccuracy. It is one of the most competent works that we have seen.

The China Year Book, 1913. By H. T. Montague Bell, B. A., and H. G. W. Woodhead, M. J. I. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"A Story Garden for Little Children," by Maud Lindsay (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net), is a collection of well-written and well-illustrated stories, and equally suited to home and school.

"Jesus, Son of Man," by Richard Roberts (Cassell & Co.; 50 cents net), consists of "short studies in the Gospel portrait of our Lord," and seems suited to the more orthodox variety of Sunday-school.

Among recent medical books for home use is "When to Send for the Doctor," by Frieda E. Lippert, M. D., and Arthur Holmes, M. D. (J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25). All of the more common childish ailments are dealt with, and the advice is always practical and clearly expressed.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a volume by Rev. Randolph H. McKim on "The Proposal to Change the Name of the Protestant Episcopal Church." If there are any among our readers who desire a statement of the reasons why this should not be done they will find them here at a cost of $1.25 net.

"When I Was a Boy in Greece," by George Demetrios (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; 60 cents net), is a book of reminiscences by a young Greek, a protégé of the artist, John Alfred Huybers, who illustrates the book. We are tempted to wonder how many American boys could discuss the home and foreign politics of their country with the intelligence shown by this young exile.

"The War of the 'Sixties," compiled by Captain E. R. Hutchins (Neale Publishing Company; $3 net), is a collection of the war reminiscences of more than one hundred soldiers and sailors of the Union and Confederate armies and navies. This substantial volume of nearly five hundred pages includes nearly every variety of war experience, in many cases set forth with exceptional vigor and interest.

A work on Norse mythology that has found favor in Denmark may be considered as accurate and authoritative. Therefore there should be a welcome for the "Handbook of Norse Mythology," by Karl Mortenson, that has just been translated by A. Clinton Crowell and published by the Thomas Crowell Company (75 cents net). After a general introduction, we have chapters on myths of the creation, on the gods and their life, on Ragnarok, and on various ancient forms of religious belief. The illustrations are numerous and good and the little volume as a whole is one not to be overlooked.

Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's latest drama is "The Dreamer," lately published by the Broadway Publishing Company ($1). The central topic is, of course, the aims, ambitions, and aspirations of the modern woman, and we are told that the climax, where Mrs. Orme denounces her husband as contributing to the ruin of their daughter, is "the boldest and frankest statement yet made of the attitude of modern woman." Of course it is nothing of the sort. It represents the attitude of one imaginary and stage-made woman, but as most of the "problems of the day" are made to revolve around similar figments we may let that pass while congratulating the author on a muscular piece of literary work that is readable from start to finish.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Shortly before his death at Santa Barbara last October Bradford Torrey sent the manuscript of his book, "Field Day in California," to his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company, who sought to give the volume something of a memorial character by providing a portrait of the author and illustrations from photographs of localities treated of in the book. The volume as a whole is a reprint of sketches that appeared originally in the *Christian Endeavor World*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and Boston *Evening Transcript*, all written with that scrupulous care which Mr. Torrey always exercised in his literary work.

A peculiar interest attaches to a forthcoming book, "The Bugles of Gettysburg," by La Salle Corbell Pickett, to be published May 17 by F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago. Mrs. Pickett is the widow of General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. She has written for the fiftieth anniversary of the battle a pretty romance, with the battle as a heroic climax.

"The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," which appear under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, has been prepared for publication under the general auspices of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, which was formed in 1906. The work, complete in six volumes, has been in the hands of a sub-committee, of which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has been chairman, and the editing has been done by Mr. Frederic Bancroft.

One of the most important of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s spring publications is "Alaska, An Empire in the Making," by J. J. Underwood. Mr. Underwood is a well-known newspaper man and writer of Seattle, Washington, who spent many years in Alaska earning his living as a pioneer and practical miner. At one time he founded and published the farthest north newspaper in the world—the Council City *News*, which sold at 25 cents a copy, with ivory, furs, and gold dust as acceptable mediums of exchange.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

New York Dramatic Mirror: The peculiar attraction which attaches to the career of a successful man explains the interest this book inspires. Nowhere will the play student find a better recital of the struggles which confront the aspiring dramatist. Mr. Hart has in a happy manner sketched the career of this famous French dramatist. He richly adorns his tale with anecdotes. The book has this cardinal virtue that it carries us along with the swiftness of any absorbing novel.

Boltimore Sun: The story of the life and work of such a man, well told as it is by Mr. Hart, can not fail of a living interest.

Washington Herold: This book contains a large amount of matter hitherto unprinted in English. Its author is a widely read and experienced litterateur and critic.

Oakland Tribune: The most important book on the drama that has appeared in many years. It ought to find an honored place in every library.

Minneapolis Bellmon: The book with its interesting narrative should be enjoyed as much by the casual reader as by the student of the drama.

San Francisco Post: During several visits to Paris Mr. Hart accumulated interesting material, old letters and other documentary matter, which led to the writing of this book. As a result it contains a very large amount of hitherto unprinted matter.

New York Vogue: The book contains excellent portraits of Sardou at successive stages of his career. The biographical narrative is done with much spirit. It will be thankfully received by lovers of the theatre.

Illustrated. 403 pages. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.65. May be ordered through your Bookseller

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Mr. Locke shows all his usual skill in technic, but his material is not of the best. Stella's unawareness seems overdrawn in view of the fact that she has been well educated in history and in languages and therefore could hardly fail to relate the past with the present. Her amazement at the discovery that there is still such a thing as poverty strikes us as incongruous, and so does her ultimate willingness to believe evil of her best friend. Walter Besant's idea was more plausible because he surrounded his heroine with an impenetrable hedge, not only of isolation, but of ignorance. Stella Maris, educated, could hardly have been quite so far removed from realities as Mr. Locke represents her. This is the sixteenth novel now standing to the credit of Mr. Locke. In point of merit perhaps it should come about half-way down the list.

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EDDIE FOY AND THE FOYS.

After one has seen "Over the River" it is with considerahle mental effort that one recalls, the day after, what it is all about. It is, of course, as all Eddie Foyites know, "The Man from Mexico" musical-comedyized. And, of course, equally "The Man from Mexico" tells a coherent story. But "Over the River" is one of the mechanical brand, made to order to he one in the dollared musical comedy procession. True it hoasts of George V. Hobart's name as an author, hut it is nevertheless merely a piece of stage carpentry.

"Over the River" is freely punctuated with the usual number of irrelevancies; irrelevant songs, irrelevant dances, irrelevant conversations, or so-called conversations. Its aim is to hypnotize the brain, and it seems to succeed to a charm. Some one, idly discussing it, said: "I don't see why they charge two dollars for such a light order of entertainment." And, merely to exercise our benumbed mentalities during the entr'act, we hegan discussing the cost.

On the whole, we concluded that, even without any towering personalities in the cast—for certainly Eddie Foy can not be said to tower—the expense of a piece of this kind mounts up to a pretty heavy figure. In the first place there is Eddie Foy himself. Personally, I can never get over a shock of surprise at seeing people laugh at this popular comedian. But facts are facts. He is known all over the country, and a reputation is an asset that has to be paid for. Next come the two important women in the cast, Eleanor Kent and Nellie Daly. Both have considerahle experience in deportment and action on the musical-comedy stage—an asset. So is a good figure, in such a career, which both possess. Eleanor Kent has an agreeable aud well-trained voice, and Nellie Daly is a dancer of the rapid, violent, steely springed type. All these things have to be well paid for.

There are two whirlwind dancers, Pearl Mathews and James Davis, almost, if not quite, as expert as those in "The Tik-Tok Man." These two dancers, as well as the three rubber-ball young women in but not of the chorus, who turn themselves upside down, inside out, and make their flying members revolve like the spokes of a wheel, necessarily have extra salaries. Then there is the chorus, numerous, handsomely costumed, and rather more expert than usual in dancing.

No doubt Milton Dawson has a small extra clapped on his salary because he is a German comedian. I am sure I fervently hope that he gets more than that band of unintelligible young men who gabble so mechanically through a group of rôles that one cares not a flip of the finger who or what they are in the list of characters, and instinctively abstracts the mind from their remarks when they are on the stage. I conclude that they belong to the great rank and file, on the stage for fun, or novelty, or a trip to the West. They probably draw the minimum wage.

Then there is Marie Horgan, tbe stout, personable maid. She can come to the fore and sing. So she must draw more than the minimum. So can Cecilia Hoffman, who has also been selected, no doubt, for a countenance more expressive of standards of simplicity than those of the other young ladies in the cast.

And last comes another asset: the seven little Foys. We speculated over the presence of these youngsters, and I found myself wondering whether Eddie Foy's expression of paternal pride was real, or commercial. It was probably a combination. But their united presence, *en famille,* on the stage affords testimony as to the nature of their father's hold on popularity. There is something personal in it, for Eddie Foy is not, and never was, an artist; not even a musical-comedy artist. He caught his public by some trick, or gift, of personality adapted to his line, and has held it ever since.

I can imagine his saying to the wife of his bosom: "Say, kid, I'd like to take you and the seven little kids out to Frisco witb me." For a man on the stage who has triumphantly contributed a family of seven children to the population of his country is sure to be domestic.

So, no douht, he, or perhaps his manager, ruminated, and hurst out with "Great! I've got it. We'll take the kids along, baby and all, line them up, have them do stunts, sing, rag, and take off their dad, and that will catch the mutts in front." (I understand we are always the "mutts in front.")

So there they are, a line of seven wholesome looking youngsters, dressed normally, not made up at all, piping their songs with a big volume of united childish voices, and presided over proudly hy Eddie Foy himself, who stands by the bahy at the end of the line and sees to it that that poor little tot, who is conscience personified, sticks to business, and fairly earns his share of the applause.

The audience is tickled to death. This sort of thing always catches an audience at musical comedy performances. They roar with laughter over the boy that caricatures his father, and over the toddlings and hand-kissings of the mite at the end of the line. They approve of the Tetrazzini of the family—who, although dowered with a strong, childish voice, hawls heartily in true music-hall style—and they roar their approval over the boy-and-girl pair who "rag" for our delectation.

And finally, as a friendly and familiar addition to this pronounced intimation of happy domesticity, Mrs. Eddie strolls in also in quiet, every-day costume—quite a good touch that, to carry out the idea of the whole thing—and, for a brief moment, caracoles merrily up and down the stage with her brood, while the entire audience laughs its sympathetic and friendly approval.

It is a pity to intrude a note of criticism on this scene of family pride and affection, so I will confine myself to remarking that while this interesting young family is heing exploited I, and I don't doubt many women in the audience would be far happier to know that the baby, who doesn't look a minute over two and a half years, was slumhering peacefully in his crib, rather than putting the finishing touch of "cuteness" on the line of seven by keeping a precociously anxious eye on the rest of the youthful band and conscientiously joining in with his little uncertain hands and toddling legs to the concerted gestures of the others.

However, the children's "turn" was undoubtedly a great success, and I don't doubt has been instrumental in drawing old-time friends of Eddie Foy to the theatre, who feel a friendly curiosity concerning his young family. And, besides, we on the outside know nothing of the domestic ways of player folk any way. One thing is certain. There are prohably seven future contributions to the American stage in the Foy family, and that is no doubt what Eddie Foy wants, as the stage has been a good friend to him.

I think that Eddie Foy and all the little Foys constitute the leading attractions of "Over the River," if we except the chorus, which figures omnipresently during the performance. There are many songs and dances (the unremarkable music is by John L. Golden), and at one stage of the game the entire population assembled on the stage suddenly made a bolt for the side aisle of the auditorium. Men, women, and—no, the children had not then shown up—men and women flew down one side, across the back, and up the other, headed by Eddie Foy, who was supposed to be evading recapture by the police. The orchestra whanged away, the men yelped like schoolboys, and the feet of the chorus girls twinkled as they flew, a shrieking sisterhood, abandoned, no doubt, to a child-like enjoyment of letting themselves go.

This instance selected from the programme will give a pretty accurate idea of what constitutes the entertaining qualities of "Over the River."

Among the jokes the audience recognizes, with comparative languor, many old friends from "The Man from Mexico." "Bars all around and not a drop to drink" scarcely caused a flicker. To the laugh-patron of the drama it is as familiar as "Mary's little lamb."

The lover of the much-contemned "ragging," the "Texas Tommy" and the "turkey-trot" may quaff his draught to the dregs in "Over the River." The dances are almost entirely confined to these varieties, and the chorus girls, as I have intimated, are particularly expert, besides being very handsomely costumed with any numher of changes to make for variety in the otherwise unvarious scenes of the play.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

Willis Sweatman, whom Henry W. Savage intends to elevate to stellar rank next season, presenting him in a play which is now being written for him, concluded his third season as the Pullman car porter in Mr. Savage's production of "Excuse Me" in Philadelphia two weeks ago.

◆

"My Little Friend," a new operetta by Oscar Straus, will be produced in New York by the Whitney Opera Company this month. The cast will include Fred Wilton, William Pruette, Mildred Elaine, Leila Hughes, Crauford Kent, and others.

◆

Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," as presented hy Granville Barker's London company at William Collier's Comedy Theatre, New York, has ended its run after nearly three hundred consecutive performances.

◆

Tipo red or Tipo white
Tipo wine is always right.
"Asti" Vintages.

The Santa Fe Railway Exhibit.

The Santa Fé was the first railway to signify its willingness to spend good hard cash—and lots of it—in coöperating with the promoters of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in making the fair a great success. To that end upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be invested in a concession covering five acres of ground, with features which will make it one of the greatest exhibits of the show.

Puehlo and Navajo Indian villages in their entirety will be shown, with the natives at work as if at home, fashioning jewelry, weaving blankets, and making haskets, while Fred Harvey will have an exhibit which only Fred Harvey could have.

But the *pièce de résistance* will be a mammoth artificial Grand Cañon of Arizona, the most magnificent work of its kind ever attempted. From eight different points will the Grand Cañon be reproduced by building and modeling in perspective, carrying the great distances by painting. By this method the vast dimensions of the cañon can he reproduced in the most effective way. The great depths, lofty peaks, vast mesas, and wonderful formations of the cañon will he developed in a realistic manner. The most striking features of over fifty miles of the real chasm will be shown. Three points from the trails will be reproduced, showing the great gorges and domes. The observer will ride in comfortahle electric cars and view nature's masterpiece from the rim and from the trail.

Up and down the trails one will see the tourists making their way, while floating clouds will drift through the cañon, and the varying shades will be shown to the greatest possihle degree of perfection. Walter Burridge, the well-known scenic artist, will portray the grandeurs of this marvel of the ages, and in every detail the best talent will be employed. By a most ingenious system of illumination the varying shades of color throughout the chasms and turrets of the cañon will be depicted with wonderful beauty.

At the entrance to the concession will be an attractive building constructed along the lines of mission architecture which the Santa Fé, through its stations and its system of hotels, has helped to make popular. In this mission section will be the priceless Harvey collection, while about it, forming a second story, will be real Indian villages—Pueblo houses and Navajo hogans—built by the Indians themselves for the use of the large number of their tribes who will make this their home. Various Indian religious ceremonies and dances will be carried through, and the public will be afforded an opportunity to study Indians and their habits at their convenience.

The entire exhibit will be in keeping with Santa Fé standards and the road's spirit of progressiveness—there will he none better on the grounds of the magnificent exhihition which it will be the privilege of the world to enjoy in 1915.

◆

When David Bispham, the famous basso, returns from his trip to Australia, probahly about the middle of September, he will begin rehearsals for a new light opera, "The Jolly Peasant," a work that has been a success on the Continent for several years past.

◆

A notable achievement in bell-ringing is that of the Bignold family of Shere, near Guildford. For more than two hundred years the successive generations have taken an active part in the parish church belfry.

◆

During the engagement of Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky" at the Columbia Theatre performances will be given every evening excepting Sunday. Matinées will be on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success"

There is an old saying, "Nothing succeeds like success." As true as it was at the time the first man in history became successful, it will continue to be true down to the end of time. Being successful means heing fair, and the fairness of such a large corporation as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has been one of the features in its upbuilding. Wherever it has extended its business it has met the consumers fairly, often conceding points which were hardly justified under the circumstances. But in this manner it made thousands of friends and maintained a growth which has been little less than remarkable.

Today "Pacific Service" covers thirty of the fifty-eight counties of the State of California, and is working hard to enable the country residents to bring more land under production. In Nevada County the company is now making expert examination of an irrigating project which, if carried out, will result in thousands of thirsty acres becoming very productive in a district which has long been retarded by lack of water.

Resuming last week's story, the second installment of towns and cities now being supplied with "Pacific Service" follows:

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Felton	300
†Fresno	30,000
‡Fair Oaks	250
Folsom	1,800
Gilroy	2,000
Glen Ellen	500
§Gold Run	100
¶Grass Valley	4,500
Gridley	1,800
Grimes	250
Groveland	125
Guerneville	500
Hammonton	500
‡Hayward	4,000
‡Hillsborough	1,000
Hollister	3,000
Hookston	75
Ignacio	100
§Ione	900
Irvington	1,000
§Jackson Gate	100
§Jackson	2,035
§Kennedy Flat	20
‡Kentfield	250
Knight's Landing	350
§Lake Francis	5
Lathrop	300
Live Oak	200
Livermore	2,250
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§Lincoln	1,400
‡Lomita Park	100
Los Altos	500
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§Martell	150
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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Reopening of the Tivoli Opera House.

The big topic of conversation in amusement and musical circles is that of the opening of the Tivoli Opera House, next Wednesday evening, when that world-famed institution will resume its career, so abruptly terminated in April, seven years ago, as the home of operatic work in San Francisco. Everybody loved the old Tivoli, and this new and magnificent structure, in which not a detail in front of or behind the scenes has been overlooked, is ready for the resumption of light opera.

Manager W. H. Leahy has gone over the field thoroughly and secured a singing organization of rare quality, both as regards principals and chorus, and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the Stanislaus Stange-Julian Edwards military spectacular comic opera chosen for the opening, bids fair to be given in better style than ever before in this country. Hans S. Linne, the musical director, and Edward Temple, in charge of the stage, are men both famous in their line, and they are putting forth every endeavor to start things off in right royal style. Rena Vivienne, who sang "Madam Butterfly" so successfully here, will be Kate Pemberton; Stella de Motte, from the Metropolitan Opera Company, will make her initial appearance in this city as Robert Pemberton; Ilon Bergere, of "Chocolate Soldier" renown, will have the jolly rôle of Cordelia Allen; and Sarah Edwards, always a local favorite, will return as Mrs. Pemberton. Henry Santrey, the renowned baritone from the New York Hippodrome, will be Johnny; Charles Gallagher, whose magnificent bass voice was last heard here in "The Girl of the Golden West," will be General Allen; and Robert Pitkin, who comes from New York covered with comedy honors, will dispense merriment as Jonathan Phœnix. Teddy Webb comes back as Uncle Tom, which he played with such success in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" at the Tivoli nine years ago, and the rest of the cast will be in capable hands. The scenic effects will be beautiful, while the costumes will be correct to the period, 1864, about the close of the Civil War, when hoop-skirts were in vogue. There will be twenty men in the orchestra.

Matinées will be given Saturdays and Sundays, and the old Tivoli popular prices will prevail, from 25 cents to 75 cents. Seats are going with a rush at the theatre box-office, and the opening night will be one long to be remembered.

Last Week of Frances Starr.

David Belasco's master hand is once more amply in evidence at the Columbia Theatre, where Frances Starr is now appearing in Edward Locke's remarkable play, "The Case of Becky." The master hand has certainly made itself felt with telling effect, and a production of absolute perfection in every detail is the result. The cast supporting the star, the stage effects and lighting perfections, are one and all Belascoized. It is needless to qualify the amount of success, for every Belasco attraction is a success. "The Case of Becky" is a three-act study in hypnosis, entertainingly placed before the public, with a story of heart interest and a love episode to round out the performance. Never did Frances Starr make so strong an impression as an actress of great dramatic quality as she does in the play now on at the Columbia Theatre and which will be seen for a second and last week commencing Monday night, May 19. Charles Dalton in the rôle of the hypnotist offers a very fine performance, and the same can be said of Albert Bruning, who appears as Dr. Emerson. Matinées are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Raymond Hitchcock comes to the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, May 25, and supported by Flora Zabelle and an immense company of comedians, singers, and dancers as well as pretty girls, will appear in the muchly praised production of "The Red Widow."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

There will be six entirely new acts in next week's Orpheum bill.

Jessie Busley, who scored such a hit in this city as Nance Olden in "The Bishop's Carriage," will appear in a comedy entitled "Miss 318." Miss Busley has the distinction of having been for two seasons one of the original New Theatre Company. A typical cross-section of a department store on a bargain day is the locale of "Miss 318," and every one of the characters is a distinct type. As Lisette Mooney, Miss Busley adds another to the list of those life portraits she appears to have the power to create at will. She will be supported by an excellent company, which includes Julia Grignan, Mollie McDona, Dorothy Winston, Julia Earle, Adeline McCullough, and Harry Dayton. Miss Busley's engagement is for one week only.

Laddie Cliff, England's boy comedian, who three years ago created an enormous hit in this city in "Don't He Look Like Father" and other songs, will commence a brief engagement. He began his stage career when but six years old and steadily progressed till he became one of the biggest of vaudeville stars. He brings with him a new supply of songs and eccentric dances, and there is every reason to believe he will duplicate his former success.

The Five Melody Maids and Will J. Ward will present a skit entitled "Mirth, Melody, Maids, and a Man." Will J. Ward, "the man," is considered one of the finest ragtime players in this country and he is also fortunate in the possession of an excellent baritone voice. The girls are all attractive and they costume handsomely and tastefully.

Margaret Ashton, a dashing young American girl who has recently returned from a triumphal tour of the British Isles, will evidence her great talent as a singing comedienne. Her accompaniments are played by E. Arnold Johnson.

Meehan's Canine Circus, including his celebrated leaping hounds, will be a feature of next week's bill.

Charles and Adeline Wilson will contribute a hodge-podge of melody and merriment which they call "The Messenger, the Maid, and the Violin." The comedy violin playing of Mr. Wilson and the singing of Miss Wilson are said to be most enjoyable.

There will be a new programme of Edison Talking Moving Pictures.

The only holdovers will be the "Top o' th' World Dancers" and the great sensation, Don, the Talking Dog.

Eddie Foy Continues at the Cort.

Eddie Foy and his seven merry youngsters in "Over the River" start on their last week tomorrow evening.

The spirit of maddest frolic blows over the production, and its unconventionality is of a nature that makes its strong appeal to audiences sated with the conventional home-made or imported comedy, and the great song groupings with the vivacious sparkle of the performance are reaping the just reward for excellence.

And there are others besides the star and his numerous family. The whirlwind dancing of James Davis and Pearl Mathews is a decided feature, for it has been a long time since such clever exponents of the Terpsichorean art have been seen in San Francisco.

Werba & Luescher, Mr. Foy's producers, have spared neither time nor expense in surrounding their favorite star with the best possible support, including such familiar names as Eleanor Kent, Nellie Daly, Marie Horgan, David Andrada, Charles Swickard, William Sellery, Harry Meyer, J. S. Kinslow, Cecilia Hoffman, and the Eight Berlin Madcaps.

Lew Fields's all-star company will be seen in merry "Hanky Panky" beginning May 25.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Walter Montague's biggest vaudeville triumph, "Heart Throbs of a Great City," will receive its initial presentation at the Pantages Theatre Sunday afternoon. Montague has taken for his scheme actual incidents from a local police court calendar. Dramatic and humorous episodes which are witnessed daily in the courts have been woven into a powerful and virile tabloid vaudeville "thriller." One of the principal scenes in the "Heart Throbs of a Great City" is where a character well known locally upbraids the judge and prosecuting attorney for "railroading" into the penitentiary a young girl who is falsely convicted of shop-lifting in one of the local department stores.

Bob Albright, the male Melba, will be the added attraction on the new bill. Albright is a handsome big chap who does not need the incongruous attire so often used by female impersonators. In full dress Albright renders an operatic repertory with his wonderful voice ranging from deep masculine bass to the clear liquid tones of a prima donna.

Madie de Long, a fascinating soubrette, is known to Eastern vaudevillians as a "girl baseball bug." In her specialty she introduces her famous characters at the national game.

Joseph Callahan, the American actor, will present his artistic offering, "Leaves from the Pages of History," in which he introduces speaking likenesses of world-famous men, including Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, William McKinley, Pope Leo, and others.

A novelty comedy musical duo are Harlan and Rollison, who have just returned from a trip to the Orient.

Elsie Cramer and company will present a European novelty gymnastic aerial act.

The Ellison Sisters have a dainty offering of singing and dancing, elaborately costumed, entitled "A Study in White."

Two reels of comedy motion pictures complete the bill.

◆

The Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera Company will revive many of the old favorites during its coming season at the Cort Theatre. In addition to the standard Gilbert and Sullivan operas, it is intended to present "The Beggar Student," which is being given in successful revival in New York at present.

◆

Blanche Bates will be here a few weeks hence, and will make her appearance under the management of Charles Frohman in the London and New York success, "The Witness for the Defense."

New Opera House in Paris.

Parisians celebrated the opening of their new opera house, the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, as the most important event in the musical world since the dedication of the Grand Opéra. The artistic director of the new house is the tenor, Ernest Van Dyck, and among the conductors who will appear are Toscanini, Hasselmans, Mengelberg, and Weingartner. Lilli Lehmann, Lucienne Bréval, Chaliapin, Van Dyck, Muratore are in the list of singers engaged, and the repertory is to embrace all of Wagner's operas, including "Parsifal," Strauss's "Elektra" and "Rosenkavalier," Weingartner's "Abel and Kain," and many of the master works of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. Berlioz, also, who never could persuade his countrymen that he was really an opera composer, is represented by two of his operas, "Benvenuto Cellini" and "The Trojans." Indeed, the compliment was paid him of opening the house with his "Benvenuto." The lights in the new opera house, says the correspondent of the *Musical Leader*, "are so arranged as to bring forth each stall or line of boxes, and in that way no place is in shadow, the big arcade light in the centre casting a gloriously soft light over all. There is nothing like it in Paris, such a soft brilliancy that everything and everybody in the house is flattered. The rays are not crudely white, but yellow, and the glow is like that of an immense wax candle."

◆

Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, the aged actress who has made the greatest hit of her entire career in the production of "The Five Frankforters" at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre in New York, last week kept her promise of appearing for one performance only in "The Beggar Student," which is now the offering at the Casino. In order to make this possible the matinée day of "The Five Frankforters" was changed from Wednesday to Thursday, and Mme. Cottrelly played the Wednesday matinée with the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, assuming the rôle of Palmatica in the famous old Millöcker opera, which she herself rehearsed for its first American production by the McCaull Opera Company at the Casino a quarter of a century ago. Mme. Cottrelly received an ovation from the audience. On her first entrance she was greeted with enthusiasm, and almost every line she spoke was the signal for a round of applause.

◆

The most popular of all concertos for the violin is Max Bruch's, in G minor. It quickly surpassed even the favorite one by Mendelssohn. The manuscript for this concerto is for sale for $5000. Dr. Bruch is seventy-five years old, and his circumstances border closely on poverty. A committee, headed by Constantin von Sternberg, and including many other prominent musicians, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing this manuscript and presenting it to the Congressional Library in Washington.

◆

When the Czar of Russia proposed the disarmament of the nations, the late William T. Stead wrote for Mark Twain's opinion. He replied: "The Czar is ready to disarm. I am ready to disarm. Collect the others; it should not be much of a task now."

◆

There died recently in London Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, the original of Dickens's "Little Dorrit." She and the novelist were childhood playmates in Somerstown. She was in her hundredth year at the time of her death.

◆

The quotation "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," from the third act of Bartley Campbell's famous "The White Slave," is cut into the granite shaft that marks his grave in Pittsburg.

◆

Pavlowa's latest ballet created a sensation in Berlin, and is to be seen soon in London. It is an illustration of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," which is based on a poem by Lamartine.

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MADIE DE LONG, "The Girl Baseball Fan."
ELLISON SISTERS, "A Study in White."
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VANITY FAIR.

With a feeling of deep thankfulness we notice a disposition on the part of fashionable women to return to the simple life in dress. We were certain that they would do this as soon as they recognized that they are the only hope of the world and that the whole burden of government must henceforth rest upon their bare backs. And they do recognize this. They say so themselves. They are ready for the ordeal. Like the runners in a Marathon, they are stripped for the race. They are like the enterprising maiden ladies who earned a precarious livelihood by dealing in second-hand clothing and who announced that they had "left off wearing apparel of every description and now invite the inspection of their numerous friends."

Lady Duff Gordon is authority for the news of the reform in women's dress. Curiously enough, it originates in Paris, and thus in the very home of feminine folly we find this splendid evidence of woman's awakening. Henceforth there are to be no gorgeous displays of costly fabrics. The displays will be of quite another kind. The elaborate creations of the dressmaker are now to be things of the past. An exquisite simplicity is to be the order of the day. In the bad old times of a profligate extravagance it was the aim of women to wear as much as possible. Now they will try to wear as little as possible, and what they do wear will be transparent and invisible. The poor shopgirl will no longer be tortured by envy as she sees her more fortunate sisters resplendent in silks and satins. It is true that she will see more of them than ever before, much more of them, in fact nearly all of them that there is to see, but there will be no occasion for covetousness, since her skin is just as good as theirs and her body just as shapely. It is the dawn of a new day. It is the final emancipation of women from the tyranny of anything that can rightly be called clothing.

But Lady Duff Gordon may be allowed to speak for herself. She says, "Every one seems to have gone mad on trying to see just how little clothing they can put on, and the little there is is of the most transparent description. To conjugate the verb 'to be transparent in dress' seems the end and object of every delightful little mondaine."

◆

The simplicity of the thing is its chief attraction. A few yards of chiffon and the trick is done. The warm French sun, or the well-heated drawing-room, makes underclothing unnecessary, and as whatever is unnecessary is luxurious and ostentatious the underclothing has been abolished. "The favorite style," says Lady Duff Gordon, "is a black chiffon frock draped high up on one side, perfectly transparent, and showing the outline 'between lights' of both legs." And it is not only the outline that is shown, since "no dress is complete without the skirt pulled up in some unexpected manner to show the leg in front, or at the back—and I mean leg, not ankle." A further saving of material is effected by the V in the front, while "the bodice of the frock is made over flesh pink, and is entirely transparent, letting the adorable little camisole of Val lace and palest blue satin ribbons peep through in a manner altogether alluring." Still another economy is to be found in "the very thinnest black silk stockings I have ever seen."

It is a pleasure to record these things. It is also a duty. There have been occasions when it has been necessary to refer in this column, although always in a vague and guarded way, to some of those frailties and extravagances associated by darker ages with the name of woman. But now comes the opportunity to make amends, and we hasten to seize it. Lady Duff Gordon says that the new styles are not likely to become popular in America, but we may attribute this to her insular prejudices. Is it likely that the women of America will lag behind in the race for simplicity and the higher life? We do not believe it. We do not believe that they will allow a few paltry articles of clothing to hamper the uplift work to which they have devoted themselves. It has been said of some men that they were willing to give the shirts off their back in aid of others. And women will be glad to do the same. And not shirts only.

◆

Future visitors to Paris who look forward with all the delight of inbred vulgarity to being swindled at the Café Anglais will be disappointed, although they will find plenty of other restaurants willing to sell them inferior food at extortionate prices. For the celebrated old café is about to disappear, and as a preliminary there has been a public sale of the contents of its wine-cellar. These famous wines have always been the object of superstition. Other restaurants were content to label their bottles as soon as the order was received from the suckers in the dining-room, but the Café Anglais had a better way than that. It refused to label its bottles at all. The fact that the wine was bought in the Café Anglais was sufficient guaranty of excellence, and this patent humbug has been carried on successfully for more years than one cares to count. But this marvelous wine that was sold to diners at an average price of about $5 a bottle has been sold at auction for 37 cents a bottle, and those who really know good wine when they taste it say that 37 cents is about its true value.

Julius Chambers, writing in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has some interesting reminiscences of the Café Anglais. He says:

> Being asked to order the dinner for my friend, I made it as simple as possible. A bisque soup, salmon with young potatoes, one small capon with fine herbs, asparagus, tarts, Camembert cheese, and coffee. My friend did not drink wine and I ordered for myself a bottle of "the red wine of the house."
>
> Everything was excellent, and I fully expected the bill to be 80 to 100 francs ($20). Imagine my horror, therefore, when the bill was 300 francs. Sixty dollars! I was indignant, although my host merely laughed. I sent for the maitre d'hotel and demanded an itemized bill. He was very indignant; said such a request was unheard of. After much delay, the "addition" appeared. I only remember that it added up all right and that the charge for the chicken was $20 and $1 for the wine (worth about 60 cents). My host only smiled and gave the waiter a Napoleon tip.
>
> A Chicago acquaintance came to me one afternoon not long after the above experience, his eyes bulging and his temper high. He said he had gone to the Café Anglais, ordered luncheon, beginning with cold salmon. A whole fish was brought, and after a small first helping he liked it so well that he took a second spoonful. He noticed that the fish was not taken from the table when the rest of his meal was brought. When he got his bill he was charged for the whole salmon—60 francs ($12). He was assured it was a rule of the house that a second helping indicated he wanted the entire fish and a charge of that kind was made.
>
> I laughed at him, and the more I laughed the angrier he got. His luncheon cost him $23 and he could have had the same at the best restaurant in New York for about $4.

And so the Café Anglais disappears, but its spirit remains. Let no one stay away from Paris from a fear that there will now be some difficulty in being swindled. Wealthy vulgarity will be welcomed as warmly as ever and those whose only standard of value is the price paid for them will have no reason to complain of the Paris restaurants.

◆

In a ceaseless effort to understand the feminine psychology our attention is arrested by a report of the convention of the California Federation of Women's Clubs in Fresno. We do not know what the federation is trying to do, even after a careful perusal of an account of the proceedings that runs to a column in length, but this may be the fault of the reporter—a woman, by the way—who seems trying ineffectually to stifle a laugh. But the point of special interest is the speech of Mrs. A. F. Jones, who is described as the forestry chairman, and it is gratifying to note that there is any public woman who is willing to devote herself to forestry and to resist the attractions of eugenics, the white slave trade, or segregation. Forestry is a good clean topic, and we may be sure that there was no great competition for Mrs. Jones's job.

In the course of her speech Mrs. Jones took occasion to make a plea for the birds. "Women can do so much," she said, "particularly in the matter of her hats. Send back those hats which are adorned with the feathers of our birds."

Then there was a giggle, and in a few moments the whole convention was laughing. Mrs. Jones herself was wearing a hat rich in the plumes of "our birds." For a moment the orator was confused. Had she said anything wrong? Then the situation dawned upon her. She raised her hand to her gorgeously decorated lid and said: "I'll send it right back to my milliner. It's new and I hadn't realized."

Now can you explain that? Imagine a man rising at any anti-smoking league and denouncing the filthy practice while he had a cigar in the eastern angle of his face, and then explaining that it was an inadvertence. But the beautiful part of the incident is the ingenuous assumption that Mrs. Jones casually orders hats from her milliner and carelessly puts on whatever the milliner happens to send without noticing what it is. We believe that Mrs. Jones is a great and good woman, whose colossal heart pulsates for the public good, but we do not believe that she bought that hat without wrestling in agony over each feature of its architecture. If Mrs. Jones was unaware of the kind of hat that she was buying then she is out of place as a mere chairman of a mere forestry committee of a mere convention of womens clubs. She ought to be director-general of the universe.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

The rector of a country parish in Texas, who was revising his sermon one Sunday morning, was waited upon in his study by his organist, who asked what he should play. "I don't know," said the rector, absent-mindedly; "what kind of a hand have you got?"

◆

John Fox, the author, was sitting in an editor's office when a young novelist entered. "Mr. Fox," said the novelist eagerly, "I value your opinion very much. Now, I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my new book." Mr. Fox smiled one of his rare smiles. "No, no," he said hurriedly; "let us remain friends."

◆

Dr. Johnson, being in company with a gentleman who affected to maintain Dean Berkeley's strange position "that nothing exists, but as perceived by some mind," when the gentleman was going away Dr. Johnson said to him: "Pray, sir, don't leave us; for we may, perhaps, forget to think of you and then you will cease to exist."

◆

A sad-faced little girl with a fistful of mud was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery store and was from time to time peering around down the street. "Who are you wait-for, little girl?" asked the man. "Henrietta." "What's Henrietta done?" asked the man, with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hand. "Nothin'. Don't you know she's queen of the May?"

◆

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, remarking on President Lincoln's dry humor, says that on one occasion a delegation of colored men had waited upon Mr. Lincoln, and were evidently at a loss to know just what to say. The President waited a while, and then remarked: "Well, all who are here seem to be present." This self-evident proposiiton broke the ice and removed the spell from the African jaw.

◆

Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A Kirk minister was sent to tell her that she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my saul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the saul of a poor creature like me?"

◆

He had attended his partner's wedding and at the reception he stepped gallantly forward to pay his respects. "I hardly feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has so often done me the honor to read me extracts from his dear Susie's letters." The faces of the husband and the speaker were studies as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly: "I beg your pardon, sir. My name is Helen."

◆

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get some bait. He thought he could, and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a ten-quart pail full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front and some one asked, "How much do we owe you?" "Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em; but I've half a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

◆

The relationship between Napoleon Bonaparte and his mother, the Mme. Mère of imperial times, was peculiar. Mme. Letizia, who was thirty-four when her famous son was born, had always been complete mistress of her household. Even when her son was emperor and his word was law, willing as she might have been in public to do him honor, in private she insisted on the privileges of her motherhood. Baron Larrey, in his historical essay, writes: "One day there was a family meeting, and Napoleon gave his mother his hand to kiss; but Mme. Mère moved aside the proffered hand. Napoleon then took his mother's hand and kissed it, and she said to him: 'Sire, you know quite well that in public I must treat you with due respect, because I am your subject; but in private I am your mother.'"

◆

Sheridan and Grant were traveling on a steamboat together, with other officers. Among the passengers was a young Englishman who used to take a hand at poker with them. The usual limit was 50 cents. The Englishman one day wanted to go out and get a cigar, and asked General Sheridan to play his hand while he was gone. It was four jacks pat. The Englishman, when he returned, asked General Sheridan how it had panned out. "Oh, the general bet me 50 cents," said Sheridan, "and I called him and he won the pot." The Englishman looked in amazement. "Well," he said, "I have heard of military discipline, but I never heard of it going that far."

◆

In copse-shooting in England, it is quite as desirable to know who and where the sportsmen are as to ascertain the whereabouts of the game. "Who is that on my left?" inquired one sportsman of a game-keeper one day when the hunting season was at its height. "That must be Lord Jay," said the keeper, after a moment's reflection. "Go and tell him where I am," said the other, whose former experiences told him that caution was desirable. "I'd rather not," said the keeper; "Lord Jay halways fires when 'e sees *hanything* move!"

◆

An anecdote of President Hayes is told by an Englishman who formed one of a party of his compatriots while the President and his family were at Clark's Ranch, near Yosemite. The two parties were assembled in the rude kitchen, awaiting the coming meal. A certain stiffness prevailed at first. At last a master of the ceremonies and introducer appeared in the shape of a small and elegant quadruped, evidently a family pet, which trotted into the kitchen to be caressed. A lady of the English party gently stroked its stem, the President its stern. Presently they met, about the centre of the animal, and the interchange of a few remarks became inevitable. So—"This is a very pretty goat," from the English lady. "My end is antelope, madam," from the President. It need scarcely be said that both ends were antelope, but the reply was very neat.

◆

A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and while waiting for one of the children to get a bucket of fresh water entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five hogs," said the old woman; "but dat's dwindled down till I aint got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I nebber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' I doan' like to say what become ob de shoats. I nebber makes mischief, I doesn't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer aint agwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I aint agwine to say nuthin' agin' him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter say nuthin' agin' him; but lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin', he was a powerful stumbling-block ter hogs."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Ruthless Rhyme for Militants.

Lily smashed the royal gems
And drowned the keeper in the Thames!
What does this girlish prank denote?
Oh, just that Lily wants to vote.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

◆

The Blurb Writer.

I'm the fellow that writes all the hectic,
Bold phrases you find
On the covers of books; and often
They get on my mind.

I'd been writing some ads for spring fiction
Ere I went out to lunch;
"Bring me," I cried to the waiter,
"A steak with a punch!"

"Will you have some potatoes?" he queried.
"Are they gripping?" I said;
"Do they grasp one and thrill one and shake one?
Are their corpuscles red?"

The waiter retreated, and terror
Made spikes of his hair.
He mentioned a salad; I thundered:
"Is the heart interest there?

"Is it purple, alluring, and flaming,
Yet pure as the snow?"
Honest, though worried, he faltered:
"I really don't know."

"Then silence!" I said. "You may bring me
Some soup with its soul
Borne along on a swift tide of passion!"
Says he: "In a bowl?"

"Some chops with the Berseker spirit,
That trample through life—
Wild peas with the sting of primeval,
Full-blooded, fierce strife!"

Respectful, though doubtful, he murmured:
"Is there anything else?"
"Have you something romantic and tender?"
He ventured: "There smelts!"

He left, but returned with a humble,
Petitional look:
"Can't I bring you our table d'hote lunch, sir?—
I've had words with the cook!"
—*New York Sun.*

◆

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin on the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin, and——" "Oh, thunder! What a chestnut! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you head of the firm." "No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for five hundred dollars. It was a diamond pin."—*Bazar.*

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
OFFICERS:
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SIG. GREENEBAUM......Chairman of the Board
WASHINGTON DODGE.............Vice-President
JOS. FRIEDLANOER.............Vice-President
C. F. HUNT.......................Vice-President
R. ALTSCHUL..............................Cashier
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Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22d
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund...... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors.................59,144
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,079,373.37
Deposits.............................. 26,882,124.40
Total Resources....................... 45,791,813.97
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I. W. HELLMAN, JR.....Vice-President
F. L. LIPMAN.........Vice-President
JAMES K. WILSON.....Vice-President
FRANK B. KING..............Cashier
W. McGAVIN ....Asst. Cashier
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The Water Supply—Warning
The water consumption in San Francisco now exceeds the safe dependable supply available for distribution. Until the City or the Company can increase the development of sources now owned and install more aqueducts to San Francisco, extreme care must be exercised in the use of water **or the supply will fail. Stop all waste; stop hosing steps and sidewalks with water. Please prevent all unnecessary use of water. We earnestly ask for your co-operation in maintaining the supply.**
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PORTLAND
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No. 42 Powell Street, San Francisco
Phone Sutter 2940

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Philip G. Wales of Menlo Park has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Geraldine Forbes, to Mr. William E. Brothers, Jr., of this city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marguerite Butters and Mr. Charles Teague of Fresno. Miss Butters is the daughter of the late Mrs. Harry Butters and a sister of Mrs. Karmany, Mrs. R. Augustus Bray, Mrs. Victor Metcalfe, Jr., and the Messrs. William, David, and J. Paulding Edwards and Harry Butters.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eaton have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Zelma Eaton, to Mr. Waldemar H. Dietrich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dickson Dietrich.

The wedding of Miss Arabella Morrow and Mr. Harold Mann will take place June 4 at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Presidio Avenue in honor of Miss Grace Wilson and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Fairlie.

Mrs. Clinton Jones was hostess Thursday at a bridge-tea at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Flora Low entertained a large number of guests at a bridge-tea at the Morgan residence on Clay Street.

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting gave a luncheon Saturday at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of her niece, Miss Roselet Wallace, of Berkeley.

Mrs. Thomas Churchill of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Adrian Splivalo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will entertain their friends at a dance this evening at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. J. A. MacGregor was a recent hostess at a luncheon at which she entertained sixteen guests.

Mrs. Charles Dent Roberts gave a luncheon at her home on Clay Street complimentary to Mrs. Charles Young.

Mrs. Jeanette Jordan was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Nellie Grant, who will be married shortly to Lieutenant-Commander William Piggott Cronan, U. S. N.

Mrs. George Hermann entertained a number of young people at a luncheon complimentary to the Misses Marianne Mathieu and Gladys Pennell, both of whom will be June brides.

Mrs. Nicholas Van Bergen entertained a large number of friends and relatives at a reception Monday evening at her home on Clay Street. The affair was to celebrate the eighty-fifth anniversary of the hostess's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali gave a dinner at their home on Leavenworth Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown, who will return shortly to their home in Aspen, Colorado.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess last week at a dinner in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Mrs. Scott Hendricks was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon complimentary to Miss Nellie Grant.

Miss Muriel Coombs gave a reception Friday evening in honor of Miss Marjorie Stafford and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Newell Fitch.

Miss Linda Bryan gave a skating party last week and later entertained her friends at a supper at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. M. H. de Young and her daughters, the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young, were hostesses at a tea Wednesday afternoon. In the evening the Misses de Young entertained a number of their friends at an informal dance.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a theatre party Tuesday night in honor of Miss Edith Burke, who is visiting here from Ireland.

Mrs. G. Russell Lukens was hostess Friday at a luncheon and bridge party at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. James K. Moffitt entertained a number of friends at a farewell tea last week at her home in Piedmont. The affair was complimentary to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, who is en route to Europe.

Dr. Henry Kugeler and Mrs. Kugeler have issued invitations to a fancy dress rag party Friday evening, May 23, at their home on Washington Street.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club entertained their friends last Saturday evening at a dinner-dance.

Captain John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicott gave an informal dance last week at Mare Island.

Major Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn entertained their friends at a picnic Sunday at Angel Island in honor of Captain Peaks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Peaks, who have recently come from the East to Fort Barry.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove entertained thirty young people at an informal dance Monday evening at their home on Yerba Buena.

The officers of the Sixtieth Infantry were hosts Wednesday evening at a hop in the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

A dance was given Friday evening at Fort McDowell by the officers and their wives.

Mrs. Caroline Green Noble of San Francisco, who for the past two years has been temporarily living in New York City, was hostess last week to Mrs. Walter H. Page, the wife of the newly appointed embassador to Great Britain, at a charming luncheon.

A musicale was given in Boston on Sunday afternoon, May 4, by Miss Mabel Daniels, in honor of Miss Anna Miller Wood, who is soon to return to California to become the bride of Mr. Frederick Harvey of Galt. It was in the nature of a farewell to Miss Wood from her musical associates in Boston and was participated in by a large company including the élite of Boston musical society.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear will spend the summer in San Rafael, where they have rented the country home of Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson sailed from New York Thursday for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall are established for the summer in Burlingame, where they are occupying the home of Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and their infant son will be their guests for several weeks and Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., will join them at the close of his college.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze and Mrs. Norwood left Thursday for Palo Alto, where they have rented a house for the summer.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow returned Sunday from Arizona.

Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Miss Laura Pearkes has returned from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Miss Vera de Sabla.

Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Charles Blythe have returned from Honolulu.

Miss Arabella Schwerin is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Schwerin is in New York with her daughter. They will return to their home in San Mateo as soon as Miss Schwerin is able to travel.

Miss Constance Borrowe has gone to Santa Cruz to visit Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw have been spending the past week at their ranch in Mendocino County, where they entertained a house party.

Dr. George H. Willcutt is in Sacramento, where he will remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and their daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, have gone to Palo Alto for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. George Carr is again established in her home on Broderick Street after having spent the winter at the Hotel Bellevue. Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer have recently moved from Mrs. Carr's house to San Rafael, where they are occupying the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Jr., has returned to her home in Coronado after a visit of several weeks, during which time she was the guest of her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Harry Holbrook.

Dr. E. B. Perrin and Mrs. Perrin of Williams, Colorado, who are at the Hotel St. Francis with Mrs. John McMullin, will return to their home next week.

Mr. Malcolm Douglass Whitman arrived last week from New York and joined Mrs. Whitman in Burlingame. They spent the week on a hunting trip.

Mrs. George B. Williams of Washington, D. C., is visiting Mrs. Charles McCreary at her home in Sacramento.

Dr. James Eaves and Mrs. Eaves will spend the summer in Woodside, where their bungalow has recently been completed. Mrs. Eaves was formerly Miss Helen Leavitt.

Mrs. Downey Harvey has returned to Monterey after a visit with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. George Buckingham is at the Hotel Arlington in Santa Barbara.

Mr. James K. Armsby has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin are established in their new home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames sailed last week for Panama. They will spend several weeks in New York before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne and Miss Ysabel Chase left Monday for Montecito to spend several days before going to Mexico on a hunting trip.

Captain Frank Holmes, Mrs. Holmes, and Miss Margaret Holmes are en route to Italy. Upon their return they will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Minor, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox have returned to Los Angeles after a few days' stay at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Lois Cunningham has come from the East to spend several weeks with her relatives. At present she is the guest of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in Millbrae and will later visit the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham in Woodside and the Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Cunningham in this city.

Mrs. Francis Underhill is seriously ill in Santa Barbara, where she is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. Mrs. Underhill was formerly Miss Carmelita Dibblee.

Dr. George H. Willcutt will spend the next few months in Sacramento.

Mrs. Ira Pierce has gone to San Mateo, where she has joined Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, who are established for the summer at the Peninsula Hotel.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford at their ranch, where they are also entertaining Mrs. Smythe of New York.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, will leave shortly for Bartlett Springs, where they will spend a few weeks before going to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain will leave June 1 for their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Eldridge Green is at Eagle's Nest, San Luis Obispo County, where she is the guest of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroeder.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney has engaged apartments at the Peninsula Hotel and will leave town June 1.

Mr. Lawrence W. Harris has returned from the East and has joined his family in Mill Valley.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham has returned to her home on Broadway after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith.

Mrs. California Newton and her daughter, Miss Suzette Newton, have gone to the Russian River to spend the summer.

Miss Anna Olney has been spending the past two weeks in Southern California, where she has been motoring with Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson sailed last week for Honolulu to spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright have taken an apartment on Sacramento and Buchanan Streets, where they will reside permanently. During the winter they occupied the home of Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant.

Mrs. David Sellars left last Friday for the East, where she will spend a month with her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have given up their apartments at the Hotel Monroe and have returned to their ranch in Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., spent the week-end with friends in Menlo Park.

Miss Augusta Foute returned to town Monday after having spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter has been spending the past few days in Paso Robles.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children left Thursday for New York, where they will remain until May 24, when they will sail for Europe.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels will sail May 22 for Paris, where he will join Mrs. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her children and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe will sail on the same steamer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston spent a few days in town last week en route to the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have returned to Burlingame after having spent three weeks in Paso Robles.

Miss Margaret Nichols and Miss Helen Garrett have returned from a visit with Miss Beatrice Nickel at her country home near Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Malcolm Douglass Whitman have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse in Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss have come from Lake Tahoe to spend a few days at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forderer are established for the summer in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore of Santa Barbara and their daughter, Miss Beatrice Wetmore, spent the week-end at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne in Burlingame.

Miss Alice Hager is recovering from a severe illness that has confined her to her home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Taylor have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holcombe in Belvedere.

Mrs. Hattie Loring Van Bergen will return to her home in the East, Friday, May 23.

Mrs. William Bethune Ireland is recovering from a recent serious illness.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard and Mrs. Fannie McCreary sailed Thursday on the *Baltic* for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Blanchard have gone to Vancouver for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Stuart H. Brown has arrived from New York and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Minthorn M. Tompkins, at their home in San Anselmo. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Susie Tompkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease have returned from a visit in New York and will leave June 1 for their country home, Oakden, near Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown have returned to their home in San Rafael after a few weeks' visit in Columbus, Ohio, where they were called by the death of Mr. Brown's mother.

Mrs. Joseph Moody has rented the home in San Rafael of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee.

Mrs. Edwin Danforth is the guest of Mrs. Frank Godfrey at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son are at the Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pohli and family have closed their house on Ashbury Heights and have moved to their bungalow in Mill Valley to remain during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Tobin of San Francisco are at Hotel Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Townsend sail from Boston, May 17, for Italy. The Townsends will join Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell Bunker, who left San Francisco last February for Europe via the Orient, and together they propose to spend a year or so drifting about over the unbeaten paths of Europe.

Mr. J. D. Spreckels sailed for San Francisco on his yacht *Venetia* on Monday from Coronado and had on board as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mr. A. Spreckels, and Mr. M. F. Tarpey, who will return with Mr. Spreckels in about a week's time.

Among the arrivals at Hotel Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. A. de Bretteville, brother and sister-in-law of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels.

Mrs. Frank Wheaton, widow of the late Major-General Wheaton, U. S. A., has arrived from her home in Denver and is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Colonel William Nichols, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nichols at their home on Hyde Street.

Captain Lawrence Cabell, U. S. A., recently transferred from the Tenth Infantry in Panama, has joined the Sixth Infantry at the Presidio.

Captain J. A. Worthington, U. S. A., has returned from Arizona and is again at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Maxwell S. Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray will sail June 5 for the Philippines, where Lieutenant Murray will join the Fifteenth Infantry.

Colonel Arthur Williams, U. S. A., has retired from the army after thirty-nine years of service.

Lieutenant M. G. Cooks, U. S. N., and Lieutenant J. J. Manning, U. S. A., have been ordered to the U. S. S. *Maryland* for temporary duty while the ship is engaged in speed trials in the Santa Barbara Channel. They will return to Mare Island when the *Maryland* comes to San Francisco on her way to Bremerton.

Colonel Cornelius Gardener, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Gardener left last week for their ranch in Oregon.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., arrived on the U. S. S. *South Dakota* and is with his wife and little son at their home on Clay Street and Presidio Avenue.

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Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the house-wife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

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Coronado is the most delightful spot in Summer on the Pacific Coast. Hot days are unknown. Golf, Tennis, Bay and Surf Bathing, Yachting, Deep-Sea Fishing, Motoring, Riding and Driving. Kindergarten school conducted under the Montessori System. Write for Booklet.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The teachers' annual institute, held this week, had an attendance of 1500. In addition to the addresses and symposiums there was a musical programme.

Representatives of the New Era Club have asked the supervisors that provision be made next year for three "women protective officers," to work under the chief of police, more for preventing than punishing crime.

As a result of a collision with an automobile driven by a nineteen-year-old girl, Mrs. Helen Campbell Hall was killed, and her husband, Garnet Ray Hall, sustained a fractured skull and internal injuries. The automobile was driven by Miss Ruby Mulryan, daughter of James Mulryan.

Miss Emma de Velasco of San Francisco has been chosen as the poster girl model for the Portola festival to be held in this city next October.

That the recent epidemic of burglaries, holdups, and safe-cracking jobs in the Richmond and other sections of the city is due partially to neglect of duty on the part of patrolmen of the San Francisco police department is the declaration made by Chief of Police White in an order to commanding officers, ordering that patrolmen be kept strictly to their beats.

The board of education began the use of moving pictures this week as a permanent part of the educational system, when a film purchased out of school funds was shown to the pupils. The subject is the circulation of the blood.

The fourth annual meeting of the alumni association of the Lowell High School was held Monday evening. The programme of entertainment was composed of musical numbers and short talks by Maurice E. Harrison, Norman Elsner, A. J. Cloud, Sidney Schwartz, Ernest Smith, William C. Crittenden, Fred Shipper, Frank Morton, and Aaron L. Sapiro. Jesse H. Steinhart was chairman of the evening.

Allen Knight, treasurer of the local branch of the Red Cross Society, reported that $86,684.66 had been collected and transmitted through that society to the victims of the floods in the Middle West.

Collector of Customs, Frederick S. Stratton, has asked that his resignation be accepted, as he desires to give his attention to other responsibilities.

The final bill of Bion J. Arnold, the traction expert of Chicago, for services and expenses in studying and reporting on the transportation problem of San Francisco, has been filed with the supervisors. The amounts for each month of this year are: January, $2622.04; February, $3053.78; March, $3435.96; April and May, $1322.69, with $3345.79 for printing. The total cost of the Arnold bureau has been $62,808:41, including $1750 drawn by E. P. E. Troy, who was given a billet in it for some months by the supervisors.

Diplomas and degrees were awarded Wednesday morning to 725 members of the 1913 graduating class of the University of California, the largest ever graduated from the institution, in the presence of a large representation of the faculty and alumni of the university and of many of their relatives and friends.

In compliance with one of the last requests of her husband, Mrs. George Williams Hooper, widow of the late wealthy lumber man of this city, has transferred to the University of California property worth more than $1,000,000 for the establishment of an institute of medical research. The property which Mrs. Hooper has turned over to the university consists partly of improved San Francisco realty and partly of income-bearing property outside of this city.

The thirteenth anniversary ball of the Deutscher Club at the German House Wednesday evening was one of the largest and most elaborate affairs known in the history of the organization.

◆

The annual convention of the California State Building and Loan Association, representing $25,000,000 of investments, opened in Oakland with headquarters at the Hotel Oakland on Friday. There are some eighty delegates present. L. M. Simonsen of San Jose is president, W. D. Frederick of Pomona secretary. W. L. Gould of Oakland is in charge of the local arrangements. Saturday evening there will be a banquet at the Hotel Oakland.

◆

The home in Manila of Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee Minnegerode, U. S. A., and Mrs. Minnegerode has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Minnegerode was formerly Miss Ethel O'Brien of Alameda.

The Late James M. Allen.

In the death of Judge James M. Allen, which occurred on May 6, the believers in those principles which have their roots in uprightness of life, strict integrity, and fair and even-handed justice to all, and which depend for their growth upon the continuous daily practice of these virtues, have met with a great loss.

He was one of the old school of lawyers who believed that the practice of the law was the practice of an honorable and learned profession in which it was of more importance that certain great and just principles should be maintained, than that a temporary and doubtful advantage should be gained for a client. This was clearly demonstrated first by his decisions from the bench, and afterwards in the conduct of the business of the very large institutions of which he was the safe and tried counsel for many years.

As a friend he was staunch and loyal, and as a companion both genial and kindly, while the odd quips, and quaint bits of wisdom which he had gathered from the great range of his literary research made him a most delightful companion.

His ideas as to his duty in his family and home life were of the highest, and those who knew him best know this life was his constant study and his greatest pleasure. Truly a great man and a prince has departed from Israel.

J. C. K.

◆

When a manager accepts a play from Sir Arthur Pinero he gets much more than the mere delivery of the completed work. The author selects the company, allots the parts, designs roughly the scenery, instructs the scenic artists, takes over all rehearsals, and when he is ready hands over his work to the manager to be presented to the public. "Taking pains," he says, "is the only luxury I allow myself."

◆

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Radcliffe has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Radcliffe is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I wonder why Bob doesn't marry?" "He hasn't met the wrong girl yet, probably!"—*Puck.*

Young Mr. Gurley—My foot's asleep. *Gazzam*—Nonsense! Not while you are wearing those loud trousers.—*B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.*

"My dear young lady, I hope you pray God every night to keep you a good girl." "I don't have to. I get eight dollars a week."—*Life.*

"Did the doctor diagnose your case?" "Yes." "How long did it take?" "Not long. I wore my shabbiest suit."—*Birmingham Age-Herold.*

George—Mabel and Jack's marriage seems an ideal one—such a perfect unison of hearts! *The Girls*—Yes; he adores Mabel, and so does she.—*Truth.*

He—Are you superstitious? I shall put you to the test. *She*—Not at all. *He*—Then would you consent to marry me on the first Friday in June?—*Puck.*

Bacon—Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch. *Egbert*—Well, I know both of them run down easily.—*Yonkers Statesmon.*

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?" "It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—*Truth.*

Old Lady—I hope, my boy, that you do not sell papers on Sunday. *Small Newsboy (sadly)*—No, mum, I aint big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet.—*Son Jose Oracle.*

Sibyl—Let's cross over to the other side of the street. *Tippie*—No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there. *Sibyl*—That's all right. Mine are silk.—*Life.*

Jack Makeit—How can we marry? I'm only worth fifteen thousand dollars, and that wouldn't buy your clothes. *Moy Spendit*—Oh, yes, it would, Jack, for nearly five years!—*Puck.*

"I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?" "Do you know who he is?" "No. Who is he?" "He's the head of our firm."—*Life.*

Job Lott—One never loses anything by keeping his engagements punctually. *Kirby Stone*—My experience is, he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.—*Puck.*

Fashionable Physician—What you really need is a change of climate. *The Patient*—Change of climate! Why, I've never had anything else! I've lived in New York all my life.—*Life.*

"Did Mr. Cumso seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector. "No, sir," replied the young man; "on the contrary, he asked me to call again."—*Bazar.*

Mrs. Houtton (maliciously)—You were such a charming débutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. *Mrs. Iglefe*—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—*Chicago News Record.*

Mrs. Grimly—Is there no way you can break yourself of that habit of talking in your sleep? *Mr. Grimly (tremulously but hopefully)*—Do you think it would help any, my dear, if you'd let me talk more when I'm awake?—*Puck.*

"I made ten dollars this morning, pa." "That's right, my son. I'm glad to see that you recognize the advisability of being independent of parental assistance. How did you make it, my boy?" "Borrowed it from ma."—*Truth.*

Mrs. Laker—It isn't considered at all binding on the clergyman in Chicago to kiss the bride. *Mrs. Blecker*—Doesn't he ever do it? *Mrs. Loker*—Yes, sometimes, if he hasn't married her for quite a long time.—*Washington Stor.*

"That Little Lord Fauntleroy and the Mrs. Errol look very much alike. I imagine they are mother and daughter," said Mrs. Jarby at the play. "They are. The Fauntleroy is the mother of the Mrs. Errol," returned Mr. Jarby.—*Bozor.*

Histrionic Aspirant—Now, my dear Mr. Scribble, won't you write me a play suitable to my attainments! *Scribble*—Why, yes, Mrs. Holloway. Suppose I write a comedy in which you appear as an amateur actor? You could do that splendidly.—*Puck.*

Inquiring Son—Papa, what is reason? *Fond Parent*—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right. *Inquiring Son*—And what is instinct? *Fond Parent*—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.—*Tit-Bits.*

"That must have required considerable preliminary practice," said the tenderfoot, as Blizzard Bill shot the ashes from the cigar his partner was smoking at a distance of forty feet. "Practice," said William; "I should twitter. I guess I spiled more'n two dozen Chinamen learnin' that there trick."—*Indianopolis Journal.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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"Made in California."

The "made in California" movement—if it may be called a movement—is one of the whimsical and stupid proposals which appear every now and again to interest for a brief time the sentimental and the light-minded. Where an article of merchandise is made is of the smallest possible moment; the matter of importance is, is it well or ill-made? The character and quality of the thing itself is the only matter worth considering, and it is the only matter considered in the world of commerce and business. Ghirardelli's chocolate has a positive value based upon its well-earned repute, but the fact that it is made in California is of no interest to anybody but the makers of it. Asti wines have likewise a genuine value based upon quality, but nobody cares where they are made. In so far as the legend "made in California" implies quality it is worth while, but as a mere pander to cheap sentiment and applied to any and everything, whether the quality be good or bad, it is quite as likely to make for prejudice as for favor. It is a truism that there is no sentiment in business, and there ought to be none. Whoever will produce a merchantable article of anything is entitled to a fair competitive price. It adds nothing to the value of anything that may happen to have been made in one place or some other place. A mere sentimental or geographical preference is both stupid and unjust—stupid because there is no shadow of reason in it, unjust because it is a discrimination based upon an accidental and unsignificant circumstance.

◆

The Bill and the Letter.

When Governor Johnson took his pen in hand to reply to the President's appeal for delay in the matter of the alien land bill he was manifestly inspired by some unfamiliar genius of restraint. The letter, if not precisely a product of supreme talent, is still admirable as to manner and form. It is positive without bluster, and its arguments are well conceived and clearly stated. It puts the Californian side of the question in both its social and legal aspects compactly and effectively.

At the same time we think Governor Johnson ought not under the circumstances to have approved the anti-alien measure. It is in itself faulty in that it accords to the Japanese a three years' right to lease agricultural lands, thereby extending and making definite a privilege not directly conceded by the existing treaty. This privilege to lease lands opens the door to evasion in a hundred adroit forms. Under it the Japanese may legally arrange to hold practically any lands which they may wish to possess. And in this connection it is to be borne in mind that Japanese children born in this country and having the constitutional rights of citizenship are now numerous enough to hold title to any lands which their fathers or countrymen may have the disposition and the means to acquire. The bill as it stands has the double fault of augmenting the privileges of the Japanese in connection with our agricultural lands and of wounding the pride of which we hear so much. As to the latter, we would have no criticism to offer if it were accompanied by an effective prohibition of Japanese possession of our lands. . But in the form of the bill as adopted and to be approved by Governor Johnson it is a mere gratuitous affront, tending rather to aggravate than to improve actual conditions.

Furthermore the situation is not one of immediate and overwhelming urgency; and the question at this time is one better suited to the processes of diplomacy than to direct legislative action. We think Governor Johnson ought to have recognized this fact, especially in view of appeals made to him by the government at Washington. The President asked for delay, promising to take the matter up with the Japanese government, at the same time indicating his hope of accomplishing through diplomatic arrangement that which California desires. Governor Johnson, we think, should in courtesy have conceded the point. With entire propriety he might have said in his answer to Secretary Bryan all that he has said in his letter, assenting to a reasonable period of delay, but declaring his purpose, in case negotiations on the part of the government should fail, to resubmit the issue to the legislature of California. Such action on the part of the governor would have been no mark of weakness. It would in no sense have implied a change of heart for a purpose on the part of California to protect herself in accordance with her own standards of propriety and upon her own theory of legal rights. It would not have given the Japanese any right or pretext for an aggrieved pose. It would have put the issue in a form quite as positive and mandatory, yet free from the irritation with which it has unhappily become involved. On the whole we can but regret that the same admirable temper which controlled Governor Johnson in the formulation of his letter to Secretary Bryan should not likewise have controlled in the formation of his policy with respect to the measure itself.

◆

No Grievance—No War.

The idea that Japan will undertake forcibly to sustain her theory of rights under the treaty of 1911 is, we think, gratuitous and absurd. Even under the California law she has no concrete grievance. Her pride has been wounded in that she has been reminded of the fact that racially and socially her people are not acceptable in California upon even terms with the races of western Europe. But as a matter of fact Japan knew this already. By the terms of existing law Japanese are not eligible to American citizenship, and only four or five years back she was reminded that they were not desired as immigrants, and in response gave an official pledge to restrict their coming to this country. It would indeed be a new feature in international life if Japan should undertake a war to enforce social recognition for her people in America. However galled she may be in her pride, Japan has no real grievance, certainly no cause of war. And she has no means of making war against the United States. She might indeed, after the manner of a wild incendiary, by a secret and insane assault set our Pacific Coast in flames. But it would be the most foolish of policies, since the inevitable result would be a national disaster of overwhelming and unparalleled magnitude. Japan understands this well enough. She knows that an aggressive movement against the United States would involve the loss of such measure of recognition as she has won from the Western world. She knows that the instincts and sentiments which actuate California in the immediate matter at issue are deeply fixed in the Western mind. However much "the Japanese public generally" may wish to "teach the world" the "equality of whites and non-whites" her dominant statesmen know that the Western world is in no mood to be so taught and that in a war between these two countries the cause of America would be the cause of the white race, in which all the powers of Western civilization would in one form or another stand arrayed against her.

◆

White and Yellow.

The Japanese public generally is convinced that the California alien land bill is a racial and not an economic measure, and hence it is a blow to national pride, and the people feel that the world must be taught the necessity of equal treatment for whites and non-whites.

These remarks, embodied in a telegram from Tokyo, recall the familiar story of a tramp who sought to intrude himself upon a wedding party. Applying for admission at the front door, it was denied him. He went around to a side door and was told to begone. Appearing again at the back door, he was kicked into the street. "I know what's the matter," he said to his "pard," after detailing his adventures, "they don't want me in there." Just so, it appears to be dawning upon the Oriental mind that we don't want Japanese or the Chinese or other yellow races in this country in the character of associates and fellow-citizens upon equal terms. The "Japanese public generally" has at last got a correct hunch. The alien land bill is a racial and not an economic measure, expressing intentionally the purpose of the people of California that their state shall remain, strictly speaking, a white man's country.

The theory that the world "must be taught the necessity of equal treatment for whites and non-whites." is based upon one of those cocky misconceptions which is leading the Japanese into an attitude of futile and childish arrogance. The world will not be taught this lesson; on the other hand, it seems to be necessary to teach the Japanese that there are distinctions founded alike in instinct and in judgment which must be accepted, however distasteful the fact may be to the non-white races. In so far as these races are civilized—and nobody denies that the Japanese and Chinese are civilized after their own standards—they represent radically different conceptions and practices of life. They are as far removed from us in their social and moral attitudes as in their physical characteristics. We have an established social order, including a scheme of government in which they can have no sympathy and no part, and they ought not to wish to have. We do not object to them as visitors; we are willing to accept them as national neighbors. We cheerfully accord them a strictly limited individual hospitality. But we don't want them as familiars and domestic friends; we don't want to marry their daughters and we are not willing that they shall marry ours.

Equal rights as the Japanese interpret this term means a kind of affiliation which Americans are not willing to accord either theoretically or practically. It would involve a mix-up of breeds forbidden by racial instinct, and undesirable from any point of view. It is in truth an impossibility, since wherever the Japanese establish themselves in considerable numbers they make conditions intolerable to the white race. What happens in such instances is made manifest at Florin and Vacaville, where the incoming of a Japanese family means the outgoing of a white family. To accord the Japanese equal rights under their own conception of equal rights would involve abandonment to them of any region or district upon which they may enter; for no self-respecting white family can be induced to live in close inter-communication with Japanese. If anybody is curious to see how it works, let him take note of conditions as they exist in the region between Sutter and Geary and Buchanan and Webster Streets in San Francisco and at Vacaville or at Florin.

The white race will not be "taught" to accord to the Japanese the kind of recognition which in their vanity they crave. The white race will respect the Japanese in their own country; and to those here it will accord full protection and justice under our laws. But social recognition, social affiliation, neighborly relationships, and the privilege of intermarriage—these are out of the question. And since equal rights in the sense of full social affiliation is out of the question, it is not desirable that Japanese should come in considerable numbers or find lodgment here as a permanent element in the country.

The story of Japan's sensitive spirit—of her amazing pride—has been retold to weariness. We have heard too much of it. A false and stupid vanity—for it is nothing better than this—on the part of Japan can not be permitted to dominate the policy of nations. It will not hurt Japan to look the essential facts of her position in relation to the white race in the face; and the sooner she comes to understand her limitations, the better it will be for her.

Germans and the Cafeteria.

A German newspaper asks for information on the subject of cafeterias, being thus stimulated to the pursuit of knowledge by the recent proposal to call the southern half of the state by that euphonious name, as well as by a natural interest in California affairs in general. That a cafeteria is a kind of restaurant is surmised by the newspaper in question. But what kind? And if the cafeteria has any virtues over the more ordinary varieties of restaurant why should they not be implanted in German soil? Why, in short, should the Fatherland lag behind any other part of the world in its ministrations to the gastronomic comfort of its people? Thus does the German press keep an ever heedful eye on the progress of the world with a determination to admire and to emulate whatever would conduce to the glories of its own country.

Now with every desire to be of service to Germany it would be well to go slowly in this matter of cafeterias. New ideas can not always be transplanted with success. They may owe much to the human idiosyncracies from which they spring, or to a local soil that is peculiarly favorable to their growth. And the cafeteria habit is an acquired one. It is not an instinct. It demands not only conviction but training, not only persuasion but discipline. At the first glance we may reasonably suppose that any restaurant that has no waiters and where a spoon may be obtained by the simple process of taking one, and with no back talk, must be a heaven upon earth. But it is well to remember that there are two sides to the shield, and that where much is to be gained there are corresponding possibilities of loss.

Now it is not given to every man to maintain his natural dignity while carrying a tray. Very few men can be said to shine while so employed. Usually there is some impairment of that free and natural grace, that ease of deportment and carriage, that are properly associated with the male residents of California. The art can be learned, but it must necessarily owe much to an inherited temperament as well as to an acquired dexterity. It is for Germany to ask herself if her people are equal to the same task, if they have just those qualities of head and heart that will enable them to carry a loaded tray in a public restaurant and to maintain their belief in the divine destinies of their country. And the frequenter of the cafeteria must be prepared for emergencies that are not upon the bill of fare, so to speak. Not only must he be prepared continually to face the dangers of collision as he threads an intricate path to his table, but he must be ready to sustain the gallant reputation of his sex in the event of meeting a lady friend. It is not easy to bow while carrying a tray. It is not easy even to wish to. And the conventional military salutation of Germany is wholly out of the question. No one ever yet went to a cafeteria for the first time without an ardent prayer to be spared the pain of a chance meeting with a female acquaintance. Even its hardened and habituated frequenters are not entirely able to face the ordeal without a qualm. Is Germany sure that her sons can carry trays with the same easy hardihood that they have displayed on a hundred battlefields?

The cafeteria is relatively new in San Francisco and therefore we speak with diffidence. Its home is in Los Angeles, where they have added some intricacies and refinements almost unknown in the north. The Los Angeles cafeteria often provides music, which is supposed to be an advantage, although it is by no means easy to eat in time with an orchestra. And if the music is good you feel that it is something of a profanation to eat at all. But if Germany is determined to introduce the cafeteria it would be well to begin by easy stages. Let her sons first acquire what may be called the gymnastics of the art. Let them learn to face a lady friend with equanimity and dignity while carrying a loaded tray, and they can then advance by degrees to the delicacies and the intricacies of the new restaurant.

Harper's Weekly.

The failure of *Harper's Weekly*—for its sale is an open confession of failure—is easily traceable to natural causes. Chief among these is the fact that now for some years the *Weekly* has lacked the inside inspirations and the outside accreditment (if we may improvise a term) of definite purpose, with the personal quality which seems an essential element in the journalism of criticism and opinion. A mere newspaper may carry itself by energetic and effective reports of current events. Its interest for its readers may be supplied by the activities and happenings, including the adventures and misadventures, of current life. But more than this is necessary in a journal of opinion, whose function is not so much that of a reporter of facts as an interpreter of events and champion of principles.

When *Harper's Weekly* was under the hand of a known and accredited editor, with definite tendencies of judgment and assured integrity of purpose, it had a great vogue. It was not, indeed, universally approved, but it was universally respected. It was turned to each week by thousands, seeking for reasons sympathetic or the reverse to find what Curtis, Nast, and Schuyler thought of what was happening in the world. It had the tremendous value of sustained personality allied with known independence and an unfaltering intrepidity of mind.

There came a time when the editor was required for alleged business reasons either to "color" his interpretations and temporize his judgments or resign. Man of integrity and courage as he was, he quit the post in which he had won fame both for himself, his leading associates, and for the *Weekly*. Then it was undertaken to make up the loss by substitution of brilliant and artistic work from the hands of known and unknown writers and draughtsmen. In a purely literary sense, perhaps, the paper was as good or better than before. It sparkled with epigram and was ornate with art, but it ceased to command the attention of the country because conscience and heart had gone out of it. It was in the position of a church which should banish a spiritual leadership and set up a refined vaudeville in its place. The *Weekly* was sprightly and entertaining, but it lacked the values of courage and earnestness. Its prestige declined; its business fell off. Then there was tried the experiment of brilliant and famous but detached and irresponsible editorial service. Carl Schurz and a dozen other famous men were employed concurrently or in turn to write its leading articles and the Bohemian market was raked for attractive features—all to no purpose. The *Weekly* steadily declined.

Then came the era of Colonel Harvey—an era of brilliant, flippant, and casual writing. If Colonel Harvey had had no other occupation—if his fortunes and his repute had been bound up with the *Weekly*—he would probably have made a go of it. But as a man of many activities the paper interested him only as it stood in place to serve some transient and showy purpose. He gave to it now and again an industrious and effective service, but more frequently he left it to pens less authoritative, less responsible, and therefore less vital. Only in a single instance—the campaign for the promotion of Mr. Wilson for the presidency—did Colonel Harvey really get down to interested and persistent work on the *Weekly*. And when that particular job was done the paper was turned back into hands less definitely inspired and less resourceful. The revival of interest in the *Weekly* which came with the campaign for Mr. Wilson was lost when the paper turned again to be a mere cynical observer and a casual commentator.

Long ago the *Weekly* ceased in any regular, persistent, and individual sense to be a constructive force. Its attitude has been rather that of an entertainer than that of a counselor. Its efforts have gone to amuse its readers rather than to impress them mentally or morally. With irregular and temporary exceptions it has taken nothing seriously. In brief it has stood for nothing because it was right; it has held to nothing under the impelling motives of conviction and purpose. Seeking to be all things to all men, it has failed to be anything to anybody. And so, having abandoned its inspirations, having ceased to reflect the mintage of any definite and responsible mind, it has drifted along and finally it has drifted out.

The *Argonaut* is no admirer of the new editor. Mr. Hapgood, albeit a clever writer of paragraphs, has never illustrated largeness of mind or accuracy of thought. But he does stand for something. He stands for editorial independence on the one hand, and on the other for a furious progressivism. That he has in his professional character definite purposes for which he is willing to make personal sacrifices has been proved in another relationship; and certainly his fortunes and his reputation are now involved with the new venture. Whether under these motives he will be able to make a success of *Harper's Weekly* is an interesting question which a little time will solve. If his position is one of self-centred independence, he will in some sense find respect and support. If financial purpose or personal vanity are behind him, then he will soon find the collar galling and his labors futile.

Quite incidentally the career of *Harper's Weekly* may serve to illustrate changes in journalistic fashion within recent years. Illustration, which at one time was a special attraction of the *Weekly*, and which it has maintained out of respect for tradition, has become commonplace to weariness. Cheap and quick photographic processes have been appropriated by daily journalism and have been so degraded thereby as in the opinion of many editors to be no longer serviceable excepting for the purposes of sensationalism. The best daily papers in the country either never adopted it or have abandoned it altogether. The two or three weekly papers which have sustained themselves through a long course of years have never accepted the doubtful aid of gim crack pictures. *Harper's Weekly*, we believe, would do well to concentrate its resources upon editorial service, leaving art to the magazines and pictorial "thrill" to the yellow dailies.

A Legislative Slip.

Glancing over an epitome of those innumerable legislative commissions that now empower the governor of California to bribe, pension, employ, or subsidize every needy Progressive within its boundaries there are one or two points wherein zeal seems to have outrun discretion. Whether the "Commissioner for the Abolition of Poverty," with unlimited power to add to his numbers and salaries, was actually appointed there is no present method of ascertaining. Presumably the bill is one of the thousand or more enactments still awaiting the governor's pleasure, but if the royal assent has not yet been given it is well that the labor unions should bestir themselves and intervene with a veto so much more effective than any that can be exercised by a mere governor. For in the preamble to the bill we find a sentiment that must be peculiarly abhorrent to the

Building Trades Council and that must cause Mr. Tveitmoe to wonder if his California residence has been in vain. For it is expressly set forth in this preamble or introduction that "To eat, to work, and to be recompensed for enforced idleness is hereby declared to be the inalienable right of every man, woman, and child in this state."

Now that a bill should be drawn with such reprehensible carelessness is a reproach to the legislative abilities of California. That its actual meaning has been made clear by numberless precedents is no defense for a slovenliness of which the higher-ups would be quick to take advantage. That the legislature intended to give any legal or moral rights to those who are not members of labor unions is unthinkable. It would be a reversal of all those time-honored precedents established by years of boycott, mutilation, and murder. It would be a surrender of the fruits of a hundred strikes, with their intimidations, assaults, and assassination. The obvious meaning of the proposed law was that all labor unionists are entitled "to eat, to work, and to be recompensed for enforced idleness." It has been made clear beyond all possibilities of cavil that those who are not labor unionists have no rights to eat or to work, and as to being "recompensed for enforced idleness" if they are able to evade the numerous brickbats they may consider themselves fortunate.

Therefore the labor unions should see to this matter. The bill might be signed inadvertently. The governor might fail to notice a preamble so subversive of our customs, so fatal to established precedent and practice. But the incident should serve as a warning to legislators in a hurry. The enemies of labor are eternally vigilant, and they would surely avail themselves of any legal technicality as a basis for their unnatural contention that a man may remain on the outside of labor unionism and still retain his right to exist.

Plain Speech on the Canteen.

The canteen controversy has now been enlarged by the evidence of Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards and Surgeon-General G. H. Torney. General Edwards, speaking at the army conference recently held at Washington, said that the cocaine habit is rapidly sapping the manhood and efficiency of the rank and file of the United States army, and Surgeon-General Torney, speaking from the medical point of view, confirmed this sinister opinion. The cocaine habit, said both these experts, was acquired in the dives that have grown up like fungi around the army posts since the abolition of the orderly and supervised canteen. The owners of these dives are in the habit of giving an added horror to their liquid poisons by a drug still more insidious and still more fatal.

It is just as well that there should be a repetition of plain speech on this matter, although neither speech nor reason was ever yet known to be effective against stupidity and bigotry. The ban against the canteen was imposed by the influence of women. It is still defended and maintained by the same influence and in defiance of expert testimony overwhelming in its mass and unimpeachable in its veracity. The abolition of the canteen has been followed by a degradation that can be decorously described in some of its aspects, but that has still other features that can be adequately dealt with only in the medical text-book. Now the women who procured this disastrous "reform" have two alternatives before them. Either they can admit a mistake and so prove the reality of their benevolence for the soldier, or they can accept an inevitable verdict that an indignant public is already prepared to pass. That verdict will be to the effect that the sobriety, the health, and the chastity of the enlisted men of the country have in a distinct measure been destroyed by the organized efforts of women reformers.

Editorial Notes.

Organized benevolence at Chicago is on the rack of a searching examination into its methods, and the showing which it makes in certain cases is far from edifying. The circumstances in one case are interesting: Some time last year Mrs. Maggie Ustich, who lives next door to a branch of the United Charities, was attending a lecture on the care of babies when her house caught afire. Two of the children were asphyxiated and three were rescued. Since this disaster Mrs. Ustich, whose husband is in an asylum, has been given $299. But—here lies the nub of the whole matter—there has been spent by the United Charities in investigating and administering this case upward of $5000. Now the United Charities is being "investigated," which will cost another five thousand or more.

But perhaps before pluming ourselves upon better methods in California we would do well to look closely into the ways of organized benevolence at home. If it could be shown how many sleek, fine old gentlemen, how many unctuous young men, how many gracious matrons and smiling damsels were being maintained from the funds of charity organizations in California, including orphan asylums, free hospitals, "home-placing" agencies, Columbia Parks and boy farms, it might make the spirit of charity rise in wrath and indulge in unchristian speech. A few years ago the editor of the *Argonaut*, upon investigating the claims of certain institutions at Sacramento engaged in "placing orphans," discovered that there were three such in a community of only 40,000 people, that they were strictly proprietary affairs, that they hated and fought each other with a truly Christian rivalry, that they supported three retired clergymen in plug hats, some dozen or more broken-down ladies in half-mourning, and no less than a score of plausible young men and kittenish young women busy in the work of collecting money on a 50 per cent commission basis.

Ohio just now affords the country an illustration of the ultra-progressive idea in government. Certain employees of a street-car company in Cincinnati are on strike. They have not only abandoned their work, but have banded together to prevent anybody else from taking up the work they have laid down. Other employees of the street-car company are willing to operate the cars, but are forcibly prevented from doing so. The strikers have murdered a dozen or more non-strikers, have maimed others, and have destroyed a large amount of property. But the governor of Ohio—an ardent advocate and exemplar of the Rooseveltian idea in government—declines to employ the powers under his command for the protection of the non-strikers in the right to work or for protection of the property of the street-car owners. His theory is that the people should rule; and in this instance the "people" consists of a howling mob of thugs, murderers, and incendiaries. This we observe is the usual practice under the principle of "rule of the people."

The President puts the whole powers of his office behind the proposed tariff bill. He is for it as it came from the hands of the House Ways and Means Committee without the crossing of a t or the dotting of an i. None the less the bill seems destined to encounter heavy weather in the Senate, where the margin of Democratic votes is narrow. The Senate is not a subservient body. Its members have a way of standing upon their rights, which under their theory are as independent as those of the President himself. Among the Democratic senators there are many outspoken objectors to the bill in its present form; and all the Republicans, of course, and most of the Progressives stand opposed. Mr. Wilson's bill has a dangerous gauntlet to run; and it is not likely that it will get through it without many blows and some pretty radical maimings. The original plan for closed sessions of the Senate committee having the bill in charge preliminary to its being thrown into the ring has already failed. The committee hearings will be open to the end that the public may know what is going on.

The theory that a convention of Republicans to be held at Chicago in the early summer may determine the forms and purposes of party reorganization is, we think, one of absolute futility. Matters of this sort are shaped by events rather than by calculated agreements and factional treaties. Any attempt to make over the Republican party in advance of events must come to nothing, for there is no authority anywhere competent to control the sentiments or to command the allegiance of individual members of the party. That there is on all sides a disposition to re-align the Republican party under inspirations more than less progressive is manifest. It was indicated by the proceedings during the last day of the convention which nominated Mr. Taft; and it became a demonstration when the National Committee, a strictly conservative body, selected Governor Hadley for the compliment of the vice-presidential vote, following the death of Mr. Sherman. But the forces of progress are within the party. The development of progressive feeling is not so much by the officials of the party as through them. Anything like an authoritative national convention is, we think, out of the question at this time. It would be better to wait upon the progress of events—until the Democratic administration has progressed further with its plans and until the several progressive factions have had further time to observe and cogitate the futility of their schemes.

The appointment of a son of Samuel Gompers as chief of the division of publications for the Department of Labor is one of the things that it would have been better not to do. Probably Mr. Gompers, Jr., is qualified for his position and will perform the duties with fidelity. There is no reason to suppose otherwise. None the less it is undesirable that a son of the president of the American Federation of Labor should have access to official information in reference to proceedings in which the federation would have a vital interest. The part of wisdom would have been to appoint some one whose impartiality was unquestionable and whose partisanship would not have been suggested even by his name. The Department of Labor is a part of the federal government and therefore its more important officials should be chosen from among those free from affiliations with either the friends or the enemies of organized labor. The Secretary of Labor has a delicate position to fill, and it rests with him either to justify or to discredit the creation of a new office. He would have displayed a desirable caution had he chosen as chief of division some one other than Mr. Samuel Gompers, Jr.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

National and State Jurisdiction.

San Francisco, Cal., May 15, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: Recent events at Sacramento, supplemented by the visit of the Secretary of State for the purpose of "conferring with the California legislature" on the Japanese imbroglio, bring very clearly to the mind the present chaotic relations between the Federal government and the states in foreign treaty matters.

That there should be any difference of opinion regarding the powers of the Federal government in the enforcement of treaties, in a supposedly well-ordered country like ours, with a written constitution, must be as incomprehensible to our foreign contemporaries as it is somewhat puzzling to the ordinary American citizen. It is evident that there is a missing link in the chain of connection between the integral parts of our national structure and their focal point at Washington.

In his message to Congress of December 6, 1910, President Taft made the urgent request that Congress proceed, at its very earliest convenience, to pass enabling legislation giving to the Federal courts jurisdiction over all cases where the rights of aliens, secured by treaty with the United States, have been violated and to punish such violation as a crime. To the man in the street it seems strangely inconsistent that, while we jealously demand redress for any wrong committed on the person or property of an American resident abroad, the Federal government is unable, by law, to afford relief to the complaining citizen of a foreign country within our borders unless he be a denizen of a territory or the District of Columbia. All treaties with other countries contain a clause guaranteeing to their citizens residing temporarily or otherwise within the confines of the United States freedom from violence and due process of law in respect to their life, liberty, and property, yet in the 130 years of our existence as a nation, we have failed to provide the necessary procedure or authority for making good this obligation, embodied in our treaties. It is a neglect that does not redound to our credit nor to our moral prestige with the nations.

The question has come up several times with China, notably at Rock Springs, Wyoming, and Tacoma. In both instances mentioned the Federal government denied liability for damages to the property of Chinese citizens and for violence (and even death) done to them. President Cleveland in one of his messages, referring to the Rock Springs atrocities, stated that, while the government was in no way responsible for the outrages, he recommended the payment of $100,000 to the families of the slain Chinese and for damage to Chinese property. When Italy demanded indemnity for the families of the lynched Italians at New Orleans, Blaine, then Secretary of State, tried to explain the situation by stating that the government had no jurisdiction over crimes, not specified by Federal law, committed within the borders of a sovereign state. Of course, eventually, a bill was slipped through Congress providing an adequate indemnity. However, Congress is not always complaisant, and at some future time we may become involved over this question with one of the great powers at a period extremely inconvenient for us.

It is apparent that, until such necessary enabling legislation is passed, empowering the Federal government to protect aliens within the borders of the United States, and the question settled with the various states, all conventions involving the rights of aliens between us and other countries are not worth the paper they are written on.

There can not be any doubt that state laws may not supersede the provisions of a national treaty. To deny it is to reassert the old doctrine of State Rights, which was settled, it may be hoped for all time, on the bloody fields of the War of the Rebellion fifty years ago. The action of the California legislature, whether right or wrong, brings the whole question so forcibly to the front that it is an opportune moment for it to be finally settled by Congress and proper steps taken towards assuming our national duties in the protection of alien residents under the provision of the treaties with their respective countries.

A. E. Acklom.

Covering a period of twenty-three years, the statistical reports show that 1912 was the year when commodity prices were the highest and 1896 the year when they were lowest. The cost of living was, in 1896, the lowest ever known in this country.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

At the present time, when we are all revising our orthodoxies and discovering that they do not amount to very much, we may give a moment's attention to Mr. Dan Crawford, who has been a sort of social missionary to the Bantu natives of Central Africa for twenty-three years. These natives are not desirable citizens, being dirtier than any animal could possibly be, and yet they have a marvelous language with thirty-two tenses and nineteen genders. In spite of his dirt the Bantu is no fool. Mr. Crawford tells us that he tried to impress a native friend with the glories of modern civilization. He told him of the telephone, the railroad, and all those other things that, for some curious reason, we call progress. The man listened stolidly and then said, "To be better off is not to be better."

Miss Ida M. Tarbell has a disconcerting habit of showing that our cherished theories are wholly at variance with facts. It is a habit that should be discouraged. The average mind, and especially the legislative mind, can elaborate a theory upon any problem whatever in about four minutes, and pass a law based thereon in another four. But a search for facts is a handicap. It requires thought, and the power to think is not in the equipment of the democratic reformer. Miss Tarbell's latest incursion is in the domain of the minimum wage. Poverty, she says, is not an inducement to immorality, and by removing poverty we do not remove vice. We are told that "there is no class of people in any civilized country in which the morality of the woman is higher than it is in the very poorest classes." Vice is to be found chiefly among those who have too much money, not among those who have too little. It is to be expected from those who have not enough to do, not from those who have too much; from those who idle, and not from those who work. This is unanswerably true, and truly unanswerable, but we need not expect that facts will make any impression upon progressive theories.

There is no reason why Dr. Lyman Abbott should not clamor for a big navy. There is no reason why he should not be a vice-president of the American Peace Society. But there is reason why he should not combine these activities, since there is high precedent for the assertion that no man can serve both God and Mammon, or, in the vernacular, run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. But Dr. Abbott's name has now been removed from the vice-presidential list of the Peace Society, and henceforth he can "whoop it up" for a big navy, a big stick, big guns, and the whole outfit of the jingo.

That a Hindu princess should break her engagement is not entirely unprecedented, but it is nearly so, and therefore there is some consternation at the action of Princess Indra, the only daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda. The princess was engaged to marry Prince Jitendra, the son of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, but on the eve of the ceremony the lady informed her parents not only that she refused to carry out her contract, but that she had booked her passage for England and would sail at once. It will be remembered that the Princess Indra and her family were recently in America, and that her brother, Shirmat Jaisingrao, studied at Harvard. It may be recalled also that when the princess and her mother were invited to express an opinion about American women they replied that they were heartily sorry for them because they seemed so unhappy. The princess has not given any reasons for her summary action—at least not for publication—but it is supposed to be due to some caste difficulty, and not to an assertion of new womanhood.

Possibly it would be unconstitutional to suggest that the perpetual and unnecessary disturbance of the streets for underground work is an infringement of public rights, or that nine-tenths of these disturbances are due to the necessity for finding jobs for laborers who on their part will vote correctly. But they do things differently in Hamburg, Germany, where an annual meeting is called by the director of underground works for the purpose of ascertaining what disturbances will be necessary, and of arranging that they all be done simultaneously. These meetings are attended by four members of the street railroad companies, and one representative each of the electric lighting and power, the gas company, the water works, the traffic police department, the fire department, and the telegraph and telephone department. The various needs are compared and a programme settled so that all necessary work shall be done at the same time, at a minimum of cost to those concerned and at a minimum of inconvenience to the public.

The legal regulation of the aeroplane is proceeding apace. Great Britain has already codified her sentiments of inhospitality to the foreign aviator who, like the angel of death, persists in spreading his wings on the blast in defiance of international frontiers. Now France shows a disposition to follow suit and to recognize the dangers that may come unforeseen from the clouds. The Paris authorities, we are told, were so apprehensive that some humorous and aviating anarchist might drop a bomb on King Alfonso during the recent royal visit to France that no one was allowed to fly at all without a special permit. But how are these many laws to be enforced? The use of artillery against a suspicious stranger who may only be ignorant of the law is far too harsh a measure for toleration. Moreover, he might injure some theoretically "innocent bystander" in his fall. There seems nothing for it but to establish an aviation police, and what delightful thrills we might then extract from an attempted arrest with the possible complication of resistance to an officer of the law.

It seems too bad that the perfect baby discovered in New York after so much patient and expert search should have been produced in defiance of eugenic law. The infant is called Abe Idolowitz, and this in itself is a serious handicap. It was born on the East Side amid unhygienic and uneugenic conditions, and its mother was an immigrant who married at the age of fifteen years. In fact this misguided baby seems to have made itself perversely acquainted with all the eugenic laws for the purpose of violating them. In fact there seems to be some evidence of a criminal conspiracy among the unborn, seeing that the mother of the second best baby is undersized and a cripple and therefore ought to have been forbidden to have any babies at all. Here we have another evidence of the lawlessness of the day and of a youthful depravity that begins in pre-natal days. It ought to be seen to.

Miss Mae Scott-Troy of San Francisco seems to be seeking the bubble reputation in London with some success. Being a lady journalist—so she says—it may be described as her *métier*. Not content with championing the cause of the militant but incarcerated suffragette, Miss Scott-Troy now writes an indignant letter to Mr. Carnegie demanding to know by what right he poses as an American, in view of the fact that his name appears on the list of voters in the parish of Dornoch, Scotland. To this Mr. Carnegie replies meekly and to the effect that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remains American. Presumably he did not write the list of voters and disclaims responsibility for its aberrations. But Miss Scott-Troy has not finished with Mr. Carnegie, who may yet get his windows broken if he does not show circumspection. The lady asks point-blank, "Why did King Edward offer you a dukedom?" Now Mr. Carnegie may twist and wriggle, but he remains impaled upon the barbed hook of that question. To say that King Edward did nothing of the sort is obviously not an answer. Miss Scott-Troy of San Francisco has launched her question and is entitled to an unevasive answer. Otherwise the California fleet will beleaguer Skibo Castle.

That some silly people would get up a petition for the release of Julian Hawthorne was inevitable. It is true he did not murder his wife or commit any of those other crimes so dear to the feminine heart, but none the less Elsa Barker writes to the New York *Evening Post* to demand his liberation. She asks us "what possible good it can do to keep him there in a cell." Now we do not wish to have any controversy with Elsa and are determined to avoid it, but we may none the less suggest abjectly that "to keep him there in a cell" may have some effect in putting a little wholesome fear into the hearts of those who wax fat on the sale of gold bricks to silly people like Elsa.

Professor Chadwick of St. Lawrence University believes that the earthquake that visited New York on April 28 was a warning of others to come. The shock originated in the fault known as Logan's belt, which runs through eastern New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama, and it was this same fault that produced the earthquake of 1663, supposed to have been the most severe shock that ever visited the American continent. Professor Chadwick has been severely scolded for his warning, presumably on the ground that an earthquake in New York would seriously hurt business and is therefore unthinkable, but he sticks to his guns. He says that the earth has not come to rest, and that while there may have been no recent movements near the Hudson there have been movements in the Champlain and Hudson valleys. If New York had the same progressive spirit that is to be found in California the legislature would have done something in this matter before now. At least the governor might have appointed a commission of indefinite size and with still more indefinite pay.

Sarah Grand provides us with a wholesome antidote to the humbug of the modern novelist who has a message and a mission. She reminds us of the avowed aim of Scott "that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlabored and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse in one corner the pain of body; in another to relieve anxiety of mind; in a third place to unwrinkle a brow bent with the furrows of daily toil; in another to fill the place of bad thoughts or to suggest better; in yet another to induce an idler to study the history of his country. In all, save where the perusal interrupted the discharge of serious duties, to furnish harmless amusement."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Dedication at New York May 10 of a monument to Carl Schurz, "defender of liberty and friend of human rights," brought tribute to his memory from the President of the United States by letter, from a number of prominent men by spoken eulogies, and from a host of citizens, civil and military, by attendance upon the dedication ceremonies. A parade, consisting of United States and state troops, the Grand Army, including most of the surviving generals who fought with Schurz in the Civil War, and members of various German singing societies was a feature of the day's programme. The principal dedicatory addresses were assigned to Joseph H. Choate, chairman of the Schurz memorial committee, which raised $93,000, and Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to the United States.

Synthetic tannin which gives satisfactory results is among the new discoveries, and has been produced by Dr. Edmund Stiasny, assistant professor of the leather industries laboratories of the University of Leeds, England. The new tannin is made from tar distillation products in combination with other materials. It is stated that it has been already used on a fairly large scale in the German tanning industry. An advantage of the new tannin is that it can be prepared in a uniform manner, and the material is not subject to chemical changes.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Miller of Dee.

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee,
With his children three,
On his fat, red horse, rode by.
"Whither away, O miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the tollman old, with cough and sneeze,
As he passed the big toll-gate.
But the miller answered him never a word,
Never a word spake he.
He paid his toll, and he spurred his horse,
And rode on with his children three.
"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old tollman,
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he,
"But I'll follow you up and find out where
You are going, O miller of Dee."
The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When, with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old tollman passed by.
"Whither away, O tollman old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the milkmaid who stood at the farm-yard bars
When the tollman old crept past.
The tollman answered her never a word—
Never a word spake he.
Scant breath had he at the best to chase
After the miller of Dee.
"He won't tell where!"
Said the milkmaid fair,
"But *I'll* find out!" cried she.
And away from the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the miller of Dee.
The parson stood in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak-tree.
"And whither away with your pail of milk,
My pretty milkmaid?" said he;
But she hurried on, with her brimming pail,
And never a word spake she.
"She won't tell where!" the parson cried,
"It's my duty to know," said he.
And he followed the maid who followed the man
Who followed the miller of Dee.
After the parson came his wife,
The sexton he came next.
After the sexton the constable came,
Troubled and sore perplext.
After the constable, two ragged boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little black dog, with only one eye,
Was the last of the nine, who, with groan and sigh,
Followed the miller of Dee.
Night had anchored the moon,
Not a moment too soon,
Under the lea of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the river of Dee ran high.
He forded the river, he climbed the hill,
He and his children three;
But wherever he went they followed him still,
That wicked miller of Dee.
Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,
The miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned—behold!
Those who had followed him over the wold
Came up in the pouring rain.
Splashed and spattered from head to foot,
Muddy, and wet, and draggled,
Over the hill and up to the mill
That wet company straggled.
They all stopped short; and then out spoke
The parson, and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct tonight,
You wretched miller of Dee?"
"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,
I and my children three;
For I took them along, as I always do,"
Answered the miller of Dee.
"But you, my friends, I would like to know
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other, "We were out for a walk.
A nice cool walk," said they. —*Eva L. Ogden.*

The Undertaker of Amsterdam.

Once there lived an undertaker in the town of Amsterdam,
With its islands, with its windmills ever whirling night and morn.
Now, this busy coffin-maker couldn't stand a whit of sham,
For he never lost a minute from the day that he was born.
In the evening he was tapping,
In the morning he was rapping,
Gayly singing as he hammered on his coffins bright and new;
No one ever caught him napping,
No one ever saw him gapping,
But forever and forever went his tick-a-tack-a-too.
Soon his native generation ran its course and passed away,
One and all they kept him busy taking coffins from the shelf,
Children reached their consummation, elders tottered to decay,
But the hustling undertaker hadn't time to die himself.
In the morning he was tapping,
In the evening he was rapping,
Gayly singing as he hammered on his coffins bright and new,
No one ever caught him napping,
No one ever saw him gapping,
But forever and forever went his tick-a-tack-a-too.
Till at last upon a morning came a crowd around his door,
And they whispered to each other, "We can also undertake."
In they rushed, and threats a-scorning, held him down upon the floor,
Till they'd shut him in a coffin of his very choicest make.
Out beyond the town they took him;
In the deepest grave they shook him;
Then they heaped the dirt upon him twice as much as others do,
Then they breathed a little prayer,
With a self-contented air,
For they thought they had forever stopped his tick-a-tack-a-too.
But when evening shades are falling on the shores of Zuyder Zee,
When the vessels in the harbor sleep with idly drooping sail,
When the dairy-maid is calling to her kine upon the lea,
Oftentimes is heard a sound that makes the bravest bosom quail,
Timid maids a-terrifying;
Setting little ones to crying;
Floating o'er the silent waters, over meadows steeped in dew,
There is heard a dismal rapping,
Comes a ghostly, ghastly tapping,
And the men of Holland shudder at that tick-a-tack-a-too.

AN ORGY OF PAINT.

Another Picture Show at Burlington House.

Interrogated as to her verdict on the Royal Academy of this year of grace, a fashionably dressed lady who had been favored with a ticket for the private view at Burlington House rejoined: "I've seen a lot of people, but I haven't seen any pictures yet." She spoke more wisely than she knew. Of course the private view is not an art function; like Easter Sunday parade in Rotten Row, the prime motive with those who crowd Burlington House on that day to which the common shilling public is not admitted is to show their newest frocks and suits; but even if it were possible to see the exhibits for the people the number of pictures discovered would be a negligible quantity. According to the poet Gay, there was a time when Burlington House was distinguished for the "animated pictures" which adorned its walls, but that was in the days when the mansion was the home of a peer with a refined taste for art; since it became the headquarters of England's chief painting clique the occasions when Gay's eulogy might be repeated have been remarkably few.

What adds considerably to the interest of the Royal Academy this year is that for several months past an official effort has been made to anticipate adverse criticism of R. A. art. For a long time the London critics and the R. A. set have been at enmity; what has been said in the studios about the knights of the pen is unprintable; but when, a few months ago, the critics, by their frank comments on an Alma-Tadema exhibition, gave no sign of repentance, some of the pent-up wrath of the painters was let loose. On that occasion the public was informed that there is not a single artist who has not the entire and absolute contempt for the "pretentious and futile nonsense" penned by the art critics, and that it was time British art defended itself against the "literary parasites" who were destroying its vitality. This angry painter was obliged to admit that criticism of the type in question is having a disastrous effect on the picture-buying public; apparently he was wholly unconscious that the best reply for himself and his colleagues is to paint better. Judging from the phenomenal prices which are paid for the canvases of those old masters whom all agree in praising, there can not be so much wrong with the instinct of the picture-buyer.

As a matter of fact the Royal Academy has ceased to be representative of British art. This is largely the result of that clique spirit by which the institution is ruled, plus its cold hospitality to genius in the bud. The selection committee is composed of full-fledged members of the fraternity, and they would be less than human did they not show a marked preference for the paintings of their own set. Here is a suggestion for the authorities: Next year let the selecting committee be composed entirely of non-members of the academy, with perfect freedom to accept pictures on their merits. The result would surprise the R. A.'s and the public alike. If all the exhibits had to be sent in anonymously, and the winnowing done by a committee of taste, the show of 1914 would result in more "animated pictures" being hung at Burlington House than have been seen there for many a year.

How the present system of favoritism works is cogently illustrated by this year's exhibition. One or two examples will suffice. C. Napier Hemy has for many years specialized in seascapes; he is as well known for his bits of blue ocean as Sidney Cooper used to be for his well-groomed cows; hence at this late hour it should not be necessary for him to display more than a single sample of his wares. But as he is an R. A. he is hung five times over, whereas once would have been enough. Then there is B. W. Leader, who is as much a landscape specialist as Mr. Hemy a seascape connoisseur. We all know the kind of pensive canvas he affects; he has been processed and photogravured and hung in the print-shops for so many years that in his case, too, a single example would have been sufficient. Yet four of his pictures are hung, and thus two men have between them the wall-space of nine canvases, thereby robbing seven outsiders of a chance to get a first foot on the ladder of artistic fame. If that rule were applied to all the R. A.'s there would be a gain of wall-space sufficient to transform the entire exhibition.

Another bane of London's most-advertised annual picture shows is the presentation portrait. If one could get at the facts of most portrait commissions it would be found that in nine cases out of ten the commission is given on the express condition that the portrait is to be "hung" at the Royal Academy. For what purpose should a man labor to become a successful brewer or a prosperous soap-boiler if he is not to be rewarded by having his effigies on the walls of Burlington House? Nor does the nuisance end there. The children of the Hon. This or the baby and cat of Blank Esquire are doubtless charming ornaments of their own homes, but when they are portrayed with photographic realism in all the glare of fresh paint they are neither things of beauty nor joys forever.

And despite the danger of being charged with lese-majesty, it must be added that the royal portraits are apt to offend in the same way. There are three in the present exhibition, one a large family piece set in a Buckingham Palace interior, the other two semi-symbolical portraits of King George and Queen Mary. The family piece is an experiment by John Lavery, a Scottish artist who has made a brave fight through many years for a front place, but is scarcely its own justification, for it fails by reason of its attempt to blend regal character with domestic life. The separate portrait of the king, a gorgeous affair which depends for its effect upon an admiral's uniform and the deck of a battleship, gives its subject far more inches than he possesses; the portrait of the queen is more remarkable for its painting of regal robes than for revelation of character. But the worst of the offenders are the sculptors, for than the marbles of King Edward it would be difficult to imagine busts having so little likeness to an original.

Few of the artists of established reputation will add much to their fame by their exhibits of the present year. Sir Hubert von Herkomer, for example, has made a failure of his portrait of our old Radical friend John Morley, who is so enswathed in his academical robes as to obliterate all recollection of "Honest John." Something of Herkomer's old power, however, shines from his quietly posed and quietly painted portrait of Justice Deane. Mr. Lavery, too, is far more successful with his portrait of Lady Gwendoline Churchill than with his family group in Buckingham Palace. Of all the portraits, however, the one of greatest charm and artistic distinction is J. J. Shannon's group of the Lady Ashby St. Ledgers and her son. There is animation and character in this canvas, while the form and tone of the subdued background show that the artist has been to school with Gainsborough.

In the absence of art, one of the chief amusements of the visitor to the Royal Academy is to "spot" the popular picture of the year. On this occasion the choice seems to rest between the Hon. John Collier's "A Fallen Idol" and Edgar Bundy's "Finance." The latter may be commended to the editor of *Life,* for it is a satire on Semiticism pointed enough to give him an hour of undiluted joy. Mr. Bundy has chosen a post-prandial episode for his theme, his canvas showing a richly appointed dining-room in which six Hebrews and one Gentile are coming to business at the conclusion of a sumptuous repast. Fruit-laden epergnes and flower-bowls and dessert plates have been pushed aside to leave a clear space on the table, across which the sons of Shem are driving some bargain with their Gentile victim. It is a picture which the alert Tory cartoonist will doubtless travesty to exemplify Lloyd George doing a little gamble in Marconi shares. And on the other hand perhaps the Liberal caricaturist will find a subject in Mr. Collier's canvas, interpreting the "Fallen Idol" in the terms of Tory abandonment of food taxes. Here we have a library interior with two figures, a husband seated at a table while his wife kneels and bows her head on his knee. The fact that an alternative title of "Will He Forgive Her?" has already been suggested is evidence that the London dinner-tables will rage furiously with discussions as to what the woman has been doing and whether there will be another case for the divorce court. That these two canvases will cause more talk than all the other hundreds put together is proof enough that this year's academy is little more than an orgy of paint. Henry C. Shelley.

London, May 6, 1913.

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These "reform" movements make good copy for a while and keep a lot of idle theorists out of worse mischief, but how nauseating they get before the circulation man reports a falling-off of sales, and the "crusade" ends (says *Newspaperdom*). Luckily, the public, however excited it gets, soon tires of any sensation and rushes off after some new fad, but the "exposures" and "uplifts" and all that are surely tough while they last. Just now the country is hysterical over the social evil. It has been informed that quite a number of women go wrong and there have been committees appointed to find out if this is true, and other committees appointed to put a stop to it if it is. I believe the first bunch of committees reported in the affirmative. I am also informed that the second bunch of committees has not yet completed its labors. Incidentally, I wonder if this clever country of ours will ever settle down and be quite sensible—whether or not we will ever quit "play-acting." We seem to be such born maskers and have such a deuce of a time trying to fool each other. Now we are going to hang all the employers of high and low degree because the morals of their employees are below par. That's all right. If anybody wants to hang an employer, let him go ahead and hang for all I care, but don't fill up the newspapers with it every day. This vice inquiry is an interesting and salacious affair if any one likes it, but the stories are not new. As I remember history, there was one of these investigations and crusades on the very first page, but Eve never blamed the high cost of living, or said she was only getting five dollars a week. Even since her day there's always been more or less of this same sort of thing, long before there were hard-hearted department store proprietors to blame. I want to see the world just as good a place as it can be made, but a little more common sense and plain speaking are among the first essentials. As far as I can see, the present efforts at reform will have about as much to do with abolishing certain evils as shooting storks would with decreasing the population.

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Australia produces a magnificent tree nettle, *Laportea gigas,* abundant in some parts of New South Wales, which sometimes reaches a height of 140 feet with a trunk of great thickness and very large green leaves, which, when young, sting violently. In some places it forms scrub forests, and its stinging leaves form a great impediment to the traveler.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mario G. Menocal was inaugurated president of Cuba on May 20. He is regarded as a strong, progressive man, and is well known as an able army officer, having risen to the position of major-general.

Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson, one of America's foremost women sculptors, is said to have entered a convent at Rome. She attained a success in the plastic art which was almost sensational in its meteoric rise.

A. T. Hibbard, this year's winner of the Page traveling scholarship, awarded by the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, for general excellence of work, lives at Dorchester, Massachusetts. The scholarship entitles the holder to $1200 a year for two years for study abroad.

Arthur Eddington, recently appointed Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy at Cambridge, in succession to Sir George Darwin, was senior wrangler in 1905, and soon afterward became a Smith prize man, being elected to a fellowship at Trinity College. He is at present chief assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith, just retired from active service, is an old Indian fighter. He served in campaigns on the Western frontier in Arizona, the Dakotas, and Nevada. Later he served in the Philippines and in Cuba. He was in command of the Fifth Brigade, Second Division, at Galveston, recently. General Smith is a native of New York. He graduated from West Point in 1873.

John Rennie, oldest purser of the Atlantic, has ended his sea career after traveling 2,604,000 miles by water. He has crossed the equator 420 times, and has been at sea for forty-seven years. Rennie is a native of Scotland, and during his career has been purser on some twenty steamships. His last trip was made on the Lamport & Holt steamer *Vasari,* which recently arrived at New York from Buenos Ayres.

Francis L. Patton, president of Princeton Theological Seminary, has just retired, having been associated with Princeton since 1881. He has been placed on a pension of $3000 a year, but will continue to act in an advisory capacity to the board. Dr. Patton is a native of Bermuda, born in 1843. He graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1865, and in the same year was ordained a Presbyterian minister. Before going to the university in an official capacity he served several large churches. During his career he has published several volumes dealing with theology.

Dr. Edwin F. Smith, plant pathologist in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, recently declined a $10,000 position with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research to retain one at $4000 with the government. He attracted attention by his investigations in the comparative study of plant diseases in their relation to man and beast. Dr. Smith is fifty-nine years old, a native of Northern New York, and a graduate of the University of Michigan. He has been an expert pathologist of the Department of Agriculture since 1889. He holds international distinction among bacteriologists and is the author of important books on such subjects.

Patrick MacGill, assistant in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, has risen from a railroad navvy or section hand through his own efforts and has gained considerable notice as a poet. He was born in the north of Ireland, and at the age of fifteen left home and wandered through the big industrial centres of Scotland, working at anything he could find to do. With little education, he set about educating himself, and within five years had gained a knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. While employed as a railroad hand he issued a little book of verse, "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook." Later he went to London and tried his hand at journalism.

Major Robert Wilson McClaughry, one of the best-known criminologists in the United States, and probably better informed on prison affairs than any other man in the country, has resigned as warden of the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. He is seventy-four years old, and except for the time he spent in Chicago, where he was connected with the police force, he has been engaged in prison work almost continuously since 1874. For fourteen years he was warden at Joliet, for three years superintendent of the industrial reformatory at Huntington, Pennsylvania, and later superintendent of the Illinois state reformatory at Pontiac. Known as "the humane warden," he put prisoners upon their honor to observe the rules, a policy that succeeded.

William H. Riggs, possessor of the most wonderful private collection of armor in the world, has arrived in this country from France to view the leading art museums, with particular reference to what collections of armor and the ancient trappings of war have been gathered here since he last visited the United States thirty-five years ago. He has spent his life amassing his treasures, which repose in his mansion in the Parc Monceau, Paris. They are to the collectors of armor what the Morgan art collection is to the general connoisseur. Among the historic pieces of his collection is the parade armor of the first Duke of Alva, the sword of Henry of Navarre, the gauntlets of Henry VIII, and the helmet in which Henry II was fatally wounded when jousting.

THE DOUBLE CROSS.

Insignia of a Small but Select Circle of Sympathy.

"We're to have an addition to our circle," Mrs. Villars blandly announced at breakfast—the exigencies of the poor lady's existence as the mistress of a semi-fashionable metropolitan boarding-house had schooled her to blandness even at the meal sacred, the world over, to the matutinal grouch—"She arrives this evening. She's from the South, a writer of short stories, who has come on to get into closer touch with the world of letters"—Stallings of the *Evening Sun* suppressed a sympathetic groan. "She's young," Mrs. Villars pursued pacifically, "pretty"—with a side glance at Welles and Hastings, who had a corner on the youthful ardor of the establishment—"and—a widow."

"Which variety?" queried Hastings. This was distinctly indelicate in view of the fact that it was a disputed question as to whether the unlamented Villars had secured his release from the matrimonial bond through the medium of death or the divorce court.

"I didn't inquire," Mrs. Villars informed rather stiffly, "but as she is in mourning I inferred——"

"I'm sure we'll all be glad to have her with us," interposed Mrs. Carmody good-naturedly. Mrs. Carmody's mission in life seemed to be the pouring of oil on troubled waters.

"I was sure she'd be welcome when I took her," said the mollified Mrs. Villars. "I knew you would all be pleased at the addition to our family circle of this charming young Southern litterateur."

Mrs. Villars differed with Juliet as to the potence of a name. To her the name was everything. "Maison Villars" her stationery proclaimed her establishment; she added artistic verisimilitude to her new-old mahogany furniture (purchased of a dealer in "antiques" whose factory ran overtime to turn them out) by ascribing it to Adam and Heppelwhite; while even the dilapidated bureau with the missing top which graced Hastings's third floor back bedroom derived dignity from being dubbed a "chiffonier." Carmody, a department head in a Sixth Avenue dry goods emporium, figured in her philosophy as a veritable merchant prince; Miss Standish, stenographer to a firm of brokers, was alluded to as "Messrs. Wainwright's confidential secretary"; Hastings, cub reporter, and Welles, shipping clerk, were respectively "a rising journalist" and "man of affairs"; I myself was mysteriously "in Wall Street, you know," with the implication of being first aid and understudy to the redoubtable Pierpont himself; while to hear her speak of Stallings, city editor of the *Sun*, was to fancy him the patron of all present and the peer of all past makers and masters of metropolitan journalism; Messrs. Greeley, Dana, and Pulitzer quite suffered by contrast.

Mrs. Villars's "family circle" heard her announcement with degrees of enthusiasm varying with age, sex, and temperament. Mrs. Carmody, stout, middle-aged, and comfortable, seemed pleased; Miss Standish, whom we suspected of designs upon Hastings, seemed less so; Carmody ate in stolid indifference; Welles and Hastings beamed, and Stallings and I, who are past the age of romance, looked dour.

"My prophetic soul!" groaned Stallings as together we sought the subway, "we're up against it, Severn. I know the sort of thing—beauty-cream complexion, French gilt hair, baby-blue eyes, coquettish little white-frilled bonnets and tantalizing veils, winning ways and wiles and all the rest of it. She'll do a sob stunt for a week or so, then she'll begin to try to subjugate us old stagers, to foregather with the fledglings"—thus he irreverently dubbed the callow Welles and Hastings—"to strum airs from 'The Pink Lady' on the piano and generally work havoc with our peace and quiet. Think I'll change my quarters."

"I'm with you there," I nodded. I don't like widows—never did.

But we neither of us put this threat into execution; we did not think it necessary when we had seen the widow. She was so thoroughly unobjectionable, being conspicuous only by being entirely inconspicuous—if you can figure the paradox. A shy, slim, shrinking slip of a girl she was—she could have been eighteen—looking a mere child in her severely simple black frock with the merest touch of white at wrists and throat. She didn't talk shop or self; indeed she didn't talk at all, speaking only when spoken to and then chiefly in monosyllables.

It took me three days to discover that the eyes concealed by her long lashes were violet; her hair was not golden but a soft brown that showed coppery gleams under the electrics—"henna," Miss Standish snappishly suggested when Welles mentioned it. Hers was not a countenance one would single out in a crowd; yet, viewed at close range, she had the face of a flower—an anemone for choice. Upon the whole she was so small and slight and helpless that even I, confirmed cynic that I am, instinctively felt an impulse to shelter and protect her. (And when a man finds himself yearning for the rôle of protector to a coy bit of femininity, he'd best take himself in hand—unless he's resigned to the Lohengrin lockstep and a flat in Harlem!)

We saw very little of Mrs. Levis—Viola Levis was her wholly unobjectionable appellation. She never appeared at breakfast—which endeared her to us all, for what normal man can be amiable, agreeable, and interesting at eight a. m. of a chill winter day? As the masculine members of the household lunched downtown, we saw the widow only in the evenings—and then briefly, for she usually sought her room the moment she finished her dinner. So far from foregathering with the fledglings, it took much coaxing from kindly Mrs. Carmody, who felt for the girl's loneliness, to get her into the reception room one evening, and more coaxing still to get her to the piano. Once there, however, she began a brilliant prelude (which brought Stallings downstairs on the instant) and sang, in a manner that impressed even my ignorance, what Stallings (who is up on everything) pronounced "The Page's Song" from "The Huguenots." I'm not musical, but even I could recognize voice and training and temperament in her performance. And when Welles begged for something simpler—"just plain Anglo-Saxon, you know"—she gave "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the familiar "Miséréré" like—well, if you recall Patti's "Home Sweet Home" you'll see what I mean. She hoped to secure a choir position, she said simply, and Mrs. Carmody, who shines in church circles, promised to help her secure one—an easy task, we all conceded, with a voice like that!

So far from using her wiles upon us, Mrs. Levis's sole thought seemed to be to efface herself. Yet her sweetness, her daintiness, her gentle beauty—oh, what's the use? Suffice it to say that, as Welles phrased it, she had us all "roped, tied, and branded" within a fortnight. Only Stallings held out, and that even he was weakening was attested when I saw her hand him a manuscript as we were starting down town one morning with a gentle:

"I've made the corrections suggested, Mr. Stallings—and thank you very much."

"Yes, you born idiot," Stallings later confessed to the unspoken query of my mocking glance, "I'll have 'em use this in the Sunday edition. It's some story, too, if you want to know!"

"Hearts and Flowers," I suggested gently, "The Loves of Gwendolen," "The Soul of Sylvia Langholme"——

"Not on your life, Severn. The title happens to be 'The Line of Least Resistance,' and it's a big, fine, virile thing—the sort Dick Davis does at his best. It's as fine a character study as I've crossed in ages—it isn't a love story, you know, and the plot is corking. Give you my word, Severn, it's great. Who'd have thought a child like that had it in her?"

"*Et tu Brute!*" I mused sadly. "Oh, Stallings, Stallings, and I once thought you sane!"

"Shut up, you sordid old money-grubber," counseled Stallings—albeit he had the grace to blush—"You've the heart of a clam and the soul of a drugged sheep!" And with that he strode disdainfully ahead.

I'm not an impressionable individual. The fact that I've reached my thirty-eighth year without yearnings for a rose-embowered cot and a ménage of two should substantiate that statement. But—not to delay the action with the overture—at the end of three weeks I was the slave of Viola Levis.

Wall Street is hardly conducive to romantic imaginings, but I found that thoughts of Viola pursued me even here, and it seemed a natural sequence that my invaluable office boy (who had he been otherwise might have sent her away) should bring in to me late one afternoon a black-bordered card inscribed in chaste old English lettering "Mrs. Richard Levis." I'm a humane man, but I confess that at the moment I was quite resigned to Richard's demise. Then the invaluable Billy showed Mrs. Levis in, and the inanity I had improvised by way of greeting died on my lips when I saw the pallor of the childish face and the anguished expression of the violet eyes.

"Mr. Severn," she began without preliminary, and the low voice was pitifully unsteady, "I—I've come to you in my distress because—because I feel that you are sincerely my friend and that I can rely upon your kindness. I have just had a message that my dear mother is ill—she is to be operated upon tomorrow—and I must go to her—oh, I must, Mr. Severn—at once." She struggled for control, but great tears welled into her eyes and overflowed upon her pale cheeks. Few women can weep becomingly, but Viola Levis was conspicuously one of the few. I tried to speak, but something rose in my throat and choked my utterance.

"I—I—hardly know how to say it—to ask," she faltered. What a dolt I had been not to have understood. She was very pale, but a crimson spot showed on either cheek and her small hands were tightly clasped. I could see what the ordeal to which my crass stupidity had subjected her was costing her. I reached for my check-book.

"I quite understand, Mrs. Levis," I interrupted, "and I'm honored that you will let me be of service. If you'll mention the amount, I'll write you a check—or better still," with a glance at the clock, "since it's past banking hours, I'll have my cashier give me the currency."

"Thank you," she said simply; "you are more than good. Believe me I shall not forget your kindness. I shall be leaving the city at eight. I wonder if it would be trespassing too far upon your courtesy to ask you to go with me to the station? I feel so desolate—so utterly alone——" Her voice faltered, but she controlled herself, while I assured her with convincing fervor that it would delight me beyond measure to act as her escort. I think I was beginning to stammer some idiotic incoherency to the effect that I'd be happy to serve and protect her always, when she interrupted with a gentle: "Please don't. Not now. Not yet." And her emphasis of the adverbs opened the gates of joy to me.

I was glad she did not trouble to count the roll of bills I had brought in to her, for it was thrice the amount of the modest sum she had mentioned. Operations, I had heard, were costly things, and I could not bear to think that the poor child might feel handicapped, at such a time, for lack of funds. Indeed I made the mental resolve that she should never again lack anything in my power to give her.

"Oh, thank you," she breathed again. "Will you take this, please?" Then suddenly I became aware that she was fumbling at the laces at her throat, and the next instant she was holding out to me a slender gold chain from which hung a jeweled pendant.

"Please, please take it," she urged. "Don't refuse me. It is my dearest possession, and the thought that you hold it as—as security, so to speak—will make me feel less as if I were accepting charity. Please—I insist."

She thrust it into my reluctant hand, but when I found it still warm from contact with her soft white throat my fingers involuntarily closed upon it.

"I'll keep it," I whispered inanely, "as a memento of you. And you'll soon be back to claim it, I hope."

"Surely," she smiled through her tears, "and thank you again. Till seven then—and please be on time. I mustn't miss my train."

Before I could detain her she had vanished.

I dined down town—dinner at the Maison Villars is served sharp at 7:30—and a little before 7 a taxi put me down at that admirable establishment. I felicitated myself, as I let myself in, that being early I shouldn't have to run the gauntlet of the questioning glances of the other men. But, to my dismay, Stallings was there before me, calmly reading an evening paper in the hall, and as I hung up my hat Hastings entered, followed a moment later by Welles. I wondered unamiably what luckless chance made them all so annoyingly prompt; usually they straggled in at any old hour. Perhaps the news of Mrs. Levis's departure had somehow reached them and they were gathered to see her off. Well, at all events, she had shown her preference and I was prepared to carry her off in the face of a battery of curious or hostile glances.

As the moments passed I could not forbear a covert glance at my watch, discovering as I glanced up that Stallings was also consulting his. It was already well past seven, and unable to stand the strain of inaction longer I waylaid a passing slavey, crossed her palm with silver, and instructed her (in a discreet whisper) to inform Mrs. Levis that Mr. Severn was below and at her service.

"Missus Levis, is ut?" queried the ingenuous Nora in stentorian tones (I do not asperse the honesty of the Hibernian character, but I do insist that it is sadly wanting in subtlety and finesse); "Missus Levis, eh?"—the trio in the hall were all attention—"Why, sor, belave me Missus Levis left in a taxi more than an hour ago."

"Yes," supplemented Mrs. Villars, appearing on the scene; "Mrs. Levis's mother is to be operated on for appendicitis tomorrow and they wired her to come at once. The poor child went to pieces completely. It seems—she was very reticent, but I finally made her tell me—she was a trifle short of funds. I don't often make loans to my lodgers, but in a case like this—I let her have thirty dollars. She insisted upon making me take her watch, poor dear! but I slipped it into her suitcase as I helped her pack."

My heart warmed to plain Mrs. Villars. I felt I had never fully appreciated her.

"Why," chimed in Mrs. Carmody, coming ponderously down the stair; "I lent her fifty. She simply made me take her pearl brooch, as security, she said."

I had never credited either Hastings or Welles with any great degree of astuteness, but I'll have to hand it to them—both "arrived" before I caught on. Simultaneously they began to delve in their pockets.

"Her mother's wedding ring," breathed Welles, holding up a thin gold circlet.

"Richard's last gift—her dearest treasure," appended Hastings, producing a jeweled locket. "Played me for a boob all right, all right. Asked me to pawn it for her. I took the bait, rustled the coin and kept the trinket, which I judge is worth all of $2.59. Cost me my sole seventy-five!"

"Same stunt!" lamented Welles. "Fifty bucks!"

Stallings maintained a discreet silence, but later confessed to having "advanced" her a hundred on her story, which, at their regular space rates, netted something like $33.75. I may add that this story subsequently proved to have been the work of one of our best-known masters of that difficult art and to have appeared six years previous in a standard periodical, which fact, while impugning Stallings's omniscience, attests, as he insists, the infallibility of his literary judgment.

I was meditating an unostentatious exit from the disconsolate group—the conversation was taking too personal a trend to suit me—when Carmody's entrance saved me an embarrassing avowal. It appeared that he, too, had fallen for Mrs. Levis's tale of woe and had lent her two hundred on an "engagement ring" which proved to be a "Peruvian brilliant"—value $6.50.

A long silence fell upon the group, broken at last by a single tense word uttered fervently by Hastings. It was the common or garden appellation of an unpopular locality lying beyond the Styx. Then the party adjourned.

Leigh Gordon Giltner.

San Francisco, May, 1913.

A BOOK ABOUT LABRADOR.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell Tries to Turn Some Needed Light on the Country of His Adoption.

Labrador's debt to Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell need not be emphasized. Whatever is known about Labrador by the average man has come to him through Dr. Grenfell's pen. In this new and enlarged edition of his important book he reminds us that the country has not much history, that until the year 1700 nothing ever happened there. Jacques Cartier said it was "the land God gave to Cain," and from that time until a few years ago its possibilities were overlooked. It was a name upon the map, awaking neither curiosity nor attention. Today, says Dr. Grenfell, Labrador is a laborer's land. Men must work to live, and if they work well they live well. Such metals as it has may give out, but its real wealth is in those things that reproduce themselves. Once more it may be said that if Labrador is now to begin the making of a creditable history it will be due in no small part to Dr. Grenfell and his efforts to make us familiar with the country in all its aspects.

For the Eskimo the author professes a warm respect, and herein he agrees with all other authorities, navigators, and residents alike:

> The best educated people in the country at present are the Eskimo. Almost without exception they can read and write. Many can play musical instruments, share in part singing, and are well able to keep accounts, and know the value of things. These accomplishments, entirely and solely due to the Moravian missionaries, have largely helped them to hold their own in trade, a faculty for want of which almost every aboriginal race is apt to suffer so severely.
>
> I have known an Eskimo called in to read and to write a letter for a Newfoundland fisherman, and I have had more than once to ask one to help me by playing our own harmonium for us at a service, because not one of a large audience could do so. I have heard more than one Eskimo stand up and deliver an excellent impromptu speech. Reading the Newfoundland Blue Books, reporting the numbers able to read and write in Labrador, I acquired an entirely erroneous estimate of the people's accomplishments in those directions. Our white population is still very largely illiterate. Some headway has, however, been made of late years, and literature and loan libraries distributed through the Labrador Mission are now accessible all along the coast, and are creating a love of reading.

If the true Labradorman has not much education he has a certain native nobility that education often banishes. He is hospitable, faithful, truthful, and loyal, and therefore class distinctions do not exist:

> The complete absence of artificial class distinctions on the coast is one of the most refreshing experiences a visitor can have. A man may have fustian instead of broadcloth, sea-boots instead of patent-leather boots, a blue guernsey instead of the latest cut of frock-coat, but a man is a man in Labrador for all that—independent and free from self-consciousness, which quite falsely humbles one man in the presence of his fellow-men. Thus I have had guests many times staying with us in our house, waited on at our table, and then quite naturally adjourning to the kitchen and feeling absolutely at home and unembarrassed there with the servants, without any false contempt for others, just as a Ruskin, or a Tolstoi, or the Christ would have it.

Mr. William B. Cabot contributes a chapter on the Labrador Indians. All of them belong to the Algonquin branch and we have a good account of their manner of living. Their customs, he says, must be judged in the light of their conditions, even the practice of abandoning the old and the feeble being sometimes an absolute necessity. Mr. Cabot quotes from Hind's account in his "Labrador Peninsula":

> In their intercourse with us the Nascaupees evince a very different disposition from the other branches of the Cree family, being selfish and inhospitable in the extreme; exacting rigid payment for the smallest portion of food. Yet I do not know that we have a right to blame a practice in them which they have undoubtedly learned from us. What do they obtain from us without payment? Nothing; not a shot of powder, not a ball, not a flint. But whatever may be said of their conduct towards the whites, no people can exercise the laws of hospitality with greater generosity, or show less selfishness toward each other, than the Nascaupees. The only part of an animal a hunter retains for himself is the head; every other part is given up for the common benefit. Fish, flesh, and fowl are distributed in the same liberal and impartial manner: and he who contributes most seems as contented with his share, however small it may be, as if he had no share in producing it.

The educational and religious needs of the people are mainly supplied by the Moravians, whose establishments are open to few of the reproaches that have been brought against other branches of missionary work:

> The Brethren here now have a little hospital besides their educational and religious work. At first the "Innuits" would not subject themselves to the necessary hospital regulations. We carried thither the first patients in our little hospital steamer. A severe epidemic of grippe (with heart troubles and other complications) was killing many. We had picked up a full load, and dumped them on the new doctor. It was a new experience to see an Eskimo trying to accommodate himself to a bed. The warmth of the ward was objectionable. The additional heat of bedclothes was intolerable. Washed to a fine nut-brown, with their jet-black hair and large, dark eyes, they formed a most pleasing contrast to the white sheets on which they lay when we paid our first morning visit. Covering of any kind they had long disposed of, and even then they were perspiring and panting. Nature seems to have taught them what civilization has made us forget—the value of fresh air.
>
> In a terribly fatal epidemic of typhoid fever in 1896 I had tried to persuade some of my patients to remain in their tents when very feverish. In one case I had endeavored to enforce my ruling by removing the patient's garments. Such a trifling "impediment" had not daunted him. Why stay under cover when you are hot? Next morning when I returned, I found him stark-naked, huddled up in the cold, waiting for the doctor and the ravished clothes. He eventually recovered, in spite of me.

A chapter on the dogs of Labrador is eminently appropriate, since the activities of the country could hardly be carried on at all without these energetic helpers. The Labrador dog, says Dr. Grenfell, is practically a wolf. He is somewhat smaller than the wild wolf, but he makes up for this deficiency by a superiority in courage:

> Our dogs know little or no fear, and, unlike the wolves, will unhesitatingly attack even the largest polar bear. On one occasion a man's dogs, traveling along smooth sea ice, scented a white bear and started off like the wind. They suddenly turned a point and ran right into him, so that the traces tangled round the bear before the astonished driver had time to unlash his gun. As soon as he could, he cut the traces, but even in harness the dogs kept Bruin at bay. Though the bear stood up to fight on his hind legs, the dogs managed to get in some good bites without being hurt. On another occasion a man brought me a specially valued dog that a bear had squeezed. The bear had been sighted some distance off on the ice-floe, and the dogs were slipped to hold him up for the hunter. By the time he arrived on the spot they had the bear practically killed. But two had been damaged by him, one clawed and one squeezed.

Curiously enough, this superiority in courage, doubtless due to human association, makes the dog more dangerous than the wolf to man himself:

> The Labrador wolf has never been known to kill a man. Yet on several occasions single men have fallen in with them. One man told me that a pack followed him almost to his own door, that they stopped when he stopped, and came as close as ten yards. He had no gun and no means of defense, yet they never touched him. The Labrador dog has much the same respect for man. He is, moreover, affectionate and playful. You can easily make a pet of him, if you treat him well. He is generally harmless to children when he is decently looked after, but a team of dogs together, however quiet, are never safe to strangers. Even a single dog, if kicked about, badly fed, and left to be worried by the neighboring dogs every day of his life, can not be trusted.
>
> The wolf will track a deer day after day till he captures it. Again and again our trappers have seen evidence of the indefatigable zeal and indomitable resolution of a single wolf in following a caribou herd; and observers all agree that each time the track spells the shadow of death. A settler told me the story of a doe caribou which, in the early summer of 1906, he saw brought to bay on the middle of a pond by a single wolf. The ice had thawed out, and it was necessary for the wolf to swim off to get at the deer. The wolf, after long hesitation in taking to the water, which it apparently hates, swam off, fought the caribou, and though repeatedly knocked down by her fore hoofs, at last pulled her down.

The dogs seems to be almost invulnerable against nature. They never lose their way, they will attack fearlessly any other animal of the country, and are remarkably clever at fishing for themselves. A female is usually chosen as the leader, and the ideal team is a mother and a dozen of her own pups:

> There can be no question that the dogs love to be driven. They go perfectly wild with excitement when they are in harness. The komatik must be lashed to a stump or stone, and the line cut only when the driver is ready to go. The team then shoots off like an arrow from a bow.
>
> They are, of course, flesh eaters, and, by nature, purely carnivorous, only touching meal and farinaceous foods when compelled by dire hunger. During my years in Labrador they have killed two children and one man, and eaten another. In the case of the second man the evidence went to show that he was not killed by the dogs, though his dead body was devoured by them. In that case (winter of 1906), a man, his wife, and son got lost. Their bodies were found only when the snow melted away during the following summer. Of the owners of the dogs only the bones were discovered. As the dogs returned in good condition after a fortnight's absence, all of them were shot. The other man killed (also in 1906) was driving home, and had badly fed, savage dogs. He was apparently beating them, when they fell on him and nearly tore him to pieces. Each of the two children fell down in the midst of a pack that had begun fighting.
>
> The dogs will kill almost any kind of domestic animal quite naturally. I was passing a house one day into which an elderly lady was driving a goat. I heard a shout and noticed my leading dog was calmly proceeding on the way, dragging the unfortunate goat in his mouth by the hind leg.

The dogs are fed once a day and are always hungry, and yet a team will go for two or three days without food. Dr. Grenfell tells us that he has traveled seventy miles a day with a half-breed team of seven dogs and two hundred and fifty pounds of baggage:

> The great beauty of a dog-team is that it seems to banish all conventionalities. You can go anywhere and everywhere with no roads, no hedges, no walls, no restriction but your own will; and that will, without rein or bridle, you make your dog's will. Dogs can carry you up almost the steepest snow slope and down again in safety. They do not slip or sink in, and if they fall over even a high cliff in the winter, they are very rarely hurt. They seem to understand what you say, and so form a better companion than a horse. They are automobiles which need no handling of their machinery. They enjoy traveling almost more than their masters enjoy it. They learn to love you as only a dog will, and if it were not for their occasional outbreaks of wickedness, they would make the best of companions. As it is, I know of no greater pleasure possible than a large, strong team, a good leader, a brisk, bright spring day, and a really long journey to go.

Among the great sources of Labrador wealth is the cod, which supplies a food of which the palate never wearies, as well as glue, oil, manure, and fuel. The monster cod has now disappeared, but his smaller successor is just as voracious, while under the disadvantage of being eaten alive by the seal, which are "quite indifferent on that point":

> The actual company enjoyed by these gregarious creatures may be observed any season on the Labrador, when the great schools of cod are feeding on the living caplin, as the latter, themselves in countless hosts, run inshore to feed. The water is then often literally black with cod, and so eager are they after their food that the air over the school is alive with fish jumping after their prey. Additional excitement in the water is furnished by the dogfish, sharks, seals, or herring-hogs, which follow the cod from interested motives. Cartwright, in 1776, gives the following description of such a school: "Observing many codfish to come close inshore, where the water was deep, I laid myself flat on the rock, took a caplin by the tail, and held it in the water in expectation that a cod would take it out of my fingers. Nor was I disappointed, for almost immediately a fish struck at it and seized it. And no sooner had one snatched away the caplin than another sprang out of the water, and actually caught a slight hold of my finger and thumb. Had I dipped my hand in the water I am convinced they would soon have made me repent of my folly, for they are a very greedy, bold fish."

There are many other fish, including the halibut, flatfish, and herring. There are also sharks, although the shark is not usually to be found in very cold water:

> It seems to surprise most people that the shark is found in Labrador, as he is always associated with tropical waters. The variety we have is the sleeper, *Somniosus microcephalus*, the little-headed, sleepy shark. He has a large body up to fifteen feet long, and fully lives up to his name. He feeds on offal thrown overside, earning the name of gurry shark; he is the most despised of our ocean fauna. He frequently gets caught in the sunken nets for seals, though not nearly as often as he deserves, for he browses along the nets, eating out the seals. In most cases his energy is not sufficient to make him push into the net. A ten-foot shark has a mouth contour of two feet, and a gullet proportional. It is said that he eats live whales, biting huge pieces out of the abdominal blubber; but I can not believe him smart enough to do this. So sharp are his teeth that he will sculp all the fat and skin off a dead seal, without taking two bites at one piece. I have taken from his stomach nearly every bit of a seal's skin and fat in one long string the width of the shark's mouth, almost as one takes off the peel from an orange or an apple. On one occasion we found in a shark the carcass of a red dog, which we had left on a pan of ice to drift out to sea a week previously. The sleeper shark seems to have little capacity for pain. Captain Atwood reports that after driving a scythe right through one's stomach, it came placidly back and went on feeding off the same dead whale in the same place.

Among the great ocean mammals are the whale and the walrus. Dr. Grenfell tells us that he has counted a dozen whales in a single school, but their number is decreasing through the constant fishery. The same may be said of the walrus, not more than about fifty of these great beasts being now killed annually:

> Though to Europeans of so little value, to an Eskimo the walrus may mean everything—meat, clothing, light, housing, boats, weapons, nets (from plaited bowel); everything necessary can be got from a good walrus. However, the skin of the ring seal or the bay seal is the Eskimo's usual clothing. Only the blown and dried gut, which is sewn with sinew and makes an excellent oilskin jumper, and is mostly used in kayaking, is obtained from the walrus.
>
> The meat is black, and to us offensive. We were walking along the beach one day, and, while crossing a pebbly ridge, felt it move up and down as if it were on soft rubber. We moved a few top layers of stones, and found an immense cache of raw walrus meat left against next winter. Another cache we saw barred into the end of a sea-worn cave. This was, however, so odoriferous, we could only suppose it was in reserve for the dogs. A sick Eskimo boy that we had for twelve months as a patient would at first eat no "kableuak" food. We had to keep a supply of dried walrus meat that looked like tarred leather. This he would tear in strips with his teeth and eat raw, somewhat as men chew plug tobacco. The tusks are the greatest prize, however, for on these the Eskimo depend for their harpoon tops, the bone being heavy and curved exactly as they like it. We brought out one year a few iron harpoon tops for some northern friends. But I found they did not use them, greatly preferring the native tusk tops. These are most skilfully made; they are purposely divided into three pieces so that when the harpooned walrus puts a heavy strain on the line, the pieces come apart, leaving the barbed head inside the animal. Thus the weapon itself does not break.

Seals are still numerous and are naturally disliked by the fishermen because their skill is so much greater. Dr. Grenfell tells us that he has known a seal haunt a net so persistently that to get any fish the owner had to watch all the while at one end of it, and even then the seal would almost snap off the fisherman's hand as he raced to be first to disentangle the salmon:

> The large, gentle eye makes the seal's appearance exceedingly attractive, and those inclined to be sentimental have found in him a great scope for their effusions. As a matter of fact, he eats his prey alive. He will take a bit out of a fish, and leave the rest to struggle away and die slowly. They are fierce fighters, and will catch and eat birds swimming on the surface of the water. One was seen devouring a salmon alive. The seal swallowed him by inches, swimming a mile while the struggle lasted. It seemed an open question whether he would succeed or not. Another seal was seen to capture a gull on the water, but the persistent harrying he got from the rest of the birds persuaded him to let the wounded victim go.

The Labrador wolf, while it will never attack a man, can not be acquitted of the charge of killing defenseless animals for pleasure. We read of carcasses of freshly killed deer with only the tongue eaten:

> The method by which the wolves destroy the caribou was hotly debated some time ago. I append two detailed descriptions from eye-witnesses. Mr. Flowers of Hamilton Inlet, hunting with his brother, noticed a full-grown caribou flying at top speed across the barrens. From the hill on which they were they watched it through their field glasses, and noticed it mount a neighboring steep ascent at the same matchless pace, and then suddenly stop and lie down. Very shortly a large timber wolf came flying by. As soon as it sighted the caribou it turned off and ran to leeward, making a long circle as if afraid to go near. Probably it had had experiences before. Soon after two more wolves came along, and one of these also started to circle round. The other, however, went straight at the deer from behind, while its attention was drawn the other way. It ran right in under the forelegs and grabbed the deer high in the throat. The deer, a fine old stag, reared up on his hind legs, the wolf still holding on. The deer then went down and tried to knee the wolf to pieces against the hard ground. Just at that moment one of the party shot the deer, with the result that all three wolves got safely away. The deer would certainly have been killed anyhow.
>
> In the second case the deer, a doe, took to the water and swam off to a small islet. The wolf, a single one, only followed after a long delay, and did not seem very anxious for the fight when he first landed. However, when he did begin, the deer succeeded in knocking him down three times by rising on her hind legs. But the wolf got hold by the throat, and the caribou would probably have been quickly killed, even if a shot had not at that moment ended her life.

Dr. Grenfell's book will probably continue for a long time yet to be the chief source of our information about Labrador. He has the pen of a ready writer, he has all the knowledge of his subject that there is, and he is actuated by a wholly impersonal benevolence that conduces not only to accuracy, but to a most felicitous style.

Labrador: The Country and the People. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, C. M. G., M. R. C. S., M. D., and others. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS

The Girl with Two Selves.

Those who avoid the scientific story need have no hesitation in this case. The author is wholly unembarrassed by facts. With his first plunge into the bewildering depths of abnormal psychology he feels himself to be free on the limitless expanses of fancy. Now a girl with two personalities and with only one body between them, but who is courted by two men and imagines herself to be married to one of them is likely to find herself in some delicate situations, especially when one of the men at the request of the girl's father consents to play the part of a husband—of course within reason—in order to comfort her. We can imagine nothing more uncomfortable than alternating personalities in a girl, especially when each personality has its preferences and is unaware of what the other personality has been doing. But the author steers his delicate way with some skill, and it is commendable of him to do so, seeing how easily he could be led into indelicacies. In fact he tells quite a clever story with some well-drawn characters and an ingenious solution to a tangle that at one time seems almost hopeless.

The Girl with Two Selves. By F. H. Costello. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Three Farms.

These recorded experiences of the author on three farms—in France, in Canada, and in Indiana—are described as an adventure in contentment. The author writes so delightfully of country life and with such zest and humor as almost to persuade us that the city should be abolished and that there can be no true communion with one's soul amid bricks and mortar. But we awake in time. The illusion is due to the unusual vivacity of Mr. Mätter's literary style, which is quite capable of wheedling his reader into matrimony or any other of those daring escapades to which farm life is as nothing. But if there are any misguided persons capable of believing that a country life is consistent with the higher virtues—which of course it is not—they will find here a decided impulse to the *descensus averni*.

Three Farms. By John Mätter. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.20 net.

New Leaf Mills.

It is easy to see that Mr. Howells's story is something in the nature of a reminiscence. He lays the scene in Ohio before the war, when rumors of an abolition cause were beginning to stir men's minds and to throw the shadow of separation across the country. Owen Powell is the keeper of a book and drug store, vaguely conscious that he is a failure, and willing to accept the isolation that attends his profession of the Swedenborgian faith. Then comes the opportunity to sell out at a profit, and Powell willingly turns his back under the vague stimulus of an idea that he will now be able to buy a timber property and start a paper factory and so be of benefit to the whole neighborhood. We do, indeed, see the beginnings of the factory, but it dies at birth, as everything that the idealist dreamer touches must necessarily die. So Powell returns to the town, not exactly disappointed, for disappointment does not belong to that sort of nature, but with a sense of failure, yet still with no waning of his power to idealize uselessly. He will start a Swedenborgian bookshop, and since no other way to benefit humanity presents itself he devotes his mild energies to the concealment of runaway slaves and also to confirming himself in the conviction "that if some such higher conception of society could possess the entire state, a higher type of civilization would undoubtedly eventuate." Which is unquestionably true. The Powell type is nearly extinct today. The benevolent if ineffective dreamer has given place to the vicious dogmatist, and we are the poorer for the change. But Mr. Howells has rendered a service by his delicate portrait of an early type, futile enough, but not wholly without its decorative and other values.

New Leaf Mills. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50 net.

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Immigration and Labor

Dr. Hourwich is responsible for a presentation of the immigration problem from the economic point of view that is so complete as to leave none of its aspects untouched. Objections to immigration are usually based on the theory that new arrivals in the country establish a foothold at the expense of those already here, that the labor market is already overstocked, or that the character of the immigration is unassimilable. All of these contentions are disputed by the author. He shows that the immigrant creates work and that large amounts of foreign capital accompany him, that the exclusion of unskilled immigration would result in an over-supply of skilled labor, that it would not relieve unemployment, that it might imply an extension of child labor, and that it would lead to a further depopulation of rural districts. These opinions are not merely set forth as personal verdicts. They are sustained by masses of statistical information and by close and logical reasoning that bears no mark of the special plea or of the brief. Dr. Hourwich's book seems, in short, essential to a comprehension of the case, since it has no competitor in its own definite field.

Immigration and Labor. By Isaac A. Hourwich, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50 net.

The Girl of the Golden Gate.

Lovers of sea adventures will find here a capital yarn of wrecks, desert islands, derelict ships, and mutinies, and a yarn told with some skill and energy. Stories of this sort are usually destructive of human life, since it is necessary to isolate the hero and the heroine, and so we watch the disappearance of all the crew and the passengers of the *Cambodio* with the exception of Lavelle and Emily Granville, who manage to effect a landing on a floating island and to escape from there to a derelict ship just before their frail refuge is shaken to pieces by the sea. If this is Mr. Meloney's first story—and it seems to be—he deserves praise for a vigorous and imaginative piece of writing.

The Girl of the Golden Gate. By William Brown Meloney. New York: Edward J. Clode; $1.25 net.

Also and Perhaps.

Sir Frank Swettenham is a master of the art of ruminating pleasantly upon unusual experiences as well as upon the more familiar problems of a prosaic world. In this volume we have twenty essays that begin, very properly, with "First and Last Love" and that lead us to many parts of the world and to many strange happenings. How can we explain the dream that predicts correctly the winner of a horse-race? Do strange coincidences suggest some unknown law of human fate? How can we explain the marvels of the Hindu juggler? Why do people annoy us by their incredulity when we are stating matters of fact? These are some of the questions propounded by the author and discussed with an abounding and shrewd good humor, as well as a sense of moral, mental, and literary values.

Also and Perhaps. By Sir Frank Swettenham. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

Tommy Tregennis.

Something more than the conventional word of praise is deserved by this delightfully fresh and frank study of life in a Cornish fishing village. It is hard to say whether it would be most fascinating to those who know Cornwall already or to those who make its intimate acquaintance through the author's introduction. Tommy, and his mother, and his teacher, and the ladies who come visiting from London are drawn with all the delicacy of fine portraits, and although we have only a suggestion of love-making we get so large an overdose elsewhere that it can be easily spared. "Tommy Tregennis" is a book to be read and to be lent to one's best friends.

Tommy Tregennis. By Mary E. Phillips. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20 net.

Little Cities of Italy.

A volume by André Maurel needs no recommendation, especially when it comes as a continuation to one of the most delightful books about Italy that have yet seen the light. In his first series M. Maurel gave us sixteen "little cities of Italy." Now we have another series, including Milan, Pavia, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Pesaro, Rimini, Urbino, Perugia, Assisi, Spello, Montefalco, Spoleto, Orvieto, and Viterbo.

Only an erudition like that of M. Maurel is competent to translate the charms of the ancient cities of Italy, of which every stone is saturated with tradition and romance, with laughter and tears, and redolent with the spirit of Italian history. But erudition alone is not enough. A guide-book may have erudition. It is sympathy, reverence, and awe that persuade these relics into eloquence, and M. Maurel better than any living writer knows how to operate this charm. To visit Italy without his guidance would be a misfortune, for he is alike historian, artist, and poet, as well as a most kindly companion whose laugh is never far below the surface.

Little Cities of Italy. By André Maurel. Translated by Helen Gerard. With forty illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50 net.

The Candid Adventurer.

Anna Coleman Ladd tells us the story of two people and an artist's model. The two people are Jerome, painter and poet, who has returned to New England after the usual artist wanderings, and Mrs. Osborne, a beautiful widow with whom Jerome falls in love at first sight and whom we know that he will ultimately win after he has persuaded her that his beautiful model is only a model as far as the tenderer sentiments are concerned. Personally we should have much preferred the model to the widow, but we feel sure that the author would have frowned upon our choice.

The picture of Jerome is a refreshing and invigorating piece of work. So, too, is the sketch of artist life in Rome. The whole story in its simplicity, compression, and attention to essentials is a distinctive piece of work.

The Candid Adventurer. By Anna Coleman Ladd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

The Land of Little Care.

There is more hearty and solid satisfaction in one of Mr. Kiser's unpretentious rhymes than in many a volume of analyses of sickly souls that pass as poetry. Readers of the Chicago *Record-Herold* are always quick to turn to Mr. Kiser's column for some quaint and homely fancy that will give a rosy color to the day, and they are rarely disappointed. Now we have a little volume of Mr. Kiser's verse for which we would willingly exchange a whole shelf of the aforesaid alleged poetry.

The Land of Little Care. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser. Chicago: P. F. Volland & Co.; $1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Solid Geometry Developed by the Syllabus Method," by Eugene Randolph Smith, A. M., in consultation with William H. Metzler, Ph. D. Price, 75 cents.

Among recent wholesome books for boys is "St. Dunstan Boy Scouts," by Warren L. Eldred (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50). It is issued in the St. Dunstan series, already well and favorably known.

It is generally known that George Moore dramatized his novel, "Esther Waters," and that it was staged in London during December, 1911. The dramatic version has now been published by John W. Luce & Co.; $1.25.

Under the title of "Shakespearean Studies" the Rev. William Rader of San Francisco has printed a number of his sermons on the ethics of Shakespeare. The little volume is published by Richard G. Badger, Boston. Price, $1 net.

Those who prefer the modern to the classical books for children may find what they want in the latest addition to the Prue books. It is entitled "Prue's Jolly Winter," by Amy Brooks (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1).

Those in search of a competent summary of Socialist theories can hardly do better than place themselves in the hands of Morris Hillquit, whose "Socialism Summed Up" has just been published by the H. K. Fly Company ($1 net). But why the cartoons?

"A Poor American in Ireland and Scotland," by Windy Bill, is an account of a journey to the old country, interesting from its unconventionality and utter lack of literary art. The author's style is so unstudied as to be attractive. It is published by W. S. Van Cott & Co., San Francisco. Price, $1.50.

The enthusiastic golfer need be dependent neither on the links nor on the weather, for here is a little volume by John S. Macdonald entitled "Deck and Home Golf" and that describes just how the game may be played on board ship or under the domestic roof. It is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, Philadelphia, have published a volume that should be useful for school and other debates. It is entitled "Both Sides of 100 Public Questions Briefly Debated," and with affirmative and negative references. The authors are Edwin Du Bois Shurter and Carl Cleveland Taylor, and the price is $1.50.

The first two volumes of "The Everyman Encyclopædia," now in course of issue in twelve volumes by E. P. Dutton & Co., fully bear out the promise of the advance notices. Each volume will contain 640 pages, comprising over 500,000 words, and the information is comprehensive, condensed, and practical. The illustrations are very different from the usual absurdities in works of this kind, being used only where necessary and in immediate contact with the articles calling for them. The price is 35 cents per volume, an astonishingly low figure for an exceptional value.

A substantial volume entitled "The Sunset of the Confederacy," by Morris Schaff (John W. Luce & Co.; $2 net), contains a striking picture of the closing days of the Civil War on the Southern side. Mr. Schaff has already proved his literary prowess, and while this volume contains nothing that is new, it is a strong and pathetic presentation of a tragedy.

"The Queen of the City of Mirth," by Elbridge H. Sabin, is a volume of rather unusual stories for children, unusual because they contain an element of humor instead of merely fun. A number of full-page colored plates are contributed by Elenore Plaisted Abbott and Helen Alden Knipe. The volume is published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

"Fighting by Southern Federals," by Charles C. Anderson (Neale Publishing Company; $2 net), strikes a rather new note in Civil War discussions. The author shows that the numerical strength of the armies that fought for the Confederacy was about 1,000,000 men, and that 296,579 white soldiers living in the South, 137,676 colored soldiers, and about 200,000 men living in the North that were born in the South, making 634,255 Southern soldiers, fought for the preservation of the Union.

The White House

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The Amateur Gentleman by Farnol	$1.40

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Perfect Gentleman.

Every social aspirant knows, or must learn, that his path will be strewn with agonies and that under a thousand disguises of pleasure he must encounter the severest miseries that it is possible for the human mind to endure. So perhaps it is well that he should be taught to laugh at them, and no one can do this quite so effectually as Harry Graham, who already has some fourteen volumes to his credit. Mr. Graham deals with dress, dancing, travel, table manners, art, letters, and many other pitfalls of a like kind. He even tells you how to comport yourself if you are asked to take in to dinner the wife of a Chinese diplomat and you suddenly discover, after being seated, that you have been wasting your blandishments upon the diplomat himself. The author is to be congratulated upon a volume of delicious humor that is not wholly without its message.

The Perfect Gentleman: A Guide to Social Aspirants. By Harry Graham. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

The Air Pilot.

We are prepared to believe anything of the European secret services, and Mr. Randall Parrish has taken full advantage of our credulity. He tells us the story of a French aviator who comes to America to exhibit a new aeroplane and who finds himself the object of aggressive interest on the part of certain German agents. He is abducted, offered bribes of a fabulous amount, charged with murder, and after a number of extraordinary escapes and adventures he succeeds in literally taking his flight from his enemies. The sentiment, otherwise known as heart interest, is supplied by a young woman reporter who is employed in the first place to entrap the young aviator and who naturally falls a victim to his Gallic fascinations. Mr. Parrish has done much better work than this, but he can hardly help being interesting.

The Air Pilot. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The *Bookman* for May, in addition to its usual critical articles, a chapter of California reminiscences by Bailey Millard, and a story by Jack London, has several pages of notes about the new writers of the season. Wisely, perhaps, the editorial pen has refrained from setting down prophecies of the future of these literary débutants, though with superfluous complacency.

Between 1849 and 1856 there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* about a dozen pieces of verse signed "A. C. S." What could seem safer than the inference that they must have been the earliest effusions of Algernon Charles Swinburne at the time a lad of from twelve to nineteen? Accordingly they have been recorded as Swinburne's "Juvenilia" in a bibliography of that poet and in Edmund Gosse's article on him in the Dictionary of National Biography. Some one has lately happened to come across a volume containing several of these verses which was printed for private circulation in 1854, and it turns out that "A. C. S." was not the famous lyric poet but—a major in the army! His name was Anthony Cunningham Sterling.

There was a total of $65,770 realized at the Browning sale at Sotheby's May 2. The love letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett excited keen contest and were bought after strenuous bidding with Mr. Quaritch by Mr. Sabin, the New York dealer, for $32,750. Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese were bought by Mr. Quaritch for $5650. The manuscript of Browning's "Asolando: Fancies and Facts," published the day he died, was bought by Mr. Hornstein for $4950.

Coöperative principles are gaining ground in England to such an extent that they have spread to literary men. A London dispatch states that the *Blue Review*, in announcing its first number, says that it marks a new development in the management of English literary magazines. It will be conducted on coöperative principles, similar to those so successfully adopted in the case of certain French reviews, notably *Le Mercure de France*. Writers of the younger generation have bound themselves to contribute regularly to the *Blue Review* without payment for nine months, at the end of which the profit-sharing scheme comes into operation. Under this scheme all the profits, after the deduction of the working expenses, will be divided among the contributors.

In the "In Memoriam" column of the London *Times* for April 19 the following advertisement appeared:

> BYRON—George Gordon Noel Lord Byron died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824.
> "When love who sent forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, the brave."
> "The Bride of Abydos."
> Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said, "It is as if the sun had gone out."

This notice annually is paid for under the terms of the will of a lady who greatly admired the poet, and is to appear, it is understood, every year in the *Times* until a memorial of Byron is admitted to Westminster Abbey.

New Books Received.

The Port of Adventure. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Long Way. By Mary Imlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Turning of Grigsby. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A story by the author of "Keeping Up with Lizzie."

The Creeping Tides. By Kate Jordan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

The Joy Bringer. By Grace MacGowan Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.25 net.

A tale of the painted desert.

The Woman of the Twilight. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Girl with Two Selves. By F. H. Costello. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net.

A novel.

Virginia. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Addison Broadhurst. By Edward Mott Woolley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.25 net.

A narrative of adventure in business.

The Land of the Spirit. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.20 net.

Seven short stories.

Court Masques of James I. By Mary Sullivan, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Their influence on Shakespeare and the public theatres.

Zones of the Spirit. By August Strindberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

A book of thoughts and aphorisms.

Kalidasa. Translated by Arthur W. Ryder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 35 cents net.

Translations of Sakuntala and other works. Issued in Everyman's Library.

Seeing Nature First. By Clarence M. Weed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.

Illustrated sketches of things to be seen in our fields and woods.

Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. By Alpheus Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50 net.

A guide to collecting and preparing specimens, with descriptions of the life, habits, and haunts of birds, insects, plants, etc.

Our Own Weather. By Edwin C. Martin. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

A simple account of what we know about the weather.

Report on the Improvement and Development of the Transportation Facilities of San Francisco. By Bion J. Arnold.

Social Environment and Moral Progress. By Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, O. M., D. C. L., F. R. S., etc. New York: Cassell & Co.; $1.25 net.

A review of present-day conditions.

Princess and Queen of England: Life of Mary II. By Mary F. Sanders. New York: Duffield & Co.

A biography.

Pagan Prayers. Collected by Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 60 cents net.

A collection of prayers from world sources.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Lass I Love.

The lass I love, O, red's her cheek,
 Her eyes are bits o' heaven;
The reason isn't hard to seek—
 Her mother's out of Devon.

The lass I love, her plaits are black,
 Her tongue is soft and merry—
Her grand-dad got his pedler's pack
 Among the hills o' Kerry!

The lass I love has thrift for three,
 For 'twas her mother's granny
That loved a sailor from Dundee,
 Where all the folk are cannie.

Now naught o' hers I've found to link
 Wi' the land of leek and daffy,
And yet she's thieved my heart (I'll think),
 So there's your touch o' Taffy!—*Punch.*

Yesterdays.

Douarnenez in Finisterre!
I passed a purple autumn there,
 Where sabots clattered down the street
 And lads were lithe and maids were sweet
 (We little recked that Time was fleet!)
And life and love were in the air.

In gray and pink the low-roofed town
Right to the harbor mouth ran down;
 The church with quaint, decrepit grace
 Fronted the ancient marketplace
 Where first I saw her flower face:
Jeanne's face, which never learned to frown.

Though life to alien cities brings
My steps, that picture lives and sings:
 The girl in mediæval dress,
 Her head erect, through joy and stress
 All dignity and loveliness:
A peasant with the soul of kings.

How I recall that sailor's son,
Pierre, whom all men called "Le Brun,"
 And how I hated him when he
 Came with the fishers from the sea
 (For was not Jeanne the world to me?)
And ended what was scarce begun!

It mattered much, it matters naught;
The story stops where stories ought;
 And still throughout the world, I trust,
 Youth turns to youth and gold to rust
 And dust returns again to dust—
Love wins what money never bought.
—*Reginald Wright Kauffman, in Smart Set.*

A Highway of Ceylon.

There lies a roadway in an eastern isle,
 A road as red as morning, unsurpassed;
It haunts the breathing seas for many a mile,
 To turn at last.

A way 'twixt ranks of slender palm trees laid,
 Interminable green, sun-painted, tall,
With drooped green fingers, neither swift to fade
 Nor faint nor fall.

A road aglow with brilliant butterflies,
 Winged sunbeams slipping by of dusk and gold,
The tree bird tapping in his crimson guise,
 Bright-eyed and bold.

The halcyon with blue lightning in his flight,
 Snow-breasted, clothed in jewels of the sun;
The highway is their playground until night,
 When play is done.

Beyond the hills where still the kindly night
 Lifts from the languid day her toilsome load;
Into the western sun's departing light
 Dips the red road. —*London World.*

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Marah Ellis Ryan
Author of "FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL"

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¶ She took the only way that seemed to lead toward happiness, and *she paid the price.*

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Sardou and the Sardou Plays
BY
JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Springfield Republican: Sardou's personal life was peculiarly interesting and well worth such an account of it as is now given by Jerome Hart. The vicissitudes of Sardou's early days, as his biographer narrates them, make a human document of unusual interest. . . . Mr. Hart has written a book which, while not primarily of a critical type, is both interesting and decidedly worth while.

Chicago Evening Post: Any one who will go through Mr. Hart's book carefully, and then through records of the current plays of the season in the United States, will realize that Sardou still lives.

Oakland Enquirer: This invitingly written biography, besides being of interest to lovers of the stage, should be an inspiration to all workers at present disappointed. Not many of them have encountered harder misfortunes than Sardou's pathetic struggles before his great success.

American Playwright (New York): Mr. Hart's book is the only comprehensive life and study of Sardou in English; it is most useful, and we recommend it without reserve.

Burlington Hawk-Eye: Aside from the chapter devoted to the opinions of the French critics, there is practically no criticism in the book. Instead of formally criticizing Sardou's work, the author has devoted himself to showing how that work was done. It is a study in construction rather than in criticism.

Montreal Star: This is a book which in its biographical part possesses great human interest, and in its account of the plays renders a service to all who are interested in the history of the modern drama. Mr. Hart approaches his subject neither in a laudatory nor a critical spirit. His aim is rather to record the facts.

Illustrated. 403 pages. $2.50 net. Postpaid $2.65. May be ordered through your Bookseller

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MARCHING HOME TO THE TIVOLI.

It was the real opening of the new Tivoli Opera House, Manager Leahy said from the stage Wednesday night, and the declaration was endorsed by an audience that filled the house. That gala season of grand opera before the frescoing was dry on the walls did not count; certainly not very much with the crowd that welcomed the beginning of the business for which the handsome theatre was planned. As the home of comic opera the old Tivoli was famous, and it is the intention to sustain all its traditions in the new Tivoli. The opening on Wednesday night proved that good taste, much care, and unstinted expenditure are enlisted in the project.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," that reminiscent and spectacular bodge-podge of military melodrama and hoop-skirted opera, is a good selection for the opening bill. It is spicy with memories of other days—in Southern fields, and on the stage—aud it is not too exacting for the resources of a newly assembled company. Some of its music is familiar to all but that is no objection; in fact, to the lover of comic opera it adds distinctly to the interest. The old-time songs woven into the concerted music make one of its most attractive features. National emblems profusely displayed in the first scene kept up the patriotic thrill that brought the great audience to its feet when the new Tivoli orchestra began its service with "The Star Spangled Banner." Best of all, the ability and spirit of the company on the stage and the worthy settings of the tableaux, continued the sensations of happy expectancy and satisfaction to the end.

A remarkably good company has been gathreed by the Tivoli management. As it should be, it is manifestly stronger on the feminine side. The best of comedians can not make comic opera without soprano and contralto singers. Rena Vivienne, Ilon Bergere, Sarah Edwards, and Stella De Mette are the brightest stars in the new galaxy. Henry Santry and Robert Pitkin also shine with their own light, and need not fear competing charms. But three of the principals are familiar figures to San Francisco audiences, though nearly all have been seen here in prominent rôles of traveling attractions. Sarah Edwards, Teddy Webb, and Oliver Le Noir have earned in earlier acquaintance the favor with which they are regarded.

Rena Vivienne, the prima donna of "Madam Butterfly" fame, has the gifts and graces that qualify her for her new position. Her charm is personal, vocal, and histrionic. She sings with ease and expression, and her voice, of notable range and volume, is pure and sweet. That she will quickly become a favorite is assured. The applause she won on the trying occasion of the opening night was spontaneous and genuine.

Ilon Bergere is attractive and vivacious. There was nothing in the rôle of Cordelia Allen beyond her capabilities; rather was its usual effectiveness increased by her swift changes in its varying moods. Miss Bergere sings well, with occasional displays of power that are seemingly kept in reserve by her dramatic enthusiasm.

As an established favorite, Sarah Edwards was warmly welcomed on her first appearance. Her beautiful contralto shows no trace of wear, and it is always more than pleasing. Despite her theatrical experience, now of several seasons, Miss Edwards is still innocent of many of the stratagems of the stage. Her make-up suggested a maiden lady of seventy, rather than a still charming woman loyal to memories of her youth. Her lines are always read with comprehension and sympathy, but she is inclined to over-act. She is too valuable a member of the company to allow these little faults to persist.

It was an unthankful appearance for Stella De Mette, to make her début in the rôle of Robert Pemberton, the boy spy. The part is little short of absurd at the best, and is entirely unfitted to Miss De Mette's ability. She sang its music delightfully, however, and gave promise of more joyful assumptions in the future.

Henry Santry makes a good soldier hero, and his first song, "My Own United States," particularly well done, set him firmly in popular regard. Mr. Santry is a barytone of pleasing quality, and bears himself with dignity, while his romantic encounters find bim fully prepared.

One might wish for Robert Pitkin, as for Stella De Mette, a better introduction than the rôle written into the operetta for the comedian. This favor for him is tempered by the fact that he talks his one song; but he got out all the laughs that are in the part, and proved himself resourceful in action.

Teddy Webb naturally came in for an ovation when he made his entrance, in spite of the fact that he was a light-brown Uncle Tom. It seems only a few months since he was melodiously entreating "mother" and an earlier Tivoli audience to "pin a rose on" him. Mr. Webb is still the genial, quickly observant, and indefatigable comedian. His song, "My Honeysuckle Gal," is one of the half-dozen selections from the score that is hummed and whistled by the audience today.

Charles E. Galagher as General Allen, Richard Kipling as Major Martin, and Oliver Le Noir as Felix Graham, are vocally capable, and they wear their uniforms bravely.

The chorus, as ever, is a strong point. The men are neither inane nor enervated. They sing with force and with some attention to the key. Among the ladies of the chorus there are but two or three familiar faces, and all are distinctly pleasing in the music and the dances. The unfamiliar hoopskirts of Civil War times seem to be an inducement to boydendish freedom rather than to the circumspection which the costume really inspired. But it seems a rich, rare, and racy burlesque now. Under any conditions it has nothing on present styles as a revelation, and the chorus does good work in making patent that fact.

It seems a well-balanced and most efficient orchestra that occupies the pit before the footlights. Hans S. Linne is a nervously industrious conductor, but fortunately his instrumentalists do not always go with bim in his fortissimo pantomime.

At the close of the first act there were loads of flowers in masses and set pieces piled upon the stage. The applause continued unrestrained as the curtain rose and fell time after time, but not until Stage Director Temple, Conductor Linne, and, finally, Manager Leahy, had been brought out into the glare of the footlights and had acknowledged with gratitude and joy the auspiciousness of everything, did the velvet drop settle restfully into place.

All first-nighters and many prominent in society were present. There was nothing wanting in this real opening of the new Tivoli.'

George L. Shoals.

◆

Elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. B. J. S. Cahill, the architect, bas recently been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Mr. Cahill is well known in San Francisco as a member of the firm of Wright, Rushforth & Cahill, architects of the temporary city hall. He has devoted much time and study to the city planning problem and was one of the first in the United States to plan city improvements on a gigantic scale. His first plan to remodel Market Street and redeem the city hall and the postoffice from their obscurity at no cost to the city was made in 1899, and published in the *Examiner* October 8 of that year.

The Civic Centre (which phrase, by the way, was first applied by Mr. Cahill) was conceived by him in 1904 and presented to the late Daniel H. Burnham. The scheme now being carried out is almost exactly as Mr. Cahill planned it nine years ago, except that owing to the destruction of the city hall, the proposed buildings east and west of Mr. Cahill's proposed plaza have heen reversed.

Mr. Cahill's contribution to geographic science consists in bis newly invented projection for laying out all the land of the world in one comprehensive map without exaggeration or distortion. After seven years' grappling with this seemingly impossible problem he finally solved it so absolutely as to leave no room for improvement. A rubber model globe which can be laid flat like the map or resume the spherical form of the earth at will is the final touch which makes the principles and the accuracy of the projection clear alike to college presidents or the kiddies of a kindergarten. This map was described in the *Argonaut*, November 23, 1912.

Endorsements of the new world map have come to the author from teachers of geography in the leading universities of the world—London, Paris, Berlin, Oxford, Edinburgh, Columbia, Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Berkeley, and Palo Alto, and others too numerous to mention.

Not long since Mr. Cahill received a communication from the dean of living scientists, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, stating how he admired the new map and considered it "more accurate than any other yet attempted."

◆

Revival of "Io'anthe."

Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful operetta, "Iolanthe," was revived at the Casino in New York last week before a very enthusiastic audience. The company had the wisdom (says the *Evening Post*) to leave the libretto as it was written, and it is to be hoped that this will continue to be the case. De Wolf Hopper as the Chancellor gave a very fine character sketch. Equally good in his way was George MacFarlane in Strephon. The Phyllis, Miss Cecil Cunningham, possesses a voice of unusual beauty and a person to match her voice. Kate Condon, the ponderous contralto queen of the fairies, sang her rôle excellently, and the same may be said of the Iolanthe of Viola Gillette, and of all the men's parts, taken by Arthur Cunningham, Arthur Aldridge, and John Hendricks. The statement at the head of the programme referring to a "star" revival is not an exaggeration.

The *Globe* critic declared: "Arthur Cunningham was not only a splendidly sure of himself Earl of Mount Ararat, but of invaluable assistance in helping his less experieuced colleagues. As De Wolf Hopper said: 'That man Cunningham—he knows every part in every opera that was ever written! He comes to rehearsal not only knowing his own part, but that of everybody else—it makes us all so mad.' Mr. Cunningham sang with precision and good tone."

◆

It is not improbable that New York wiil next winter posess a theatre whicb will maintain a permanent company for the production of operetta (hopefully reports the *Sun*). The orchestra and chorus thus kept at work in the same playhouse througbout a season will naturally be more efficient than an organization brought together for a brief or at least an uncertain time.

◆

Mrs. C. B. Dillingham, who was married to the theatrical manager the day before he sailed last week for Europe, was before her marriage Eileen Kearney and she went to New York from San Francisco. She had played for several seasons in Mme. Nazimova's company.

Vast Electrical Industries

Thirty years ago 200 people in the City of New York used 3000 electric lamps. Today 125,000 customers use 5,000,000 lamps.

Uses to which electricity may he put are multiplying every year, with the result that power companies are being hard put to it to develop sufficient horsepower to keep up with the demands. Consequently availahle locations for reservoirs aud electric-generating plants are in greater demand than ever hefore, for the time will come when all desirable locations will he taken. As an indication of the vast electrical industries in this country, statistics prove that one man out of every forty in the United States is employed directly or indirectly in these industries, representing an invested capital of more than $7,000,000,000, and earning annually more than $1,000,000,000. This is the growth in thirty years.

In California the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has kept in advance of the march of progress, and with faith in the future, has vast power-plant additions under way in the Sierras, which will provide electric power for years to come, allowing for a large increase in state population. These undertakings are heing carried out at an expenditure of approximately $6,000,000. The work is amply justified, owing to the enormous field covered hy the Pacific Gas and Electric, which already supplies two-thirds of the population of California with "Pacific Service." The third installment of the list of towns and cities thus supplied follows:

Place.	Population.
Pacheco	200
Penryn	250
Paterson	300
Penn Grove	300
Perkins	50
*Petaluma	5,500
*Piedmont	1,720
Pike City	200
Pinole	1,500
Pittsburg	2,372
Pleasanton	2,000
Point San Pedro	20
Port Costa	600
*Redwood City	3,200
*Richmond	10,000
Rio Vista	884
†Rocklin	1,000
†Roseville	2,600
Rodeo	500
*Ross	500
Russel City	250
‡Sacramento	60,000
San Andreas	200
*San Anselmo	1,500
*San Bruno	1,500
*San Carlos	100
*San Francisco	416,912
*San Jose	30,000
*San Leandro	4,000
San Lorenzo	100
*San Mateo	6,500
*San Quentin	2,500
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Santa Cruz	16,000
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Sutter Creek	1,500
Sunnyvale	1,500
Tihuron	400
Tormey	20
Towle	100
Tracy	1,200
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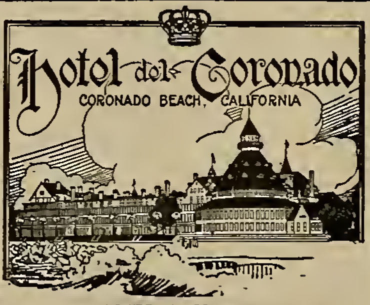

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Santa Fe

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Raymond Hitchcock at the Columbia Theatre.

The popular comedian, Raymond Hitchcock, who has been a prime favorite with theatregoers of this city, will appear at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, starting Sunday night, in the sensational musical play, "The Red Widow," the book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, with music by Charles J. Gebest, and presented under the direction of Cohan and Harris.

"The Red Widow" bounded into instant popularity when first presented in Boston, followed by an entire season's engagement at the Astor Theatre, New York. The story of the play is of interest in itself. Cicero Hannibal Butts (Raymond Hitchcock), a retired millionaire corset manufacturer of Yonkers, with his wife is making a tour of Europe. On the eve of his departure from London he attends an opera performance at the Alcazar Theatre, and meets a beautiful young woman known as "the Red Widow." During the flirtation which ensues the widow learns from the rich American that he is about to depart for Russia, and induces him to allow her to cross the frontier on his passport, which is made out to Mr. and Mrs. Butts. Mrs. Butts, having been converted to the cause of woman's suffrage, has decided to forego her trip to Russia and remain in London. The Russian frontier is crossed. The widow and Butts are next discovered in the leading hotel in St. Petersburg, and here the real troubles begin. Mr. Hitchcock will be assisted by Flora Zabelle (the Red Widow), Minerva Coverdale, Marie Richmond, Gloria Gray, Nan Brown, Theodore Martin, George White, George E. Mack, Edward Metcalfe, George Romain, Charles Prince, Stanley Fields, and a large chorus of singers and dancers.

"Hanky Panky" at the Cort Theatre.

A glittering galaxy of sirens, the most notable ever seen in America, off Broadway, is gathered in Lew Fields's luminous jumble of jollification, "Hanky Panky," which will be seen at the Cort Theatre Sunday, May 25, after two hundred consecutive nights in Chicago, nearly as many in Boston and New York, in which the receipts totaled over half a million dollars.

Among the stars in the two-act dazzle are: Max Rogers, the surviving member of the Rogers Brothers, whose comedy vogue was paralleled only by Weber & Fields themselves at the time of Gus Rogers's sudden death; Bobby North, the Warfieldian character actor, who within four years has starred in Ziegfeld's "Follies," headlined in vaudeville, and appeared as the leading delineator in a Belasco Broadway play; Harry Cooper, the famous comedian tenor; Clay Smith, the fashion plate player and subtle comedian; Arthur Carleton, an actor of unique and effective legitimate methods; Christine Nielsen, the beautiful golden-voiced prima donna, so thoroughly intrenched in the hearts of San Francisco theatregoers, fresh from her laurels in such Broadway successes as "The Wedding Trip," "The Balkan Princess," and Gilbert and Sullivan's All-Star Revivals; Myrtle Gilbert, daughter of Billy Gilbert of this city and a niece of David Belasco, who, during her frequent theatrical appearances has been perhaps the most courted little woman who ever trod the boards; Miss Virginia Evans, whose rise has been so meteoric as to be in itself a sensation; Flo May, a dancer whose metropolitan attributes have made her the toast of Broadway; Florence Moore, who, with her partner, William Montgomery, under the famous team name of Montgomery and Moore, became the talk of Broadway over night, with absolutely new and sensational conceptions of modern comedy. The chorus, consisting of fifty selected young women of tried New York calibre, has proved a sensation in every city, and created more comment and discussion than any other single group.

The book of this jumble of jollification is by Edgar Smith, the lyrics by E. Ray Goetz, and the music by A. Baldwin Sloane. All the above, with a Lew Fields production, comprise just about the "last word" in a big Broadway musical show.

Comic Opera at the Tivoli Opera House.

To the intense satisfaction of the entire amusement and music-loving public, the Tivoli Opera House, one of San Francisco's most cherished institutions, is once more open and giving the same kind of entertainment that made it world-famed for several decades before the fire. The new edifice is the very last word in theatrical construction, and nothing has been overlooked to secure the comfort of the spectator and the perfect presentation of operatic works. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," selected for the inaugural offering, is written in Julian Edwards's best vein and abounds in stirring and beautiful numbers, while the patriotic airs and haunting melodies of the Sunny South which constantly occur in the score are in pleasing contrast to the epidemic of ragtime that has been raging of late. Henry Santrey, the "Johnny" of the opera, takes immediate rank with the very best baritones yet heard in San Francisco; Rena Vivienne, the soprano, is renewing the success that she made here as Madam Butterfly and in "The Chocolate Soldier"; Ilon Bergere makes a delightful Cordelia, and Stella de Mette and Sarah Edwards, the contraltos, lend splendid voices to their respective rôles. The comedy parts are in the able hands of Robert Pitkin, bound to be a great favorite, and that old friend, Teddy Webb, while Charles E. Galagher is capital as General Allen. The rest of the principals are excellent and the chorus is fully up to the standard established by the Tivoli during the many successful years of its existence. The orchestra of twenty men, under the direction of Hans S. Linne, again takes its place as the best in the city.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is produced in better style than ever before, and is undoubtedly on for a long run, with matinées Saturday and Sunday. "The Serenade" will follow.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

At the Orpheum next week the headline attraction will be Gus Edwards and his Song Review, with Edwards himself, Lillian Boardman, and a company of twenty-five who are his personally developed protégés in a young musical extravaganza, "The Fountain of Youth, in Six Spouts." The idea, the music, the arrangement of the dances, and the staging of the production are the work of Mr. Edwards. Among the characters Mr. Edwards impersonates are Jimmy the newsboys' chief, Romeo, and Jimmy Valentine. Miss Boardman's rôles are a newsgirl and Juliet. One of the popular features of this act is a travesty on H. B. Warner's success, "Jimmy Valentine." A juvenile specialty is one in which with the assistance of Cuddles Little Georgie impersonates David Warfield and other prominent stars.

"Billy's Tombstones," a rollicking farce, will be presented by Edgar Atchinson-Ely and his company. Billy, the hero of the farce, impersonated by Mr. Atchinson-Ely, is the football hero of Pennsylvania College and the loss of his false teeth is the cause of much merriment. The little play was at one time a three-act farce comedy, and then as now Mr. Atchinson-Ely was its star.

General Pisano, the famous Italian sharpshooter, will exhibit his wonderful skill. The general is not only a phenomenal marksman but also a clever showman.

Dave Kramer and George Morton, two black-faced comedians who as funmakers have no superiors, will keep the audience laughing for fifteen minutes, which is the duration of their act.

There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures.

Next week will conclude the engagements of the Five Melody Maids and a Man; Meehan's Canines, and Laddie Cliff.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Two big Pantages star features top the new bill opening at the popular vaudeville theatre on Sunday afternoon. Shaw's Comedy Circus, a troupe of wonderfully trained animal actors, and Punch Jones and his company in a rollicking musical tabloid, "Follies in Coontown," are the brace of attractions which should prove box-office magnets all next week.

Shaw's animal actors have an act that will set the little tykes wild with glee. There are frolicsome monkeys, ponies, and dogs who do all kinds of tricks, winding up with a finale which introduces a big lazy-looking white mule with dynamic propensities for bucking his riders.

"Follies in Coontown" is a whirlwind musical affair with twelve of the original plantation singers and dancers. Punch Jones is the leading comedy man of the colored aggregation, which also numbers the famous Southern Quartet. The act has created a sensational success all over the circuit.

Dainty June Roberts and her company of four character actors will offer the delightful fairy fantasy, "The Dollmaker's Dream," which has a stage setting of a gayly decorated toy shop.

A pair of happy chaps with voices that blend in delightful harmony are Reeves and Warner, who have an arrangement of the newest popular song hits.

Expert hoop manipulating with a genuine novelty finish is shown by Carl and Lillian Mueller.

Clara Howard, well known locally, has a talking and singing specialty.

The three Elliotts, operatic harpists, and reels of comedy motion pictures round out the programme.

The final performance of the Frances Starr engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given this Saturday night. The star and her splendid supporting company have made a hit in "The Case of Becky."

◆

Violin Recital.

Hother Wismer presents Miss Lillian Devendorf, Miss Katherine Hundley, Miss Georgia Daugherty, and Mr. August Wiebalk in a violin recital to take place Thursday evening, May 29, at 8:15, at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, near Powell. Following is the programme:

Romance, Op. 9 .... Arthur Foote
Zigeunerweisen .... Sarasate
Miss Lillian Devendorf.
Sonata in F major .... G. Tartini
Andante—Allegro—Allegro Assai.
Miss Katherine Hundley.
Andante .... Martine-Kreisler
Tarantelle .... Lauterbach
Mr. August Wiebalk.
Violin Concerto in A minor .... J. S. Bach
Allegro ma non tanto—Andante—Allegro Assai.
Miss Georgia Daugherty.
Violin Concerto, No. 8 (Gesangscene) ... L. Spohr
Miss Devendorf.
Meditation (from "Thaïs") .... J. Massenet
Minuet in D major .... W. A. Mozart
Miss Hundley.

◆

How "Arizona" Won Success.

It was Charles Frohman who grub-staked Augustus Thomas to make the trip which resulted in the writing of "Arizona" (writes an interviewer in the New York *Sun*). He gave the dramatist the means to do the work for the sake of an option on it. When it was completed he rejected the play on the ground that it was not up to the standard of other military dramas he had produced.

"After Frohman decided not to use the play," Mr. Thomas told the reporter, "I took it to two or three managers. They were not interested. Kirk La Shelle wanted it at once. It was autumn when the play was written. Not until late in the following spring was it produced.

"The play ran for many weeks in Chicago and went on tour for some time before getting into New York. Previous to its booking at the Herald Square Theatre, which had just come under the management of the Shuberts, the representatives of other theatres had been sent out to see 'Arizona' and unanimously declared that, though it might succeed on the road, it would never do at all for New York."

Mr. Thomas went on:

"One of the incidents concerning this work which remains most clearly in my mind is the writing of the song which Tony sings to Lena. As a matter of fact, it was written some time before the play, and the music was the work of Joe Redding, who wrote the libretto of 'Natoma.'

"One day he was at my house, and sitting down at the piano played this air. He was always very modest about his ability as a composer and he introduced the music with the remark that he had heard this song sung by a girl standing alone in the rain in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Thomas, after hearing the melody, declared that in the first place the girl wouldn't have been alone. William Gillette, who happened to be there, said that, in the second place, it never rained in Santa Barbara. I made him play the air over two or three times and then, going into the next room, wrote the English words in a few moments. The song was later put into Spanish by Serrano's mother."

◆

"Boccaccio" and "Fatinitza," famous light operas of the 'eighties, have recently been successfully revived by an Italian company now at the Century Theatre in New York.

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VANITY FAIR.

The memoirs of women of fashion are always interesting as showing how the feminine point of view has changed from time to time. They are important also from another aspect. We are told with a persistence that is noticeable, if not convincing, that women have made such strides within the past few decades, that they have so enlarged themselves mentally and morally, that whereas before it was merely foolish and futile to try to thwart them it has now become positively criminal and that there ought to be a law passed against it. It is for evidences of that advance that we are now searching. It is for proofs of those moral and mental strides that we are now exploring. It may be admitted that the present costumes seem prohibitory of any sort of stride, but perhaps that is a mere captious criticism unworthy of an inquiry so profound.

But to return to our memoirs. Here is a volume by Lady Dorothy Nevill, who probably does not tell us everything that she recollects, but who nevertheless tells us a good deal, omitting only those parts that it would not be good for us to know. When Lady Dorothy "came out" her dress allowance was $225 a year, and it was considered to be enough for a young lady of fashion. In those days young ladies were considered to be most adorned by simplicity of dress. In these more enlightened times our aim is rather for a more primitive simplicity of no dress at all. Our young ladies seem anxious to limit themselves to a costume of cosmetics.

* * *

But the dress even of the mothers of Lady Dorothy's day can hardly be said to err on the side of extravagance. She tells us that her own mother spent $600 a year on dress and personal expenses and that this "was then considered very ample for the wife of a rich peer." About ten times that amount, says Lady Dorothy, would now be considered as under, rather than over, the correct amount. Certainly it would. But then the wives of peers do not dress with any great magnificence. They can not afford it. Half the peers of England have incomes that would be despised by an American police captain, and if we are disposed to blame them for this we may justly remember that their opportunities are more limited. To understand just how far women have "advanced" since Lady Dorothy's day we must ascertain how much the averagely rich woman of America is accustomed to spend upon her dress, and what sum she thinks sufficient for a few weeks' shopping in Europe. Every now and then we get a glimpse, and it is an appalling one. Half a million dollars is not unheard of. The chief "advance" seems to lie in the fact that whereas fifty years ago the fashionable woman looked upon dress as a part of her life, and only a part, her successor regards it as life itself, as the one aim and object of existence, as the goal of all effort and all ambition. We can see signs of no other advance. The fashionable woman of half a century ago was immeasurably better educated, she was much more intelligent, and she had a sense of duty that is now extinct like the dodo.

* * *

We have sometimes wondered how it is that the average barber was ever able to creep through from the animal to the human kingdom, and the average waiter, too. The subject is a sore one, for we have suffered much at the hands of the barber and of the waiter, and we expect to suffer more. We only refer to the painful topic now in order that we may sound a note of exultation over the appearance in New York of an intelligent barber, a sort of Avatar or Messiah among barbers, a barber who may be instrumental in leading his simian brethren out of the desert of their futilities.

He has the good old American name of Barbagallo, but what's in a name, anyway? His right to immortality rests on something better than a name. For here is the sign that he displays proudly above his tonsorial emporium:

> An innovation that makes a hit. A new wrinkle that you will try. An evolution in the barber trade. We have annexed to our barber-shop a self-shaving department for the accommodation of our patrons. The idea is new and original with us. Do you shave yourself? Come in here and make yourself at home. We have at your disposal safety or ordinary razors, hot towel, bay rum, and everything necessary for a comfortable shave. All for 10 cents. Plenty of floor and mirror space to accommodate everybody. Our hair-cutting and shaving business continued as usual.

Now that man deserves to make a fortune. His invention combines all the merits of the barber-shop—such as they are—with none of its demerits. We have the rose without the thorn, the silver lining without the cloud. He has removed all our objections to his hideous occupation. We like sharp razors, witch hazel, a hot towel, but we do not like the barber. We hate his greasy hands, his atmosphere of nauseating perfumery, his conversational powers, and his impenetrability to instructions. He wastes our time with his abominable preliminaries and his insufferable conclusions. We are not interested in the prize-fight or the baseball game that marks be limits of his mental field. We have no opinions on the weather, nor would we incur the strain of imparting them even if we had. His very existence is an offense to our æsthetic souls. But now all these things belong to a past age. "For the inconsiderable sum," says this truly wise and great man, Barbagallo, "you may be your own barber and in a barber-shop with all its fittings, fixtures, and good-will. Neither I nor my hired myrmidons shall lay a finger on you. Here are razors, hot water, unguents, at your service at any moment of the day. You can shave yourself in three minutes and be on your way downtown in five."

* * *

A writer in the *Academy* reminds us of a manual of behavior that had reached its third edition in 1803. The author was a clergyman named Trusler—probably dead by this time—and among much sage advice the Rev. Trusler says, "It is exceedingly rude to scratch any part of your body, to spit, to blow your nose, to eat greedily, to lean your elbows on the table, to sit too far from it, to pick your teeth before the dishes are removed, or to leave the table before grace is said." Trusler had something special to say to young women. For example, "Don't even *hear* a *double entendre*," "Seem not to hear improper conversation," "Be cautious in dancing." Now it is hereby moved, seconded, and carried unanimously that Trusler's book be reprinted and that a copy be handed to every visitor to our fashionable restaurants and to every young woman in the world. There was once a worthy sea captain who on a certain occasion was puzzled how best to fill in the column in his log book reserved for a summary of the "manners and customs" of aboriginal islanders with whom he came into contact. Finally he wrote, "Manners none, customs beastly," and the same might be written of fashionable civilization in general.

* * *

Mr. Littell McClung, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, discourses about the tip evil. We all do that at times, and it is about the only thing that we can do, lacking the pluck to do anything else. Mr. McClung is not wholly averse to tips, but he draws a clear line between the legitimate tip and its illegitimate brother. The service which is invited ought, he says, to be rewarded if it is efficiently performed, but the service that is uninvited ought to be ignored:

> A friend of mine summed up the problem in a concise sentence. We went into a restaurant. As we passed through the doors an alert individual fairly jerked our hats out of our hands and gave us brass checks in return. When we departed I forked over a dime for my hat. My friend failed to produce and ignored the scowl. Going out, he turned to me with the remark, "I never tip for voluntary service."
>
> I questioned him further, and he continued after this fashion: "When I demand service, such as the attention of a waiter, I am appreciative of what I receive. If the waiter does his best with the order and makes me enjoy my meal, he has earned a little extra money, and I tip him cheerfully. When I ask for service I tip judiciously if the service is satisfactory. If it is not satisfactory I fail to come across. For voluntary service nobody should tip. When I am washing my hands in the washroom of a station and somebody hands me a towel I am reaching for already, I don't think that I am obliged to shell out 10 cents. If somebody persists in brushing me off without my suggesting it, he can expect nothing from me for his impertinence. When I enter a restaurant and a man grabs my hat as if I could not carry it to my chair, he gets nothing for his rudeness. If everybody followed this simple rule people would not be subjected to this 'voluntary' service, which is more often an annoyance. Tipping would be what it should be—a stimulant to excellent service."

But what's the use of talking? We all of us come through as soon as the extortioner fixes us with his admonitory eye.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

New York insurance adjusters visit flats before the fire nowadays instead of afterward. Fire Commissioner Johnson thinks the loss by arson will be cut by millions this year. "A year ago people didn't think of the possibility that a fire had been set," said Adjuster Leist. "Now they don't think of anything else. The other day I had to investigate a small fire. 'What do you think was the cause?' I asked the janitor. 'It looks to me,' said he, 'like the friction between a $500 value and a $1000 policy.'"

◆

There is a state senator whose burly appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances. He happened one night to be standing on the sidewalk outside of an undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on some important political matter. One of the employees of the shop approached them and said: "Say, will you give me a lift with a casket?" The senator shuddered, and said hesitatingly, "Is there—is there—anything—in it?" "Sure," came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of good drinks in it."

◆

An Irishman walked into a men's furnishing goods store the other day and said: "Oi want to get somethin' fer mournin' wear, but Oi don't exactly know what the coostom is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?" "It depends," explained the salesman, "on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have an all-black suit. For some one not so near you may have a broad band of black on the left arm or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant." "Och! Is that it? Well, thin, gimme a shoestring. It's me woife's mither."

◆

For four entire hours the lady remained in the shop. She had visited every department and worried the majority of the salesmen without spending a penny. Toward the close of the afternoon one of the salesmen, feeling somewhat exasperated, ventured to make a mild protest. "Madam," he asked sweetly, "are you shopping here?" The lady looked surprised, but not by any means annoyed. "Certainly," she replied. "But what else should I be doing?" For a moment the salesman hesitated, then blurted out: "Well, madam, I thought perhaps you might be taking an inventory." Then the lady melted away among the shadows by the door.

◆

When General Butler was a young lawyer in Lowell he had a case in court, and, as is the custom, said: "Let notice be given." The aged clerk, who was an unrelenting Whig, asked him in what paper the notice should be given. Butler promptly replied in the *Advertiser*, which was a stanch Jacksonian paper. "I don't know such a paper," said the clerk. Butler, of course, knew that it was almost a sacrilege to mention a Jackson paper in that court, but he answered the clerk thus: "Pray, Mr. Clerk, don't interrupt the proceedings of the court, for if you begin to tell us what you don't know we will have no time for anything." He never interrupted Butler again.

◆

The vestryman of course is never absent from the Sunday morning service, and the widow is also a regular attendant, but on week-day evenings the two are scarcely less devoted to the pleasures of the card-table, where the great American game frequently takes the place of bridge. A recent Saturday evening saw a protracted session, when the interest was well sustained by a tidy "dollar limit," but the following morning saw the two devotees at church as usual. The vestryman proceeded up the aisle with the plate, making brief but profitable rests at each pew. With careless grace the widow dropped a half-dollar on the already imposing collection. "Come again, sister," said the vestryman, softly but distinctly, in the shelter of his hand. "The limit has not been changed." The widow heard and saw, and made good.

◆

Dr. Hildreth, in his "Memoirs of the Early Settlers of Ohio," devotes a chapter to Abraham Whipple of Rhode Island. He was born in 1733, and was one of the first to take a hand in the Revolutionary War. In 1786 he was elected a representative to the legislature from the town of Cranston. The advocates of the paper-money system were then in power, and had chosen Othniel Gorton, a clumsy old man, for Speaker. Gorton was in the habit of keeping a large quid of tobacco in one side of his mouth, which pressed out one of his cheeks. Most of the debaters were on the opposite side of the hall from that on which Commodore Whipple sat, and the Speaker's face was commonly turned that way. Once, in the course of the debate, Whipple had cogitated a speech, which he waited for an opportunity to deliver. At last, out of patience, he rose and called: "Mr. Speaker!" The Speaker, whose face was turned the other way, did not hear him. He raised his voice to its utmost: "Mr. Speaker!" Gorton started, and, turning to the commodore, said: "I hear you." Thereupon Whipple began: "I wish, Mr. Speaker, you would shift your quid of tobacco from your starboard to your larboard jaw, that it might give your head a cant this way, so that you could sometimes hear something from this side of the house." Then he went on with his speech.

◆

A gambler of Tin Can borrowed a sum from a money-lender, and when the note fell due he said he could not settle. "You must settle!" shouted the money lender. "If you don't settle I'll——" But the gambler, taking a revolver from his boot, pointed it at the money lender and said: "Eat that note or I'll let daylight through you!" And the money lender, after a moment's silent thought, crumpled the note into a ball, put it in his mouth, chewed vigorously, and then with a gulp swallowed the pulpy morsel. "That dose saved your life," said the gambler, in a mollified tone, and the next day he had a streak of luck and paid the money lender in full. The money lender was much pleased with this honesty, and when the gambler, a few weeks later, called and asked for a new loan, he was readily accommodated. The gambler, having pocketed the new loan, sat down, dipped a pen in the ink, and selected a sheet of paper whereon to write the usual acknowledgment. But the money lender hastily interposed. "Hold on, my friend," he said, and he ran to a cupboard. "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing it on this soda cracker?"

◆

On a Philadelphia paper worked Julius Kaufman, a Dane, who wrote very clever, forceful, pungent editorials. Kaufman's English was impeccable, but his writing was impossible. It seemed to have been done with a bent pin and an asphalt mixture. George Kennedy was the only man on the copy desk who could read it. One day Kennedy came to Editor Thompson, shaking his head. "It's all off," said he. "I've lost my punch. I read this thing of Kaufman's with perfect ease until I got half way through—and then I stuck. I don't know why. The second half of his stuff looks just like the first half. But I can't read it." Thompson took that manuscript over to a corner. By and by Thompson came back with lines of strain around his mouth. "Put it up to Kaufman," said he. "Either he's gone flooey or we have." So when Kauf- came in they gave him his manuscript and told him to go away somewhere and find out what it meant. By and by he came back, beaming. "It wass easy," said he. "The second part I haf yoost wrote in Danish."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Inspiration.

The bard was melancholy—he
  Sat on the ocean's strand.
"Would that I could describe the sea,"
  He sighed, and waved his hand.
"Would that I could describe its hue
  With soul and truth and skill,
The way some other fellows do
  And did—and, darn it, will!
Would that I could, in throbbing staves
  Describe its mystery—
The sea that sleeps—the sea that raves—
  These are the themes for me.
Would that"—a wave broke over him,
  He, so to speak, imbibed it,
It felled him flat upon the strand,
It bumped his head to beat the band,
It ebbed—he rose, chockful of sand,
Took one look at the ocean and
  Described it. —*New York Times.*

◆

Song for a Suffragette.

When Phyllis pours the kerosene along the castle stairs
How soft and dainty is her mien, how rapt the look she wears!
And ah! what chants could poets sing to spread abroad her praise
If near they might be lingering when Phyllis sets the blaze!
But of her mad and merry moods the one that I love best,
Comes when the sombre midnight broods above a world at rest,
Below the quiet city sleeps, above the stars are calm.
But oh! the heart within me leaps when Phyllis hurls the bomb! —*Chicago American.*

◆

Mr. F. Philander Towersby, a most excellent citizen, though not noted for lavish prodigality, received recently a consignment of very rare Tokayer Ausbruch. He sent one bottle of the delicious wine to Justice Fordyce of the supreme court, who happens to be one of the most eminent connoisseurs in America, and with the bottle sent a note asking his honor's opinion of the vintage. Mr. Towersby received next day this reply: "My Dear Sir—I beg to thank you for the confidence you repose in my judgment as shown by asking for my opinion. But inasmuch as I am a lawyer, many years of training and experience make it impossible for me to give an opinion on anything but a case."

◆

"I understand she sings?" "Yes, but in spite of that she retains her popularity."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,699,466.93
Total Resources	40,245,218.89

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December 31st, 1912:

Assets	$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund	148,850.22
Number of Depositors	59,144

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,073,941.62
Deposits	26,770,008.76
Total Resources	46,205,184.17

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Anita Burns and Mr. Charles Henry Davis, Jr., of Portland. Miss Burns is the daughter of Mr. Walter J. Burns and has been a frequent visitor in San Francisco. The wedding will be in September.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Heinrich of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Josephine Heinrich, to Mr. Joseph Rosborough, son of Mrs. A. M. Rosborough and the late Judge Rosborough.

Mrs. Francis Hickok of Alameda has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Edna Hickok, to Mr. Frederick N. Johnson, son of Mrs. James W. Ward of this city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen Downing of Washington, D. C., to Lieutenant-Commander Hugo Osterhaus, son of Admiral Osterhaus, U. S. N., and Mrs. Osterhaus.

Mr. John Housman has issued invitations to the wedding of his niece, Miss Marjorie Housman Stafford, and Mr. Robert Newell Fitch, Thursday evening, June 5, at half after eight o'clock, at Grace Pro-Cathedral. An informal reception will follow at the Fairmont Hotel.

Invitations have been received from Mr. and Mrs. Nelson May to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Helen Headley May, and Mr. William Brainerd Gring, Thursday afternoon, June 5, at the family residence in Orange, New Jersey. After a wedding trip of a few weeks Mr. Gring and his bride will reside in Santa Barbara.

The wedding of Miss Lola Davis and Mr. Andrew W. Simpson, Jr., will take place at the home of the bride, 2000 Baker Street, at noon on Saturday, May 31. It will be a small affair with only the immediate families and a few friends present. They will sail at once for an indefinite stay in the Orient.

The wedding of Miss Nellie Grant and Lieutenant-Commander William Piggott Cronan, U. S. N., took place Thursday, May 15. They left Friday for the East and will reside in Newport, where Lieutenant Cronan is stationed. Mrs. Cronan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse R. Grant and a sister of Mr. Chapman Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coker Pennell have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Gladys Martha Pennell, and Ensign Frank Henry Luckel, U. S. N., Tuesday evening, May 27, in St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Berkeley.

Miss Margaret Kingston has issued invitations to a tea Tuesday, May 27, in honor of Miss Clemence Garneau. An informal dance will be given in the evening.

Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon has issued cards to a tea Tuesday afternoon, May 27, at the home of her parents, Dr. Gerald Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Fitzgibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr., of Piedmont, entertained a number of friends at a reception Sunday afternoon, when their little daughter was christened Margaret Anne Buck. Mrs. F. M. Smith of Oakland and Miss Lurline Matson of this city were the godmothers, and Mr. Earl L. Cope was the godfather.

The Misses Marjorie and Eugenia Murphy were hostesses at a reception at their home on Buchanan Street in honor of Miss Clarence Garneau of St. Louis. Miss Garneau is a sister of Mrs. Theodore Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monserrat will entertain a house party over the week-end at their country home in Los Gatos. With their guests they will attend the opening of the new country club in San Jose.

Miss Gertrude Davis gave a tea in honor of Miss Esperance Ghirardelli, who will leave in the near future for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Green gave a house party last week in honor of Miss Dorothy Doe.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson entertained a large number of friends Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame. The affair was given to celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of their wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained a few friends at a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Oscar Beatty entertained at a luncheon at her home in Woodside complimentary to Mrs. Arthur McGill (formerly Miss Nellie Stubbs), who has been the guest of honor at several recent affairs given by Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mrs. Gustavus Brown, and Mrs. Morton Gibbons.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Palache of Santa Barbara.

Miss Arabella Morrow was the complimented guest at a luncheon given last Thursday by Mrs. Stewart McNab.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell entertained a number of their friends at a dinner preceding the opening performance of the Mission Play.

Miss Eleanor Arnold was hostess yesterday at a tea in honor of Miss Marjorie Stafford, who will again be the complimented guest Sunday at a tea to be given by Mrs. Thomas Lake Miller.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Lois Cunningham of New York.

Mrs. Jonathan G. Kittle entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon and bridge party at her country home in Ross.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was host at a box party Monday evening and later entertained his guests at supper.

Mrs. George Boardman was hostess at a luncheon in honor of her niece, Mrs. Stuart Harmon Brown of New York, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, in San Anselmo.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and the Misses Eugenia and Marjorie Murphy gave a tea Tuesday complimentary to Miss Cecile Hoffman, who has announced her engagement to Mr. J. P. McGarry. Miss Hoffman will be entertained Wednesday by Mrs. Walter Coleman Graves, and Thursday Mrs. John Spears will give a tea in her honor.

Colonel William Nichols, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nichols gave a dinner recently in honor of Mrs. Frank Wheaton of Denver. Mrs. Wheaton, who is the widow of the late Major-General Wheaton, U. S. A., is a sister of Colonel Nichols.

The officers of the U. S. S. *South Dakota* entertained a number of guests at an informal dinner-dance last Wednesday evening. The young people from town were chaperoned by Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bertholf.

The officers and ladies of Fort Winfield Scott gave a dance Friday evening in honor of Miss Kathleen Cates of St. Louis. Preceding the dance Miss Cates was the complimented guest at a dinner given by her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Francis Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers have returned from a month's visit in Coronado. They will spend the next three months in San Mateo, where they will occupy the home of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglass Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their children and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford returned Monday from Napa, where they spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Herrick have given up their flat on Devisadero Street and will reside on Clay Street near Presidio Avenue upon their return from Los Angeles.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, Miss Alice Moffitt, and Master James Moffitt arrived in New York Monday and will sail today for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Sydney Davis and her brother, Mr. Willis Davis, have returned from the Yosemite, where they have been spending the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., spent the week-end at Yerba Buena, where they were the guests of Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf and their children will leave June 1 for Los Altos, where they will remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting left Monday for Washington, D. C. They will visit relatives in New York, Virginia, and Maryland before returning home.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thomas and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, are established for the summer in their country home in Ross.

Mr. Charles N. Black left Monday for New York to be present at the graduation of his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, who is attending Miss Spence's school. Miss Black will return home with her father and will be at the Fairmont Hotel. She will be a débutante of next winter.

Mrs. Louis Parrott left last Friday for New York en route to Europe, where she will spend the summer. Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., came to town to bid bon voyage to her mother.

Dr. George Ebright and Mrs. Ebright have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home on Scott Street.

Dr. Howard Morrow, Mrs. Morrow, and their children spent the week-end in Los Gatos, where their country home is nearing completion.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia will sail today for Europe, where she will join her daughter, Miss Jane Harding, who has been abroad several months traveling with her governess.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean left last week for New York to spend several months visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Norman McLaren has been spending the past week in her cottage at Lagunitas, where her son, Mr. Loyall McLaren, has been entertaining a number of his friends. Mr. McLaren joined the party Saturday and spent the week-end.

Dr. Philip King Brown has returned from a month's visit in New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, have gone to their ranch near Mt. Hamilton to remain until their home in Burlingame is ready for occupancy.

Dr. Gustavus C. Simmons, Mrs. Simmons, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld motored last week from Sacramento to Inverness, where they spent a few days preparing their cottages for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, and Miss Phyllis de Young will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they will occupy the country home of Mrs. Bertha Welch.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith moved last week from the Fairmont Hotel to San Mateo and is established in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington. Mr. Smith will return next week from New York, where he went for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and their little son, Russell Pratt, are in Burlingame with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson. They will return to their town house July 1.

Mrs. Charles Henry Phelps of New York is visiting the Misses Beaver at their home on Walnut Street.

Miss Edith Slack spent the week-end in San Rafael with her brother-in-law and sister, Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Umbsen and Miss Mollie Sidebotham left last week for an outing in the Feather River country.

Mr. Sidney V. Smith, Jr., has returned to Nevada after having spent a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, at their home on California Street.

The Misses Harriet and Helen Stone have gone to Beowawe, Nevada, to spend six weeks with Miss Helen Hinckle, who has recently been their guest in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., returned to town Monday after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Mayor James Rolph, Mrs. Rolph, and their children have returned from a visit in Paso Robles.

Mrs. John Metcalfe and the Misses Edith and Constance Metcalfe have gone to Los Angeles to remain indefinitely.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Morton Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons, at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin left Monday for a two weeks' trip through Oregon and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson and their little son have returned to their home in Fort Bragg. During Mr. Johnson's recent visit in the East Mrs. Johnson was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her daughter, Mrs. George H. Howard, have returned from the East, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. Charles Holbrook has closed his town house on Van Ness Avenue and with his daughter, Mrs. Silas Palmer, is occupying his country home in Menlo Park.

Rev. Frederick W. Clampett has returned from a month's visit in the East.

Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse at their ranch in Merced.

Mr. William Storey, Jr., has arrived from the East and will remain here until after his marriage to Mrs. Laura Roe.

Miss Olga Schultze is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Brice at her apartment on Hyde Street. Mrs. Schultze is recovering from a severe illness at a local sanitarium.

Mrs. Abraham Stern and her little son have gone to New York to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie, and Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mr. Sellar Bullard has returned to his home in Chicago after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Bullard. Mrs. Bullard will remain a few weeks longer with her husband's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock of San Rafael, who have recently been to Panama, have extended their travels to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop and her son, Mr. Frank Bishop, were, at last accounts, traveling in Siberia.

Mr. Gelett Burgess has come from the East to visit his relatives and friends in this city and Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Aylett Cotton and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Warren, have arrived in New York after a trip to Panama.

Miss Edith Bull has gone to Menlo Park, where she will reside with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper is recovering from her recent illness at the Children's Hospital.

Mr. Carl Wolff has leased a home on Jackson and Laurel Streets, where he will reside after his marriage June 5 to Miss Sydney Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker have been spending the past few weeks in London. They will return to Paris for the month of June.

Colonel Willard French and Mrs. French left Tuesday for their home in Washington, D. C., after a few days' visit at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. French, who was formerly Mrs. Louise Dutton Leland, is a niece of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. Joseph Libbey King.

Mrs. James Bishop and her children have gone to Ætna Springs to spend two weeks.

Miss Harriett Alexander has returned from Burlingame, where she has been visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

The Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile returned yesterday from Europe, where they have been traveling for the past six months with Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mr. Ernest Wiltsee of Paris is a recent guest at the Pacific Union Club, where he will remain during his visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell have returned from an automobile trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have returned from Pleasanton, where they have been visiting Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Henry T. Scott left Sunday for a visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and her daughter, Miss Isabelle Beaver, are en route to New York, where they will spend several weeks with friends. Miss Beaver will be the guest of a classmate, Miss Helen Crosby.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan sailed Tuesday for Europe. They will spend June at their apartment in Paris.

Mrs. G. F. Ashton, Miss Helen Ashton, and Mr. Raymond Ashton moved Tuesday into their new apartment on Second Avenue and Lake Street.

Judge William H. Hunt left Tuesday for his home in Washington, D. C., after a visit with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Randell Hunt.

Miss Sara Cunningham has recently been the guest of Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker will leave today for New York to meet her daughter, Miss Marion Baker, whose school vacation will begin June 2. They will go to Boston to attend the graduation June 17 of Mr. Livingston Baker.

Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, and Mrs. H. F. Davis have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl E. Brownell are among the recent visitors in Monterey.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. Wallace's daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow, have taken possession of the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, who left last week for Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy and her little daughter Virginia left Wednesday for Fort Columbia, Washington, where they have joined Captain Murphy, U. S. A., who is established at his new post.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg are spending some days at Hotel del Coronado with Mr. Kellogg's brother and family, who leave for their Eastern home shortly.

Mrs. A. G. Fisher (formerly Miss Barbara Small) will remain with her father, Mr. H. J. Small, during Lieutenant Fisher's absence in Texas, where he is at present stationed.

Mrs. Febiger, wife of Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., is recovering from an operation performed last Saturday at the Letterman Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Polhemus, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Oddie arrived at Hotel del Coronado recently by motor from San Francisco.

Among recent guests at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McLellan, of San Francisco.

Francis Brookes, R. N., commander H. M. S. *Algerine*, is a guest at Hotel del Coronado.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco include Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Breker, Mr. P. E. Quinn, Mr. E. L. Marshall, Mr. R. N. Tucker, Mr. Ralph H. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Morgan. Mr. G. H. Miller, Mr. I. W. Tucker, Mr. Edwin Parrish.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred E. Bradley, U. S. A., arrived on the *Thomas* from Manila and is en route to his station, Governor's Island, New York.

Lieutenant C. N. Neal, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Sill and will sail May 26 for Honolulu, where he will be stationed at Schofield Barracks.

Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., has been ordered to the First Cavalry at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Ruskin Hall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hall of Fort Barry have recently been the guests of Captain Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln at Fort Winfield Scott.

Miss Kathleen Cates of St. Louis is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Francis Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel Robert C. Van Vliet, U. S. A., commanding officer at the United States Military Prison at Alcatraz, has been assigned to the Seventh Infantry at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Colonel Charles M. Truitt will succeed Colonel Van Vliet as commandant at Alcatraz.

Colonel George Hunter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hunter will sail June 5 for the Philippines, where he will again assume command at Fort McKinley.

Mrs. H. C. Pratt has joined her son, Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., at his station in the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Pacific Coast defenses, has recently been nominated Brigadier-General by President Wilson.

Colonel Littleton W. T. Waller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Waller have returned to the Mare Island Barracks after a visit in Southern California. Their son, Lieutenant Waller, U. S. N., will soon leave for his new station at the Boston Navy Yard.

Mrs. Myron C. Baker has gone to Bremerton to join her husband, Dr. Baker, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *Colorado*.

Pay Inspector Barron P. Du Bois, U. S. N., and Mrs. Du Bois, who have arrived recently from the Orient, will reside indefinitely in this city. Upon his return from the East Pay Inspector Du Bois will assume his duties at the navy pay office.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels has accepted the invitation extended to him by the Chamber of Commerce to visit San Francisco at the earliest possible date with a view of personally acquainting himself with the naval needs of the Pacific Coast in general and San Francisco and vicinity in particular.

The dedication of the site for Porto Rico's building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was held Thursday. The selection of the site was made by R. M. Cuevas, commissioner from Porto Rico to the exposition, now in this city.

The supervisors have passed the budget to print after increasing the salaries of all city employees who asked for more pay, and adding pay for some who did not ask it. A total of $52,849 was added to the annual appropriation in excess of the recommendation of the finance committee, which will increase the tax levy one cent, raising the rate to $2.24, as against $2.09 this year.

The eleventh biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has been in session all the week with a large attendance of delegates from all parts of the country.

On Thursday afternoon the first Pacific Coast Junior Exposition of Industrial Sciences and Arts was opened. The Auditorium at Fillmore and Page Streets shows to advantage the thousands of exhibits and allows ample space for the military drills and folk dancing and other athletic exercises which will fill the three days of the big show.

That the high pressure auxiliary water service for fire protection is now leaking at the rate of 190,000 gallons per day since May 6 and that the average daily leakage has increased 50,000 gallons per day on account of lack of attention was the report made by Chief Inspector of Valves H. R. Beckett to a conference of city officials to discuss the necessity of an increased appropriation for maintaining and operating the service.

With appropriate ceremonies, Bishop Hanna laid the cornerstone of the new Church of Notre Dame des Victoires Sunday afternoon. The new church will be erected on the site of the old structure on Bush Street at Stockton Street, destroyed by fire in 1906. It will be of brick, stone, and terra cotta, with two towers on the Bush Street side.

Maurice de Martini, member of the $300,000 Italian bunco ring, whose revelations were first instrumental in starting the grand jury investigation that resulted in the indictment of eight members of the San Francisco police department, was sentenced Saturday to serve five years in San Quentin.

James Christy, a private detective, found guilty by a jury of tampering with witnesses in the case of Albert Hendricks, charged with an attack on two young girls, was admitted to two years' probation by Superior Judge Trabucco.

The city has made a contract with William Bruce to pay him $1725 to take down the $60,000 concrete five-story Burnett building at 1164 Market Street. The ground on which the building rests is needed for Civic Centre purposes, the plan being to extend Fulton Street through to connect with Market. The property, including building and ground, cost the city $198,802.

◆

Home from Around the World.

Mr. John H. Cook, editor of the *Register*, Red Bank, New Jersey, is in San Francisco this week, resting a few days before starting eastward on the last stretch of a journey that has taken him around the world. Mr. Cook left home six months ago and went by way of Cherbourg, Naples, Alexandria, Aden, Ceylon, Calcutta, Singapore, Shanghai, and Yokohama, with many stops and digressions. He has enjoyed the experience. Mr. Cook has been a reader of the *Argonaut* from its beginning, and that he is a friend as well as a reader is proved by the fact that he forwarded in May, 1906, as a practical expression of his sympathy, his check for a ten-years-in-advance subscription. Mr. Cook's paper, the Red Bank *Register*, is widely noted as the best edited and most profitable country weekly in America. During his absence the paper is managed by four young men who had been earnest students of the newspaper business under Mr. Cook, and whose loyalty and accomplishments were three years ago recognized by gifts of a substantial interest in the publication. The *Register* owns its own home and has a complete and thoroughly modern equipment.

◆

Death of an Early Californian.

William Scholle, who died in New York City May 16, was born in Burgkundstadt, Bavaria, June 24, 1822. He learned the trade of weaver there and emigrated to America in 1841. Some years later he founded with his brothers in New York the firm of Scholle Brothers, dealers in cloth and woolens. The other brothers, Abraham and Jacob, remained partners in this firm until their death in 1880 and 1897 respectively. In 1850 William Scholle went to California by the Panama route and founded the Western branch of the firm in San Francisco. About 1865 the business of banking began under the same name. Mr. Scholle married Rosa Thurnauer in 1858, who bore him five children, two sons and three daughters. She died in 1881 and in the same year he returned to New York with his family and bought the residence, 13 East Forty-Ninth Street, still occupied by the family. His eldest son, Albert W. Scholle, is the present Stock Exchange member of the firm. His other son, Adolph, died in 1900, leaving a widow, Mrs. Sylvan Bier, and one daughter, Mrs. J. Arthur Joseph, Jr. His three daughters are Mrs. Edward Frowenfeld of New York, Mrs. Gustav Rothernberg of Pasadena, California, and Mrs. Seymour P. Kurzman of New York. He had twelve grandchildren.

◆

The annual convention of the California State Dental Association opens at the Hotel Oakland on June 2 and continues over June 5. There will be between 700 and 800 dentists present, including delegates from Washington, Oregon, and Utah. It will be the largest convention ever held on the Pacific Coast, with large and interesting displays. The officers are R. B. Giffen of Sacramento, president; Dr. H. H. Fredericks of San Francisco, vice-president; Dr. E. E. Evans of Oakland, secretary and editor, and Dr. B. C. Best of San Francisco, treasurer.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram York has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. York, who was formerly Miss Ruth Sadler, is a sister of Mrs. Lewis Risdon Meade.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hatfield has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Hatfield was formerly Miss Elizabeth Nevin.

◆

The home in Sausalito of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Wollman (formerly Miss Edith Lowe) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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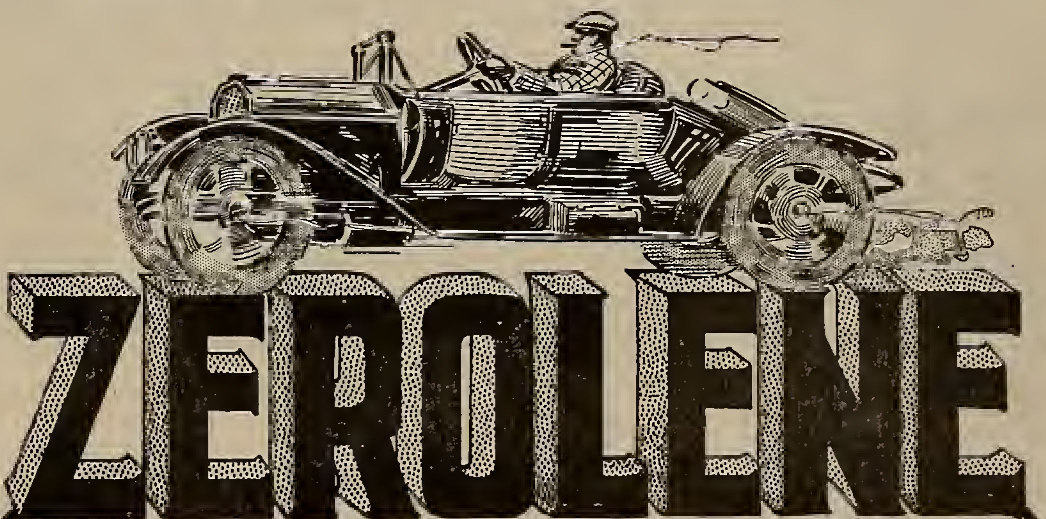

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Harold, papa calls you a fortune-hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich." "So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."—*Life.*

By sentencing a tango dancer to six months in prison, Germany shows its intention to take the tang out of tango.—*Chicago News.*

Church—My son lost an eye and an arm in the Philippines. *Gotham*—Oh, has football reached there already?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."—*Boston Globe.*

"Why this hush, this elaborate tiptoeing about?" "S-sh! Mother is getting ready to ask father for a little extra money."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"Parcel post is a great thing." "Yep," assented the grocer. "You can stick a stamp on a can of corn and send it right out to a farmer."—*Judge.*

Bragg (of Connecticut)—How did you find those cigars, colonel? *Wogg*—Delicious, old man. We had them for dinner last evening, boiled with corned beef.—*Truth.*

Tommy—Pop, what is a diplomat? *Tommy's Pop*—A diplomat, my son, is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age.—*Philadelphia Record.*

He (wealthy but shy)—You think she will accept him! He has nothing to make a girl love him. *She*—True. But then he has enough to make her marry him.—*Life.*

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. *Kate*—Indeed! What happened between you? *Clara*—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.—*Boston Transcript.*

Automobilist—What advantage has the airship over the motor-car? *Aeronaut*—Well, for one thing, you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—*Smart Set.*

Hostess—Miss Robinson has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her, instead of with me? *Hawkword*—On the contrary, I shall be only too delighted.—*Tit-Bits.*

St. Peter—I can't let you in until I know something about you. *New Arrival*—I don't want to come in; I just wanted to ask you if you had any trouble with ticket speculators.—*Town Topics.*

"Higgins is a self-made man, is he not?" "He claims to be, but I do not believe those bad manners of his could ever have been acquired; he must have been born so."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"Yes—we got two good loads of silver—but look—it's the police captain's house we've robbed." "Well—we kin leave his half of the loot right here instead of havin' to split with him at O'Lafferty's."—*Life.*

"You can't see the leading lady now, she is busy in the dressing-room." "Is she changing her costume for the next act?" "No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—*Cornell Widow.*

"Sometimes," said the official, "I really yearn for a private life." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "the great objection to a private life, however, is that it can not be pursued at public expense."—*Washington Star.*

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there." "Oh! that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Boy—Mr. Quinn, can I get off this afternoon? My grandfather is dead. *Mr. Quinn*—I don't see how, with your small salary, you can afford to go to see so many ball games. *Boy*—That's right. I can't, either. I ought to have more salary.—*New York Globe.*

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the poodle, and the rubber plant, with liberal alimony, while he takes the children and the graphophone." "Stop the divorce," sobbed the wife. "I'll never get another husband like that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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"Silence in the Classroom!"

The schoolmaster speaks loud in President Wilson's pronunciamento in criticism of the presence at Washington of persons interested in tariff legislation. He resents as "an intolerable burden" this "constant interruption" of his legislative and political plans. He wants conditions favorable to the "calm progress of debate." The attendants upon Congress, described as "numerous," "industrious," and "insidious," have the hardihood to attempt to "influence the judgment of public men" and they are even endeavoring to create "public opinion"—even as the President himself is attempting to create public opinion against them.

Does President Wilson expect that a measure like his blanket tariff scheme, planned by politicians for political effect, adjusted to a nicety to the end of sustaining a political policy, shall be left to the consideration of the politicians of Congress unadvised and uninfluenced by the business elements of the country? Does President Wilson expect [illegible] representative of the vital interests of the country, with [illegible] their own and the public fortunes at stake, shall remain unperturbed and quiescent while a college professor on the one hand and two groups made up of lawyers and politicians on the other "calmly debate" questions which none of them in a practical sense knows anything about? Does President Wilson in the fatuity of a fast growing conceit imagine that the business of government is strictly speaking *his* business and in a lesser sense the business of Congress, and none of the business of the producing, trading, manufacturing, carrying, and consuming forces of the country? Can not President Wilson so far separate himself from the conditions and practices of the academic life as to understand that the business of legislation is essentially public business, that it is the business of the whole country, and that any interested citizen has the same right to be in Washington that he has? It would seem that President Wilson should not need to be told that Washington City is not a mere "isolated island" of arbitrary power, but a place where the people of these United States transact the business of government, through selected agents to be sure, but at all times subject to the common interest and the general will.

It is easy to sneer at the "lobby." None the less the lobby is quite as important in legislation as the Congress or the President himself. Judge and jury might just as properly and wisely proceed to dispense justice without the aid of witnesses or advocates as Congress to conduct legislation without counsel and advice, or in other words without the aid of a lobby. Perhaps President Wilson in his ignorance of governmental processes, now being shown day by day to be wide and deep, does not know what a lobby stands for. If the lobby does in some, even in many, instances represent selfish and dishonest purpose, it stands in its general character for far more than this. For from the lobby Congress receives information, counsels, and inspirations which it could not do without. At this time a committee of Congress is considering, among other things, the wool and woolen goods schedules of a proposed tariff law. Is there a member of this committee who is an expert in relation to the wool interests of this country and of the world? We suspect not. But the projected bill touches upon ten thousand interests related to the production, the manufacture, the importation, the trading in, the carrying of, the bleaching, the compounding, the sale in multiplied forms of wool and woolens. Will the President assume that Congress has no need of information which experts in these branches of special knowledge only can give? Is the President so arrogant in his schoolmaster's cocksureness as to assume that persons engaged in wool and woolen trade have no right to visit the national capital and present to those who are fabricating the laws information and argument related to the matters in interest? Can the President seriously believe, even in relation to a thing so important and practical as the tariff, that the matter should be left solely to officials and politicians—that it is "undesirable," "impertinent," "unendurable" that they should be "interrupted" in the easy processes of a theoretical and political adjustment?

The presence of ex-Governor George Carter at Washington may be taken as illustrating a legitimate phase of lobby activity. Governor Carter is in himself a man of commanding position and dignity. He represents an industry in which three hundred million dollars are invested and which dominates the fortunes of one of the political divisions of the country. Now the *Argonaut* does not find itself in very close sympathy with Mr. Carter's mission. But it would be the height of impertinence and injustice to resent his presence at Washington and his activity in behalf of the interest which he represents. Does the President insist that so great an interest, so closely and definitely related to private and public welfare, shall sit at home in dumb terror while Congress debates, calmly or otherwise, matters vital to its welfare?

President Wilson will have to learn that in the presidency he is not a schoolmaster with autocratic powers over Congress, plus the power to impose quiet and subserviency on the part of the country. He will have to learn that the business of Congress, even the business of the executive office, is public business in which citizens of the country have a right to proffer whatever counsels and whatever persuasions they may deem necessary or proper.

◆

"Rule of the People" at Portland.

Our sister state Oregon has now for some years marched at the forefront of an exhilarated progressivism. All the novelties and whimsicalities of the "rule of the people" propaganda have been accepted and clapped on and over the old scheme of things until the state constitution has been buried out of sight. This once honored instrument has become a thing of contempt, even the supreme court some years ago having so lightly regarded it as to accept a blanket increase in the salary of the judges thereof in open and definite disregard of a positive constitutional restriction. Other manifestations of a furious progress may be found in deterioration of the state official life. An amiable young bank clerk has become established in the governorship, while two Democrats represent in the United States Senate a state overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment. A country school teacher of mediocre quality represents one congressional district and another district has sent to Congress a combined blackguard and jackass who easily carries the distinction of being the goat of the House. Otherwise the state official list illustrates the efficiency of "rule of the people" in eliminating the worthy and the fit and in substituting pretentiousness and incompetence.

Portland, chief city of Oregon, was at the beginning slow to adjust herself to the progressive pace. In the mind and temperament of the city there were profoundly fixed sentiments of respect for established standards and practices in political organization and in other things. It took time to break down in a people conservatively bred respect for the traditions and practices upon which the municipal life had been founded and had amazingly flourished. But the "wave of progress" struck Portland at last—struck hard and rose high. Portland first smashed the political boss. He was an outworn quantity and it was time for him to go. But in smashing the boss Portland likewise smashed pretty much everything else associated historically and otherwise with her political practice. She smashed the convention. Then she smashed the political assembly which came after it. Then she smashed the nominating committee which had been invented and applied as a patch upon the municipal machinery. These achievements beyond a doubt were the result of a desire for better things. The people wanted honesty in government and they forgot that along with honesty there was another thing needful—efficiency. And after the boss and the convention and the political assembly and the nominating committee had been smashed, Portland found herself in the position of an army which has fired upon its own officers, destroyed its working regulations, and has been left to the chaos of contending vanities and ambitions.

One thing had been demonstrated, namely, that the direct primary is an efficient agency in preventing boss rule and in promoting democratic conditions, but another demonstration is that the direct primary makes any kind of political organization extremely difficult if not impossible. It leaves a community free—very free—but it leaves it without instruments for carrying forward the necessary purposes of government. "The people" in the mass may smash, but they may not create things in the concrete, and something in the nature of the concrete must exist somewhere if there is to be responsibility, authority, and efficiency in the political life of a city. Under the new order of things in Portland the office does not seek the man, but the man seeks the office. What is the result? It is hardly necessary to ask. Sober, modest, experienced, responsible men of exceptional talent or exceptional force or exceptional character—men really worth while in public or private relationships—stand aloof from chaotic politics and give their attention to their own business. Enthusiasts, cranks, men inspired by vanities, nobodies swollen in their own conceit, necessitous creatures who want the emoluments of office, these rush in hordes to the front. Under the scheme which permits any aspirant to hold up his hand numbers offer themselves, but among them all there is nobody qualified by experience or any other known quantity for the trusts and duties of administrative responsibility.

Portland has put her hands into her pockets liberally. Ambitious for progress, she has provided money in plenty for public purposes, but she finds nobody in her city government known to be capable of administering her resources. The self-seekers and self-exploiters who have filled up the "places" give no assurance of their competence to administer fiduciary and other trusts. They are much better suited to the business of yowling from street corners, howling in the "public forum," and in edifying prayer-meeting observances than in building bridges, laying sewers, and disciplining the police.

Portland is now in the throes of a municipal campaign. There is to be elected a mayor, a group of commissioners with an autocratic combination of powers with a long list of municipal functionaries. Of candidates such as they are—men who have nominated themselves—there are more than enough. Of men of experience, men of competence, men of success, men of known probity and of established public respect—alas and alack, there are none at all. Such do not seek themselves out, do not proclaim themselves, do not applaud and exploit their own virtues, do not seek office. Men suitable for public trusts unfailingly wait to be invited. The system of self-nomination under the principle of the direct primary does not find them.

In an almost frantic effort to save the city from the shame and injury of a real disaster there has just developed at Portland a volunteer movement in the form of a committee of 100 citizens representative of all respectable occupations, walks, and interests for the purpose of selecting from the myriad self-seekers those who promise best. Nobody expects to find first-class men; the utmost hope is for the election of the least unfit. There is little inspiration and less hope in this movement, but it is the best that can be done in an emergency which signally illustrates the insufficiency and folly of a system which, calculated to destroy certain evils in municipal politics, makes no provision for maintaining the responsibilties and efficencies of government.

As thoughtful Portlanders sit in company these days or meet on street corners they shake their heads and sigh in memory of the times when men like the late Henry Failing, the late David B. Thompson, the late George H. Williams, and ex-Senator Joseph Simon sat in the mayor's chair. And when other men of like character sat in the municipal legislative body and held the gauge of public expenditures. And it is reflected that these men did not seek public service for self-exploitation or for individual advantage, but that they were brought to it in response to the appeals of their fellow-citizens to the end that there might be efficiency and responsibility in municipal government.

At some good future time there may return to bless Portland conditions like those now so profoundly mourned. But it will not be until the passion for novelty shall have spent its fury, until respect for tradition, consideration of principles, and the instinct for common sense shall reassert their sway over the mind of the community. Probably Portland will have to suffer and suffer severely, alike in her interests and in her dignities, before she shall learn that "rule of the people" in its practical application means rule of the least competent, the least responsible, the least worthy.

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Peace, Peace! But There Is No Peace.

With profound respect for the character and abilities of President—now Chancellor—Jordan, the *Argonaut* must nevertheless declare its lack of faith in his peace propaganda. Peace will come in time through agreement among the nations of the earth if civilization shall hold itself together. But it will not come through sentimental agitation, nor as a consequence of preachments of any kind. Vital reforms do not get themselves achieved by these means, and we can not but feel that Dr. Jordan should know it.

For two generations sentimentalists labored in season and out of season for temperance reform. They preached and lectured, and lectured and preached. They labored in the highways and the byways. One class of agitators exhibited the moral depravities of drink. Another class presented long arrays of figures setting forth the costs and wastes of indulgence. Another class went about the country exploiting "fearful examples" in the flesh. Temperance reform became a trade in which scores and hundreds were enlisted, nominally for the good of the cause, actually for individual profit. These methods appeal mightily to the melodramatic temperament. They engaged multitudes whose vanity was titillated by standing before audiences, or sitting upon platforms, with other multitudes who dearly love to have their feelings wrought upon and who went to listen to John B. Gough or lesser lights of agitation in the spirit which leads emotionalists of a certain type to attend funerals and to run to fires.

The effect of all this activity was negligible. It did not tell anybody anything not already known by people of intelligence. It did not interest anybody with mind above the level of coarse melodrama. It became ultimately a bore, a nuisance, an offense. It may be questioned if agitation appealing wholly to sentiment and tending to emphasize the emotional and temperamental side of human nature did not make more drunkards than it cured.

But temperance reform did come in time. If there be those who question the fact, let them study the social history of the country during the past twenty-five years. To be sure the drunkard we still have with us in a debased and disgusting form, just as we have the "dope fiend" and other creatures of a degenerate and abandoned sort. But the drunkard is now a much rarer phenomenon than in other times. Formerly the average mechanic was more or less a "tippler," but today the drunkard, or "drinking man" in any sense of the word, can not hold any sort of a job. Formerly almost any group of young collegians, excepting possibly attendants upon divinity schools, filled in their leisure with conviviality and roystering. Today students of every sort are for the most part prudent livers, albeit more or less "noisy" in their manners and "loud" in their clothes. Every man of middle age recalls that in his youth the best doctor and the best lawyer in the community in which he lived was more than likely a drinking man. Twenty-five years ago there was more or less overindulgence at every social party where wine was served; and there was rarely a "gentlemen's" dinner at which some one did not get under the table or become offensive over it. All this is changed. No gentleman gets drunk anywhere or at any time. Drinking indeed there is, precisely as there is eating everywhere, but drunkenness is quite as rare a thing as gross gluttony. This change has come about not with agitation—not through preachments, persuasive appeals, exhibition of "frightful examples," or of the stirring of the shallower moral passions. Nor has it come about through demonstrations of the physical mischiefs of indulgence.

The chief agent of reform has been the necessity under modern industrial conditions for normal minds in normal bodies. Large employers of labor—notably the railroad companies—have found it necessary for the protection of both life and property to make sobriety a fixed requirement of service. No railroad company employs a drinking engineer, a boozy brakeman, or a bleary conductor. No printing office, since the day of the high-cost and high-efficiency linotype machine, employs a tramp printer. The risk is too great, the loss too obvious. And with the habit of sobriety in industry there has grown a corresponding sobriety in other relationships. Nobody now thinks of calling in a drunken physician, much less a drunken surgeon; no one would trust his affairs to an intemperate lawyer. Sobriety having become a positive requirement in the manifold occupations of industry has in a sense become the fashion. It is no longer considered smart or amusing or excusable to be fuddled. A man who permits himself to become exhilarated is regarded with loathing and contempt. These are the signs of a practical and positive reform which immeasurably increases the efficacies, dignities, and moralities of life.

If there is to be an end to war in the world, if there is to be an era of peace, it will come not through the stirring up of the minds of men with respect to the barbarities of war; the world has always known that. It will not come through exhibits of the costs and wastes of conflict; all that has long been familiar. It will not come through impassioned appeals of brotherly love; such have been made in vain since long before the time of Christ. It will not come as a result of formal resolves passed by benevolent-minded old gentlemen, or through the pleadings of kindly disposed elderly ladies. If peace shall come, it will come as a reaction upon national policies under the requirements of industry, commerce, and social life. It would go far toward bringing about peace in the world if the United States and England would agree to submit to arbitration all questions which may arise between them. It would go further if Germany could be brought into the agreement. It would come pretty nearly establishing the principle with all the nations if France, Austria, Italy, and Japan could be included in the convention. And this will come in time. It will come when the necessity for it is so obvious, so paramount, as to enforce conviction upon the peoples and the governments of the world.

It is possible—since all things are possible with God—and since many things grow out of righteous-mindedness, that Dr. Jordan's propaganda and others similar may help forward the day of deliverance. But we doubt it. First, because sentimental appeals never reach anybody who needs to be convinced; second, because in this day and age stirrings-up of the heart do not count in the making of national policies, excepting as they stand related to concrete and essential purposes.

However, there is no fear that Dr. Jordan will waste his time or the time of anybody else. He has never done this for one moment in all his large and beneficent life. He could not if he tried, for there is, in the intellectual and spiritual quality of the man, that which breathes forth light and leading, even though the immediate theme under his hand may smack of whimsicality. It is worth while listening to Dr. Jordan, even when he speaks of Utopia.

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A Grave Situation.

The sundry civil bill is now before President Wilson and it awaits his signature or his veto. There is no need further to describe a measure that provides certain sums of money for the enforcement of the Sherman Act and at the same time specifically exempts the laboring and the farming classes from the operation of that act. Nothing need be said of the exemption of the farmer, inasmuch as the clause to that effect has neither honesty nor sincerity. It was inserted only to blur the vision and to widen the issue. Not a single agricultural organization is upon record as demanding exemption; not a single organization wishes it or needs it. The insertion of the farming clause is no more than a ruse and a trick. The bill in its labor aspect has already been discussed throughout the length of the land. It has been debated in newspapers of every shade of opinion. There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the proposal, as to its scope, or as to its effect. It draws a broad line between employers and employed, saying to the former that they must obey the law or submit themselves to prosecution, and to the latter that they need not obey the law and that they are exempt from its penalties. There are no legal subtleties, no ambiguities, no evasions. The language of the bill is as plain as the human mind can make it. It provides the sum of $300,000 for the enforcement of the Sherman Act, and it then continues:

> Provided, however, that no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtberance thereof not in itself unlawful.

As has already been said this bill has been the subject of discussion ever since President Taft vetoed it with a scornful indignation—if indeed the word discussion can properly be applied to a condemnation that was nearly unanimous and universal. Newspapers of well-nigh every shade of opinion have united in protest, and it is not a little remarkable that Democratic remonstrances should head the list in the earnestness of their appeal. For example, we find *Harper's Weekly* asking President Wilson what he would have to say to a bill that reversed the present situation, and that specifically exempted employers from a law to which employees were subjected. The question need hardly be asked, since we know the answer. The President would spurn such a bill from his table, and he would denounce the impudence that laid it there. *Harper's Weekly* continues:

> There is absolutely no limitation in the first portion of the proviso—the portion that has teeth in it. The Attorney-General is flatly and unqualifiedly forbidden to prosecute any

> combination or agreement, criminal or not, which may *have in view* the increasing of wages or the shortening of hours or vaguely "bettering the conditions of labor." . . . It follows necessarily and indisputably that, under this iniquitous statute, men who openly and deliberately break the law for these ostensible and indeterminate objects are made immune to punishment. They can do what they like in any way they like without incurring the slightest danger from the Department of Justice. That is the plain English of it, clear and unmistakable.

There could be no better example of the government by stealth of which the present Democratic Congress is showing itself to be a master. If it is desired to exempt the laboring classes from the operations of a criminal law that applies to every one else, why is not the Sherman Act openly and honestly amended to that effect? Why is it sought to nullify the act by legislative sleight of hand? *Harper's Weekly* answers the question for us:

> We shall not dwell upon the evasion and craven method adopted to achieve this purpose. That is all too plain. Even those senators who tried to make excuse admitted that it would be more natural, more proper, and more rightful to amend the Sherman law itself. Why, then, did they not do it? Because confessedly an amendment relieving a designated class of citizens from the consequences of criminal acts would be unconstitutional. The Fourteenth Amendment stands as an insurmountable barrier. It was so held by the Supreme Court in a precisely similar case. What, then, is this but an attempt, avowed and brazen, to subvert the Constitution by indirection—by withholding from the legal officer of the people the means to prosecute, by striking down the arm of justice, by rendering law itself impotent?

This is indeed a very much larger question than the passage or rejection of a particular bill. The Sherman Act, its appropriations, its interpretations, its prosecutions, and its penalties, all these have an importance that is relatively transient. They are designed to meet existing conditions and to abrogate themselves by abolishing those conditions. But the solemn enunciation of a great principle of law, the deliberate creation of a great precedent, are quite other and larger matters. These are the things that do not pass away. They go to the formation of a record that must throw its shadow far into the future. The fact that a particular class is exempted from a particular law is relatively unimportant in comparison with the far more fateful fact that the legislature of the United States should twice decree, and the President of the United States should sanction, the principle of class exemption. It is a precedent that can not be expunged. It is a principle that must remain as a perpetual and abiding plague. With all the sanctities of law it formally divides this nation into two great castes. It establishes by law an aristocracy of privilege. It must perpetuate itself by successive exactions, by renewed and ever more intolerable and more tyrannical demands. To all intents and purposes it is a declaration of civil war, none the less disastrous because it is waged with the weapons of fratricidal legislation.

Dr. Loeb and the Century Club.

The rejection of Dr. Loeb's candidacy for election to the Century Club in New York will probably call into expression a number of opinions based either upon a false sentiment or upon misinterpreted facts. Indeed it has already done so. It has already been assumed that the action of the committee was based upon some obnoxious sentiment of social superiority or inferiority which in turn sprang from a racial or religious antipathy that should have no place in a modern and enlightened society. Probably nothing could be further from the truth. The Century Club is not likely to be unaware of, or indifferent to, Dr. Loeb's preeminent claims as a scientist and a scholar of the first rank. Those claims are admitted all over the world. They confer a distinction upon any company in which he moves, but in this case they happen to be irrelevant. The Century Club is not a scientific, but a social, institution, and therefore the first essential of its success is a certain impalpable, uncodified, but none the less clearly recognized sentiment of congeniality. And of the probability of this congeniality in any particular candidate its own members must be the sole judge. A social club is practically a domestic institution. The hospitalities of its membership are dictated by very much the same forces that must necessarily prevail in the private family. And the invitation to family association is not an affair of credentials. Under no thinkable conditions can it become a right. We do not tabulate or schedule the conditions that we exact from our guests, nor specify the requirements that will entitle others to the companionship of our family circles. We could not do so if we tried, since it is a matter of congeniality and affinity, and of nothing else. Nor is any aspersion implied in the process of selection. It is one of those questions of individual preference that defy analysis.

It is of course inevitable that this one and only test of congeniality should sometimes solidify into certain recognized similarities of taste and activity. University clubs, for example, are naturally confined to university men, whose interests are along similar lines, and therefore such clubs are a success. Religious clubs are usually a success and for the same reason, that a similarity of taste and interest is assumed among its members. However eminent an outsider might be, he would be ineligible simply because he was an outsider, and this would be wholly consistent with a profound respect for his abilities and character. Democrats are ineligible for Republican clubs, and vice versa, but such ineligibility conveys no slur or reproach. The Concordia Club in San Francisco does not accept Christians, not so much because they are Christians as because the fact of their religion would be a presumption of uncongeniality. There are various other clubs that do not accept Jews, not because they are Jews, but because the same element of congeniality would be lacking. There are clubs that do not accept Catholics, and still others that accept none but Catholics, but these various practices are not based on general standards of social value and still less upon fancied superiorities or inferiorities. They do not indicate a desire to ostracize. They proceed from that same expectation of congeniality that leads us to invite some persons to our houses and not to invite others. It can not be analyzed. It is a matter of personal taste, proclivity, and preference.

On the whole it seems a pity that the Century Club should find Dr. Loeb ineligible for membership, since it has no racial rules that dictated such action. As a matter of fact it includes some Jews in its membership. But the club itself must be the judge, and the only judge, of its proprieties. It has precisely the same right to choose its associates as is enjoyed by the family, and it may exercise that right in the same way and without being called upon to analyze a preference that is based upon a sense of congeniality and that by its very nature can not be analyzed or defined.

Coeducation and Suffrage.

With a humble but undeviating desire to promote discord we would call the attention of American suffragettes to the recent action of the Horace Mann School of Teachers College of Columbia University. Militant methods have not appeared in this particular home of the brave, although it is understood that Mrs. Belmont will import a cargo of them as soon as the tariff upon hammers and dynamite has been lowered. The educators of Columbia University may therefore escape with nothing worse than a reprimand or possibly a procession. Some such mark of feminine disapproval is certainly called for.

For these daring innovators have had the temerity to abolish the coeducational features of their school and to give their reasons for so doing. They say that the "radically different aims and ideals of the two sexes" must be studied and guided. And it is just those "radically different aims and ideals" that we have been insistently invited to ignore and deny. The whole of the modern feminist movement is builded on the theory that the aims and ideals of the sexes are not different, that they are the same, that the distinction is a mere matter of form and of dress, and that right and justice demand identity of treatment and of activity. And now come the authorities of Columbia University with the decision founded on long experience that the differences between the two sexes are so marked that there must be a corresponding difference in educational methods unless education is to be a failure with one sex or the other. It would really seem that nothing short of a suffragette procession by torchlight, some sort of a "hike," would persuade these heretical educators of their error.

It is curiously noticeable that the militant suffragette is loudest of all in her appeals to the sanctities of sex. The more vociferous are her demands for equality the more plaintive are her entreaties for the privileges of inequality. Mrs. Pankhurst, who has just been recommitted to prison for the completion of her sentence, is said to have presented a frail appearance in court. It was consideration for her sex that led to her previous release and that will probably again procure her release in the course of a few days according to her own expressed expectation. In other words, Mrs. Pankhurst is playing what may be called her sex card, knowing it to be a trump. She is well aware that the frail appearance of a male prisoner, accused as she is accused, of murderous crime, would not be considered worthy of notice. She is also aware that if a male prisoner refused to eat the result would be negligible except to himself. In other words, she is claiming exemption because of her sex, and trading upon the very inequality that she denies. She is asserting obliquely and dishonestly what the authorities of Columbia University are asserting directly and from experience that the "different aims and ideals of the two sexes" are radical, and not superficial or conventional, and that the difference can not be minimized or hidden in any department of life or in any activity of life.

Girls Who "Drop Out."

A curious example of Progressive reasoning is to be found in an ecstatic paragraph on the minimum wage for women that appears in a radical Eastern newspaper. It appears that a missionary of the new economies called upon Mr. Doubleday of the New York publishing house of Doubleday & Page. Next day Mr. Doubleday called in the superintendent with the following result:

> "Beginning today," he directed, "every woman in our employ must receive at least $8 a week."
>
> "They're not worth it," said the superintendent.
>
> "But pay it," said Mr. Doubleday.
>
> "We can't afford it," said the superintendent.
>
> "Then we'll lose it," said Mr. Doubleday. "But I do not want to be talked to again as that young woman talked to me. I couldn't think of anything else."
>
> The $8-a-week minimum went into effect. To every one's surprise the efficiency of the force was improved. No one was discharged, but one by one the less efficient ones dropped out, and those that remained did the work. By and by it was cheaper to run the plant at a minimum of $8 a week than it was before there was no minimum.

Now to the Progressive mind the incident doubtless seems to be triumphantly conclusive. But the more ordinary intelligence will be curious as to the ultimate fate of the "less efficient ones" who, we are told vaguely, "dropped out." Where did they drop? What was their ultimate destination? Or did they just cease to exist?

These are somewhat pertinent questions, for on their answer must ultimately depend the public verdict. What will happen to the women workers who are not worth the minimum wage? A hazy assurance that they "drop out" is not satisfactory to the conscience unless it be a Progressive conscience. Under the present system these unfortunates will earn at least something, and they may eventually become competent and so earn more. Under the Progressive plan they will simply "drop out," presumably into space. Or are we intended to infer some sort of lethal chamber such as is furnished for unemployed or incompetent dogs? In the meantime we have some curiosity as to the fate of the girls who "dropped out" from the employment of Messrs. Doubleday and Page. We have our suspicions.

Study of sericulture reveals the curious fact that agriculturists in France cut down their groves of mulberry trees half a century ago, and devoted the ground to grapes, just as at an earlier period they had uprooted the vines, planting young mulberry trees in their stead. In each case the reason was a natural one involving a higher pecuniary return. The chief cause in the dwindling away of the number of persons engaged in silk-growing on a small scale is the mistaken policy of endeavoring to make a monoculture of silk-growing, many expecting to live on the results of an occupation that engages them only a part of the year; so that when a reverse occurs, as it is bound to do in almost any industry, there is frequently nothing on which to subsist. While a recent government commission studying the decline of silk-growing in France stated that the actual number of mulberry trees now in the country exceeds the demands of the present number of sericulturists, it is still urged by those closely interested in the problem to plant mulberry trees in other districts, particularly along the roads and highways at government or departmental expense, so that the territory of silk-growing can be extended.

Ecuador, though modern in many respects, offers a peculiar argument against the introduction of stoves. Native cooks are opposed to them, declaring that the heat causes fever. In some districts it is said that no native cook will use a stove.

Strange uses are being found for some of the queues lately cut off in vast numbers by the Chinese. A British woolen manufacturer recently received an offer of five tons of such hair for weaving into woolen fabrics.

In Oklahoma are 23,000 Choctaw Indians, worth about $5000 per capita, which is claimed to be the largest per capita wealth of any group of people in the world.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We have always supposed that Socialists are a peaceful folk except at street corners on a Sunday night, and that if the governments of the world were committed to their hands there would be a sudden fall in the price of plowshares because of the immense increase in the number of discarded swords. But we live and learn, and manage to get fat on lost ideals. Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells may be said to be the leading Socialists in England, and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are clamoring for conscription. The military life, we may suppose, is the highest type of civilization, and brotherly love can never be more than a dream so long as any man is allowed to remain beyond the charmed circle of the barracks. We may now reasonably ask ourselves if there is any organization whatever whose membership is a guaranty of peaceful proclivities. The church must, of course, be put out of court at once. As fomenters of war, as its applauders, apologists, and supporters, the forces of organized religion have been the most bellicose influences in the world during a thousand years of civilization. The peace societies contain plenty of armament advocates like Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose idealism is always subservient to their practical politics. And now here are the Socialists, whose stalwart stand for peace resolves itself into a scream for conscription. As Hosea Bigelow says somewhere:

> A merciful Providence fashioned them holler,
> In order that they might their principles swaller.

But it is no uncertain peace note that comes from the other side of the channel. Anatole France protests against the addition of a year to the term of army service. He says it will be "the end of French culture," as indeed it must be. The demand for another barrack year from all young Frenchmen, imposed without any exemptions, must, he says, draw off the best of the country's manhood from every field of life, and at a period of national advance when the loss will be most irreparable. It comes at a moment of large developments. It will check those developments. It comes at a time of artistic expansion, especially in sculpture, and it will be a serious check to that expansion, for "sculpture is not practiced on the battlefield." That the demand for the added year of military life comes from the devilish diplomacies of armament companies has, of course, nothing to do with the case. It is national stupidities and not national necessities that are driving the world onward to the steep place that leads to the sea, and it is national stupidities that have been crowned and sceptred by the democracies of the day.

Some further but still inadequate details are to hand of the baby tests in New York. Thirteen perfect specimens have now been captured, and six of them are from the most congested districts of the East Side, where every known law of hygiene and eugenics is shunned like a policeman. Full facts as to diet, parentage, and heredity are still awaited, but such facts as we have seem to show that soup and potatoes formed part of the diet of many of these infants, but whether they also smoked and drank is not stated.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* points out that "the Chinese, with their famines and plagues and incurable poverty, do not perish; nor, it may be added, does the rabbit or the codfish." To this the New York *Sun* makes reply: "You miss the point. The wonder is how all of them have got along without the recall. The mystery of history and of biology is how they survived without uplift."

The opinion of some American suffragettes that their cause has been gravely damaged by the excesses of the English militants is probably a correct one. In fact there are now audible remonstrances from suffragettes all over the world. The suffragette society in New South Wales says: "The militant section are injuring the cause of women more than anything else." The editor of the *Danish Suffrage Quarterly*, and an official of the National Danish Association, tells us that a minister of the interior of Denmark expresses the conviction that "militancy has done harm in England, but it has done much more in foreign countries." The open letter to the militants sent by the Dutch Bond for Women's Suffrage implores them, "for the sake of the cause they have at heart, to desist from the methods which are damaging it so severely." The editor of the *Frauen Bewegung* complains that "the disastrous effects of the last outbreak of violence on the public has harmed the movement in Germany also."

A certain waning of sympathy for the Balkan principalities is noticeable all over the world, and this may be attributed to a gradual recognition that the crimes committed by the Cross against the Crescent are as great, and perhaps far greater, than any crimes ever committed by the Crescent against the Cross. Mr. E. N. Bennet, the war correspondent, is neither a sentimentalist nor a Turkophile. He knows the field of the struggle intimately. And Mr. Bennet, writing in the Edinburgh *Review*, remarks: "It may be stated without fear of contradiction that modern history furnishes no parallel to the atrocities inflicted by the allied invaders upon the helpless Moslem inhabitants of Macedonia." There is much more to the same effect, but those who wish additional evidence would do well to examine a pamphlet entitled "Come Over into Macedonia and Help Us" that is issued by Le Comité de Publication D. A. C. B. in Constantinople. But this pamphlet should be read only by those whose nerves are strong. The letterpress descriptions are bad enough in all conscience, but the photographic illustrations are worse. They freeze the blood. They make one despair of humanity. Nothing more awful has yet been put upon paper.

The uneven rewards of literature are once more under discussion as a result of the sale of the Browning love letters. These epistles—the lady's, of course—brought a price of nearly $60 each, although naturally some one has been unkind enough to suggest that they were written with a wary eye to a future market. Browning himself found that poetry was by no means a gold mine, but on the other hand Tennyson's reward was a large one. Even in the 'sixties his publishers agreed to pay him $25,000 for the books already on the market and all profits on future works less a 10 per cent commission. This meant about $30,000 for each new volume, so that the poet received at least $50,000 a year. Matthew Arnold was far less fortunate. On one occasion he protested against an income assessment of about $800 a year and remarked that he would have to go home and write something in order to pay the tax. "In that case," replied the assessor, "the public will be under great obligations to us." And Matthew Arnold bowed—and paid.

The German crown prince seems to be a curiously commonplace young man who is suffering from the *cacœthes scribendi*. A year or so ago he wrote a hunting book which may best be described as inoffensive. Now he publishes a volume called "Germany in Arms," written by various army friends, but with an introduction by himself. In this introduction he says that Germany must always rely on her "good sword" in order to keep her place in the sun, and that while diplomacy may do something to delay war, "until the destruction of the world the sword will always remain the deciding factor." Then the imperial author quotes Horace with rapture to the effect that "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," which is what we used to write in our school copy-books. There is not much likelihood, or hope, that the crown prince will die for his country. The modern prince does not die on the battlefield. He leaves that for lesser men, who doubtless find it *dulce et decorum*. In the meantime we may notice the general expectation that the ire of the emperor will be freshly aroused by the war talk of his eldest son. Times have indeed changed since the emperor himself was supposed to be the firebrand of Europe and the greatest of all dangers to European peace.

The New York *Sun* asks despairingly if the *Congressional Record* must be "always the same old, swollen, dropsical, padded, lying fraud." This vigorous description is called forth by the report of a speech delivered in the House by Edward L. Hamilton. The speech occupies about five pages, but it seems to have produced "Laughter" sixteen times, "Renewed Laughter" twice, "Laughter on the Republican Side" nine times, "Laughter and Applause on the Republican Side" five times, "Applause on the Republican Side" thirteen times, and "Prolonged Applause on the Republican Side" once. What a very funny man Mr. Hamilton must be, and what a pity no one reads the *Congressional Record* except newspaper men, who are thus tormented for their many sins. Mr. Hamilton should write a book, so that we may laugh with him instead of only at him.

The Congressional Directory contains another fine display of human vanity. Representatives are invited to furnish some autobiographal details of their distinguished careers, and ten among them do this in a couple of dozen words or less. Mr. Lindbergh of Minnesota believes that four words are sufficient. He says he is "Republican of Little Falls," and if we lived in Little Falls we should vote early and often for Mr. Liudbergh. On the other hand Mr. Lafferty of Oregon needs 780 words. He tells us that his four sisters are named Ora, Gussie, Rosa, and Roxa, and, by the way, why are there no portrait illustrations in the Directory. Mr. Lafferty tells us also that his great-grandmother's maiden name was Eleanor Pierce, and we shall try to remember this; and that his brother Rolla became a provisional volunteer at the age of seventeen. Evidently the Lafferty tribe is "some family," and to think that we might never have heard of them but for the Congressional Directory.

There seems no end to these deadly international feuds. Now we have a complaint from the American legation in Switzerland to the effect that American peddlers are not allowed to pursue their interesting occupation in that country, and Mr. Bryan wants to know why not. But the Swiss government is equal to the occasion. Swiss peddlers, it says, are not allowed to peddle in Philadelphia, although why any one should want to peddle in Philadelphia is not stated. There the matter rests for the moment. It is believed that Mr. Bryan may visit Philadelphia in the near future unless he should prefer to resign his post, but in the meantime the American navy has been instructed to put in an appearance off the coast of Switzerland.

Really we seem to know very little of what is going on in China. Here is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whom we love so much, issuing an appeal to the world against a government "conscious of its guilt," and which has now produced a situation so serious "that the nation is on the verge of the most acute and dangerous crisis yet experienced." Can it be that the prayers of Christendom came too late, or were in some way ineffective? Dr. Sun Yat Sen says that there is intense indignation, that a gentleman named Sung Chiaoyu has been foully murdered, that the fury of the people is worked up to white heat, and that "a terrible convulsion appears almost inevitable." It seems that Yuan Shih Kai is the villain of the piece, and this is all the more saddening, since Sun Yat Sen himself recommended brother Yuan for the position. Now we had our doubts about Yuan from the first. Julius Cæsar to the contrary, there is no such rogue as a fat rogue, and the blandly rotund countenance of Yuan Shih Kai has always filled us with distrust. To kill Sung Chiaoyu was doubtless justifiable, considering his name, but it was not justifiable to forget that China is a republic where all men are equal, or to grasp at despotic power except through the regular processes of democratic politics.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

POEMS OF WAR AND DEATH.

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

Cavalry Song.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
  Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
  He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
      Halt!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:
Now cling! clang! forward all,
      Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
  Through the level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
  The guidons that we bear are dearer.
      Charge!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
      Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
  They fall! they spread in broken surges!
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
  And leave the foeman to his dirges.
      Wheel!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
      Home, and good-night!

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

Sentinel Songs.

Gray Ballads! mark ye well!
  Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;
  Rest arms! and guard their dust.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!
  Go! watch o'er the Dead in Gray!
Go! guard the private and guard the chief,
  And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,
  And with softly sounding tread,
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time—
  Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
  In music soft and low,
Sing round the graves, whilst hot tears surge
  From hearts that are homes of woe.

When marble wears away,
  And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
  Will still fulfill their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,
  Like stars that guard the skies,
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,
  Brave Songs, with sleepless eyes.

—*Abram J. Ryan.*

Roll-Call.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried.
  "Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
  From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then silence fell—
  This time no answer followed the call;
  Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
  These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
  As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
  And down in the corn where the poppies grew,
  Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
  That day, in the face of a murderous fire
  That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
  Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
  Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
  "Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
  They were brothers, these two, the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
  "Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
  "Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
  I paused a moment and gave him drink:
  He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—
  For that company's roll, when called at night,
  Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*Nathaniel G. Shepherd.*

Captain Georgia Orne, one of the few women skippers of the world, has overhauled her century-old schooner *Hiram* and will soon sail from Boston. Its summer coasting trips usually consist in carrying lumber from some Maine port to New York and returning with coal.

ELIZABETHAN SHAKESPEARE.

"The Taming of the Shrew."

It used to be a tradition of the British stage that the manager who produced Shakespeare invited his own ruin. Irving was one of the first to disprove that legend, even though he spared no expense on his mounting and costuming. In more recent days Sir Herbert Tree has demonstrated that it is possible to spend a small fortune on a production and yet make a profit out of the Sweet Swan of Avon. But another manner of presenting Shakespeare is now becoming popular, which suggests that the poorest manager can tackle "Hamlet" and the other plays and increase his bank account thereby. It is called a "new way," yet in truth it is as old as the days of the Globe Theatre. Gordon Craig has written about this attempt "Towards a New Theatre"; he would have been better advised had he entitled his book "A Return to the Elizabethan Theatre." The only thing "new" about his suggested settings for the Shakespeare plays is the use of modern color and material plus a neatness of workmanship which would have been far to seek in the old Globe on the Bankside. Doubtless the theatrical property man of the sixteenth century could not have manufactured such spick and span formal yew hedges and garden seats as are suggested for use with "Twelfth Night" or such severely classical pillars and wall-panels as are recommended for "The Winter's Tale," yet the stark simplicity of Mr. Craig's designs is nothing if not Elizabethan. In short, he has been to school with William Poel and the enthusiasts of the Shakespeare Society, reducing to practice the most workable of their theories.

Now this return to the Elizabethan method is having a notable influence on the current production of Shakespeare. From being esoteric the method has become exoteric. It is not so many years ago when a production by the Shakespeare Society was an occasion of scoffing among the critics and curiosity among the public; it usually took place in some cheap and neglected hall and the patrons were few and select. So persistent, however, were Mr. Poel and Granville Barker and their colleagues that the innovation became more than a fad: a bold experiment to try the method in a theatre of repute resulted in the disclosure that it suited the mood of the average playgoer.

All this has not been lost upon so astute a caterer as Martin Harvey, an actor-manager who ekes out his histrionic ability by a strongly developed business instinct. A whilom member of Irving's company, in which capacity he is not unknown to the American playgoer, Mr. Harvey has long been a great favorite with the provincial audiences of England. Alert enough to profit by American methods and press-agent devices, he has permitted himself to be biographed, is prolific of interviews, lectures before colleges, takes the chair at benevolent gatherings, and omits no opportunity to stand in the limelight. His reward is that he is now by way of becoming a popular favorite in London, and at this juncture of his career he has gone over to the Poel-cum-Craig-cum-Elizabethan school of Shakespeare production.

That he has timed his conversion to the moment seems a safe conclusion from the enthusiasm of the audience which, on Saturday night, crowded the Prince of Wales Theatre to its utmost capacity. The attraction billed for that occasion was "The Taming of the Shrew," to be given, as the promise ran, in "a new way." In what that "new way" consisted was obvious to the informed when they glanced over the programme and noted an expression of acknowledgment to Mr. Poel; it remained to be seen whether the Elizabethan manner would catch the groundlings of the Georgian age.

Of course tbere was no orchestra in the usual meaning of that word; in its place the stage had been carried well forward into the house, while where the conductor of the orchestra would have stood had been erected a kind of commodious stage box. Then it was observed that the framework of the stage was comprised of a huge arch of green leaves, and when the curtain rose it was found that this arch was but the first of a series of similar arches that carried the eye inwards to what looked like the hall of an old Italian mansion. The properties were few and simple, a table and two or three chairs, a brazier on wheels, curtains here and there, and, when changes became necessary, a succession of screens wheeled into place hy varlets clad in doublet and hose. The background was varied from time to time by the dropping of a painted cloth, all these transformations save one being carried out in full view of the audience.

For—and this was one of the "new" touches—the entire play was carried through with but a single interval. One effect of this reversion to the Elizabethan method was to make the Induction a part of the play. It will be remembered that in the first folio there is no separation between the Induction and the play proper, the sharp division accentuated in modern texts has misled many a manager into the fatal error of cutting out the Induction altogether. That Mr. Harvey was wise in abandoning that example needed no other proof than the unalloyed enjoyment with which the audience listened to the drunken dialogue and gazed upon the blundering antics of Christopher Sly. It was for him and his Induction that that stage box had been built over the orchestra space and fitted with a tavern bench to carry his numerous flagons of ale. The beer-soaked tinker was robustly portrayed by Charles Glenny, who, however, did not forget to suggest that dual drunkenness implied by the text. That is to say, in his early moments "old Sly's son" was drunk with ale, but later he was sensually drunk in harmony with the introduction of his supposed wife.

In another respect, too, the retention of the Induction made for the keener enjoyment of the subsequent farce, for the arrival of the troupe of players in their motley raiment to enact a "pleasant comedy" for Sly's entertainment carried the whole business into the world of make-believe. That such, or any, flight of imagination was impossible for the earth-bound tinker was cleverly hinted by Mr. Glenny, notably in the admirable manner in which he allowed drunken sleep to steal upon him once the comedy had developed. Hence when Sly's slumber merged into snoring the mission of the Induction had ended; it had faded into the play proper and soon was lost to memory in the interest excited by the comedy, having, however, warmed the emotions on a lower plane and created a glow of feeling conducive to higher pleasure. Nor should it be forgotten that the realism of this Induction so played had the effect of giving the playgoer the right perspective for what was to follow. That tavern scene of Elizabethan days, with its frank, rough speech, was of more purpose in creating a sixteenth-century atmosphere than cartloads of properties; it took one back through the ages and made one sympathetic to the vigor and crudity of bygone days.

Although the Induction was taken at a leisurely pace, once the play began the action was sustained at high speed, with the result that the entire performance occupied only two hours and a half. This, again, plus the one interval, was all to the good, for one had no time for that reflection which is fatal to the enjoyment of a farce. The two principals, Mr. Harvey as Petruchio and Miss N. de Silva as Katherina, had perforce to endure mental comparisons with some famous Petruchios and Katherinas, but while Miss de Silva was the heavier handicapped by recollections of Ada Rehan the ensemble of the couple left little to be desired. In Mr. Harvey's case this happy effect was secured by his avoiding that common mistake which makes the tamer a coarse, brutal, money-grubbing adventurer. He was truculent enough to suggest a reserve of sternness that might be called upon in need, but he was not over-liberal with his inevitable whip and his blustering was obviously an assumption for the occasion. In fine, though hearty and eminently manly he was also a gentleman. Nor did he carry the eating test to Garrick's lengths by producing mutton burnt to a cinder; Katherina should eat whether she would or no, but what he offered was certainly tempting enough. Thus the farce was carried through in good as well as high spirits, and its reception was hearty enough to demonstrate that even a cockney audience can be captured by the Elizabethan manner.

London, May 13, 1913. Henry C. Shelley.

◆

Trivial incidents have led to many costly and serious strikes. A Leeds labor war was due to workmen declining to wear list slippers in a mill where clogs were considered as unsafe (says London *Tit-Bits*). At Sunderland a foreman shipwright casually told a workman to "hurry up," and, the implied reproof being resented, an unusually bitter strike was the result. At Jarrow-on-Tyne workmen struck because they objected to the use of brass checks. There have been at least a score of strikes, big and little, over the question of whether girls should be permitted to wear "fringes" in mills filled with dangerous machinery. The actual cause of the outbreak of the disastrous Taff Valley Railway strike was that a couple of guards were compelled to change brake vans against their will. Because one of their number resented being told by a foreman to cut his nails some 300 working goldsmiths came out on strike not long ago. It was explained afterward that it was customary for the operatives to keep their nails pared close, as otherwise small quantities of the filings of the precious metal in which they wrought might easily work underneath them and be lost.

◆

An action brought fifty years ago against the city of New York by Charles L. Appleby, resulting in the longest-lived suit in the history of New York jurisprudence, has just been settled. Appleby brought suit for damages done to his property by a mob during the Civil War. Through compromise the city has confessed judgment, Appleby dropping his original demand for interest, and receiving the amount first sued for, $7300. When the plaintiff brought suit he was a young man. He is now eighty-eight years of age. Since the suit was filed he has seen many vicissitudes of fortune, and nearly all the lawyers connected with the case and most of the judges before whom it passed have died. Nevertheless he had twelve witnesses, all over seventy years of age, who saw the mob wreck his house.

◆

In the manufacture of soaps and polishing powders quartz is preferred to silica sand on account of its whiteness and angularity. Quartz crushed and graded to various sizes is used in the manufacture of sandpaper and sand belts, as a scouring agent, for "frosting" glass with sand-blast apparatus, etc. Blocks of massive quartz and quartzite are used in the chemical industry as a filler for acid towers and as a flux in copper smelting. Ground quartz is also used in filters and in tooth powders and by dentists as a detergent.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Annie Rogers of Leadville, Colorado, has been designated by Secretary Lane for appointment as receiver of the land office in Leadville at a salary of $3000 per year.

General Israel Montes, president-elect of Bolivia, is not new to the duties of chief executive of the country. He has already served one term, his period of office expiring in 1908.

Dr. Richard P. Strong, of the department of tropical medicine in the Harvard Medical School, has started for Peru to make a study of verruga, a mysterious disease peculiar to the high valleys of that country. He has gained eminence by his studies of beri-beri in the Philippines, and his work with cholera.

Norman Scott Brien Gras, this year's winner of the David A. Wells prize in economics at Harvard, comes from London, Ontario. His prize-winning thesis, "The Evolution of the English Corn Market," will be printed by the university for distribution. The prize carries an award of $500. The thesis must embody results of the writer's original investigations.

Raouf Bey, commander of the Turkish warship *Hamidieh*, which sunk six Greek ships besides doing great damage to island and coast fortifications during the height of the Balkan war, is only twenty-six, speaks English perfectly, and is said to be more American than Turkish in his ideas. He has visited America several times to study naval tactics.

Lucien Simon, participating in the international art exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, has been honored by the devotion of one gallery to his works. He was born in Paris in 1861 and became a student in the Julien Academy, but for the rest is indebted almost entirely to his own efforts. Though well known as a portrait painter he has made a specialty of scenes in Brittany.

Miss Kate Daffin, who has been appointed to the station of chief sponsor for the South, the highest social honor of the annual reunions of the Confederate veterans, is superintendent of the Confederate Woman's Home at Austin, Texas, and is also state president of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Miss Daffin is a brilliant lecturer, of literary ability, and has been president of the Texas Woman's Press Association. This year the Confederate reunion will be held at Chattanooga.

John Purroy Mitchell, succeeding William Loeb, Jr., as collector of the port at New York, was acting mayor of the city following the shooting of Mayor Gaynor until the wounded official was able to resume office. He is a graduate of Columbia, where he won the Philolexia oratorical contest in his senior year. From Columbia he went to the New York Law School, where he received his diploma. His new position carries a salary of $12,000 a year, and the appointment of many employees.

James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who recently testified for the defense in the government's suit to dissolve the corporation, began his career at the age of fifteen as a laborer in a steel mill at New Haven. At nineteen he went to Pittsburgh, and worked as a "wire drawer." He rose from foreman two years later, to salesman at twenty-three, and seven years later became manager of the company. Following that he became general manager of the Pittsburgh Wire Company. In 1911 he was elevated to his present position.

James McReynolds, whom President Wilson appointed Attorney-General, is not altogether new to the office, having previously served the government in the capacity of special attorney under two Republican administrations. He caused the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust, among other big feats. He is a Tennesseean, and in 1896, just after graduating from Vanderbilt University, ran for Congress as a Gold Democrat, and was overwhelmingly defeated. After serving as assistant attorney-general for a number of years he went to New York to enter private practice.

Mrs. Mary E. Ewing, head of a large engineering firm in Chicago, took up the work on the death of her husband, a prominent and successful engineer of the Middle West. At the time he died he had under way or in course of planning sewerage systems and contingent work for nearly a dozen Illinois towns, the total cost of which aggregated nearly $1,000,000. Mrs. Ewing, who had taken a deep interest in her husband's profession for years, took up the contracts and has been successful in carrying them out. She is now negotiating for work in several other towns of the state.

William C. Redfield, the new Secretary of Commerce, whose recent speech aroused criticism among large business men because of the statement that the government might investigate firms found reducing wages following the enactment of the proposed tariff bill, began making his way in the world at fifteen. At that age he was employed as a clerk in the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, postoffice at $3 a week. His next step was as salesman for a paper company. From Pittsfield he went to New York, securing a similar place with a paper house. Some time later he became an accountant for a tool manufacturing company, rose to the presidency of the concern, and after thirty years as a manufacturer resigned, having been elected to Congress.

JEANNOT: PHILOSOPHER.

A Strike and Its Ending.

You go straight through St. Servan, past the Hôtel de Ville, up the cobbled street on the right side of which is the antique furniture shop kept by the little old woman and the little old parrot who answers rudely to the name of Jacquot. Then you come to where the roads fork right and left outside the miller's place. He is usually doing something outside in a white vest and trousers which were once gray. He is very fat and usually very hot, and as the vest is none too thick he is rather a conspicuous figure.

There the cobbles cease and the white dusty road begins to wind out first through the outskirts and then between apple orchards, the home of innumerable magpies, and cornfields which nod cheerily as the breeze plays hide and seek. Isolated farms stand well back from the dust, and a wide strip of grass on either side guides the old road on its journey.

It was on this grass that Jeannot brought the cattle to graze every day, the slow-moving, velvet-eyed creatures decreed by the custom of the country to live with their off-horn tethered by a short rope to their off foreleg, which gave them a crab-like gait. And while they cropped the grass Jeannot sat on a tussock in the sun and minded them and thought about things.

He had eight summers to his credit, and they had all helped to tan him. His short, brown, bare legs ended in sabots from which sprouted ends of straw. He was very sturdy for his age, but as he sat there nursing a stick between his knees his large eyes looked out most solemnly from under his thatch of hair. He was filled with a sense of the injustice of things. Fate had made him a sort of general fetcher and carrier. If anything was wanted it was "Jeannot viens ici! . . . Do this! Do that! Don't do this! Don't do that!" It was always Jeannot something—except when The Englishman called him "mon vieux" and gave him fifty centimes. He was *gentil,* The Englishman. "Ah mais!"

The Englishman was an invalid who had come to Brittany to find the sun and possibly a new lung. His name was—but Jeannot could not pronounce it, and so he remained just The Englishman. Although absorbed in a great pile of books which arrived at regular intervals from Paris, The Englishman watched Jeannot day after day as he was called upon every three minutes to perform some task.

"Jeannot! Va chercher mon dé!" Thus La Fermière.

"Jeannot! Où est donc ma pipe?" from Le Fermier.

"Jeannot! Fais sortir les vaches!" ordered an elder brother.

Everybody found something for this small bit of humanity to do, and The Englishman saw him here, there, and everywhere all day on his feet with a puzzled expression on his face, never refusing, always doing as he was told.

"You are a philosopher, mon vieux," said The Englishman with a smile.

Jeannot was not quite sure what that was, but it was bound to be something nice, as *he* had said it. He was so different from Them. "They" summed up his father, mother, elder brothers, of whom there were three, all working on the farm, and elder sister who toiled in the house. Jeannot never spoke much to Them. He had nothing to say except when they asked him things. But when The Englishman came out with a big pipe and helped him mind the cows by the roadside it was different. This new companionship worked on his hitherto lonely little soul, and he spoke much and listened more.

The Englishman told him things, wonderful things about the world which lay at the end of the road where it ran down to the sea and met the great ships which carried you to all the kingdoms of the earth. Jeannot's brown eyes were fixed on his face, and he asked many questions until suddenly from the farm would come a long call, "Jean-not!" and his visions would fade away as The Englishman stopped talking and shook out his pipe and they called the cows and went in.

"What is a philosopher, M'sieur?" asked the child.

The Englishman smiled a little sadly. "A philosopher," he said, "is one who does what he has to do without kicking too much. You and I are philosophers, mon vieux."

And so they went back, the one to his books, the other to his countless errands. And while he was doing them silently the sense of injustice came back again. Why was he, Jeannot, treading in the farm ruts day in, day out, when away there at the end of the long white road were wonderful things to be seen and done, wonderful people to speak to? Why had The Englishman only got one lung? Why did he have to fetch things for Them all day? Why hadn't he been born in one of those other countries? Why . . . why—the questions all went into a jumble, as he was sent out to clean the chicken-run, to help wash plates, to carry cider to the farm-hands.

The Englishman did not seem to be able to find his other lung. Although the sun and the wind gave of their best and browned him to a turn, he found as each day dragged by that he was more and more loth to leave his deck-chair, and less and less inclined to concentrate on his books. He was content to lie back and feel the heat on the backs of his hands, the breeze stirring his hair. He had told the child that they were both philosophers. And yet as he sat there basking lazily his mind was awhirl with the desire to get up and do things, with the vain longing to enter the lists with the rest of men.

It might not be. He was one of the derelicts, and his philosophy was made a virtue by necessity. He and Jeannot were brothers in misfortune. It was equally useless for them both to kick against the pricks. He looked out with unseeing eyes upon the apple orchard, where great bunches of mistletoe were suspended from the branches and the black-and-white magpies floated from tree to tree, crying as they went with characteristic melancholy. On every hand were sounds of life and health—the rattle of a chain as the big black dog kenneled in the farmyard barked fiercely, the "Hue! Hue!" of the farmer's son from the lower fields, the shrill cry of "Jean-not!" from the doorway, denoting somebody's active need of something.

The clop-clop of sabots came on the turf behind The Englishman's chair, and Jeannot stood before him, fists clenched, determination stamped on his small features.

"Tiens!" said the Englishman. "On t'appelle. Do you not hear?"

The boy nodded. "I hear," he said. "But today c'est la grève. I am grown up."

"On strike!" said The Englishman. He whistled softly, with complete sympathy and understanding. He, too, would have liked nothing better than to go on strike once more against fate, against his one lung. He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Is it wise? You are not yet a bantam, and society is the biggest and most cunning heavyweight in existence."

Jeannot took one bare, brown foot from his sabot and rubbed his other leg with it. For a second the appalling thought that The Englishman was making fun of him made him feel ready to die. He looked at his friend's face. It was grave and unsmiling. Jeannot breathed again and recovered his feeling of determination. "I do not know about all that—what you said"—but he shrugged his shoulders—"Je ne travaille plus pour Eux. Je demande ma liberté."

Again the call from the house, loud and long drawn out. Jeannot made a step forward absent-mindedly, his thoughts far away. Then he stopped short. "Zut alors!" he said. "I am on strike, n'est ce pas? Let them call!"

"You are a very small minority, mon vieux," said The Englishman. "They are six to one—and a small one at that."

The boy shook his head and picked up a stick. "I am going to the end of the white road and to the big ships. If They are six they can get on by themselves. One will not make a difference. Are you coming?"

The Englishman shook his head with a sigh. "Barkis is willing," he said, "but the flesh is weak."

"Qui ça, Barkees?" demanded Jeannot.

The Englishman put his hand in his pocket. "C'est un Monsieur Anglais," he said. "Good luck go with you. Perhaps this will come in useful." He gave the boy a franc. "Bon voyage!"

Jeannot looked at it shining in the sun. His heart swelled inside him, and he dropped it into his pocket and walked quickly away. If only *They* were like the Englishman! They never gave him francs. They used hard words, and hands, when he was not quick enough in doing what he was told.

The Englishman thoughtfully lit his pipe. It was good to be young—and whole! Suddenly there was a patter of feet, and a small hand was slipped around his neck. Jeannot stood there on tip-toe, panting, with the franc in his hand.

"Thank you, M'sieur!" he said. "*Thank* you!" and dashed quickly away again.

The diminutive striker had got as far as the farm gate on the beginning of his travels when his mother appeared in the doorway of the farmhouse. "Did you not hear me crying my stomach out for you, mon brave?" Her voice traveled far. "Come quick, petit malin, ou je te chauffe par derrière!"

Jeannot's heart thumped mightily, and his face lost its color. The strike was declared. No half-measures. "Courage!" he said to himself. Without turning his head or paying the least attention he turned the corner of the gate, walking slowly and with great dignity, and plumped into his father's waistcoat as that gentleman was coming in from the road.

Jeannot bounced off again with the agility of a monkey in full bodily health, but the farmer's hand shot out with the most alarming quickness, and secured a firm hold of the boy's ear.

"Hé donc!" The expression was ordinarily employed to cattle and horses, but it was just as good for small boys. "Hé donc!" he said, his beard wagging as he spoke. "Nom d'un nom d'un nom! And your mother, eh? Must she call for nothing?"

Jeannot's open-air life had made him of extensive lung-power. His yells were piercing. But their purpose was stultified. The farmer's heart was not touched. His thumb and finger remained stationary, and it was with a very crushed left ear that Jeannot was led from the road to the farmhouse and planted in front of his mother.

"Sapristi!" said she, gazing at him with her great hands on her still greater hips. "Is he then suddenly deaf? Or has he taken leave of his senses? Or is it the sun? . . . Did you not hear me, petit cochon de malheur?"

"Yes," said Jeannot, "but . . ."

"But what, pardi?"

"C'est la grève," said Jeannot boldly. "I am a man. I do not wish . . ."

The farmer and his wife bellowed and guffawed. "He is a man! Hear him! He does not wish! Strike, indeed! Cré nom d'une pipe!"

Jeannot was suddenly lifted by an enormous hand, and found himself lying across a corduroy-clad knee. The same enormous hand descended heavily many times. . . . "That is the way strikers should be treated!" said the farmer. "Now do as your mother bids."

Jeannot did so, and then crept away to the end of the meadow. It was very painful to sit. He lay on his stomach and hid his face in the grass.

The lustiness of the yells had carried even as far as The Englishman where he sat by the apple orchard. He guessed that all was not well with the striker, and presently, after a due interval to allow things to calm down, he rose somewhat unsteadily from his chair. The silence was oppressive after that painful uproar. He made his way slowly through the orchard, looking about him carefully, and then halted suddenly.

"Ah!" he murmured.

A small, bare-legged figure was some yards away, face downward, very silent.

The Englishman went through a gap in the low hedge and sat down beside him quietly.

After a moment the small boy lifted his head. The stains of tears marked his cheeks.

The Englishman's eyes met his gravely. "The strike, is it finished?" he asked quietly.

Jeannot dropped his head again.

The Englishman laid a hand on the child's shoulder. "Du courage, mon vieux!" he said. "Listen while I tell you something. . . . My father was a great fighter who led armies to battle, and was never defeated until he was killed. His father also was a great soldier, and all my family right back to the beginning. I have their blood in my veins, and when I was your age my dreams were all of soldiers. I, too, would be a soldier and command men and become great." He paused and drew out his old briar pipe and began to knock it out against the ring on his left little finger—the ring on which was engraved a famous crest. He went on. "My dreams faded away when *this* was discovered." He tapped his chest. "They will not let one be a soldier with only one lung, Jeannot."

The boy sat up and looked at The Englishman who should have been a soldier. His tears had stopped. He had forgotten his father's heavy hand.

"Like you," said The Englishman, talking almost to himself, "I went on strike. I cursed God and my birth. Every man's hand seemed to be against me. I was given no chance. I was of no use in the world—just an encumbrance who ought never to have been born. . . . And so for a time I raged round the world, doing mad things, trying to forget." His thin hand gripped his pipe fiercely. Then he gave a sigh and the hand relaxed and made a little gesture. "Now . . . I am a philosopher! It is better so. In a short time I shall be out of it all. But *you* will grow up and become a man and do things, if only to cultivate the earth as your father did before you. And so we will both go on waiting for what may turn up, and be good philosophers—eh, Jeannot, until our turn comes?"

Jeannot crept close and slipped his small hand into The Englishman's big one.

"Oui, M'sieur!" he said in a whisper, his eyes fixed on The Englishman's, which looked through the orchard and away to the other end of the world.—*A. Hamilton Gibbs, in London World.*

Authentic history locates chess in Persia in 760, and the word chess is known to be of Persian origin, coming from the word "shah," meaning "king," and chess has been considered a game for kings from time immemorial. The game found its first home in Spain toward the close of the fifteenth century, and in 1561 Ruy Lopez published his treatise, which is recognized as the foundation of all modern chess. His work was republished in Venice in 1534, and from that date the Italians became recognized for their chess dominance. The first chess champion seems to have been Paoli Boi, who defeated every master of his time, including Ruy Lopez himself. Chess-playing, as an occupation, is not a profitable employment, although most of the chess masters devote their time exclusively to it and therefore earn a most precarious sort of a living. Usually they haunt the chess resorts and play with any one who will meet them for 25 cents a game. Whenever there is a tournament they expect to make big profits from the stakes. No master chess player will enter a tournament unless there is a good sum of money up. It is said that Lasker is the best paid chess master in the world and that his income averages less than $5000 a year.

A new kind of steel is reported to have been perfected by Joseph C. Marsh of Cincinnati. The new metal, it is said, resists files, saws, and drills, and while it can be made so hard that no drill will penetrate it, it can be bent to a sharp angle without signs of cracking or flaw. Drills made from the steel have been driven by blows of sledge hammers through four inches of solid foundry iron with no signs of breakage or strain. The metal takes a fine polish and is rustless. It is close-grained in texture and weighs more per cubic inch than any other steel on the market.

There were approximately nineteen billion acres of land under cultivation in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta in 1912. From this area it is estimated that $200,000,000 will be realized by the farmers for their crops.

A BOOK ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

Arthur T. Johnson Gives Us an Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State.

Mr. Arthur T. Johnson explains in the preface to his large book on California that he has done no more than set forth surface impressions from the point of view of a traveling Englishman. The modesty of his aim is eminently commendable. A stay of several weeks in the state is usually supposed to justify not only an attempt to solve all the problems of sociology and politics, but also a general verdict on capacity and character. But in this case the author refrains. He makes no allusions to politics, and he avowedly refrains from comment on "that slow kindling in the ranks of labor of the fires of rebellion and anarchy." He prefers to be guided rather by a vagrant taste for idling and roadside observation than by any desire "to tilt against the windmills of great national problems."

First of all the author tells his readers where California is, and he even goes so far as to suggest a glance at the map, which will disclose "a strip of country situated in a remote corner of the American continent, so far off that it is upon the other side of the world." Los Angeles was his immediate objective, and he notes that the journey from New York occupied nine days instead of the scheduled five. And Los Angeles surpassed his expectations. The city itself was a revelation; its streets, houses, and gardens a delight. But why, he asks, is there no navigable waterway to the ocean? Americans are used to bigger tasks than this; yet it is not done. And why, he asks, are rough country tracts so often labeled with the names of prospective streets when a single telephone wire may be the only sign of actual population:

> If the stranger is of an inquiring turn of mind, he may look up the proprietor of this unborn city in his office of "real estate," and in all probability he will be shown a map or plan of wondrous design, delineating the primeval landscape as a trim residential town, with its coquettish models of bungalows and avenues of stiff Noak's Ark trees. The gentleman in the office will be accommodating and uncommonly civil. With a toothpick he will point out how this plot and that and the other have just been sold; how the land is rising in value with every tick of the clock; how this "corner plot," that is being given away as a genu-wine "snap," will treble its selling price in three weeks. Perhaps the stranger feels persuaded to go in for it. An incautious hesitancy on his part, however, suggests to the "real estate" man that his prospective patron has not got the ready cash. It is of not the slightest consequence; he will be delighted to accommodate by advancing the money, or by disposing of the land for a nominal and absurdly low sum down, the balance to be paid in installments, "free of interest," and covering a long period of time. Thus may the speculative greenhorn be seduced into becoming the first lonely owner of a plot of ground, for which he has paid, or promised to pay, an outside sum, and which may never increase one cent in value in twenty years, if, indeed, it does not prove itself a costly possession.

An American traveling companion had given the author some slight description of the native Californian as a "genu-wine sort of a crackerjack," and the first encounter in a Los Angeles hotel seems to have sustained the picture:

> He eyes the passers-by with an expression somewhat resembling scorn, for there are dagos (Italians) whom he hates; Japs, whom he dislikes, but fears to rebuke; Chinese, whom he disdains to notice, and—but I am forgetting myself, who am also among the crowd. He marks me down as a "bloomin' Englishman"—perhaps a "sucker," or a "remittance man"—and no sooner have I entered the hotel and sought refuge in a rocker, than he is beside me, examining the outward and visible signs of my nationality, my clothes. Having puttees swathed around my British calves, curiosity gets the better of him, and he abruptly asks me what they are called "anyway."
>
> "Puttees," is my meek response to the rasping question.
>
> "Putt—How's that?"
>
> "Puttees," I say again.
>
> "Well, I guess they are A, No. 1 for that game" (I assume he refers to golf!), "but they'd soon be raked to ribbons buntin' in the chaparral of this country. . . . Goin' to locate?" (still gazing at the puttees).
>
> I reply in the negative.
>
> "What's your business?" he asks.
>
> "I have no business," I remark, and before the words are well out of my mouth, he has coaxed his spittoon a little nearer with the toe of his boot. I feel sure he believes me to be a detested "remittance man,' for he immediately clears his throat with a nerve-racking, scraping sound resembling that of a skid-brake on a rocky road, suggesting a nasty taste in the mouth. "But I am a writer, a wandering scribe," I hastily add by way of explanation, "working my passage about the world."
>
> He at once seems more composed after that, and, giving me an excellent cigar, the end of which I bite off, remembering the advice, in lieu of thanks. Now he leans forward and carefully feels those strange things which clothe my legs, putting a finger under one of the bands to see how tight it is.
>
> "Where did you get the darned things, anyway?" he jerks.
>
> "At Basle."
>
> "H'm, in Yurrup. . . . I figured they were English."
>
> "So they are," I respond.
>
> "How's that?" he asks, with a startling abruptness, by which I gather that it is his way of saying he begs my pardon, that he did not quite catch my last remark, and that he would feel obliged by my repeating it once again.
>
> "This pair," I exclaimed, "was made in England and sold in Switzerland. . . . Have you ever been over there?"
>
> "No! My policy is to 'see America first' . . . and . . . how much did you say they cost? . . . Bit of a proposition to put them on, aint it?"
>
> "Six francs—a dollar and a quarter," I reply, and before I can utter upon the "proposition" he has looked anxiously at his watch and vanished.
>
> That, in brief, was my first introduction to the Native Son. Not a bad sort of a fellow, as my cabin friend had suggested. A little rude, perhaps—but that is just his manner. He means well. Personal, possibly, and not without a flavor of the self-made man about him; but, after all, the self-made man, as some one has reminded us, spares the Creator a tremendous responsibility.

The author speculates somewhat at length on the cause of the dislike of the English that he professes to find everywhere in western America. There is, of course, the old grievance caused by Irish immigration, and there may also, he thinks, be some resentment of the fact that many Englishmen came to California in the early days, married Spanish heiresses, and so came into possession of land and wealth:

> This is mainly the fruit of gross ignorance, for the traveled American is only too ready to admit that England is a little more advanced than she was in the days of George III; that she understands the uses of an electric bell; that she has trains which can go at sixty miles an hour; that there are still a few green fields left between her towns; that mules no longer draw the London 'buses; that the telephonic and telegraphic systems have been installed for "quite a while"; that the average family is tolerably comfortable, even if underpaid and ground down (I believe that is the proper democratic phrase) by a monarchical government. What a debt of gratitude do we not owe, therefore, to the more intelligent American who can thus so magnanimously award us due credit for our humble attainments. He might go a step farther and inform his compatriots that it were as near the truth to contend that every Englishman dropped his h's and said "aw, yaas" as it were to say that every Yankee said "yah," was duck-footed and lantern-jawed, that the clothes of the male American were always too big for him, while his lady was too big for her clothes.

The California child comes in for his full share of censure. Childhood everywhere, admits the author, has deteriorated with the decay of home life, but the children of the West "are all that children should not be in behavior." They are "born snobs," and "they revel in disrespect for everything save money, and the latter, or that which it represents, is their one and only idol":

> Nevertheless, when the worst has been said against the American child, who is a victim of circumstances, there remains a better side to the picture. If the American boy and girl are chips of the old block, they inherit the good, no less than the questionable, characteristics of their parents. They are wonderfully self-reliant, and possess an initiative and resourcefulness far beyond their years. To see a small boy of four chopping wood for his mother with a full-sized axe, which he handled as though by instinct taught, was to me a revelation. Another lad of ten, whom I knew, could be relied upon to catch a "mess of fish" for the family supper; and that he could shoot a deer was not the surprise to his father that it was to me. In California the precocity is, perhaps, even more marked than in most states of the Union. There the girls often mature at the age of ten to twelve, and one rarely opens a newspaper without reading an account of an "elopement" between two children, whose combined ages perhaps amount to no more than twenty-six years! But, while this early maturity is thus apt to lead the youngsters astray at an age when most English children are scarcely out of leading-strings, while boy "hunters" often come to grief through carelessness with guns, it is, on the whole, a not undesirable characteristic. This sort of precocity in the child is the nucleus of much that is admirable in the adult. It is the kernel of that cleverness, resourcefulness, and virile activity which has made America what it is.

The lack of restraint between the sexes will probably continue for a long time yet to strike the European eye with consternation. The California woman as compared with her European sister is infinitely neater in dress and more graceful in movement, but she reserves her efforts for the streets and thinks that anything will do for the house. The freedom of outdoor intercourse allowed between young men and women produces, says Mr. Johnson, a familiarity that leads to a scorn of marriage:

> Not very long ago I heard of an instance which throws a terrible, unpitying light upon this question. Half a dozen people—three young men and three girls—were returning after supper from a motor drive in the country. When taking a bend the car skidded, pitched over a bank into a river, and all but one of the occupants were drowned. When the news of the tragedy got abroad, and the bodies of the victims had been taken to the nearest city, no fewer than one hundred and thirty mothers came to the scene to look for their daughters, of whose whereabouts they were ignorant. The incident bears its own significance and needs no comment from me.

Americans of ability, says the author, are ashamed of their newspapers, although there are some, of course, that for intelligence and interest are equal to any in the world:

> Though America does not tell us any more than it can help about its asylums and penitentiaries, no country boasts more extravagantly about its libraries, its schools and colleges; no country pretends to have higher ideals of morality than this one. Yet, in the face of all this, we are confronted with a daily press that most countries would not pick up with a pair of tongs. A press that battens on scandal, that considers no incident or gossip of one's family life too private for exposure in its scare-headed columns; a press that makes of murder and anarchy a heroism, that is alike as ignorant of the law of libel, if there is one, as it is of good taste; a press that welters in the stews of every imaginable form of human vice, and whose news-scavengers know no decency, observe no restraint, can have but one influence upon an already morbid and emotional people.

The prohibition law in California, says Mr. Johnson, is a farce. Never yet did a law bring about a more profound demoralization. It has not stopped the liquor tap, but it has stimulated deceit and nourished hypocrisy. Whisky is bought sealed up in eggs, masquerading as hair restorer, and "you turn on a gas jet . . . and find that it responds, not with gas, but with whisky or beer":

> Now, it is easy to see that this sort of thing is degradation made more degraded. The faddists, well-meaning enough no doubt, who are responsible for such a farcical, demoralizing condition of affairs, have here, as always, proven themselves to be wholly incapable of dealing with a matter that no one will deny may have required adjustment. They have made clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within it is full of debauchery and excess. In their appalling ignorance of human nature, in their want of balance and sense of proportion, they have not only shown themselves impotent to mitigate the drink evil, but have made easy the way of crime, and generally loosened the strings of honor and social morality. Yet the Californian suffers himself to be browbeaten and "bossed" by these fanatical reformers. He permits his liberty, manliness, and conscience to be juggled away by a sop of hat-eyed enthusiasts, whose vapid utterances are just about as useful in the cause of morality as would be a shrilling of crickets and a croaking of self-inflated frogs. I am measuring my words, and am not prejudiced one way or another. But I protest against the interference of humbugging zealots, whose short-sighted policy not only breeds iniquity, not only places a ban upon a people's freedom in any country, but who would, if they could, strait-jacket the orbits of the planets.

At Santa Barbara the author found an hotel with an unusually fine collection of trophies of the chase, and they all had price labels attached for the convenience of sportsmen who feared to return home with an empty bag. Englishmen, he says, returning from the fruitless hunt have been known to avail themselves of this convenient collection and so to secure a domestic applause that was not merited:

> There was one tiger-skin which aroused my curiosity, for my knowledge of natural history was profound enough to assure me that no Bengal monarch ever lived in the backwoods of America. I was, nevertheless, assured that sportsmen returning to Europe—via India—sometimes had a fancy for a tiger-skin. Thus, with a foresight as commendable as their sagacity, have these Californians provided for such a remote possibility. This particular skin, I was further informed, was that of a "genu-wine man-eater."
>
> "How are you going to prove that?" I asked.
>
> "A genu-wine man-eater always has the mange on it: look at here," was the response of the attendant, drawing my attention to the moth-eaten condition of the fur. "They tell me it's the missionaries as does it." he continued, with a grin, "and I reckon their skins are a bit thick to digest easy anyways!"
>
> Now, I have often heard the adjectives "thick-skinned" and "hard-shelled" applied to Baptists and other saviors of the heathen, but had never before connected mange with missionary labor. But we will let that pass, as it is outside my province, and take the road which leads northwards to Monterey.

Memorial Day excites Mr. Johnson's ungrudging approval, and he would like to see some such custom imported into his own country. Another delight is the fruit ranch, but his special admiration is for the skill and knowledge of the speculator who will buy a crop before it is on the trees and almost invariably make a profit:

> "Yes, sir," said a good-natured American rancher to me one hot day near Watsonville, as I gladly accepted his invitation to help myself from his strawberry patch, "you should just see one of these Slavs, maybe, a chap looking as if he wasn't worth the shake of a drake's tail, going through an orchard in blossom! He'll just pull a blossom, examine it, reckon the number on each spur, run his eye over a branch and over the tree, and I'm darned if he won't figure out to a box or two how many car-loads of apples the lot will make. . . . Speculation! You bet your life to a doughnut that it's speculation, but I never heard of a Slav go down on the job yet. It's not small figures either. Why, there's scores of them boys who will buy orchards 'on the blossom' for any sum up to three thousand dollars, and none of them reckon to make less 'an twenty-five to fifty per cent on each deal. What's more, the money's there, don't you forget it. They pay down in hard cash, right there."

Another word of unstinted praise is given to the sky-scraper, and on the unexpected ground that it is a work of art:

> It has often been argued that America is a country without art, as we, in a general way, understand the term in Europe. I believe I have made the same remark in an earlier chapter, and may do so again. But in modern architecture, to which I here refer, America has earned a distinction in the sky-scraper. It is her specialty in building construction, her own particular contribution to the art of building. Now, I am not disposed to argue or insist upon the claims or merits of the sky-scraper as "a work of art," but I would contend that this much maligned object is, in its own sphere, as symbolic of the spirit of its own age as the Gothic spire is symbolic of the infinite ascension of religious aspiration. Its fundamental principle is usefulness. its fabric of cast-iron or steel, sheathed or screened with concrete or brick, takes the form of a column, with its base, shaft, and capital. It has no flamboyant ornament to speak of, no avoidable fantasies, no decorative trickery to mislead the eye; in a word, no useless and offending features that are in any way conspicuous. It is an honest structure that, in spite of ominous predictions, continues to rise in height, rejoicing in its strength, solidity, and practical sufficiency.

Space may be found for a concluding incident of the personal type. The author and his country host had been amusing themselves by an attempt to guess the occupation of various transient guests, and had usually found the task a difficult one:

> One day a comparatively smart four-in-hand drove past. In it was seated a man, his wife and maid, and a Japanese servant. He might have been an English aristocrat, some Vanderbilt abroad with equipage and retinue. But imagine my consternation when I learned that he was none other than Mr. Jack London, in other words, "The Great Socialist"! My host and I, who had derived no little interest of a competitive order in trying to guess the nature of the respective callings of the visitors to the "flat," gave the sport up after that. It was, as he put it, a "clean knock-out." I don't know how a "Great Socialist" ought to travel, but possibly a home-made, self-propelled wheelbarrow would be the most consistent form of conveyance.

The book will not give undiluted pleasure to the native-born reader, although its geniality compensates much for its frank candor. It is evident enough that Mr. Johnson has seen only the surface of California life. His knowledge is of the kind that is obtained in the hotel doorway, and that kind of knowledge is never representative, whether in America or elsewhere.

California. By Arthur T. Johnson. New York: Duffield & Co.

◆

Unique in the fact that it is operating on a charter 122 years old, the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures is digging a canal in Paterson, New Jersey, which when completed will make the Great Falls of the Passaic as dry as a bone in summer. The charter, curiously enough, was granted to Alexander Hamilton and his associates in 1791, and here Hamilton established his enterprise as the best water-power site near New York and Philadelphia. Paterson came into existence as the result. Now the parent company is to turn the once-famed great falls into electric power and sell it to the factories.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

V. V.'s Eyes.

The author of "Queed" has justified the promise of his earlier work. He has written a story that is nearly faultless. "V. V.'s Eyes" is not only a splendid piece of fiction, but it shows that its author has a range and a compass that it would require about six of the ordinary "best sellers" to match. In its humor and in the wealth of its purposeful prattle it reminds us of Mr. De Morgan. But its pathos is equal to its humor, and its moral significance is greater than either.

Mr. Harrison keeps his stage full from start to finish and not a single actor is an obscure one. But the heart of the story is the conflict between two characters, and the gradual conquest of the weaker by the stronger. Carlisle Heth is a society beauty and the daughter of a wealthy cigar manufacturer. She lives wholly for pleasure and for marriage, in that golden haze of falseness and illusion that constitutes fashionable life. Then she comes into contact with Dr. V. Vivian, who appeals to her to save the reputation of a young man under unjust suspicion of a cowardly action. Thenceforth "V. V." seems to haunt her life. His own career is one of a wholly selfless and unconscious philanthropy, untainted by conventional religion. He is one of those rare saints whose beneficence is automatic and yet all of him a man. "V. V." comes once more into conflict with Carlisle when he tries to improve the conditions in her father's factory. Fiercely resenting his implications, she finds slowly that they are true. Painfully she awakes to the contrast between her own life and that of the man who was her pet aversion, and in the awakening her own better self comes haltingly to the surface, but not without the prolonged resistance of caste, and heredity, and prejudice.

It is no small feat to tell such a story as this without a suggestion of preaching and with an ever-present undercurrent of fun and shrewd and good-humored satire. The novel of reform is usually unctuous, bitter, and bigoted, without either veracity or breadth of view. There are no such defects in Mr. Harrison's work. We love even his villains, although he seems to think that there are no real villains, and this shows him to be an artist. His novel is a welcome reminder that fiction can still handle the great affairs of life with charity toward all and with malice toward none.

V. V.'s Eyes. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.35 net.

A Tragedy in Stone.

Lord Redesdale here gives us eleven essays of equal merit, although not of equal interest. Perhaps he writes most authoritatively of the Tower of London, the "Tragedy in Stone," seeing that for many years he had official charge of the ancient building. It seems to be even more ancient than is usually supposed, since there is good reason to believe that the Romans had a fortification on the same spot. A fascinating part of the story is that of the excavation and identification of the executioner's many victims that lie buried within the precincts of the Tower. The author himself handled the bones of Anne Boleyn, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Salisbury, and Lady Rochford. It is an extraordinary story and well told.

Other essays are on Leonardo de Vinci, or the history of paper, and an "Apologia Pro Horto Meo." We have also some interesting sections on Japan, first on the Japan that Lord Redesdale knew fifty years ago and then on Japan as it is today. That the country remained secluded for so long was due, he says, to the ceaseless efforts of the early Christian missionaries to secure temporal power, a tendency not yet extinct in Christianity and one that may yet bring disasters in its train.

A Tragedy in Stone. By Lord Redesdale New York: John Lane Company; $2.50 net.

In Accordance with the Evidence.

Oliver Onions has already established himself as a novelist of extraordinary capacity, and his latest novel will add to an already high reputation. No writer of the present day has better succeeded in striking the note of the unexpected and the unusual, and although this is not necessarily a merit it becomes so in combination with literary skill and acute perception.

"In Accordance with the Evidence" is the story of a London clerk, told in the first person, and faithfully depicting a life that is usually sordid and often abject. Jeffries earns eighteen shillings a week and envies his vivacious and fascinating friend Merridew, whose father pays his rent and who can therefore afford a fire on cold evenings. Then both men fall in love with Evie Soames, who is their fellow-pupil at the evening school of shorthand and business methods, and while Jeffries is prepared to abandon a hopeless contest he gradually awakes to the realization that his more lucky friend is hideously selfish and that he has rendered himself physically unfit to marry any one. His determination to prevent a marital crime and the method that he adopts to do it form the kernel of the story, and it is set forth with a cold-blooded and unemotional precision that we usually associate with Poe and with no one else. It is horrible, and it is magnificent. A fearful deed is unrepented and it is unpunished, but the measure of the guilt must be left for individual determination.

In Accordance with the Evidence. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A History of Roman Law.

Dr. Andrew Stephenson has given us one of the most important contributions to the study of Roman jurisprudence that has seen the light since the days of Austin. No one who is at all familiar with the extent to which Roman law has served as a model for civilization will need any incitement to a study whose value to history is as great as its value to law. The story of Rome stands before us as a complete and finished chapter in the annals of the world, the whole story of a complete national growth, culmination, and decay. And the story of Rome is practically a study of law in all its aspects, since there is hardly a department of legislation or even a human interest unrepresented in its codes. The civilizations of today received their tendencies and their conceptions from Gaius and Justinian.

The author divides his work into two parts, devoting the first to the period from the founding of Rome to the death of Justinian, A. D. 565. The second part is concerned with a commentary on the institutes of Gaius and Justinian, and from the legal point of view is the more important of the two. It would be impossible to follow Dr. Stephenson through his close and orderly array of Roman law. It must suffice to say that it is both close and orderly and that it can be read by the layman with nearly as much interest and profit as by the lawyer. As a combined history of a people and of their codes it is almost, if not quite, without a parallel.

A History of the Roman Law. By Andrew Stephenson, Ph. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3 net.

Ibsen.

Ibsen's dramatic works have now been well represented to the whole play-reading public, but his lyrics and poems are less well known. It was the intention of the late Mr. Garrett to translate the lyrics and poems, which number sixty-four in the original collection. He carried out this intention only in part, giving us twenty-eight of them in the present volume, as well as five songs from the dramas. The opportunity, however, has been taken of republishing the version of "Brand" with the translator's manuscript revisions; and a few further additions make this volume a complete collection of Garrett's translations from Ibsen. It is hardly necessary to say anything of Mr. Garrett's capacity as a translator. There are no tool marks upon his work, which seems to be the happiest combination of literary accuracy and poetic expression.

Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen. Translated by Fydell Edmund Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.60 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The term posture, says Jessie H. Bancroft, author of "The Posture of School Children" (Macmillan Company; $1.50 net), is used "to denote the habitual carriage of the body, especially in the erect position. It involves the correct development and contours of spine, chest, shoulders, and other main segments, as well as their relation to each other in the upright position." In the course of a substantial and well illustrated volume the author appears to cover the whole ground so far as it relates to the school and its methods for physical efficiency.

The second volume of the Little Red House series of stories for children is entitled "The Red House Children at Grafton," by Amanda M. Douglas (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net). Some familiar characters reappear and the story as a whole seems to be equal to its predecessor.

"Harper's Book for Young Naturalists," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Harper & Brothers; $1.50), is otherwise described as "a guide to collecting and preparing specimens, with descriptions of the life, habits, and haunts of birds, insects, plants, etc." The author has an admirable power of lucid explanation as well as a knowledge of the mind of the boy.

"Comparative Religion," by J. Estlin Carpenter, D. Litt., which appears in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net per volume), is a particularly able presentation of the world religions and of the debt that they owe to each other. The author is to be congratulated not only on saying so much in so brief a space and on saying it so well, but also on his avoidance of those conventional expressions of precedence that are so often considered appropriate to religious discussion.

"Training the Boy," by Professor William A. McKeever (Macmillan Company; $1.50 net), is a comprehensive volume for parents and teachers and one that deals with nearly every phase of boy life. The author divides his work into five parts devoted respectively to Industrial Training, Social Training, Habit Training, Vocational Training, and Service Training. With the exception of a few such aberrations as a demand for compulsory examinations in parenthood the book is marked by strong common sense as well as knowledge of boy life.

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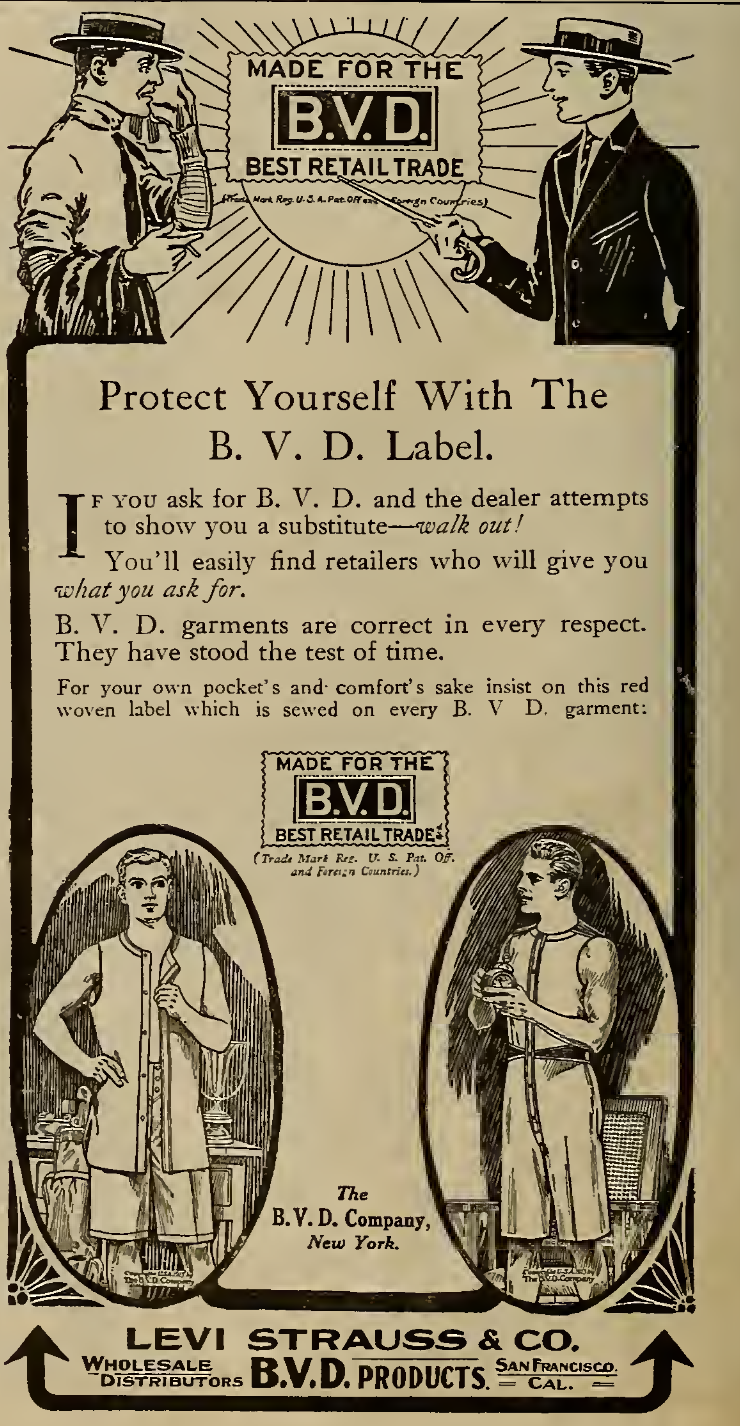
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Civil War Lectures.

It is always a delight to read anything from the pen of James Ford Rhodes. It is peculiarly a delight when the most eminent of American historians is addressing himself to a foreign audience and is therefore under the special obligations of a narrative style that must be succinct, condensed, and yet inclusive.

All these virtues and many others are combined in this volume of "Lectures on the American Civil War" delivered before the University of Oxford in 1912. The conventional time limit for each of these lectures was fifty-five minutes, but in order that they might assume a somewhat more bookable form the author has replaced certain portions that were originally omitted as a concession to brevity. The volume as it now stands deserves a prominent place on the historical shelf of the library, whether the library be American or English.

Lectures on the American Civil War. By James Ford Rhodes, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The June *Century Magazine* presents a hitherto unpublished collection of letters written by John Quincy Adams in 1812-13, while he was United States minister at the Court of St. Petersburg. They are full of interesting contemporary comment on the War of 1812 and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

M. Louis Lepine, until recently prefect of police in Paris, who is now traveling in Egypt, says he is writing his memoirs, to be published after his death. It is thought that the book will be of great importance in its bearing upon the Dreyfus affair because Lepine knew the inside.

Among the passengers on the North German Lloyd's steamer *Prinzess Irene*, which sailed from New York on May 24, was Stewart Edward White, the well-known American author and big game hunter, who is undertaking a two years' exploration and hunting trip in East and Equatorial Africa.

The Macmillan Company has just brought out "University and Historical Addresses," by the Hon. James Bryce.

Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Scarlet Rider" was brought out last week by the Century Company. Miss Runkle, who in private life is Mrs. L. H. Bash, wife of an army officer, gathered during a summer in the Isle of Wight the notes, sketches, and traditions on which the story is based. These traveled with her to New York, to San Francisco, to the Philippines from Manila to Zamboanga in the Farthest South, back to San Francisco, the day before the earthquake, to Texas, to New York, back to the Philippines, again to New York, down to Fort Sam Houston in southern Texas, to Plattsburg Barracks just across the road from Canada, and once more to San Francisco, where the story was finished.

Price Collier, whose new book, "Germany and the Germans: From an American Point of View," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was born in 1860. He received his early education abroad and the degree of B. D. from Harvard in 1882. In 1893 he married Miss Katherine Delano of New York. He was then a Unitarian minister and continued as such for nine years until he became European editor of the *Forum*. Two years later he was secretary of the Outing Publishing Company, but on the outbreak of the Spanish war he enlisted and served as an officer in the United States navy. He had been for years a contributor to British and American periodicals before the publication of his first book.

B. C. Hardy, in his biography of "Arbella Stuart," announced by E. P. Dutton & Co., deals in detail with the childhood at the home of her famous grandmother of "Bess of Hardwick," and vividly reproduces from authentic sources scenes of her life at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

Henry Holt & Co. issue this week an authorized translation of Rupin's standard work, "Die Juden der Gegenwart" (The Jews of Today) from the second revised edition of the original with an introduction of some length by Dr. Joseph Jacobs.

Last year Jerome D. Travers won the national championship in golf for the third time. A book in which he sets forth some of his achievements, relates many of his golfing experiences, and explains how to play each club, appeals to every sportsman. Such is "Travers's Golf Book," just published by the Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

Wilsam. By S. C. Nethersole. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Right of the Strongest. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Success in Gardening. By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Conspiracy. By Robert Baker and John Emerson. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Helena Brett's Career. By Desmond Coke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: $1.35 net.

A novel.

Fortitude. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.40 net.

A novel.

Michael. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

A novel.

Mixed Grill. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Growing Pains. By Ivy Low. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

Dying Fires. By Allan Monkhouse. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net.

A novel.

The Debit Account. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Jumping-Off Place. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

The Ambition of Mark Truitt. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.35 net.

A novel.

The Sultee of Safa. By Dulcie Deamer. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Devota. By Augusta Evans Wilson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

Faro Nell and Her Friends. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

A Looking Glass. By Gertrude Skinner. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.: $1.25 net.

An allegorical story intended to reflect for the nation its treatment of the negro.

Mr. Pratt's Patients. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30 net.

A novel.

Masterpieces of Mystery. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.30 net.

Nine detective stories.

Lore of Proserpine. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.35 net.

A volume of sketches and stories.

Sophocles. With an English translation by F. Storr, B. A. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

Hamlet. Prince of Denmark. Edited by George Pierce Baker, A. B. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

Sonnets and A Lover's Complaint. Edited by Raymond M. Alden, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

Perceptions. By Robert Bowman Peck. London: Elkin Mathews.

A volume of verse.

Economy and System in the Bakery. By Emil Braun. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A manual of money-saving suggestions and form-sheets for large and small bakeries.

Isles in Summer Seas. By J. Law Redman. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.50 net.

A book of travel in Bermuda.

What Is the Truth about Jesus Christ? By Friedrich Loofs, Ph. D., Th. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

Problems of Christology discussed in six Haskell Lectures.

School Hygiene. By Fletcher B. Dresslar, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Issued in the Brief Course Series in Education.

The Works of the Emperor Julian. With an English translation by Wilmer Cave Wright, Ph. D. In three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net each.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

The Apostolic Fathers. With an English translation by Kirsopp Lake. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company: $1.50 net each.

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Appian's Roman History. With an English translation by Horace White, M. A., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company: $1.50 net each.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

Plays by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50 net.

"The Gauntlet," "Beyond Our Power," "The New System."

The Problem of Christianity. By Josiah Royce. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50 net.

Lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston and at Manchester College, Oxford.

The New Scribner Building Opened.

Charles Scribner's Sons, booksellers and publishers, are now established in their new building on Fifth Avenue at Forty-Eighth Street, New York. The house was founded in 1846 by Charles Scribner, Sr., a graduate of Princeton. His publishing offices were a part of the chapel of the old brick church at the corner of Nassau Street and Park Row, which became the site of the old *Times* building. In 1856 he moved to 377-379 Broadway, in 1858 to 124 Grand Street, and later to 654 Broadway. Charles Scribner, Sr., died in 1871, and three years later the house moved to 743 Broadway, where it remained until nineteen years ago, when it moved to 153-157 Fifth Avenue, a five-story building designed by Ernest Flagg, which has just now been abandoned for the new ten-story building, also designed, and on similar lines, by Ernest Flagg.

The Scribner Book Store occupies the ground floor of this building, and the financial, editorial, and business offices of the book business and the magazine occupy the next four floors. The actual manufacturing of both books and magazine is conducted as hitherto in the Scribner Press on West Forty-Third Street.

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WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Boston Herald: Mr. Hart has collected a mass of material which he has put before the reader in an entertaining manner. Lovers of anecdotes will be pleased with the book; it will be of value to students of the theatre; the general reader will relish the vivid description of the plays.

Chicago News: This, the first English biography of Sardou, is an exhaustive treatment in three parts. The first part is the most interesting to the uncritical reader, for it gives the story of Sardou's early life, his poverty, and the bitter struggles which preceded his final triumph.

Literary Digest: This volume of valuable information should be welcome. Interesting facts are given about Sardou's daily life, his habits of study, his scheme of work. The book is replete with anecdote. It will be found invaluable.

Denver News: The book contains a very large amount of new matter, nearly all of it hitherto unprinted in English. It contains a number of curious details concerning Sardou's manner of working.

Birmingham Herald: Most young playwrights think that a successful play is merely a matter of genius; they will find from this Sardou biography that genius in playwriting is "a capacity for taking infinite pains."

Waterbury Democrat: During several visits to Paris the author accumulated interesting material, old letters and other documentary matter, and many controversial pamphlets between Sardou and his critics, which he has used in this book.

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"THE RED WIDOW."

It gradually dawns upon the spectator of "The Red Widow" at the Columbia Theatre that Raymond Hitchcock is emphatically the It of the performance, in spite of his leading lady—and wife—being more than ordinarily dowered with beauty and the chorus being numerous, spry, handsomely costumed, and collectively pretty.

Channing Pollock, the expert and practised playwright, had a hand in the evolution of the story part of "The Red Widow"; perhaps, indeed, he is the main author, his collaborator being the less well-known Rennold Wolf. At any rate the book has shape and purpose, light though it be, and although we may never know how much of Cicero Hannibal Butts's *jeux d'esprit* is due to the authors, and how much to Raymond Hitchcock, the fact remains that they are inordinately amusing and capture a heavy artillery of mirth from the audience.

It is indubitable, after seeing Mr. Hitchcock again, that he has developed into one of the most expert and amusing light comedy entertainers on our stage. All he has to do is to come on the scene and monologuize and success is his. He has a whole lot of qualities, even including among them a voice—particularly a speaking one—looks, and a figure; but his great asset is his manner. I do not call it his comedy method, because he doesn't act. He just talks, pouring forth a steady stream of ceaseless gags, interspersed casually with what dialogue has been supplied him in the book, and touching up the general effect with an earnest, reasoning tone and a decided flavor of the "gosh-darn" brand of Americanism.

This carefully cultivated Americanism is amusingly back-grounded by Russian Nihilism, and secret police espionage. Amid the terrific dangers brought down on his devoted head by bomb-throwing Nihilists, some of whom insist on regarding him as a brother-conspirator, Cicero Hannibal Butts takes turns in walking upon Russian egg-shells and pulling the tenderest hair-roots of the Russian bear.

Cicero Hannibal Butts has unconsciously involved himself in these dangerously exciting diversions by accepting with gallant alacrity the proposition of a fair but unsuspected Nihilist to travel with him temporarily, and with due decorum, as his supposed wife, in order to avail herself of the unused passport of the real and only Mrs. Butts, an ardent suffragist who can not bring herself to desert the energetic sisterhood in London and accompany her husband on his trip to St. Petersburg.

This is, practically, the plot of "The Red Widow," the titular heroine being played by Flora Zabelle, whom many will remember as an exceedingly handsome foreign-looking girl who was Raymond Hitchcock's leading lady on the occasion of his first engagement here. Flora Zabelle has developed since then into a practiced musical-comedy artist. Her voice matches her appearance, which is as richly tinted as an orchid. She is a Maxine Elliot brunette, being the fortunate possessor of glorious, deep-toned, lustrous black hair, and milk-colored curves of boneless flesh. She has a further resemblance to the lovely Miss Elliot in that her richly colored beauty stops there, and, while easy and expert in her craft, she is, and always was, curiously lacking in temperament and magnetism. However, she is a most effective stage figure in the handsome harness of the beautiful Nihilist, and with her self-exhibiting, preening attitudes and radiant costumes is suggestive of a beautiful, vividly plumaged cockatoo.

They always seem, nowadays, to include a dance specialist, or a pair of them, in the musical-comedy companies. In this case, Minerva Coverdale plays the rôle of Yvette, the sweetheart of young Butts, the gilded son of the older—but not old—Butts. Yvette is a dancer par excellence, and as the youthful pair travel to Russia with the more mature couple they kindly assist Papa Butts by fanning his uxorious terrors of discovery by his real wife, and in lightening the contents of his plethoric American wallet. The young couple also incidentally dance, George White, a handsome youngster who looks like a present-day Greek, officiating more as an expert and graceful partner than a fellow-specialist.

Minerva Coverdale, in spite of her Anglo-American name, looks foreign, too. Although there is something subtly displeasing in her personality, there is certainly a fascination in her dancing. Her agile legs, slender with the thinness of the more youthful professional dancers, seem to have an independent life of their own, and shoot up and out, describing easy meteoric arcs, and wild tangents, that exhilarate the spectator by their suggestion of unbridled muscular elasticity.

The romantic element in the piece is supplied by some sentimental philanderings between "The Red Widow" and a Russian captain of the Imperial Guard, who, as played by Theodore Martin, appears as a picturesquely costumed, athletic-figured, well-featured young man with something not bad in the line of tenor voices, which he knows how to infuse quite effectively with melancholy sentiment.

Save for the player of one character, the remainder of the cast were merely foils for Mr. Hitchcock's affluence of humor. The exception was George E. Mack, who played a Nihilistic waiter with a countenance of settled seriousness and a predilection for bombs and bomb-throwers. Upon this waiter Mr. Mack bestowed, in an excellently amusing make-up, a countenance of the kind that once seen is never forgotten.

And his name, Popova Popolotski, furnished Raymond Hitchcock with a text, over the exposition of which we laughed until we were reduced to a condition of feeble imbecility. He played with the Russian's patronymic as a cat plays with a mouse; he gnawed over it, as a dog gnaws a bone. He blew it through his clenched teeth, flapped the walls of his particularly flexible cheeks over it, experimented repeating it, mumbled American approximations at it, and improvised accusatory gags which he hurled at the bearer of it.

While the roaring audience grew progressively feebler as the fun waxed stronger, Mr. Waiter Poplovitch, while waiting for an order, regarded the indignantly apostrophizing Mr. Butts with an intent, serious look which made the whole thing irrepressibly comical. And at this point we recognized that Mr. Hitchcock was trying to shake a professional and probably celebrated gravity upon which Mr. George Mack visibly relied to resist the mirth-productive properties of the great North American gagger.

Raymond Hitchcock is quick-witted, and unexpected. Your professional gagger has to be. But he had to work hard and long to plant a little mirth-pointed arrow in the face of George Mack's almost invulnerable seriousness. But he planted it. I saw a slight relaxation of Popova Poplovitch's anarchistically serious lips. His "mud-guards," as Cicero Hannibal Butts playfully termed a pair of bristling side tufts on his grave countenance, were slightly elevated for just a moment. And then Raymond Hitchcock was satisfied. He let up on the steady gag-play, and the action of the piece went on.

But I have not the least doubt that we were indebted to Mr. Mack's inflexibly preserved gravity for a prolonged meteoric display—without extra charge—of Raymond Hitchcock's talent for rapidly extemporized and highly amusing gagging.

His curtain speech affords considerable index to his talents of the kind. I don't know what it was all about. Neither does Mr. Hitchcock. Nobody could possibly give a *résumé* of it. But it flows on, and ramifies, and augments, and halts, and reflects, and takes a fresh start, and grows in topics, and seems to come to an end, and suddenly plunges the listener into an utterly irrelevant topic that yet seems to have gotten in by some relevant route, until it comes to a shower-of-stars conclusion. And as the curtain goes down the audience tenderly feels its sore sides, and takes a short and much-needed rest from laughter during the entr'act.

In all matters of stage production the performance of "The Red Widow" is thoroughly up to standard. The piece opens in the foyer of a London music-hall. We see the backs of a group of girls and their gilded swains who are intently regarding the mimic stage. And then the play-curtain comes down, and the play-audience streams upon the stage. And the masculine eye lightens with joy as girl after girl, gowned in glittering array, files by on the arm of her London Johnny, and a pageantry of youthful good looks and desirable shapes is assured.

The music of the piece—which, by the by, is composed by Charles J. Gebest—includes some eighteen vocal numbers, which, although not specially individual, go with a snap. On Monday night the orchestra played too loud, but no doubt that will be remedied. So, also, I doubt not, will the absence of people in the last four or five rows. The glad word will pass around that Raymond Hitchcock and the show that features him have emphatically made good and work up an excellent run for "The Red Widow."

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

Arrangements for presenting to Sarah Bernhardt a laurel wreath of gold and silver from the dramatic profession in the United States and the allied arts in recognition of her work in dramatic art were perfected at a meeting in New York recently. Mme. Bernhardt has sailed for Europe, and the formal presentation of the wreath is to be made in Paris during the coming summer.

◆

Musical comedy reigns at three theatres this week, and playgoers are afforded an opportunity to contrast old and new styles.

Coming Attractions at the Cort Theatre.

John Cort, who was in town for a few days the early part of this week after an absence of nearly a year in New York, announces an extraordinary series of bookings for the Cort Theatre in this city. For the first time the theatrical magnate will be enabled to offer an uninterrupted summer of the biggest theatrical attractions that the foremost Eastern producers have to offer. Because of the oppressive Eastern heat, most of the worthy road attractions are "closed" during the summer, but Mr. Cort, through the success last season here of the Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera Company, particularly, has convinced the New York managers that San Francisco is the ideal place for the giving of summer shows.

The Messrs. Shubert will send out "The Passing Show of 1912" by special train direct from Philadelphia, and John Mason, Eva Tanguay, "Everywoman," and the Gilbert and Sullivan forces are to furnish entertainment during the period when there is usually a dearth of theatricals.

Mr. Cort has his theatre booked solid to June 21, 1914. In addition to the above the following attractions of note will be presented here: "Ready Money," "The Bird of Paradise," "The Merry Countess," "The Girl of My Dreams," Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress," Annie Russell in a repertory of English plays, William Faversham in "Julius Cæsar," "Bought and Paid For," "Within the Law," "Little Women," Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertory, Gertrude Hoffman, Gaby Deslys, Trentini in "The Firefly," "The Blue Bird," Harry Lauder, "Fanny's First Play," "The Purple Road," "The Five Frankforters," "The Whip," "The Passing Show of 1913," Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertory, Anna Held, and Lillian Russell, each of the last-named being at the head of monster road vaudeville shows under the management of Mr. Cort.

◆

From 100 to 300 boys with voices are always waiting to be admitted to the choir of Grace Church, New York. They are enrolled thirty or more at a time, and come from all over the country. Practically every one lives at the school for nine months of the year (says the *Churchman*). The boy's family find his books and clothing; Grace Church does the rest—boards him, teaches him, and employs him in its choir until he has outgrown the service. The choir boy is unpaid, and all money earned by him from musical engagements is kept by the choirmaster until he earns his honorable discharge. Parents must sign an agreement that their boys shall not be withdrawn from the school. The only musical requirements are a correct ear and the promise of a good and powerful voice.

◆

Arthur Bourchier, who opened the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon with an address upon Shakespeare and the drama, afterward spoke of the special preparations to be made for the worthy celebration of the Shakespearean tercentenary in 1916. He suggested that Englishmen ought to show that they appreciate the greatness of the heritage they enjoy in Shakespeare as a world-poet by inviting well-known companies from other countries to come to Stratford and give representations of the greatest of the plays in their own languages, and so use the name and the works of Shakespeare as a powerful agent for the promotion of international peace and mutual understanding between the powers of the world.

◆

Historic McVicker's Theatre in Chicago has been given over to moving pictures. The Colonial, a newer and pretentious house, has gone the same way.

A $6,000,000 Project Progressing

With the advent of spring, after a period of inactivity due to the severity of winter in the high Sierras, construction work is under full swing on the giant power-plant undertaking of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is putting fully $6,000,000 into the project.

As previously stated, the Lake Spaulding enterprise was commenced last year, when the first concrete was poured for what will be one of the largest and highest dams in the world. It had already reached a height of forty-three feet above the river some days ago, and by means of a tunnel through it the water from the stream is under full control. When completed the dam will be 300 feet high, and will back up the water for a distance of nine miles, impounding 30,000,000,000 gallons of the fluid so necessary to the production of electric power. The lake will enable three power houses to generate 100,000 horsepower of electric energy, which will be distributed over the great and growing territory of the company.

The project, one of the largest in the country, is the result of a constantly growing demand for more electric power. Though the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has large plants in operation, it has not been able to fully meet the demand, and has been obtaining additional electricity through arrangement with another concern. Realizing that the future would require a still larger supply, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company decided to perfect an undertaking of colossal proportions which would, in the end, enable it to furnish, through its own plants, all the power necessary for years to come.

Now that the great Lake Spaulding dam has stood the test of winter, concrete is being poured into it at the rate of 1000 yards a day. It is estimated that more than 200,000 yards will be required. Gravel is being shipped from Colfax and Wadsworth, and two big Portland cement companies on the Coast are kept busy supplying cement. The finishing touches to the dam may be added before the end of the year.

During the winter the work of boring the mile-long tunnel leading from the dam went on without cessation. That was work which could be carried out regardless of weather, and the task has been practically completed. So perfectly was the work carried on, and so accurate was the survey of the engineers that their calculations were not a sixteenth of an inch at fault when the miners "holed through." The tunnel stands as a remarkably fine piece of construction work.

In addition, as part of the whole enterprise, the Christian Valley and Auburn developments have been started. Two dams are in process of construction and two more are under way. Work on four tunnels has begun, and a canal is being dug from Clipper Gap to Auburn, which, it is expected, will be completed by August 1, two months earlier than scheduled. The development at Christian Valley will be 10,000 horsepower, while that in Auburn Ravine will be approximately 17,000 horsepower, operating under a 520-foot head.

As Vice-President Britton remarked on his return: "It is the most wonderful sight imaginable. History is being written at Lake Spaulding."

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Hanky Panky" at the Cort Theatre

"Hanky Panky," with a great cast of funmakers, including four who are prime favorites in this city, is scoring a sensational success at the Cort Theatre. The combination of these stars, including the latest comedienne sensation to blaze across the theatrical horizon, a chorus which looks as if it were on Broadway, and scenery and costumes which make the production absolutely gorgeous, make the show distinctive. It was "constructed for laughing purposes only," according to the advance information, and its builders certainly did their work well, for it is one long succession of laughs from start to finish, while beautiful song numbers, rendered by the greatest prima donna in musical comedy and other singers, give one occasional surcease from laughter.

In the cast are Christine Nielsen, "the California poppy," who started her musical career here four years ago at the old Princess Theatre and returns as a full-fledged prima donna; Florence Moore, a stranger here up to Sunday night, when she scored a sensational triumph as a comedienne; Harry Cooper, a prime favorite here, where he has played for twenty years at various times, appearing in almost every theatre in the city; Bobby North, star in the "Follies of 1910" in this city two years ago; Max Rogers, of the famous Rogers Brothers, who hasn't been seen in San Francisco since the fire, and returns funnier than ever; Myrtle Gilbert, daughter of Billy Gilbert, of Gilbert and Goldie, who started her stage career here seven years ago at the age of thirteen; Clay Smith, with an international reputation as a light comedian, song writer, singer, and dancer; William Montgomery of Montgomery and Moore; Virginia Evans, the stately beauty who rose from the chorus to alternate prima donna in six months, and pretty little Flo May, Broadway's daintiest ingénue. Added to this cast is a wonderful chorus.

Raymond Hitchcock at the Columbia.

Raymond Hitchcock will enter upon his second and last week's engagement at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night in "The Red Widow." It was predicted that when the popular comedian opened this latest creation he would be seen at his very best, and such is the case. "There is no king like Dodo," and there is no young widow like "The Red Widow." The show is reviewed at length in another column. Interspersed throughout the three acts are many tuneful numbers which help carry on the action of the play. The stage is thronged with handsomely gowned young women who know how to sing as well as look pretty. The scenic effects are elaborate and pleasing to the eye. The entèrtainment might be termed a pure white diamond set in 18-carat gold. No doubt the Columbia Theatre will be packed to capacity during the balance of the engagement.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a splendid programme, in which there will be six entirely new acts.

Mme. Olga Petrova, one of the most beautiful women in the world and a European craze, will make her first appearance. She was the season's sensation on Broadway, and the talk of New York City. This versatile and beautiful woman, with her striking gowns and compelling personality in her act, which is called "Comedy and Tragedy," portrays the gamut of emotion, ranging from farce to comedy, and comedy to tragedy. She also contributes a number of clever imitations.

Daniel Frohman for his first venture in vaudeville will present "Detective Keen," a clever little drama in which Arthur Hoops sustains the leading part. The play was written by Percival Knight, and was originally produced at the annual Actors' Fund Benefits last season in New York, Chicago, and Boston.

William Lytell and a capable company will appear in a rollicking farce entitled "An All Night Session." Mr. Lytell is the father of Bertram Lytell, the favorite leading actor.

Ollie Woods, the principal member of the Woods and Woods trio, who will introduce the little pantomime, "An Elopement by Wire," is a wire artist and dancer of extraordinary skill, dash, and daring.

Bogert and Nelson will appear in the mirth-provoking act, "The Busiest Day of His Life," and give a whole show by themselves. Songs, dances, and stories.

The Cromwells, two in number, will display their skill as fast and furious jugglers.

There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures, and the holdovers will be Kramer and Morton and Gus Edwards and His Song Revue of 1912.

There is, however, one more holdover attraction, which for nearly twenty years has been a big feature of every Orpheum bill, and that is E. M. Rosner and his Hungarian orchestra. San Francisco has many orchestra leaders, but none other with so long a period of service in one theatre and with so general a recognition of his ability. He has as well-balanced an orchestra as can be found anywhere, and it responds promptly and with musicianly quality to his slightest suggestion. No leader obtains more colorful effects with less display of commanding gesture; in fact, his genius for direction and expression is so unobtrusive that it is unsuspected by those who have no practical knowledge of orchestra work. Mr. Rosner is a composer as well as an orchestra conductor, and some of the most popular features of the Orpheum music are the products of his knowledge, skill, and inspiration. It would not be the same Orpheum without E. M. Rosner and his orchestra.

Second Week of the Tivoli Season.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the Stanislaus Stange-Julian Edwards military spectacular comic opera, is breezing along right merrily at the Tivoli Opera House, and since the brilliant opening night of last week old and new patrons of the San Francisco home of opera are flocking there, where a splendid cast of principals, a large and well-trained chorus, a fine orchestra, and a production thoroughly satisfactory in every respect are offered at the same popular scale of prices that prevailed before the fire.

Every one of the new singers has become an immediate favorite, while Sarah Edwards and Teddy Webb, who number their admirers here by the tens of thousands, are more popular than ever. Rena Vivienne is easily the best light opera prima donna heard here in many a day, Stella De Mette displays a glorious contralto voice, and Ilon Bergere, who was the bright light of "The Chocolate Soldier" every time that it played here, makes a roguish Cordelia Allen. Henry Santrey, the barytone, has more than "made good," and his rendition of "My Own United States" is received with enthusiasm at every performance. Charles E. Galagher, the basso, is excellent as the old Northerner, while Robert Pitkin, the new comedian, has made an unmistakable hit as Jonathan Phœnix. Richard Kipling, Robert C. Ryles, and John Laraway make dashing and capable Federal officers and Amy Leicester and Millie Alexander head the bevy of Southern beauties who wear crinolines and are generally charming.

The fife and drum corps, which comes on with the big array of troops at the stirring finale of the first act, lends a big amount of noisy color to the scene, and the picture of the darkies on the bank of the Mississippi at the opening of the second act is one long to be remembered. Although "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is the biggest kind of a hit, it will probably be withdrawn after next week to make way for "The Serenade," Victor Herbert's best comic opera. The only matinées at the Tivoli are on Saturday and Sunday.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Be sure and see Julie Ring and her clever little company at the Pantages Theatre next week in the scintillating French farce, "The Man She Met." This sparkling little playlet abounds with amusing situations, but is clean from start to finish. Julie Ring, who, by the way, is a sister of that well-known comedienne, Blanche Ring, is a dainty, beautiful, well-gowned actress, and her vehicle for this, her first visit to this city, is one of the best things that the local vaudeville theatre has booked in many months.

The special feature with this show is a trio of splendidly proportioned athletes known as the "Three Flying Fishers," who offer an aerial stunt that is genuinely hair-raising.

Four young men clad in immaculate full dress will endeavor to sing their way into local favor. They call themselves "The Temple Quartet" and are classed with the best of vaudeville's harmony singers.

Carl Stockdale, a well-known San Francisco stock actor, who created a hit here several months ago, is returning with a new dramatic sketch dealing with the uses of the wireless and replete with thrilling incidents, entitled "The Last Flash."

The Lelliott Brothers do not exaggerate their billing of "music" past, present, and future.

Joe Carroll, a jovial fun-maker, will be remembered as the principal comedian of the "Yankee Consul" on its first trip to this coast.

Leon Wadele, America's foremost delineator of feminine types, will show a series of the newest fashions as the Society Belle, interspersing his poses with Egyptian and Grecian dances.

Mme. Nazimova Coming.

The character of "Bella Donna," the heroine of the play of that name that has been made by James Bernard Fagan out of Robert Hichens's novel, is described as being one of the most distasteful heroines in modern fiction, a thoroughly bad woman with a subtle fascination, subtle even in her badness. There is not the slightest doubt but that she is repulsive, splendidly evil, fascinatingly heartless, a serpent-like creature who both repels and fascinates. At least this is the characterization of the rôle that has been given it by that distinguished actress Mme. Nazimova. It is the biggest thing she has ever done and the longest part she has ever played. The production is on a sumptuous scale, Charles Frohman having added the last perfecting detail to the stage picture. The company is practically the same as was with Nazimova during her New York engagement. Mr. Charles Bryant will have the leading male part. Charles Frohman will present Nazimova in "Bella Donna" at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, June 9.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Birthday in Middle Life.

Upon the road another stone,
Another hard-won boundary passed,
And youth's dim unimaginable goal has grown
Instant and vast.

The end was far, undreamed-of then,
In life's first clear felicity;
It was a fate that called sometime for other men,
But not for me.

I drank the gladness of the grass,
The rapture of the woods in May,
I was immortal as they are, serene, alas!
And young as they.

But now I know the years are told,
And those come not again that go,
And ever closer to me creeps the silent, cold
Insistent foe.

What in the hurrying hours remains?
What faded blossoms linger on
To mock, as they recall, the joys, the joyous pains
That now are gone?

Ah! in life's barren, desert lands
This still may lift the heart, and be
A crystal well amid the bare rocks and the sands'
Monotony.

This—that no agonizing dies,
No hoping and no strife is vain;
That in the garnered harvest of a Man they rise
And live again.

—*A. J. Perman, in Westminster Gazette.*

Adrianople.

There falls perpetual snow upon a broken plain,
And through the twilight filled with flakes the white earth joins the sky.
Grim as a famished, wounded wolf, his lean neck in a chain,
The Turk stands up to die.

Intrigues within, intrigues without, no man to trust,
He feeds street dogs that starve with him; to friends who are his foe,
To Greeks and Bulgars in his lines, he flings a sodden crust—
The Turk who has to go.

By infamous, unbridled tongues and dumb deceit,
Through pulpits and the Stock Exchange the Balkans do their work,
The preacher in the chapel and the hawker in the street
Feed on the dying Turk.

The Turk worked in his vineyard; others drank the wine.
The Jew who sold him ploughshares kept an interest in his plough.
The Serb and Bulgar waited till king and priest should sign,
Till kings said: Kill—kill now.

So while the twilight falls upon the twice betrayed
The *Daily Mail* tells England and the *Daily News* tells God
That God and British statesmen should make the Turks afraid—
Who fight unfed, unshod.

—*London Saturday Review.*

Invulnerable.

The armorers met me at the marge of life,
The weapon-bearers, calling each his ware,
Praising sword or spear or sinuous knife
Fashioned for the strife
In the forest depths that lay before,
To ward off malice or to pierce despair;
Shields that could affright
All the hissing snakes in Envy's hair;
Or, when Peril's sudden arrow sped,
Crying how bucklers, stern of proof and bright,
Glanced the shaft, the rancor overbore;
Or iron helms, securely vizarded,
Turned the thrusts of mockery and spite.
Loudly "Arm you! Arm you!" rose their cry;
And I chose a shield, Indifference,
And a blade, Sharp Wit, for my defense.
Close-meshed mail beneath my gaberdine
Glittered all unseen.
Proud I strode and whirled my sword on high.
Then my friend went by,
Passing in his shining joy unarmed,
With not even an amulet that charmed;
Singing for the innocence confessed
In his sparkling eyes, his buoyant breast;
Swiftly, gayly thrusting through the trees
To his deep and darkling forest doom,
As I thought. But still before me goes,
Blithe and wonderful, his candid smile
Every ambushed shadow to illume,
And the quickening sympathy that glows
Sudden on his cheek when friends seem foes,
And his utter radiance without guile,
Merry ignorance where I am—*wise!*

Where they lurk and snarl and close with me,
All unscathed of foemen passeth he,
Seeing no strife, unarmed eternally,
And e'en the Terrors turn away their eyes!

—*William Rose Benét, in Century Magazine.*

Margaret Anglin to Appear at Greek Theatre.

Margaret Anglin announces that she has accepted an invitation from the University of California to appear again in the Greek Theatre. The event will take place about the end of August, when Miss Anglin will present "The Medea" of Euripides. Miss Anglin's previous performance in the California Greek Theatre was two years ago, when she played the title character in the "Antigone" of Sophocles which attracted widespread interest and the highest critical praise. Immediately following the University performance Miss Anglin will begin her regular season in San Francisco in a production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," in a version which will be absolutely new, differing from any yet used, and especially arranged by a prominent authority on Shakespearean and English literature.

◆

Announcement is made that Pavlowa's visit to this country next season will be her last. Stop at the height of success is her theory. It is one she could put into practice, too, for Pavlowa, though only twenty-nine years of age, is very rich. Nor is she of the kind to squander a fortune. She is both a great artist and excellent business woman.

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JULIE RING and COMPANY in the Frenchiest of Farces, "The Man She Met"; TEMPLE QUARTET, 4 Men from Melody Lane; CARL STOCKDALE and COMPANY, "The Last Flash"; LELLIOTT BROS., the Merrie Musicians; JOE CARROLL, a Jovial Jester; 3 FLYING FISHERS, Demons of the Air; LEON WADELE, Delineator of Feminine Types; Comedy Pictures.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Bryan's refusal to provide wine at the diplomatic banquet has produced a chorus of pious approval that is peculiar enough to make one take to drink. If water has actually such a devastating effect upon the human mind as these comments would seem to indicate it is high time for a law abolishing water, or compelling the addition to it of some germicide with a proper excise stamp upon its label.

Nothing is more remarkable than our habit of using wild and riotous adjectives to express our approval of human conduct, and the more senseless the approval the more seditious are the adjectives. Therefore we are told that Mr. Bryan is manly, that he is courageous, that he is unworldly, that he is quite a number of other things usually associated with Providence but rarely found in secretaries of state. Now if Mr. Bryan were a dipsomaniac who had resolved never again to look upon the flowing bowl nor upon the wine when it is red, and if he had kept that resolution, he would be all the things that his admirers say he is. But a careful examination of the record fails to show that Mr. Bryan denied himself anything. There is no evidence that he refrained from doing what he wanted to do. We can detect no cause for any suffering upon his part. All that he did was to prohibit his guests—his *guests*, mind—from a course of conduct that had no attractions for him but that may have had attractions for them. If this is courageous, manly, and unworldly, then the halo of saintship is not beyond the reach of any one. Forbidding other people to do things is a long suit with most of us.

But, it may be said, Mr. Bryan showed heroism in defying public opinion. Bosh! He did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he made a most humble and obedient bow to public opinion, to those sections of public opinion that count heavily at the ballot-box. Now we are not saying that Mr. Bryan would not defy public opinion if necessary. Possibly he would. But as a matter of fact he did not do so in this case. He did precisely what any adroit politician would have done. If Mr. Bryan should now engage in the most pernicious legislation that the country has ever known, discriminatory legislation, tyrannical legislation, anything you please, he may do so in the full assurance that thousands of people, mainly women and preachers, will still give him their unwavering loyalty because on one particular evening he requested a number of eminently respectable elderly gentlemen, who were his guests, not to drink a glass of wine. And in this way the world is governed.

Now why should we not have an extension of the same process? Why should not I, with my well-known Particular Baptist affiliations, notify my guests that they will be expected to leave their Episcopalian prayer-books at home when they come to my house? My Particular Baptist convictions were also those of my honored parents. I inherited them. No Episcopalian prayer-book has ever been on my table or in the pocket of my eminently respectable breeches. I feel strongly upon this point. And my courage is so magnificent, my heroism so sublime, in short I am in a general way so saintly, that unless you are prepared to imitate me as closely as possible I must ask you not to come to my house at all. And, by the way, I am also a gallant vegetarian. Moreover I may as well mention that I abstain from food altogether on Wednesdays, which happens to be the day of the "banquet." So now you know.

Now I don't do these things, mainly because I am trying not to be more of an ass than nature has made compulsory. If I have reason to believe that my guest has a delicate taste in coal oil or wood alcohol I will see to it that these dainties are set unobtrusively upon the table just as though they formed a part of my own habitual potations. I will even drink them myself, or pretend to do so. With an air of joviality I will say: "Have a little coal oil, old fellow. I find there is nothing like it as an appetizer." Or "Try a little of this '72 wood alcohol. I find it invaluable for incipient idiocy and glanders." Then my guest will feel at home and I myself shall experience the glow of a cordial hospitality.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* has something vigorous to say about our restaurants, although what is really needed is that something should be done. He tells us that when he recently entered a certain restaurant in New York his way was barred by a highly decorated lackey who threw out his arm like a traffic policeman and said, "No gentlemen admitted without ladies." Has it, he asks, come to this, that here where the condescension of the proprietors, the surly incompetence of the waiters, and the extortionate prices make the average restaurant seem like a fool's paradise, we must now run the risk of encountering gilded flunkeys at the entrance who inform us as they shove us from the door that we are not wanted in their dining-rooms? Evidently that is what it has come to, and so what are we going to do about it? Of course we can write to the *Sun*, but even that outlet to our wrath seems inadequate.

The correspondent in question has just returned from abroad, and so a sense of contrast makes his humiliation all the more galling. He tells us, for example, of a Paris experience, and it can best be conveyed in his own words. He says:

> My wife and I went to a Paris restaurant for afternoon tea some weeks ago and arrived early to get the best table. We got it. No tipped up chairs and previously engaged tables, and no uniformed highwaymen at the door to grab hats and coats. We gave a very moderate order and were not importuned by attempts to make us order more. Pretty soon I felt a draft, and as I am somewhat bald I put on my hat, while the spirit moved my wife to light a cigarette. No pompous head waiter informed us that hat wearing by men and smoking by women were "against the rules." We remained as long as we pleased in spite of the fact that all the tables were soon filled up. Yet none of the waiters ever stared at us as if he thought that our order had not been commensurate with the length of our sojourn at our table. The tip, such as it was, received grateful and polite recognition. In short, we were treated as if the restaurant was made to cater to our enjoyment.

There will be no such experience in New York. The head waiter will receive you as if he were God and you were a cockroach. With a withering glance of disapproval he will tell you that all the best tables were engaged long ago, and if every table is occupied he will simply ignore you. He will not acknowledge your existence. He will look through you as though you were transparent:

> The average New York diner out is deadly afraid of the waiters. He dreads incurring their displeasure. He lavishes enormous tips on the head waiters for services not yet rendered and makes the percentage of tips to the other waiters higher every year, with the result that these gratuities are taken more and more as a matter of course by all concerned, from manager to hat boy. Of all things the New York diner out wishes to avoid an argument concerning the size of the bill is the most important, especially, of course, if with guests. He had much rather be fleeced than have the slightest suspicion of close-fistedness thrown upon him. This fact is known by hotel managers all over the world and they act accordingly. The result is, especially in New York, insolent proprietors, overbearing head waiters, uncivil and incompetent underlings, the latter still more insufferable since becoming unionized. The only man these people have any regard for is the man from whose pocket money flows like water from a sieve, though they know he is a fool.

Is there no way, asks the correspondent of the *Sun*, to impose a boycott on these restaurants? It was done once in the case of an establishment that had the effrontery to impose a particular standard of dress upon its customers. Why not boycott the place that allows its waiters to be insolent, that makes "rules," that tolerates and encourages the cloak-room bandit?

Well, there is one good reason. We don't dare do it. We haven't plain, every-day courage enough for the task. In point of fact we rather like to be bullied. To obey comes easily to us. We can hurl our defiances at some foreign government far enough away to be safe, but when it comes to a head flunkey in a New York restaurant we are down on our knees with our foreheads to the dust.

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SANTA CRUZ	Casino, Beaches, Ocean and River Fishing. Golf, Mountain Resorts.	2.50 3.00	Sun. Ex. Sat. to Mon.
DEL MONTE and MONTEREY	Noted Gardens, Sea Bathing, Golf. 40-mile Ocean Boulevard.	2.50 3.00 4.00	Sun. Ex. Sat. to Sun. Sat. to Mon.
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA	Beaches, Camping, Fishing. Auto from Monterey 25c Each Way.		
PACIFIC GROVE	Delightful Family Resort. Sea Bathing and Fishing.	2.75 3.25 4.25	Sun. Ex. Sat. to Sun. Sat. to Mon.
PASO ROBLES	Paso Robles Hot Springs.	8.30	30 days
NAPA	Soda Springs—Mtn Resorts.	2.00	5 days' Ex.
ST. HELENA	Howell Mountain Resorts.	3.00	5 days' Ex.
CALISTOGA	Petrified Forest, also Lake County Springs and Resorts.	3.50	5 days' Ex.
GILROY	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	5.70	30 days
PARAISO	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	6.35	30 days
AETNA	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	7.00	Oct. 31st
SANTA ROSA	For Sonoma County Resorts.	2.25	Sat. to Mon.
WALNUT CREEK	For Mt. Diablo.	2.25	Fri. to Tue.
BYRON SPRINGS	For Hot Springs.	2.50	Sat. to Mon.
ALTA TOWLE	Among the Pines of the High Sierra.	6.60	Oct. 31st
CISCO	Rainbow and Brook Trout.	7.80	Oct. 31st
LAKE TAHOE	Motor-Boating and Big Trout Fishing. Includes Steamer Trip Around Lake.	10.65 13.30 15.30	Fri. to Mon. 10 days Oct. 31st
SIMS CASTELLA CASTLE CRAG	Log Cottages and Tents Amid Pines and Crags. Trout Fishing in Upper Sacramento River.	11.50 12.00 12.00	Oct. 31st do do
SHASTA SPRINGS	Mineral Springs. Auto Boulevard to McCloud River.	10.05 12.15	Fri. to Mon. Oct. 31st
SISSON	State Fish Hatchery. Trail and Guides for Mt. Shasta.	10.45 12.70	Fri. to Mon. Oct. 31st
AGER	Auto to Klamath Hot Spgs. Fishing in Klamath River.	14.55	Oct. 31st
KLAMATH FALLS (Upper Klamath Lake)	Launch to Pelican Bay. Excellent Trout Fishing. Auto to Crater Lake.	17.90	Oct. 31st

Excellent hotels, or comfortable quarters in cottages and tents, with meals at reasonable prices, at all these places

REDUCED ROUND TRIP RATES TO MANY OTHER POINTS

Southern Pacific

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OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth Street Station Phone Lakeside 1420
First Street Station Phone Oakland 7960

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

A former friend, who met Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, in London, is said to have accosted him with the remark: "Don't you remember me? I used to know you in Australia," and to have met with the rebuff, "Yes, and when I meet you again in Australia I shall be happy to know you."

◆

A little Boston girl, about four or five years old, was enjoying a slide upon the sidewalk, when her heels flew up and she fell with great force upon the stones. A lady picked her up, and asked, kindly: "You poor little mite, how did you fall?" The tiny child looked up into her kind friend's face, and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed: "Vertically, ma'am."

◆

A clerk in a Chicago book-store was surprised, not long ago, when a young lady came into the store and said to him: "I want to buy a present of a book for a young man." "Yes, miss," said he; "what kind of a book do you want?" "Why, a book for a young man." "Well—but what kind of a young man?" "Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties!"

◆

Of Matthew Arnold as a school examiner, a tale is told by a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupil-teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the excellent mark. "But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others." "Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold; "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

◆

Some salesmen are equal to almost any emergency and do not spare the "other car" when occasion requires. "But the Blank car is guaranteed for life," protested a prospective purchaser to a salesman of the sort. "Yes, I know it is," retorted the quick-witted salesman, "but our car is guaranteed for a whole year." It required several moments for the prospective purchaser to see the point.

◆

During a general election a canvasser called at the house of the late Professor Froude, the historian. Mr. Froude was out, so the canvasser had to content himself with interrogating the butler as to how Mr. Froude would vote. The butler—an old servant, who understood his master well—replied: "When the Liberals is in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives is in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal."

◆

Once a clergyman went to pay a visit to an old Yorkshire yeoman, who was lying on his death-bed. After a few preliminary words, the worthy minister said that, if the veteran had anything on his mind, he hoped he would ease his conscience and confide it to his pastoral ear, so that he might die in peace. "Well, sir," answered the old sportsman, "if I only had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

◆

Several Ohio lawyers once gathered in Judge Wilson's room after adjournment of court, and were discussing the retirement of a member of the bar. Among them was one whose practice was worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He said: "I have been practicing several years, and am well fixed. I have thought I would like to retire and devote my remaining years to studies I have neglected." "Study law," put in Judge Wilson.

◆

A sergeant of a company of British infantry quartered in a Dacoit-infested part of Burmah, a few years ago, was a firm believer in destiny. One evening, when dressing, preparatory to taking a stroll in the jungle, he was noticed by a corporal, a persistent opponent of the destiny theory, to slip a revolver into his pocket. "Hello!" shouted the corporal, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come." "No," replied the sergeant; "but, you see, I may happen to come across a Dacoit whose last day has come."

◆

The reader was refusing a play. "My dear man," he said to the author, "it is plain you don't understand modern, up-to-date construction. Why, in this play, Mr. Hamfat, as the star, wouldn't be off the stage five minutes from the first act to the last." "But," faltered the young playwright, "I thought the stars all liked that." "No, no," said the reader; "not your up-to-date stars; not your twentieth-century actor-managers. No, no, young man. You must always leave your modern actor-manager at least fifteen minutes in the second act to go round to the box-office and watch the money being counted."

◆

Maurice Barrymore was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager and it had been decided that he was to play the leading rôle. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled, "Barry" received a note from the manager asking him to call. Barrymore called and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it." "Well, that's strange," said Barrymore; "they told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do; give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

◆

An English man of letters of James Payn's acquaintance was slightly Bohemian, and popular with his own sex, but modest and retiring in the presence of the other, whom, nevertheless, he greatly respected. He wrote for several periodicals, among them an American magazine. He had been connected with it for years, and though they had no personal acquaintance with one another, the editor and he had become friends. Independently of his contributions, he often corresponded with him, telling him the latest anecdotes of the club smoking-room, all harmless enough, but some of them certainly not suitable for publication. On one occasion he sent him a very amusing story, which has since become a classic, but, it must be confessed, not a drawing-room classic. Then he got a letter from the publishers of the magazine which almost cost him his life: "Dear Mr. So-and-So: We think it right to inform you, with respect to any private communications you may have in future to make to our editor, that she is a lady." This was all through indicating her Christian name by an initial only. She had been compelled to appeal to her proprietors for protection against the most modest man in London.

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Man Underneath.

To find a man beneath one's bed,
  Most likely bent on crime,
Will freeze the marrow in one's bones
  Worse than the Klondike clime.

In traveling many miles afar
  I this experience had,
And wakened suddenly to hear
  A man beneath my bed.

What could I do? I must defend
  My life by action bold.
My every hair stood on its end,
  My very blood ran cold.

Useless it seemed to rail and hoot,
  For all that I was worth,
And it were criminal to shoot—
  He'd bought the lower berth.

—*A. M. S., in Los Altos Lookout.*

◆

Choosing His Assistant.

The devil found he needed aid
  And advertised for an assistant;
And, knowing they would be well paid,
  Folks came from places near and distant.

They came from stations high and low,
  Clerks, doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers,
Clowns, paupers, kings, and—do you know?—
  I understand there were *some* preachers.

"I could promote an imp," said he,
  "But there's more devil in a human."
He scanned his callers carefully,
  And finally he picked a woman—

A lovely woman, coy, demure,
  With lashes long and ready blushes,
With scarlet lips that held a lure,
  And voice as sweet as any thrush's—

A woman with bewitching ways
  And swishing skirts and ribbons flying.
Not Satan's self, so clear her gaze,
  Knew when she was or was not lying.

"You'll do," said he. "No more I'll seek.
  You suit me best for many reasons.
You'll help me more in one short week
  Than any man could in ten seasons."

—*Walter G. Doty, in Life.*

◆

The following example of Babu English would be hard to beat, says the Peking *Daily News:*

Most Honoured Sir,
Respectfully sheweth,

That your humble petitioner is a poor man in agricultural behaviour, and much depends on season for the staff of life therefore he falls on his family's bended knees, and implore of this merciful consideration for a damnable miserable like your honours humble petitioner.

That your humble petitioner was too poorly during last rains and was trying vernacular medicines without effectuality but was resuscitated by much medicine of doctor J. Lazarus which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant.

That your humble petitioner has large family consisting of seven lives, 2 males and 5 females, last of whom is milking the parental mother and is very noiseful through pulmonary catastrophe in the interior abdomen.

That your humble petitioner prays that if there is a place ever so small in the backside of your benevolence this slave be allowed to creep in.

For this act of kindness he shall in duty bound ever pray for your honour's longevity and procreativeness.

Your most humble
and obedient dog,
Ramanath Lal.

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Of San Francisco
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Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
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December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund...... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors..................59,144

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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Deposits................................ 26,770,008.76
Total Resources........................ 46,205,184.17

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The water consumption in San Francisco now exceeds the safe dependable supply available for distribution. Until the City or the Company can increase the development of sources now owned and install more aqueducts to San Francisco, extreme care must be exercised in the use of water **or the supply will fail. Stop all waste; stop hosing steps and sidewalks with water. Please prevent all unnecessary use of water. We earnestly ask for your co-operation in maintaining the supply.**

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Tbe engagement is announced of Miss Camille Adams and Mr. William Cavalier of Oakland. Miss Adams is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Adams and the late Dr. Adams. The wedding will take place June 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Janet Painter, to Dr. Philip Bliss of Santa Cruz. The wedding will take place June 23 in Christ Cburch, Alameda.

Mrs. Gerald J. Fitzgibbon has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon, to Mr. S. Ralph Heger.

Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Miller of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sue Miller, to Mr. Seyd Havens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens. The wedding will take place next month.

The wedding of Miss Sidney Davis and Mr. Carl Wolff will take place Wednesday afternoon in Trinity Cbapel. It will be a small affair with only the immediate family and a few friends present. Mr. Hillyer Deuprey will be Mr. Wolff's best man, and the ushers will be the Messrs. Arthur Hooper, Pierre Moore, Henry Wolff, and Wakefield Baker, Jr. Miss Davis, who will be unattended, will be given away by her brother, Mr. Willis Davis. Following the ceremony tbere will be a reception at the home on Green Street of Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Bliss, who will entertain the bridal party.

The wedding of Miss Laura B. Roe and Mr. William B. Storey of Chicago took place last Wednesday at 5:30 o'clock in the New Grace Cathedral. After a wedding trip of a few weeks in the Yosemite Valley Mr. and Mrs. Storey will go to Cbicago to reside.

The wedding of Miss Edith A. Cowles and Mr. Leo Sahm took place at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, on the evening of May 27, the Rev. Mr. Barnes, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, officiating. A reception and supper followed the ceremony. Mrs. Sahm is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. W. C. Cowles of Washington, D. C. Mr. Sahm is in the U. S. navy, at present attached to the *South Dakota*.

The wedding of Miss Lola Davis and Mr. Andrew Simpson, Jr., of Stockton, will take place today at the home on Baker Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis. Mr. Simpson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Simpson and a brother of Mrs. Minot Terrill and Mrs. Bertha Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Wilson bave issued invitations to the marriage of their daugbter, Miss Gladys Wilson, to Mr. Maurice John Sullivan, Tuesday evening, June 10, at half after eight o'clock, in St. Francis de Sales's Church, Oakland. Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., will be Miss Wilson's matron of honor and Miss Mignonne Wilson will be tbe maid of bonor. Tbe chosen attendants are Mrs. Albert Rees and Miss Edith Rucker.

Invitations have been received from Judge Monroe Marsh Cady and Mrs. Cady of Dubuque, Iowa, to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Nancy Keller Cady, to Mr. William Fay Boericke, Wednesday evening, June 4. Mr. Boericke is the son of Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke of this city.

Dr. Henry Kugeler and Mrs. Kugeler entertained a number of friends at a dance last Friday evening.

Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last week in honor of Miss Josephine Heinricb and Mr. Joseph Rosborough.

Mrs. Olive Reed Cusbman was hostess at a musicale at the Hotel Oakland last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker was hostess at a tea complimentary to Mrs. William Allen Wbite of Kansas.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a bridge-tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker will give a rag party June 28 at the Menlo Country Club.

Mrs. A. W. Foster gave a luncheon Saturday, when she entertained the ladies interested in the grape festival, wbich will take place in Kentfield early in October.

Judge Frank Kerrigan and Mrs. Kerrigan entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. Charles Stewart and Mrs. William Ragan were the complimented guests at a bridge party given last Friday by Mrs. Maitland Cline.

Miss Estelle Jacobs was bostess last week at a tea in honor of Miss Dorothy Doe and Miss Helen Hughson.

Captain Cbarles Gordon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gordon entertained a number of their friends at a dinner preceding the Presidio bop.

Miss Janet Painter and Miss Teresa Harrison were the complimented guests at a dance given last Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst.

Mrs. Arthur Murray was hostess last Tuesday at a luncheon at her bome at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Walker Graves entertained a number of friends at tea on Wednesday at bcr home on Scott Street.

Mrs. John Darling gave a tea on Friday in honor of Brigadier-General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser.

Mrs. William E. Dougherty entertained a number of friends last Wednesday at a tea at her home in Fruitvale in honor of Mrs. Louis Dougherty.

Tbe Japan Society of America entertained at a reception Wednesday evening in the St. Francis Hotel ballroom in honor of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, the author, and Mrs. Mabie.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Denman has recently been the guest of her son and daugbter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingbam arrived Tuesday from Honolulu and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood in Burlingame. They will leave next week for the East, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass and tbeir children left yesterday for Napa Soda Springs, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury has returned from Boston, where she was called by the illness of her father, General Taylor.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith will return next month from Honolulu and will reside with her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair spent the week-end in San Mateo with Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and her daughter, Miss Mildred Calhoun, have arrived from Cleveland, Ohio, and are at the Fairmont Hotel. They have been spending a few days in Marin County with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Miss Amy Brewer, and Miss Vera de Sabla have returned from St. Helena, wbere they have been the guests of Viscount Phillipe de Tristan and Viscountess de Tristan.

Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has gone East to spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mrs. Carr and Miss Eliza McMullen were, at last accounts, traveling in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loring Cunningham will speud the summer in Los Altos, where they will be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Blackmer and their little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and their children will spend the summer in Bolinas.

Miss Sarah Heath will leave next month for Honolulu, where she will spend several months with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills will spend the summer in Ross.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick has returned from Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney will sail June 17 for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned from Santa Barbara and are occupying their home in Ross.

Mrs. L. B. Doe and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Doe, left Tuesday for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard spent the week-end in Atberton as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle and their son, Mr. Kenneth Monteagle, are traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker left Saturday for Europe, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard has returned to her home in San Mateo after a visit in Grass Valley with Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn. Mr. and Mrs. Bourn will spend the summer in Ireland with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., have rented a cottage in Burlingame for the summer.

Miss May Hammond spent a few days here en route from Honolulu to her home in the East. She is a niece of Mr. John Hays Hammond.

Miss Lurline Matson will spend the next two weeks in Montecito, where she will be the guest of Miss Marguerite Doe.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter has returned to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lovell White has returned from the East and is visiting her son, Mr. Ralston White, in Mill Valley. Mrs. Ralston White is in Brooklyn with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Symmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates will arrive next month from New York and will reside indefinitely in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Germaine Vincent, Jr., have gone to New Orleans to spend a few weeks with relatives.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman have gone to their country home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Miss Jane Easton, and Miss Lois Cunningham are among the recent visitors in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beckley have arrived from Honolulu and will spend several weeks in this city.

Mrs. John Jerome Alexander and her little daugbter will come from Portland to spend the summer witb relatives. Mrs. Alexander was formerly Miss Albertine Detrick.

Miss Constance Borrowe has returned to her bome in the East after a three months' visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. William B. Storey has rented her home in Ross to Mr. and Mrs. H. Liebes.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain and their children will leave next week for Woodside, where they will spend tbe summer.

Mrs. Mary Greer of Bakersfield has been a guest at the Palace Hotel during the past two weeks. Her father, Mr. H. A. Jastro, is very ili at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin have returned from a two weeks' visit in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. G. E. McFarland of Nebraska, Mr. O. J. Woodward of Fresno, Mr. J. V. Mott of Los Angeles, and Mr. R. Carroll of this city have returned from a visit in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hillyer have rented their home in Los Altos to Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf for the summer months, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer will occupy Mr. and Mrs. Cerf's town house on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Mary Austin of Santa Barbara is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Thomas Leahy has bought a home in Ross, where she with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Haskett Derby, will spend the summer.

Mrs. Philip Stone and ber daughter, Miss Sibyl Stone of Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Leonard Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schurman are expected to arrive from Europe next week. Mrs. Schurman, who was formerly Miss Bernice Wilson, bas been residing in the Orient since her marriage, and is returning to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Alexander Wilson, and Miss Marianne Mathieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee returned Monday from a ten days' automobile trip. They spent several days in Monterey and Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and the Misses Marjorie Josselyn and Polly Mills have been spending the past week in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. John P. Jones will spend the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick MacMonnies, who are living near Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dole of Honolulu are here for a visit and are at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling have recently been the guests of Miss Louise Boyd at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have returned from a montb's visit in Honolulu. They are occupying their home in Belvedere.

The Messrs. Benjamin Foster and John Fox have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham, have opened their country home in Woodside for the summer.

The Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis have gone East for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing have returned from Monterey.

Mr. Walter Kendall of Honolulu left last week for New York after a visit of two weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Lowe (formerly Miss Mildred Baldwin) are established at the Hotel Mallory in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Helen Dean has returned from San Rafael, where she spent three weeks with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelbam, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Harriett Alexander spent the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne have recently been the guests of Miss Ysabel Chase at her home in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud and Mr. Clinton La Montaigne were, at last accounts, in Singapore. They will spend the summer in England.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston will leave June 11 for Europe, where she will spend six months. She will be accompanied by ber daughter, Mrs. Norma Preston Ames, and her little grandcbildren, Frances and Preston Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker will spend the next few weeks at Witter Springs. They closed their town house a month ago and bave since been at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo.

Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., aide-de-camp of General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., will leave July 2 for Camp Yosemite to take command of a troop of the First Cavalry.

Captain Charles Bundel, U. S. A., left last week for Omaha, where his marriage to Miss Enid Valentine will take place the first week in June. After a trip to Canada and Alaska they will reside in this city at the Presidio.

General J. M. Bell, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Bell are spending a few days at the Hotel Stewart.

Lieutenant-Commander S. W. Bryant, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Naval War College at Newport, where he will be joined by his wife, who was formerly Miss Carolina Merry of tbis city.

Colonel F. L. Denny, quartermaster, Marine Corps, will be placed on the retired list June 1.

Lieutenant W. L. Calhoun, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. S. *Maryland* and is at his home awaiting future orders.

Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Daniels will be the guests of Major William Hastings Brooks and Mrs. Brooks at tbeir home at the Presidio. Mr. Daniels will come to San Francisco on a tour of inspection.

Captain Cbarles Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove have returned from a visit at Hotel del Monte.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Maryland* were hosts Monday evening at a dinner-dance on board.

Major S. A. Cbeney, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C., on matters pertaining to the California Débris Commission.

Mrs. Lea Febiger is recovering from her recent severe illness at the Letterman Hospital.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader sailed Saturday for Alaska. Tbey will visit their son and daughter-in-law at Fort Liscum.

Mrs. Erneste V. Smith and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Smith, arrived on the *Thomas* from Honolulu, and will be joined later in the summer by Major Smith, U. S. A., who is at Fort Shafter, H. T.

Colonel Harry Copeland Benson, U. S. A., is en route from Manila to tbis city, where he will join his wife and son at their home on Presidio Avenue.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clover and the Misses Clover will sail June I for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson will accompany Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Mrs. Daniels on their visit to this city. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Miss Edythe Newlands, daughter of Senator Francis Newlands of Nevada.

◆

The home in Honolulu of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smart has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Smart was formerly Miss Thelma Parker, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Knight.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Decoration Day was observed by the planting of flags on the graves in the national cemeteries and the strewing of flowers upon the ocean in memory of those who fought and died for the Stars and Stripes. There was a parade and exercises at the National Cemetery and naval exercises outside the Golden Gate. General Edward S. Salomon was president of the day. Chief of the participants were the Grand Army veterans from the four local posts, Lincoln No. 1, George W. Thomas No. 2, James A. Garfield No. 34, and George C. Meade No. 48. The Woman's Relief Corps of tbe G. A. R. and the women's auxiliaries of the Spanish War Veterans assisted in planting flowers on the graves and strewing blossoms on the ocean.

Work began Wednesday morning on the Kearny Street to the ferry extension of tbe Geary Street municipal railway.

Señor E. Calderon, consul at this port for the Republic of Paraguay, announces the receipt of his exequatur from the President and the assumption of his official duties at the consulate, 561 Hyde Street.

Accused of soliciting and accepting a hribe of $140 from three Greeks to "square" their cases in a police court, Nickolas Valianos, Greek interpreter in the local courts, was arrest in the corridor of the Hall of Justice Wednesday morning and relieved of $140 in marked currency, which the police say he accepted from the three men.

The fortieth annual meeting of the Eclectic Medical Society of California opened at the Palace Hotel Monday with an address of welcome by Dr. Guidolaglieri, representing the city administration. A. Florence Temple followed with the president's annual address.

Tbe trial of the policeman, Esola, indicted for grand larceny, is now in progress. The presence in numbers of professional jurymen was commented on in newspaper reports of the preliminary proceedings.

W. B. Bourn, president of the Spring Valley Water Company, has sent the water rates committee of the supervisors a letter estimating the value of tbe properties of the company as a basis for fixing rates for the ensuing fiscal year. Taking the estimates of the city engineer as a basis and adding property which that official has omitted, Bourn gives the valuation at $41,904,738.35.

Seventy councils of the Improved Order of Red Men and the Degree of Pocahontas were represented at tbe annual "Council of Sorrow" Sunday afternoon in the Temple Israel, California and Wehster Streets. There were 2000 present from councils in all of the bay cities. The memorial address was delivered by Theodore A. Bell.

Cannons roared in salute Monday afternoon in honor of the raising of the Dominican Republic flag over the site dedicated by Dr. Don Francisco J. Pernado, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary for his nation's participation in the coming World's Exposition.

Memhers of the Bohemian Club and other friends of the late Joaquin Miller climbed the mountain side to The Hights Sunday afternoon, and attended the last rites over the remains of the "Poet of the Sierras." In accordance with a wish expressed by Miller many years ago his ashes were scattered over a funeral pyre situated on a stone mausoleum built hy the poet himself on the highest point on his estate overlooking the hay of San Francisco and surrounding cities. Colonel John P. Irish, the poet's oldest friend, put the match to the pyre as 500 pilgrims to the spot stood bareheaded, witnessing the ceremony.

The testimonial benefit concert tendered to Composer Theodor Vogt by his friends, memhers of the Bohemian Cluh and otber societies, was held last Thursday evening in the auditorium of the German House, hefore an appreciative audience. The programme was made up of Mr. Vogt's compositions, and a pantomime by Dr. Russell Cool. There was a large orchestra led hy the composer. Hother Wismer was concertmaster and played two violin solos. Songs were given by Charles Bulotti, Clarence Oliver, and George Bowden.

A. E. King, general secretary of the Brotherbood of Railroad Trainmen, in hiennial session here, made his report showing the organization to be in excellent shape financially. Business to the extent of more than $8,000,000 was done by the hrotherhood since its last convention. This represents the money paid in death and total disability claims, wage conferences, and protective features of tbe organization.

The United Hebrew Charities of San Francisco and three other local institutions are liberally remembered in the will of Mrs. Caroline Neustadter of San Francisco, who died on January 19, 1912, in New York. Mrs. Neustadter was the widow of Henry Neustadter of San Francisco, who founded the wholesale firm of Neustadter Brothers, wholesale dealers in men's furnishings, more than sixty-tbree years ago. Neustadter retired from husiness thirty years ago. He died about ten years ago at Karlsbad. Since then his widow had lived in New York. An appraisal of the estate shows that she left $3,523,173 in real and personal property. To the United Hebrew Charities of tbis city Mrs. Neustadter bequeathed $25,000, besides leaving $500 each to the Cbildren's Hospital, the Women's Hospital, and the Protestant Orphan Asylum. Mrs. Neustadter's bequests to charitahle organizations aggregate $1,535,000. The largest bequest is $1,000,000, which is left in trust to a corporation to he formed to hear the name of Neustadter. In her will the former San Franciscan asks that this $1,000,000 he used to erect model homes, and that ber brother, William I. Walter, a New York hroker, be president. In a codicil direction is made for the formation of a corporation to maintain a vacation home for the convalescent poor, to be situated near New York. Tbe Mount Sinai Hospital, the United Hebrew Charities, and the Hehrew Benevolent Orphan Asylum, all of this city, each are left $100,000. The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews and the Jewish Cbildren's Sanatorium are hequeathed $25,000 each.

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The home in Pasadena of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington has heen hrightened hy the advent of a son. Mrs. Huntington was formerly Miss Leslie Green of Berkeley.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Somers has been hrightened hy the advent of a son. Mrs. Somers was formerly Miss Charlotte Judson.

◆

The home of Dr. Walter Albion Hewlett and Mrs. Hewlett (formerly Miss Louise Reddington) has heen brightened by the advent of a son.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcber has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fletcher was formerly Miss Jessie Clark.

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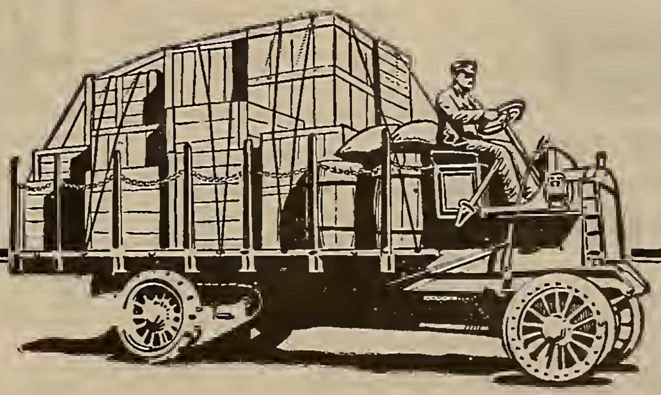

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Native (to missionary)—I tellee you what we do. We swappee. I b'lieve your 'ligion, if you b'lieve my 'ligion.—*Life.*

"I had to kill my dog this morning." "Was he mad?" "Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Making a garden?" "Don't talk so loud. You'll attract the hens. They think I'm merely digging bait."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Are you for direct primaries?" demanded the reformer. "I am if I can direct them," promptly replied the boss.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Did the play have a happy ending?" "Comparatively so. All money was refunded after the second act."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Now I understand why Nero set fire to Rome." "Why?" "He was evidently in sympathy with the suffragettes."—*Washington Herald.*

Hubbubs—Don't you miss a barber out in the country? *Subbubs*—Oh, no; I talk to myself all the time I am shaving.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"The flood left her destitute, did it not?" "It left her worse than destitute." "How could it leave her worse than destitute?" "It left her her poodle."—*Houston Post.*

Charley Hardupp—So your father thinks I am a brick, does he? *Ethel Gotroks*—Yes, Cholly. And that isn't the best of it, either—he thinks you're a *gold* one!—*Puck.*

"Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?" asked the racing man's wife. "Of course," replied the husband, "when they are on the winning horse."—*Louisville Tips.*

Owner—What'll it cost to repair this car of mine? *Garage Proprietor*—What ails it? *Owner*—I don't know. *Garage Proprietor*—Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents!—*Puck.*

"Hello, old chap; still doing newspaper work?" "Yep; on the *Daily Black-Mail.*" "On the regular staff?" "Nope; on space yet—what you might call a penny-maligner, you know."—*Life.*

Actor—Awfully good of you to send me a pass for that matinée. Do you mind if I bring my wife? *Manager*—My dear boy, what a question! You must know that any wife of yours is always welcome.—*Life.*

Goodfellow (with newspaper)—Here's an old bachelor in Ohio died and left all his money to the woman who rejected him. *Cynicus*—And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

First Man (taking out his timepiece)—Something wrong with this watch of mine—it's stopped. *Second Man*—When? *First Man*—Oh, some time during the night—I can't exactly say when.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gent—I've no change this morning. I'll give you something on my return. *Crossing-Sweeper (sadly)*—Ah, sir! You'd be surprised if you knew how much money I've lost by giving credit that way!—*London Opinion.*

"What's this I hear about Casey?" asked McGinnis. "He's been trying to asphyxiate himself," said O'Reilly. "G'wan! What did he do?" "He lit every gas jet in the house and sat down and waited."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said a bystander to the man with the bass drum, as the band ceased to play. "No," admitted the pounder of the drum, "I know I don't; but I drown a heap of bad music."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

"I walked the floor for three hours with a sick child last night," said the faithful father. "Did it finally go to sleep?" "Yes, but not till my wife's mother took charge. She told me to quit walking the floor with the child. That was what irritated it."—*Washington Star.*

"I want to talk to you about becoming your son-in-law," said the young man. "I can't advise you," replied Mr. Cumrox, "on the subject of becoming a member of the family. As your sincere personal friend I ought to speak freely, but as a husband and father I am restrained."—*Washington Star.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - Editor

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Transportation and the Exposition.

A proposal now seriously made to create a municipal railway system to serve the coming exposition merits every form of disapproval properly due to precipitancy, extravagance, insufficiency, and downright fraud. First and foremost the project is not physically practicable, since there are not available vacant streets wherein the projected system might be built. Second, it would be physically impossible to build a sufficient system of railways within the time available and for any sum which the city might possibly provide. Third, if it were practicable or possible to create such a system it would to a large extent duplicate existing facilities and so put upon the public the burden and obstruction involving two systems where only one is needed. Fourth, under the plan proposed only parts of the city would be accommodated. Fifth—we come now to the fraudulent aspect of the matter—the proposal is not made in good faith, because there is in it a concealed purpose, not to serve the exposition, but to impose upon San Francisco upon a vast scale a blanket scheme of public ownership. With certain easily created extensions and additions the existing street railways of San Francisco are calculated to serve both the needs of the city and the exposition, for the two go together hand in hand. The practical and the obviously necessary course is to make such arrangements in the way of privileges as will enable the United Railways to do the necessary work. There are technical obstacles in the way, but they are not insurmountable. The spirit of mutual purpose, of mutual accommodation, of mutual fairness—above all of mutual common sense—would easily solve or disperse every riddle that has been suggested. Furthermore the thing will have to be done, since it is the only thing that can be done.

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The President and the Lobby.

When President Wilson said that there was an "industrious, persistent, insidious" lobby at Washington "expending money without limit" he fell into that vice which is the special besetment of the too ready writer. The requirements of euphony called for mouth-filling adjectives and for an emphatic conclusion, and these were supplied, not with prosaic and assured facts, but by the President's ready imagination. Industrious and persistent the lobby at Washington surely is, but we suspect that Mr. Wilson will find it difficult to prove that there is anything "insidious" about it or that it is "spending money without limit." The lobby at Washington is very much in evidence, but it is working in the open. For example, there is a strong lobby headed by ex-Governor Carter of Hawaii and recruited by representatives of the Philippine Islands sugar industry, the sugar-growers of Porto Rico, the cane-planters of Louisiana, and the beet-sugar men of several Western states. The very first thing done by this group was to publish a bulletin giving their names and addresses and setting forth the purpose of their presence at Washington. Industrious and persistent they are indeed, but there is nothing "insidious" in their methods as thus far developed.

The Senate, which not improperly feels itself the subject of executive criticism, is seeking to discover if there be any truth in Mr. Wilson's statement. They have not yet been able to find it, although nearly half the members of the Senate have already been put through the inquiry mill. The President can not be required to appear before the committee of investigation and testify. He is the one figure in the country who may not be commanded. Yet, unless he shall be willing to stand convicted of hasty, intemperate, and presumptuous speech, he must consent to give his testimony. He will not, we think, do this, not because he is fearful about his dignity, but because in reality he has nothing to tell. His statement merely reflected disturbance and annoyance over interference with his plans; and moved by the habit of the schoolmaster he read the disturbers a lecture, rounding it out after the fashion of the schoolmaster with less respect for facts than for effective phrases.

It is plain that Mr. Wilson misconceives some phases at least of the executive function. He conceives himself responsible in matters of legislation as well as in matters of administration. Apparently he regards himself as the whole government. Likewise he appears to be impressed with the idea that legislation and administration are his private business, in which the public—those directly interested—have no legitimate or proper concern. He has formulated plans agreeable to his own academic standards and suited to his own political purposes; and now he conceives it to be the duty of Congress to carry out his programme without dotting an i or crossing a t; and he regards as impertinent interference effort on the part of anybody to supply information to Congress or to impress upon considerations other than those which he has presented. It is a purely academic view of things—and stupid enough. It is founded in the schoolmaster's characteristic conceit, plus the schoolmaster's characteristic arrogance, and exhibits an ignorance at once profound and painful of the principles of popular government and of legislative practice.

We fear that the education of Mr. Wilson in the duties of the presidential office is going to be difficult and costly. He has obviously that cock-sureness of mind upon which it is difficult to impress new lessons; and he has a fundamental misconception of things allied with a sense of his own assured authority in all the aspects of government which it will be exceedingly difficult to overcome. He will have to learn that Congress is not an orphaned infant; that although President he is not a dictator; that although he has large powers he is no autocrat.

The idea that citizens whose interests are affected by projects of legislation have no right to appear at Washington individually or by attorney and to urge information and arguments upon Congress is one which can not stand for one moment against any theory of liberty or reason. And the sooner the President gets rid of it the better it will be both for himself and for the country.

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Alaska.

Having a great respect, likewise a great personal liking, for Secretary Lane, the *Argonaut* would be glad to discover wisdom and prudence in his sayings and doings. But withal we can but feel that he is taking a wrong course in the matter of transportation in Alaska and that he has made a foolish declaration with respect thereto. "There is but one way to make any country a real part of the world," says Mr. Lane, "and that is by the construction of railroads into it." So far good, but why does the Secretary recommend as a proper way to meet this requirement imitation of English methods in South Africa and India and Russian methods in Siberia? Alaska is not a conquered country nor a subject province. It is not dominated in its industrial and social life by belated or alien races. It is an American territory occupied by American people. It is by every industrial and social circumstance as well as politically American territory. Then why should we look to Europe, Asia, and Africa for examples of development? Why is not the American method good for Alaska? It is this that Alaska wants—this that she has been praying for. We maintain that we have no right to treat Alaska as a subject province and as a field for socialistic experimentation. We maintain that Alaska has the right to be permitted to proceed upon her own initiative and by processes of her own devising, precisely as every other American territory has done.

This policy of regarding Alaska as a country separate and apart from the ordinary rights and privileges of American life has been a curse upon Alaska. It has sealed up her resources, paralyzed her industry, held her to a position in which she could move neither hand nor foot. There has been placed upon her every prohibition, every restraint, every indignity imposed by England upon the American colonies in the eighteenth century—all this and more. When Alaska first came into the possession of the United States the country was ruled in spots by an arbitrary military authority. Then it was left for nearly thirty years without law or government of any kind. Since then it has been alternately neglected and thwarted. Whenever enterprises of essential development have been projected they have been nullified by the government at Washington. Once Alaska tried to get away from this thralldom by buying her freedom. Now she simply waits—waits in resentment and bitterness. If she could withdraw from connection with the United States she would in the interest of development and progress surely do it.

It is not fair to Alaska to regard her as a field for political experimentation. It means uncertain, haphazard, and arbitrary policies, with inevitable delays and inevitable denials of every natural and wholesome impulse for self-development. It means continuance indefinitely of pretty much all the ills from which Alaska has suffered in the past with all the uncertainties and hazards connected with policies novel and untried.

The fundamental need of Alaska is in reality very simple. Alaska needs to be let alone. The government at Washington should do for her precisely what it has done for every other American territory, then cut the strings of repression and restraint which have held her in leash and let her go her own ways. Alaska needs transportation, and she would have found it long ago if she had been free as other American territories have been free. Alaska needs the impetus which would come with the development of her coal fields, and she would have found it long ago if she had been free as other American territories have been free.

There is great and unnecessary fear at Washington —or the assumption of it—that Alaska relieved of her leading strings, of oppressive interdictions, would become the victim of capitalistic despoilers. Alaska herself has no fear on this score. She would much rather take the hazards of her own bargain with private capital and private energies than to continue to live under such guaranties for her future as governmental initiative affords. Alaska thinks she has less to fear from the "rapacity" of private enterprise exercised along traditional lines than from a policy of restraint and experimentation by executive and legislative politicians.

The Japanese Reply.

There will be no cause for surprise if the Japanese rejoinder to the American reply should show not only pertinacity but aggressiveness. Indeed such a result is to be expected. It is not without significance that Japan should have chosen America as the objective for her protest while assuming an indifference toward the more seriously exclusive policies of Australia and British Columbia. Her alliance with Great Britain does not explain that indifference. In fact it accentuates it, since an affront from an ally is usually fruitful of special resentments.

We need not search very far for an answer to the question. The policies adopted by other parts of the white world toward the Japanese have been continuous and direct. There has been neither equivocation nor adulation, and certainly no sycophancy. There has been no interference with the resolve of the people who are most concerned to maintain their racial integrity and to exclude other standards of life that are not necessarily inferior because they are uncongenial and incompatible. Australia, for example, has never deviated substantially in her immigration policy since it was first adopted toward the Japanese immigrant. Her attitude has been consistent. She has never created the expectation that it will, or can, be changed.

But the case with ourselves is very different. We have created an expectation, and we have raised hopes. Seven years ago an effort was made in California to decrease some of the racial evils caused by Japanese immigration, and we need hardly remind ourselves of the fate of those efforts. They were beaten to the ground by the President of the United States. California was allowed to infer that so far from resenting the Japanese invasion she ought to welcome it. She was told in so many words that her policy was a mean and an unworthy one, and she was threatened by the President of the United States with the violences of the United States army if she should persist in those policies. And to remove the ground from under her feet Mr. Roosevelt included in his message of December 31, 1906, the following clause:

> I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens.

We now see some of the consequences that were predicted at the time by the *Argonaut* and that were indeed obvious enough to all who had eyes to see. The *Argonaut* predicted that for a hundred years to come we should suffer from the fruits of Mr. Roosevelt's insults to California, his fantastic and subservient eulogies of Japan, and his resolve to change the law of the United States in favor of an Asiatic immigrant who was, and is, a thorn in our side. Never was a prediction more abundantly justified. It is now being fulfilled to the annoyance of the whole country. If Australia had been equally the victim of a dictator's bludgeon she, too, would now be similarly embroiled. But Australia knew better than to wobble, and there was no one with the disposition or the power to bully her.

In a sense it is easy to understand the Japanese attitude in this matter. It was no unimportant or irresponsible person who flattered her and promised to give her the moon. It was the President of the United States who thus anointed her with fulsome compliments, assuring her that she was among the greatest of world powers and that her people were human prodigies of virtue with whom it was an honor to associate. It was the President of the United States who published to the world his intention to change the laws in order that Japanese coolies might henceforth assist in the processes of American law-making and even administer those laws to Americans in American courts. However incredulous we may be, we usually believe the flatterer, and we can hardly blame the Japanese for assuming that the President of the United States spoke with some national authority when he said that they were the salt of the earth. And we can hardly blame them for expecting that a President of the United States in 1913 would adopt some such policy toward California as was adopted by a previous President in 1906. We can hardly suppose that an Asiatic people will understand the spasm of autocratic government through which this country passed or appreciate the fact of its transitory nature.

But there can be no further deviations, and the sooner this is understood by Japan the better. We do not propose to import a new racial problem that promises to be a hundred times more thorny than the negro problem that we now have and from which we can not escape. To the negro we stand *in loco parentis*. The negro is a child and to be treated as a child, and no one knows it better than himself. Moreover, we have definite and ethical responsibilities toward the negro. To permit an invasion, even an incipient one, by a people precociously clever, by a people who can never be assimilated, by a people who are arrogant and offensive in their claim of social equality, is now impossible. It would be the newest and ugliest form of race suicide.

Exit Mr. Root.

We see the first fruit of the direct election of senators in the reported refusal of Mr. Root to become a candidate for reëlection. He would rather retire at once to private life than appeal to the rough-and-tumble chances of the polls or place his political future in the hands of a massed electorate incapable of understanding either his capacities or the breadth of his public aims.

The loss of Mr. Root from the United States Senate will be not far short of a national calamity. He is probably the ablest man now in the public life of America and his value lies in those very intellectual attributes that insure his electoral failure. If Mr. Root lived in any other country than America his unusual mental powers would be among the permanent assets either of the government or of an expectant opposition. His services in the wider sense would be continuous and national. His invitation to activity and to office would be perpetual. But it would seem that America has no use for Mr. Root, except possibly as a supplicant, and hat in hand. He has that kind of intellectual force in which nearly every modern government is pitifully poor and which at the same time is peculiarly unappreciated and unvalued by the average electorate.

It is to be feared that the same causes that may lead to the retirement of Mr. Root will eliminate many other men of similar calibre. It is hardly likely that any man who is willing to run the gauntlet of the meannesses and the scurrilities of a popular election—and they are growing worse daily—can have much to contribute to the dignities or the intelligences of government. To be the "choice of the people" has rarely yet been a guaranty of mental or moral values, as witness the state legislatures and even the House of Representatives itself. And now the Senate also has been thrown into the arena, and it is but natural that those whose ideas of public life are not the ideas of the arena should withdraw beyond the reach of humiliation.

It is hardly likely that Mr. Root could be elected by a popular suffrage. Well-nigh every little parochial coterie in his home district would be arrayed against him. The local Bethels would oppose him because of an undenied rumor that he once drank a glass of wine or was "unsound" on the question of Sunday observance. The women would unanimously reject him because of some heresy on the suffrage question, or because of his reluctance to pronounce their movement as the one and only hope of the future. And the saloon and tenderloin vote would be no less emphatic in their disapproval of a candidate who refused to do dark and sinister things at their bidding. Not five per cent, perhaps not one per cent, of the average electorate would be able to recognize the value of a sagacious statesman who thinks in terms of a nation instead of a parish and whose capacities might easily be of decisive weight in a public crisis. The direct election of senators means the survival of the unfit, the rejection of the fit. It means the deification of mediocrity, ignorance, and vulgarity.

Incidentally it may be said that there could be no better object lesson in the folly of a rule that compels a senator to be a candidate in his own district or nowhere. A man's neighbors are not the best, but the least, qualified to judge of his national value. Mr. Root is, of course, highly esteemed by discerning citizens of his own state, but the truest estimates of his worth would probably originate elsewhere. If his services were available by any part of the country with the good sense to appreciate them there would not be much fear that Mr. Root would be forced out of public life by a disinclination to face the petty rancors and malevolences of a public election in his own state.

Sex Equality.

The suffragette leaders made the great tactical blunder of their campaign when they condescended to give reasons for the faith that was in them. In the first place it was a departure from the time-honored precedent which absolved women from the necessity to give, or even to possess, reasons for their actions. In the second place it transfers the conflict from the region of the sentimental to that of the intellectual. The great principle of obedience to the feminine behest had been firmly ingrained in the male American mind. To hear and to obey had become indivisible parts of the whole duty of man. If women had based their demand for the suffrage upon the simple fact that they wished it, probably all would have been well with the cause, seeing that submission had already become automatic and instinctive. But to advance a reason for their demand, other than the all-sufficient reason of "because" was a departure of so radical a nature, so daring an invasion of the polemical field, that men were startled into resistance. That women should thus abandon their own weapons of unreason that had never yet failed them, that they should adopt the mental armory of the less interesting sex, was no less than an invitation to conflict.

And so we are told that the vote is needed by women in order that they may remedy the legal inequalities under which they now suffer. That the sexes are by no means equal before the law is a patent fact, but it is an inequality that can hardly be described as a grievance from the feminine point of view. When the New York legislature recently proposed to amend all existing laws upon a basis of entire sex equality the protest from the suffragette leaders was instant and unanimous. An enactment that "the legislature shall pass no law making distinction or discrimination between the sexes in relation to personal, civil, or property rights" excited resentment and dismay. It was not equality that women wanted. In fact it was the last thing on earth that they were prepared to tolerate, and they seemed to have been pained and grieved that they should have been taken at their word. What they actually wanted was not equality, but the vote, and it seemed ungallant that a woman's reasons should be accepted from the intellectual rather than the sentimental point of view. And no wonder. For the laws generally prevailing throughout the United States are based upon the theory that the feminine sex is a privileged one, exempt from obligations imposed upon men, and entitled to concessions and considerations that men would never think of claiming. These exemptions and privileges vary somewhat in the different states, but it would certainly be correct to say that there are sex inequalities in every state in the Union, and that the balance of these inequalities is always in favor of women. For example, women are usually exempt both from military and from jury service. A wife can not be compelled to pay her husband's debts, but he can be, and he is, compelled to pay hers. A wife can dispose of her fortune by will in any way she pleases, ignoring her husband utterly, but he can not evade his financial responsibilities toward her. The husband can not sell or mortgage his homestead without the signature of his wife, but if the homestead is hers she can do what she wishes with it, and without consulting him. The husband can be arrested and criminally prosecuted for a failure to support his wife, but the wife need not support her husband even though she be wealthy and he be poor and sick. The husband must pay the taxes upon his wife's personal property, but she can not be compelled to pay the taxes assessed against him, and by the new income-tax law of New York the husband must report his wife's income and pay taxes on it. An English husband recently went to prison because he was financially unable to pay taxes upon his wife's property, although the law gave him no rights whatever over that property. If the wife commits a crime in the presence of her husband she is held to be innocent and it is the husband who must assume the guilt, even though there be no dispute as to the fact. But if he commit a crime in the presence of his wife the whole responsibility is his. If the wife is guilty of slander or libel against a neighbor the husband must pay the damages, but if he commits the slander or libel the guilt is his. It would be easy to extend this list of sex inequalities to considerable dimensions, and while, as has been said, the law varies somewhat in different states, the principle of inequality is to be found in all of them, and always to the advantage of women. But the instances above enumerated are fairly representative of American practice.

Therefore it would be well for women to ask themselves if they actually desire to establish the principle of sex equality before the law. It would be well for them to be wary in this matter, because some daring legislature may one day take them at their word and give them what they profess to want. The New York legislature would have done this but for its usual deference to feminine protest. Indeed the day can not be very far off when the principle of democracy must assert itself and so abolish all privilege among the enfranchised classes in spite of the clamorous resistance of those whose curious mental processes have allowed them to identify equality with exemption, immunity, and concession.

Legislature and Governor.

It is fair to say by way of apology for the late legislature—and the good Lord knows that anything which may be said in its behalf is timely—that its appropriation of some three and a half million dollars above and beyond funds available in the state treasury is in entire accord with precedent. The precedent is a bad one, none the less it may be pleaded if not in justification at least in explanation—though we are by no means sure that explanation tends to mitigate offense. Under our state constitution the legislature holds the power of the purse, and it ought to hold it practically. It may bestow or withhold, subject only to the veto power of the governor which it (the legislature) may nullify by a two-thirds vote. But this high authority in government—the power of the purse—was long ago abdicated by a body so careless of its own authority or so indifferent to its own dignities as not to realize, apparently, its weakness and turpitude. Since time out of mind it has been the habit of the California legislature to pass practically every bill calling for an appropriation of money, leaving it to the governor in the final account to veto or prune down according to his estimate of the necessities of the case, the condition of the state treasury, or the exigencies of his politics. Just as this practice has involved abdication of its powers on the part of the legislature it has augmented the powers of the governor. It has given to that functionary in addition to his legitimate authority the power of the purse. It has made him an autocrat in all matters to which the public funds stand related. And it is needless to say it has enabled him to barter and to trade in all matters of legislation and state policy, to punish or reward in cases where individual legislators or communities are concerned. If Governor Johnson were seriously intent upon real reform in the spirit of his high pretensions he would have insisted that the legislature should take serious account of its money bills instead of passing everything and so putting the whole business of state expenditure into his hands. A man in his position eager for the reëstablishment of state government upon sound principles would have seen to it that the legislature should not abrogate its powers and place them in his hands. But Governor Johnson is not the man for this kind of high dealing. It suits him to have the power of the purse in his own hands, even though the fact may be the mark of legislative delinquency and degeneracy. It not only plays up gratefully to his vanity, but it enables him to reward those whom for one reason or another he may wish to cajole, and to "knife" whomever for any reason he may wish to punish. If ever we shall have in California an honest movement for real reform in the place of the present fraudulent régime supporting bogus reform, the first and foremost clause in its platform will urge revival of constitutional powers in and of normal self-respect on the part of the state legislature.

Mr. Roosevelt's Sobriety Proved.

It is no mitigation of the sin of falsehood and slander that it may proceed from partisan heat and that it may be incidental to excited political controversy. It is as wicked and criminal to utter lies to the discredit of a candidate for office in a fierce campaign as it is to tell lies about anybody at any time. It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Roosevelt's resentment towards the editor who described him as a habitual drunkard.

Yet before proceeding to formal trial of the issue we think Mr. Roosevelt should have reflected upon the spectacle presented by an ex-President as the subject of a grave inquiry into his intimate habits, the smell of his breath, and the exhilaration of his social manners. It was not a pleasant picture, that which presented itself to the public in the Marquette court-house last week—not a pleasant picture from any point of view. That Mr. Roosevelt himself obviously enjoyed it to the extent of counting it one of his "bully" times is just another mark of the incurable propensities of a nature whose chief joy is individual exploitation in whatever form it may take. To a man of delicacy the long and detailed recital of personal and domestic incidents involved in Mr. Roosevelt's statement, and in that of the friends who testified in his behalf, would have been painful in the last degree.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt deemed it necessary to bring this suit is a tacit confession of his lack of credit with the American people. A simple statement from an ex-President of the United States to the effect that he was not a habitual drinker, and had never been drunk in his life, should have been convincing and final. Certainly no other man who has held so high a place has thought it necessary to the protection of his own reputation and fame to go on the witness stand and be sworn in his own behalf and to call in corroborative testimony. If it was necessary in the case of Mr. Roosevelt he has only himself to blame.

We can but suspect that Mr. Roosevelt took the melodramatic method of setting himself right in this matter rather than a more modest course because it gave him opportunity for a brief moment to get into the limelight. Since Mr. Roosevelt waived damages, his real motive, we suspect, was again to pose for a day or two as the central figure in a dramatic proceeding. A man more assured of his own standing for truthfulness would have addressed a letter to the editor—therefore to the public—setting forth the exact facts; and it would have been quite sufficient. But this would have been a tame proceeding. It would have afforded no gratification to vanities which, growing by what they have fed upon, have become colossal in their proportions and all-consuming in their appetites.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Note from Mr. Rulofson.

Home Industry League of California.
San Francisco, May 28, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: We have read, with much interest, your editorial under the caption of "Made in California."

You seem to express some doubt as to whether the Home Industry idea should be dignified by being called a "movement."

For your information will state that we have an active membership of about 700 of the leading manufacturers of California, and we take pleasure in enclosing you a classified list of our membership.

In addition to this we have over 5000 associate members consisting of retail dealers and heads of families, and this list is growing at the rate of 250 weekly.

If this is not a movement, what is it? Some people might call it an *avalanche* rather than a movement.

We are satisfied, from careful reading of your article, that you are not at all familiar with the objects of this league, which are as follows:

We are carrying on a campaign of education, requesting our citizens to give preference to goods "Made in California," *when the price and quality are equal.* This is a very important feature that you have entirely overlooked. We do not expect, and are not crazy enough to ask, any one to buy chocolate, wine, clothing, or any other commodity purely on sentiment. The first consideration must be quality, and if California manufacturers can not compete in price, then they must expect, as we do, that they will not secure the preference.

You have also entirely overlooked the sociological side of the question, which is one of greater importance. We have thousands of unemployed in this state. Whether it is their own fault or not does not appear germane to this subject. The fact remains that they are *out of work.*

We have 500,000 young people now being educated by the state. When their schooling is completed they will seek employment, and some provision must be made for their future.

We are told that when the Panama Canal is opened tens of thousand of immigrants will come to our shores. It is unreasonable to expect that they will all have the means to go to farming. Many of them, if not a majority, will seek positions in factories, as they have in the East, and this will have a tendency to crowd out our own people. Therefore we have thought it a noble work to encourage local manufacturers by giving them the most loyal support, wherever it can be done consistently, so that they may increase their facilities and employ more labor. When other manufacturers see that Home Industries are being supported it will encourage them to come to California and start branches. We are pleased to say that such firms as Libby, McNeil & Libby, Heinz of the "57 varieties" fame, and others too numerous to mention are now operating or building large factories in California.

Just how any person familiar with our work can take any exception to it is beyond our comprehension, and we feel satisfied that when you consider it from its various angles and understand that we are not asking people to buy goods "Made in California" purely from sentiment, that we may have your invaluable support in promoting the doctrines that we preach.

You are directly interested in this subject. The more factories we have and the greater prosperity they enjoy will result in greater advertising possibilities for you. It will mean more subscribers to the *Argonaut* and other journals.

If our work was successful to the maximum degree we would in a short time have a city of a million or more employed people, all receiving their pay envelopes on Saturday night, the contents of which would be put into immediate circulation for the general good.

The difference between good times and hard times is simply the amount of money that is in circulation.

When our olive oil, wine, soap, and the tens of thousands of commodities raised in California are left in the hands of the manufacturers and the money sent abroad it means just so much capital withdrawn from circulation.

We trust that you will accept all of the above in the friendliest spirit, because we believe that you are a public-spirited citizen and we can only account for your attitude by concluding that you have not been fully advised.

Yours is the only strictly California journal that we know of that has attacked our efforts, and we are looking forward hopefully to your changing your attitude and giving us as much support as you feel that you can do conscientiously.

We are, sincerely yours,
Home Industry League of California,
A. C. Rulofson, President.

An Easterner On the Japanese Question.

New York, May 24, 1913.

Editor Argonaut: I have read with a good deal of satisfaction your expression of opinion on the Japanese question. You have made a straightforward, sensible statement of facts that our Eastern papers have not the backbone, where they are not too narrow and provincial, to come out and speak plainly. The whole trouble is the same as the black question that harassed the South after the war and which was made worse by the ignorant and cheap clap-trap of the Northern papers. We had no "niggers" here and did not know the evils of living at close quarters with him or the danger of granting him—a common slave little removed from savagery—equal rights with his former masters and white men. Our Northern cities are marked with a sickly yellow streak today as a result of the North's unintelligent and selfish greed for votes.

The question in California today is the same—only yellow instead of black—and far more dangerous on account of the superior intelligence and peculiar crafty nature of the Jap, who, like the negro, is only slightly removed from barbarism.

If our federal government has a treaty with Japan that is disadvantageous to us then the federal government should revoke it at once, regardless of the consequences or feelings of the Jap. There is only one stand to take in this matter of inferior alien races, and that is to bar them absolutely and in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding regarding it. This is a white man's country and we want no mongrel race, though we undoubtedly have one in some measure. Any one doubting that statement can have ample proof of its truth by a casual stroll on Sixth Avenue of this town and doubtless in other large cities where the negro has congregated. This poison injected in the white blood can never be eradicated but is a lasting shame on our race.

Now the proposition is advanced that we take in the Jap and have him further mongrelize the blood. As I said, I am glad to see that California has the spunk to stick out for her rights. You have a tough job ahead of you to guard the national honor. Yours, F.

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Most of the familiar liquorice-root comes from Syria. It is gathered and piled into great stacks, where it remains until it is thoroughly dry. It is then taken to the factory to undergo certain processes. The finished product is used for flavoring confectionery and beer, as well as entering into the make-up of many brands of tobacco. Some idea of the extent of the industry may be gathered when it is stated that, on an average, eight thousand tons of dry liquorice-root is shipped from Aleppo annually, while Bagdad yields another six thousand tons, Antioch four thousand, and Damascus five hundred tons. With the exception of the Damascus output, the whole trade is in the hands of a single firm.

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Though the natives rejoice whenever a lion is killed, intelligent African farmers do not take the same view of the matter, protesting that the lion is really a great help to him, killing as he does other animals which prey on the planted crops. In one season it is claimed that 350 lions were slain, and this number, it is estimated, would have been responsible for probably 30,000 zebras and antelopes, which destroy valuable crops as fast as the farmer can plant and grow them. The agriculturists declare that if the lions are left unslaughtered for a few years they will so reduce the crop destroyers that farming will yield large profits.

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It requires more than a century for a cedar tree to grow large enough to yield a thirty-foot telephone pole. The eucalyptus will attain a larger growth in thirty years, and its wood is quite as lasting.

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Missouri mines produced nearly thirty-five million dollars' worth of zinc and lead in 1912.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A letter written by Mr. Laurence Godkin to the New York *Evening Post* may usefully be cited as an instance of the lack of thought displayed by the average citizen when confronted with a public problem. Mr. Godkin is of opinion that any man who advocates war or deprecates peace should be sent immediately to the front "without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of doctor of divinity." Doubtless the writer is indulging in a little mild humor at the expense of Dr. Lyman Abbott, whom we can hardly imagine as seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth, but he speaks seriously enough when he adds, "No man has a right to advocate war, or to deprecate peace, in any way, unless he is prepared to drop everything and go to the front at the first trumpet's call and kill and get killed himself." But surely this would be a difficult principle to establish. Should we also say that no man ought to advocate capital punishment unless he is prepared to act as hangman? Or that no one ought to recommend a meat diet unless ready to slaughter a bullock; or a diet of nuts unless able to climb a cocoanut tree?

Lord Curzon has been charged with the commission of a bull—unjustly charged, it seems—but it reminds a writer in the New York *Evening Post* that Lord Cromer once described a certain bill as "not the thin end of the wedge, but the whole wedge—lock, stock, and barrel." Mr. Lloyd George was accused by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton of throwing dirty water on his opponents in order to inflame the people against them, and it was Mr. Austin Chamberlain who remarked that the harvest sown by the government was coming home to roost. Mr. Asquith, usually a precise speaker, described a certain measure as "a thorny subject which requires delicate handling or it will tread on somebody's toes."

The school children of New York are to undergo certain physical tests in order to ascertain the effects of tea and coffee-drinking. That is all very well, although it is easy to place too much reliance upon tests that may easily ignore some unrecognized factor. In this case the attitude of the investigators is clearly shown by the statement that "the experts hope to show that coffee-drinkers are not merely below the normal of the Hastings table, but are inferior in strength to their fellow-schoolmates who do not drink coffee at all." Now why should the experts "hope" to discover anything except the facts in the case? Why should they "hope" to discover that a common practice is injurious? Why not hope to find that it is harmless? We may be fairly sure that they will find whatever they hope to find, and so the incident becomes typical of a good many of the "investigations" of today that call themselves scientific. The usual procedure is first to form a theory that hardens into a conviction in about ten minutes and then to search for the facts needed to support it.

If things go on at their present gait there is likely to be a revulsion of feeling in favor of the despised Turk. The atrocities committed upon them by their Christian foes are beginning to burn themselves into the public conscience, if the public can be said to have a conscience, and now comes a wail of dismay from the missionaries. Two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, have already been ordered by the Greeks to leave Southern Albania, and there is a general apprehension that the Balkan Christians will not tolerate any religious teachings that do not hear their own particular brand. The Turkish authorities were always tolerant of Christian missionaries, but these busy people may now find, and not for the first time in history, that an unorthodox Christianity is hated much worse than no Christianity at all.

Mr. H. G. Wells, writing to the *Author* of London, describes his usual procedure with publishers, and he writes with a certain acerbity that suggests the recollection of feuds. He says:

> The sum "to a ha'penny" I have "put out advertising" to "arrive" at my "present stage of success" is just exactly £0 0s. 0d., and I have no doubt that Mr. Bennett and Mr. Shaw will confess to an equal parsimony. What my publisher spends is between himself and God. I never pay for advertisement or corrections, never allow an agency clause in my agreements (I generally don't do business through agents), always take 25 per cent upon a 6s. book, always exact a big check on account of royalties (rather larger than what is caused by the certain sales), always reserve the right to publish a cheap edition at less than 13d. at the end of two years, and never suffer a 13 as 12 clause. I draw up my own agreements with Messrs. Macmillan, who also, as a matter of courtesy—and subject, of course, to a considerate use of the privilege—give me unlimited free copies. If an author is really worth while publishing, he can get these terms from any decent publishing house, and I wish we could make some agreement among authors to hold the publishers generally at this level.

Lesser authors than Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Shaw will doubtless read this confession enviously. It does sometimes happen that the publishers make the terms and the authors may take them or leave them—and the publishers do not greatly care which it is.

Chemists who make explosives for English suffragettes will probably show some care in future as to the letters they write. During the recent raid on the militant headquarters the police found a highly incriminating letter from "Edwy. G. Clayton," and the last paragraph contained the request "Please burn this." Needless to say it was not burned. It was carefully filed away, and when the police appeared at his door he doubtless said things under his breath about the militants—unprintable things.

Dr. Zwemer, who knows all that is to be known about Mohammedanism, says that the spread of Islam in Africa is one of the most striking phenomena of the nineteenth century. Today it is the prevailing religion of all Africa north of the tenth parallel of north latitude and is sweeping southward with ever-increasing volume and momentum. Dr. Zwemer's picture of Mohammedan success has been confirmed in every detail by many other writers, who have generally agreed as to its cause. Mohammedanism is a faith of genuine fraternity. The African negro, however debased by heredity or custom, is received as a blood brother by the high caste Arab as soon as he pronounces the words that make him a follower of Islam. From that moment his social status is assured. The rigid rites of his new faith commend themselves to his nature and he readily adopts the code of his teachers, but it is their practical fraternity that conquers him and wins his heart.

The vice crusade in Philadelphia seems to be a sorry business. Already seven women have committed suicide, a bare half-dozen have taken the opportunity to enter industrial life, and the remainder have left the city. The net result so far as the nation is concerned is the seven dead bodies in the morgue, a result quite consonant with the high moral pretensions of Philadelphia. And what about the other cities to which this sorrowful army of unfortunates has emigrated? It is true they might adopt similar measures, and so enable themselves to "point with pride" to a little row of corpses of their own. And what about Philadelphia six months hence after the Pharisees have duly thanked their peculiar God and once more folded their hands in slumber?

The Waterbury *American* says: "We can't think of anything to make the suffragettes madder than Mayor Gaynor's taunt. He says that husbands is the cure for militancy; that not one of the muscular women who are scaring England but would swap her principles for a man."

The department of health tells us that the present expectation of life in New York for a child five years old is fifty-two years. Thirty years ago the expectation was forty-one years, or a gain of eleven years. On the other hand we are told that at the age of forty the expectation of life is now less than it was thirty years ago. But do not let us jump too fast to conclusions. The most mendacious forms of assertion usually take the shape of statistics, and it may be that the people who now die soon after the age of forty are the very people who would have died in childhood thirty years ago and who have been kept alive by the uplift hygiene. The general expectation of life may therefore be higher or it may be lower, which is one of the great beauties of statistics. You never can tell.

The life of the King of Spain has been attempted so often that he has now started a museum of interesting mementoes. There is the bottle that once held poisoned milk, for *Messieurs les Assassins* were quite early in the field. There is the dagger that the king struck from the hand of a ruffian, who ran off shouting, "We shall meet again." The king laughed, said "With pleasure," and picked up the weapon. There are empty cartridges and bomb fragments in the museum, but the most interesting relic is a sprig of jasmine. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that Alfonso was once waiting in the streets of San Sebastian for some repair to his automobile. Finding that he had no match for his cigar he asked a passer-by for a light. The man paled as he recognized the king, who simultaneously recognized him as an anarchist who had been arrested for attempting to kill him, but who had been released for lack of evidence. "No malice," said the king. "You must excuse the police if they arrest an innocent man sometimes. They let so many guilty escape. Take a cigar." The man hesitated, but a young girl with him intervened. "Take one, Juanillo, but we won't be behindhand." And she broke off a sprig of the jasmine she was wearing and offered it to the king, who placed it in his buttonhole, having gallantly kissed the hand that gave it. Evidently Alfonso is not only a king. He is also a man who will die—from whatever cause—with a debonair laugh, which is the best of all ways to die.

The Bishop of London says that the average Englishman expects to get a good vicar, two nice-looking curates, and a peal of bells in return for the threepence that he puts into the offertory box. The curates alone are well worth the money.

The London *Daily Chronicle* has found a country parson who has no difficulty in accounting for the increased cost of living. It is due, he says, to the change from agriculture to industry. Foodstuffs come from the ground, or would come from the ground if there were any one to grow them. In country districts people grow their own food and so they have plenty to eat, but they have no money. In the cities people live on one another instead of from the soil, and therefore they have money but no food. It sounds reasonable.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

To such an extent has Argentine's frozen hare industry developed that the government has been asked to lend assistance with respect to obtaining a greater quantity of supplies, and announcement is made that the principal difficulty is the lack of trappers. France is a ready market, having taken 360,000 frozen hares this season. The preserved hares have taken premiums at the exhibitions in Paris, Naples, Liege, London, and Rome. Great Britain alone imports over 50,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits annually.

Of the 30,000 children in the Hawaiian schools 31 per cent are said to be Japanese, and they are increasing at a more rapid rate than any other race. The Portuguese have a little less than 17 per cent, and the Hawaiians 14. The territory last year spent $528,436 for education, and the counties themselves $47,799 additional.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Marlow Madrigal.

Oh, Bisham Banks are fresh and fair,
  And Quarry Woods are green,
And pure and sparkling is the air,
  Enchanting is the scene!
I love the music of the weir,
  As swift the stream runs down,
For oh, the water's deep and clear
  That flows by Marlow town!

When London's getting hot and dry,
  And half the season's done,
To Marlow you should quickly fly,
  And bask there in the sun.
There pleasant quarters you may find,—
  The "Angler" or the "Crown"
Will suit you well, if you're inclined
  To stay in Marlow town.

I paddle up to Harleyford,
  And sometimes I incline
To cushions take with lunch aboard,
  And play with rod and line;
For in a punt I love to laze,
  And let my face get brown;
And dream away the sunny days
  By dear old Marlow town.

I go to luncheon at the Lawn,
  I muse, I sketch, I rhyme;
I headers take at early dawn,
  I list to All Saints' chime.
And in the river, flashing bright,
  Dull care I strive to drown,—
And get a famous appetite
  At pleasant Marlow town.

So when no longer London life
  You feel you can endure,
Just quit its noise, its whirl, its strife,
  And try the "Marlow cure."
You'll smooth the wrinkles on your brow,
  And scare away each frown,—
Feel young again once more, I vow,
  At quaint old Marlow town.

Here Shelley dreamed and thought and wrote,
  And wandered o'er the leas;
And sung and drifted in his boat
  Beneath the Bisham trees.
So let *me* sing, although I'm no
  Great poet of renown,
Of hours that much too quickly go
  At good old Marlow town!

—*Joseph Ashby-Sterry.*

Song.

Closes and courts and lanes,
  Devious, clustered thick,
The thoroughfare, mains and drains,
  People and mortar and brick,
Wood, metal, machinery, brains,
  Pen and composing stick:
    Fleet Street, but exquisite flame
      In the nebula once ere day and night
    Began their travail, or earth became,
      And all was passionate light.

Networks of wire overland,
  Conduits under the sea,
Aerial message from strand to strand
  By lightning that travels free,
Hither in haste to hand
  Tidings of destiny,
    These tingling nerves of the world's affairs
      Deliver remorseless, rendering still
    The fall of empires, the price of shares,
      The record of good and ill.

Tidal the traffic goes
  Citywards out of the town;
Townwards the evening ebb o'erflows
  This highway of old renown,
When the fog-woven curtains close,
  And the urban night comes down,
    Where souls are spilt and intellects spent
      O'er news vociferant near and far,
    From Hesperus hard to the Orient,
      From dawn to the evening star.

This is the royal refrain
  That burdens the boom and the thud
Of omnibus, mobus, wain,
  And the hoofs on the beaten mud,
From the Griffin at Chancery Lane
  To the portal of old King Lud—
    Fleet Street, diligent night and day,
      Of news of the mart and the burnished hearth.
    Seven hundred paces of narrow way,
      A notable bit of the earth.

—*John Davidson* [1857-1909].

Edinburgh.

City of mist and rain and blown gray spaces,
  Dashed with wild wet color and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
  Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
  Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
  Gliding, a ghostly Queen, through a mist of tears?

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendor,
  Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
  Silent the gazer on glory without a stain?
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
  Tusitala wandered through mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant—and slender,
  Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jeweled main.

Up the Cannongate climbeth, cleft asunder
  Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
  Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
  Closes an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
  Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

Two-thirds of the telephones used in the world are in the United States, or a total of over 8,362,000. To operate them requires more than 18,000,000 miles of wire.

THE OLD ASTOR HOUSE CLOSED.

New York's Most Famous Old Inn Soon to Be Only a Historical Memory.

For seventy-five years the Astor House has been the most famous of New York hotels, but its end is at hand. The house closes this week and the weather-beaten, gray stone building will be torn down. Skyscraper competition and the northward progress of entertainment centres have had nothing to do with the passing of the old house. In spite of all rivalry and the steady rise in land values, this modest six-story building has always paid good interest on the investment. A burrowing subway threatens its foundations, laid long before such a contingency was foreseen. Renewed leases of tenants in the business rooms of the ground floor have for the past year, however, contemplated such an issue and contained a cancellation clause effective on thirty days' notice. As a consequence, Proprietor-Manager Thurston a month ago marked May 29 as the closing day, and before this letter is read in print the doors will have swung for the last time on the last guest. A dinner for the old-timers was proposed for Saturday night, but it was given up, as only a few of the hundreds who are entitled to enrollment on the list could be summoned to join in the feast that must have been flavored with melancholy sentiment.

John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor family in America, built the hotel, on ground which he purchased for his home from Rufus King, who there had his Colonial homestead. Mr. Astor entertained at his residence in the early 'thirties his neighbors, who were settled all about him in houses of their own, as well as guests from abroad. The hotel project was not welcomed by the society of that day, and shrewd business men declared the location was too far north to permit of successful use. Only a little before the City Hall had been placed on the edge of the town, just above, and its north wall constructed of rough brown stone as few would see that side of the building. Early in the morning of July 4, 1834, the cornerstone of the hotel was laid with appropriate ceremonies, and under it was buried a silver casket containing a tablet, a full-length portrait of Lafayette, and the newspapers of the day. It was not until 1837 that the inn was opened, three years and $70,000 having been consumed in the work which was meant to produce the finest hotel on the American continent. All that its energetic and far-seeing owner had hoped for his enterprise was realized. From the beginning it assumed an importance that no other hotel of the time had acquired. It quickly became the inevitable tarrying-place of notables, home and foreign, and for more than forty years it held more than the friendly regard of visitors. Its registers bear the signatures of all the great men of the times, and many who made history in Europe as well as in the United States found all the comforts of a home there, and luxuries that were not to be had elsewhere. In the days when *chefs* and *menus* had not become familiar terms in American taverns, the table of the Astor was famous. Scores of dishes peculiar in their claims to consideration by the fastidious were associated with its dining-room service. And as its table attracted good livers, and its bedrooms and service pleased increasing transient custom, so did its parlors, lounging-room, and lobby draw unfailingly the attendance of political leaders and their subordinates. For many years most campaigns, municipal, state, and national, were planned under its roof.

Few old-time correspondents can write of the old hotel without personal recollections. It is closely connected with memories of my first visit to New York, in 1876. That was the year of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, when more Americans left their homes for sight-seeing than ever before, setting a fashion that has become general. One was fortunate to find room in the inn that season, when no arrangements had been made in advance. I was given the room in the southeast corner of the hotel, on the highest floor. Its windows were low and small, but the broad window-seats were cushioned and padded at the sides, making them most delightful coigns of vantage for a spectator curious to observe the scenes outside and in the street and common below. Above the roofs to the eastward rose the piers of the Brooklyn bridge, not then completed. On the night of the early October elections in Ohio and Indiana, in that seething Tilden-Hayes campaign, I sat in the broad window-seat till long after midnight, looking down on a crowd of excited men that packed the triangular space from the postoffice to the *Herald* building. Bulletins were not so plentiful nor received so early as in the present day, but their leisurely appearance and lack of conclusive detail merely added to the long-sustained interest. Inside, the room was no less curiously attractive. It was furnished with three immense leather easy chairs, and a carved walnut sideboard which displayed at least a hundred glasses of odd forms and patterns. To an unsophisticated newspaper man from the West they represented merely a collection of handsome specimens of the glass-maker's and glass-cutter's art, but I was to be undeceived. Only a little later, when I was courteously but firmly required to accept a more spacious but less individual room on a lower floor, did I learn that the furnishings I had admired were the possessions of an old judge in Vermont, who spent his winters in New York, and while there would sleep and entertain his boon companions in no other place.

Daniel Webster long had a special suite reserved for him at the Astor House, entirely complimentary. Henry Clay, Pierce, Van Buren, Taylor, Seward, Choate, Douglas, and Jefferson Davis were often its guests. President-elect Lincoln stayed there in 1861, and more than once spoke to an assembled throng from the balcony over the Broadway entrance. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and Edgar Allan Poe were familiar with its entrances. Here were the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, the Grand-Duke Alexis of Russia, Jenny Lind, and others of foreign air and world-fame entertained. Thackeray and Dickens both enjoyed its hospitality. The list is too long to print, even of those whose names have been familiar for half a century. In big affairs, dinners and balls, the old house was no less distinguished. At one time society thought of no other place for such assemblies.

All those glories are of the past. In this, the last week of its life, there are still many guests remaining, but the ranks of the habitués have thinned noticeably. Last night a few of the old-timers were to be seen about the corridors and sitting-rooms, but by far the greater number have sought and found other haunts. Thursday evening the curtain falls. Indeed, the efforts of Mr. Thurston to entertain his guests during this last fortnight have been hedged about with difficulties. Loath as the old help were to go, their interest obliged them to make sure of new places, and they could not be retained in justice. They will be recognized and greeted with something of pleasure by old patrons who find them in new surroundings.

It is nearly the last of the historic old places to go. A much newer Manhattan has been torn down and covered by monstrous and monumental apartment houses. The real old New York is weighted down by business skyscrapers. Five hundred feet in the air or a hundred and fifty feet under the street surface circulate the newer Gothamites, and they boast of the new conditions. Not the old fellows like me!

New York, May 27, 1913. Flaneur.

Seventy years ago Michigan became infected with the virus of public ownership of the means of transportation, the result being a canal scheme on the part of real estate boomers, which caught like wildfire, brought the state to the verge of bankruptcy, and died a most inglorious death, leaving a partly finished waterway as a monument to the energy of the country people. The young state voted bonds, and work on the canal began. The enterprise was to join the waters of Lake St. Clair and Lake Michigan. The first spade of earth was turned on July 20, 1838. About fourteen miles of the canal were actually constructed (writes Charles C. Ward in Detroit *Saturday Night*). The actual work of construction was performed, for the most part, by settlers living along the canal. Then came a hitch in the negotiations of the state bonds. The credit of the state was viewed with suspicion in the money markets of the East and the cash was not forthcoming. The work stopped, never to be resumed.

While sponge fishing in the Americas is rather a modern industry, it produces more than two-thirds of the world's supply in weight. The fisheries of the Mediterranean now produce about one-half of the world's supply in value. Sponge fishing is believed to be most highly developed at Tarpon Springs, Florida, and Batabano, Cuba. As early as 1822 the inhabitants of Key West, Florida, learned from specimens thrown up on the beaches of the presence of several species of useful sponges. For some time they were limited to domestic use among the inhabitants, but not until 1849 was a cargo sent to New York. Valuable sponge grounds have been overfished in and out of season to such an extent that Congress found it necessary to enact a stringent law for the protection and conservation of the industry. This law prohibits divers from working between May 1 and October 1 in waters less than fifty feet deep, and vessels of the Revenue Cutter Service patrol the Florida waters to see that this law is enforced.

There is not another college in the country so highly commended by local loyalty to the admiration and aid of people outside as Hastings College, at Hastings, Nebraska. Hastings, with a population of less than 10,000, is not one of the towns which expects outsiders to donate a fine college to it. On the contrary, Hastings has always paid in full for all the value of the college to the town itself. In the last thirty years the citizens of this country county seat have put $240,000 in cold cash into this institution. The college builds up its endowments in $100,000 each, and is now working on its second hundred thousand, and is within $30,000 of completing it.

Commodore Oliver Perry's flag, hauled from the mast of the flagship *Lawrence* when Perry left the ship in the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, will be included in the Perry memorial exhibit in the Toledo Museum of Art this summer. It has been in the Naval Academy at Annapolis for nearly one hundred years.

Rising sometimes to a height of forty feet, the giant cactus is made to answer a practical end at times in Arizona, where it has been used lately in lieu of telephone poles. Over one stretch of territory redwood poles alternate with cacti, in the proportion of one cactus to two poles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Maurice Fitzgerald, Duke of Leinster, the youngest man of that title in the nobility of Great Britain, is coming to this country. He was born in Kildea Castle, County Kildare, in 1887.

Miss Olive C. Purser, the first to obtain a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, after women were admitted to the university, has just been appointed temporary lecturer on English history in the institution.

Miss Anny Berntsen, daughter of the Danish prime minister, has just served three years' apprenticeship as a joiner. She began her studies in an institute where she learned carving of various kinds. One of the first pieces of work which she finished, a small box, was purchased by the Dowager Empress of Russia.

Masaharu Anesaki, who will be the first incumbent of the chair of Japanese language and literature recently established at Harvard, is at present teaching in the College of Literature in the Imperial University. He will enter on his new duties in September. Representative Japanese have given $20,000 to start and maintain the department.

Sir Aemilius Irving, treasurer of the Upper Canada Law Society, is now in his ninetieth year, and despite his great age has been at the society's quarters practically every day since he was first elected, in 1893. Recently he wished to resign, but was prevailed upon to retain his position, as the society desired the prestige of his illustrious name.

Dr. Charles P. Neill, recently made commissioner of labor statistics in the new Department of Labor at Washington, has resigned to organize and conduct the labor department of the American Smelting and Refining Company. He was appointed United States commissioner of labor in 1905, and continued until he was placed in charge of the bureau of statistics.

W. F. Passett, who has done more than any other man to make dahlia growing one of New Jersey's most extensive and profitable crops, has been raising this flower for more than seventy years. He is now eighty-eight, and as president of the Association of Hammonton Dahlia Growers ably directs the affairs of the organization. Up to two years ago he conducted one of the most famous farms in the state.

Charles M. Galloway, succeeding General John C. Black as president of the United States Civil Service Commission, has been clerk to the Senate Committee on Immigration. General Black became president of the commission in 1904. Prior to that time he had been pension commissioner under President Cleveland, and a Democratic member of Congress from Illinois. He has been commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

James B. Aswell, the new congressman from the Sixth District of Louisiana, is a schoolteacher by profession, and is known as one of the leading educators of the South. This is the first time he has held any political office, aside from that of state superintendent of schools. He comes of farming stock, and from boyhood has made his own way in the world. He clerked in a country store, and worked his way through school and college.

Dr. Alfred H. Brooks, this year's winner of the Conrad Maltebrun gold medal, awarded by the Société de Geographie of France, the oldest geographical society in the world, has been for years in the employ of the government as geologist in charge of the Alaskan mineral resources. He is a native of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was educated at home and abroad. The "Geography and Geology of Alaska" is one of his best-known works.

Professor Yves Delage, the leading worker in France on the problem of the origin of life, and the contributor of sensational experiments in artificial fertilization of the eggs of sea urchins, has become blind. It is believed the malady is due to thirty years' close work with the microscope. Despite his affliction he will continue his researches with the aid of his assistant, Mlle. Goldschmidt. Professor Delage is a member of the Academie of Sciences, and is the author of many scientific articles.

J. A. Patterson, one of the twelve men who penetrated Africa shortly after the death of Livingstone to found a mission on Lake Nyassa, now lives in Portland, Oregon, where he is an elder and charter member of Westminster Church. He was the marine engineer with the missionary party, having charge of a steam launch which was sent up the inland waters of the Dark Continent. The mission still serves as a monument to the great explorer. Only two other members of the party are now living.

Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, originator of the "moonlit schools" in Kentucky, has taught more than a thousand illiterate adults to read and write inside of two years. She began her campaign in September, 1911, with the result that every school in Rowen County now conducts classes every moonlit night of the year, excepting Sundays. The pupils range from six years of age to well along in the eighties. In fact a woman of eighty-six was among Mrs. Stewart's first-night pupils. The work thus begun has spread to eight other counties, and bids fair to wipe out illiteracy in the Kentucky mountains.

WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

But One Came Ashore.

The captain looked around at his passengers and crew. There were many of the accustomed faces missing—faces of the ones who had gone away in the boats. The captain thought to himself grimly that he would see many of them soon again. None knew better than he how small a chance a boat had in those troublous waters.

After the ship struck there had been the screams of women and children and the sharp, commanding voices of the officers above the turmoil. Now there had come to all, or nearly all, a calmness which the captain knew to be the calmness of despair. Most of them were silent. The fat woman still rocked her little dead baby in her arms, hushing it with a weird song. It had never left her side after she had snatched it to her, drowned, dead. Nor had she left the side of the man in the red sweater—her husband, for whom she had foregone her seat in one of the boats. The man had volunteered to take it, whimpering, counting out gold as the price; but the captain had shown him in either hand something grim and shining, which had made him silently acquiesce, even when a woman was helped into the last seat in the last boat and the boat moved off. Now the man still whimpered, or shook the woman off, did she but touch him.

"Take it away, I tell you," he said, almost in a shriek; "I tell you it's dead."

The word held no meaning for her.

"Hush, Peleg, hush. You'll wake her, and she must sleep. She was awake all night."

And she went on with the weird lullaby.

Some one was moving quietly about, tendering hot coffee. The woman with the dead child motioned it away, but her husband took her share and his own. At last the man with the coffee reached the captain. He was just a poor sailor before the mast. Yesterday—yesterday there had been so much between them. Today they were equals. He took the captain's hand under cover of passing him the coffee. Britons are slow to show emotion, but his eyes filled as he looked at the captain.

"God bless you, sir, don't look like that. You're blameless before God and man. Don't you grieve. There aint one—well, maybe there's one—but there aint more than one, wouldn't rather go down with a brave man like you than have escaped without you."

The captain wrung his hand silently, and motioned the coffee away. Then he went and leaned over the rail, looking into the angry waters, yet seeing nothing.

A voice beneath startled him. He looked down, and shuddering closed his eyes. A memory came to him of the woman and the little dead baby; then of another woman with a living one, and he prayed that if he met death it might be bravely and in his right mind.

When he looked again the figure still stood on waters that tossed a boat about like an eggshell, and again the voice spoke: "Skipper, ahoy!"

The captain answered, or thought he did. The man spoke again.

"If I come on deck may I claim your protection?"

This time the captain's answer fell clearly.

"Sir, you ask the protection of the helpless."

"Will you see I am not robbed?"

"You might safely bring aboard the gold of the Indies—that is, as far as the poor souls on this ship are concerned," the captain answered, gravely.

"Then over with a rope, and I'll come up. I promise you I have something to say that will interest one of you."

Eager hands threw the rope, almost before the captain commanded, for the others had crowded forward, forgetting their own peril in the sight of the miracle that met their gaze.

The man scrambled up, awkwardly enough, holding under his arm a long pole, covered at one end with some shining material to which no drop of water adhered. The boots, which reached to the knee, were made of the same stuff.

The stranger took in the scene with one glance of his melancholy eyes.

"Without hope?" he queried, turning to the captain.

"Many have gone away in the boats," answered the captain, evasively. "As for us, we are in God's hands."

"Or—almost," the man said, smiling. "But, after all, what matter—a few hours—days—years—more or less? It's a good death in the water. I've always thought I should like to die so, with the waves for a shroud and the ocean for a coffin."

"Awful! Awful!" mourned the man in the red sweater. "Like rats in a trap!"

The man turned his eyes on him, and then on the woman, smilingly rocking her babe. He looked a question. The captain nodded.

"What odds?" the stranger said, under his breath. "The boats were swamped."

"You bring bad news," said the captain in the same tone.

"Good news," said the man, loudly. "Good news—to one. One on this ship shall be saved."

They pushed the man in the red sweater away before he reached the stranger, and he groveled on the deck with an abject plea for life! life! life!

"Sir," said the captain, "you come walking to us on waters as Another walked once. Is it a miracle?"

"A miracle twenty years a-making," responded the other. "For twenty years I have studied and worked on the miracle performed today—for I knew it could be done. I knew it! It's a very small invention compared with some others. Think for yourself how many more wonderful things have been done. Twenty years ago I would have given my soul for the power for which today I don't care a half-penny. But I vowed my life to the one purpose that the worthless power should at some time be mine. My life's work is finished; the reward almost mine. There is one on this ship who shall walk dry-shod to the land. Who shall it be? Is there one among you whose life is useful to his fellow-man? Who will be missed by the many? Who has work in the world to do?"

"I—I—I——" sobbed the man groveling on the deck, trying to reach the stranger's feet. "Master, save me. I can make it worth your while. Ah! the work I have to do. No one can understand my papers but me—some of them worth millions. Lend me your boots. I promise—I swear I'll bring them back and save you all."

"No," said the other, solemnly, "hold your peace. I promise it is not you."

"Let it be the captain," began a voice.

The others took it up.

"The captain! The captain! The bravest man, the tenderest gentleman! His is a life worth saving for this world and for the world to come."

The stranger looked at the captain and read the soul that looked from his wet eyes. A brave man, whom no danger could daunt, with eyes blurred as a woman's at this tribute from his people—his people, whom, blameworthy or blameless, he had led to certain death. And he knew what the answer would be before it came.

"Then who shall it be? For time presses."

"Sir," said the captain, his voice gaining steadiness with every word, "let it be yourself. A man like you should not throw his life away. It belongs to the world. Think of the lives you can save; of the women whom you, you alone, can keep from being widows; of the little children whose fathers you can bring to them, as though risen from the dead. I know I speak for my people when I say: 'Go back the way you came, and God be with you.'"

"Captain," the man answered, smiling whimsically, "you promised me I should not be robbed, and yet you would take from me the moment bought with twenty years of toil. It's a long time to wait—twenty years. Some one has been waiting that long for me. I am no philanthropist. I claim my reward for what I have done. Another must go."

The captain went over and spoke to the woman. She smiled up in his eyes, and then went on with her ceaseless crooning to her dead baby.

"Let them draw lots," said the stranger. "We have not much time, have we?"

"She'll settle within half an hour," the captain answered in an undertone.

A sailor drew the precious paper whose length spelled life.

The stranger watched him as he went off, walking across the waters, balancing himself with the ungainly pole. Then he quietly took his place in the doomed ranks. The faces of all were calm, but it was no longer the calmness of despair. Ida Alexander.

San Francisco, June, 1913.

* * *

After lying in the ground for over 170 years the lead tablet placed there by Pierre Gauthier, the French explorer, known as Chevalier de la Verendyre, is said to have been unearthed recently at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, by some children at play. The explorers were under orders from the governor of Canada to discover the Sea of the West, beyond the Mandans, according to the Indians. In his journal of the trip addressed to M. le Marquis de Beauharnois, Verendyre said: "I placed on an eminence near the fort a tablet of lead with the arms and inscription of the king and a pyramid of stones for M. le General. I said to the savages, who did not know of the tablet of lead that I placed in the earth, that I was placing these stones as a memorial of those who had come to their country. I had very much wished to take the latitude of this place, but our astrolabe had been out of service since the beginning of our journey."

* * *

Essence d'Orient, from which artificial pearls are made, is produced from the brilliant scales of the ablet, or blay, a small fish with a green back and a white belly, and about 4000 are required to produce a pound of scales, which in turn gives a quarter of a pound of the essence. The price of the scales varies from $1.75 to $2.10 per pound. About 1656 this essence d'Orient was applied to little balls of plaster, but the temperature and the damp heat of the human body modified the adhesive qualities of the pearly matter and caused changes of color. It was in 1680 that a Parisian, named Jacquin, invented a method of covering small glass balls with the same essence d'Orient, thus producing the first practical artificial pearls.

* * *

For thirty-six years John MacConnell, of Lord's Valley, Pennsylvania, has followed the unique and hazardous vocation of rattlesnake hunter, until now he claims for himself the title of "Rattlesnake King" of the state. Since he first began to penetrate the swamps and thickets of the country he has killed over 7000 rattlers, and distributed gallons of oil extracted from the carcasses. The skins he tans and sells, to be used in the manufacture of purses, belts, hatbands, and other curiosities. Each skin brings from $2.50 to $3.

FOR AN ENGLISH NATIONAL THEATRE.

Opinions of British Playwrights.

Just how far the project of a Shakespeare National Theatre has been advanced is shown by a report printed in the London *Chronicle* for May 16. The opinions of eminent authors in attendance are candid if not conclusive:

A meeting of the executive committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre was held yesterday at the Mansion House, with the lord mayor in the chair. Among those present were Sir Arthur W. Pinero, Sir Carl and Lady Meyer, Lady Gomme, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Archdeacon Sinclair, Professor Gollancz, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Mackinder, M. P., the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. Francis Neilson, M. P., Mr. William Poel, Mr. Carl Hentschel, and Mr. Nigel Playfair.

In their report the executive committee stated that they were strongly of opinion that the funds necessary for the erection and endowment of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre will ultimately be secured. They are glad to report that an excellent site for the proposed theatre is to be placed at their disposal for purchase on favorable terms. The committee are, therefore, of opinion that immediate steps should be taken to raise a building fund in order that the project may be effectively carried out on the basis of the resolutions passed at the Mansion House on June 22, 1908.

Apologies for absence were read from Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. In his letter Sir Herbert Tree wrote: "It seems to me that it is today more necessary than it was when this movement started that an effort should be made to give to the people some permanent home for the master works of the English language. Their vital preservation has hitherto depended on the enthusiasm and energy of individuals. . . . The privileges which were formerly held by the playhouses have now been given to the music-halls, and the old lines of demarcation have been swept away, and by the action of the authorities the variety theatre has, for good or ill, become a permanent and dominating factor. Owing to this new condition of things, the position of the theatre is becoming more and more serious, and we are assured by contributors to the newspapers that the theatre can only be cured by smoking. We are even threatened with compulsory smoking. It is obvious that it will be more difficult for the serious drama to flourish under the new conditions."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wrote: "I was over in America for two or three winters and carefully watched the development and failure of the American scheme. I am very much afraid that in our present conditions and circumstances we are running the greatest risk of a similar fiasco. I am persuaded that it will be useless to build a dignified national theatre in honor of Shakespeare until some efforts have been made to train our actors to render his plays in a worthy and convincing manner, and until the public have also been trained to respond to such plays in the same spirit."

Mr. William Archer said that in so far as the result had been unsatisfactory, it was to the discredit of the wealthy men of England. Personally he did not take a very sanguine view of the liberality of the great moneyed classes of England; the slightness of their response had been very discouraging.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw said a good many people were under the impression that what was wanted was a new sort of theatre, which should be endowed, and which should immediately begin pioneer work in the drama, which would be free from the necessity of competition with other theatres, a theatre that would push forward matters, that would take the newest kinds of plays and the newest movements and give them expression.

"I do not think," Mr. Shaw proceeded, "that this is the function of a national theatre, any more than it is the function of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral to be utilized for the preaching of the latest developments in theosophy. This movement will have to be taken up by various bodies, and a great national institution like this Memorial National Theatre must take the drama—such as the drama of Shakespeare—and remove it from the sphere of commercial competition.

"The difficulty with regard to Shakespeare is that he has never been able to hold the stage. You may say we have Shakespeare on the stage, but only a few of his plays are comparatively profitable, and in a national theatre we must have the whole range of Shakespeare. We want to have Shakespeare placed above the accidents of commercial competition, and I want that to be done for everything that has proved itself worthy of a place in the British drama. I should not even claim a place for my own plays in the National Theatre. I do not know if they have passed out of the region of controversy. I have worked for this scheme from beginning to end in the conviction that my plays will not be performed in the National Theatre for 300 years at least—and, perhaps, by that time they may be forgotten."

The balance sheet, which showed a total of £78,000 in donations and subscriptions, revealed also a loss of £3266 on the "Shakespeare's England" exhibition at Earl's Court last year, which, however, was less than half the profit made by the Shakespeare Ball held in the previous year.

WITH THE TURKS IN THRACE.

Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett Relates His Experiences as War Correspondent with the Ottoman Army.

Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett is an ideal war correspondent. He tells a story that is connected and comprehensive. He tells it in the fewest and simplest words; and he has the personal energy and resource that enable him to be at the right place at the right time. On the first page of his book he tells us how he came to start for Constantinople. The sixth page finds him there and at the beginning of his struggle to separate truth from lies. The Turkish war office makes a specialty of mendacity. It exalts falsity to a fine art. From the official point of view whatever is desirable must be also true. The ideal invariably becomes a fact:

> Yet officers, including Colonel Izzet, who, I really think, himself believed some of the stories he told us, were instructed to send news to Europe which did not contain a single element of truth. The first night he came to dine with us at the hotel he gave us the news of the fighting on the Montenegrin frontier. "The Montenegrins," he said, "have crossed the Turkish frontier, capturing several villages and massacring the inhabitants without distinction of race or creed, sparing neither old men, women, nor children. Afterwards three battalions of Turkish infantry advanced and defeated the Montenegrins, driving them back across the frontier." "But," I asked, "if we telegraph this news, will the censor pass it?" "Yes, he will pass it all right," replied Colonel Izzet. "Will he pass the part about the massacres?" "Yes," came the prompt response, "I can assure you he will pass the massacres." We could hardly restrain our laughter.

The Turkish government had no conception of the forces opposing them. Nazim Pasha, the minister of war, gave his personal assurances to the author that the army would enter Sofia in two months. He even ordered his officers to take with them their full dress uniforms for the ceremonious occasion. Not a single adequate preparation had been made. There were no supplies, commissariat, nor medical stores. Abdullah, the commander-in-chief of 100,000 men, was wholly ignored at the battle of Lule Burgas and had no other means of information than his own field glasses. It is easy to imagine the condition of the beaten forces after the fight:

> I also recollect seeing some desperate cases brought up to a surgeon, who was gesticulating wildly, explaining, Ismet told me, that it was useless bringing them to him as he had no bandages, no medicine, and no means of performing any operation. The stretcher-bearers—hurdle-bearers, as it would be better to call them—took them to the nearest house, and left them inside.
>
> Yet throughout all these horrid scenes I never heard even a groan or a reproach escape from the sufferers. Each seemed to realize that his number was up, and accepted his hard lot with superb dignity and fortitude. Shortly afterwards a dying officer was brought in and laid in Abdullah's house, as no accommodation could be found elsewhere.

Abdullah himself faced all the hardships to which his men were exposed. He was as uncared for as the humblest soldier in his great army, and apparently just as hungry:

> About eight o'clock Ismet came to me and said: "Abdullah has returned with his staff. They are once more in the house, and do not intend to leave tonight, but all are starving, and have not so much as a loaf of bread between them."
>
> I collected half our stores, had a hot kettle of cocoa made, and carried them to Abdullah Pasha myself. It was indeed a pleasure, at such a moment, to be able to repay in some small measure his many acts of kindness and hospitality towards Ismet and myself. The general was sitting on the floor of his little room, surrounded by his staff, and with many general officers, including Shefket Torgut Pasha, who had been summoned to a council of war.
>
> Abdullah Pasha looked worn out and cast down. The faces of all present reflected the deepest depression, almost amounting to despair, and if any further confirmation were needed as to the plight of the army, it was to be found in the appearance of the Headquarters Staff.
>
> The commander-in-chief rose when I entered and explained my mission, and thanked me profusely, saying that, without my coming to his aid, he would have been obliged to go without any supper. I wished him success, and expressed a hope that the enemy, exhausted by their exertions, would be found to have retreated on the following day. Abdullah Pasha merely shook his head and replied: "I am afraid not. Our army has made tremendous sacrifices, especially the officers, of whom the majority have fallen, including some of the youngest and most promising."

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett lays the blame for the catastrophe wholly upon the governing classes. The Turkish soldier, he says, was as brave as ever, but the officials were "eaten up with pride and self-confidence," and seemed actually to believe that mere numbers set forth on paper must prevail over the nominally smaller but compact and organized armies opposed to them:

> It is impossible for me to describe severely enough the utter state of chaos, of mess, muddle, and make-believe, which exists throughout all branches of the army. Had the Turkish soldier been supplied with even one biscuit a day he might have held his ground against the invader, and I am convinced that he has been defeated more by sheer starvation than by any other single factor.
>
> Looking back on the great tragedy, it is almost impossible to understand how the wretched private soldier existed for three days without a scrap of food, without any shelter, and yet covered himself with glory. The most splendid material has been sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude.
>
> The Turkish army has no general staff capable of running a country circus. The army has no generals who seem to have grasped even the most elementary principals of modern warfare. The army has no commissariat-train of any sort, and yet four army corps were despatched on a vast offensive movement. With a whole line of railway behind them, within fifty miles of the capital, the authorities could not feed a brigade, and, realizing this fact, they, with true Oriental apathy, made no effort to feed four army corps, but left them to starve, trusting to Allah to produce manna and quails from the skies, and water from the rocks.
>
> The greatest battle of modern times was entered on under these conditions, with an utter, callous disregard of the consequences. The victims were marched to the slaughter without the smallest preparation having been made to succour the wounded. Not a field dressing-station existed, not a field hospital was established, and the few surgeons up at the front lacked every necessity, and were obliged to see thousands of wounded pass to their doom who might otherwise have been saved, without being able to lift a finger to help them. . . .
>
> Whole battalions and brigades of ignorant peasants from Anatolia were sent to Constantinople, dressed up in khaki, handed a rifle, some hundreds of rounds of ammunition, kits which they hardly knew how to fit to their backs, counted at the railway station with glee by the authorities, and officially described as "our invincible infantry."

The author records an interesting conversation with Ismet Bey, a young Turk of the reformed school whose family had removed all the old restrictions upon their women, and who himself had married a charming Frenchwoman. Ismet tried to explain the difficulties of governing a people of thirty-two different races and one hundred different creeds:

> "Yes," I answered. "You did, indeed, undertake a hopeless task. Only a dictator could hope to govern such a discordant conglomeration. Your task was further complicated by half the sects being Christians."
>
> "Yes," Ismet answered, "and what Christians some of them are! At Jerusalem at least twenty different sects wage incessant warfare round the birthplace of your beautiful gospel of peace."
>
> "Yes," I replied, "I have always understood that it was hard for a man to visit Jerusalem and to remain a Christian."
>
> "My cousin," Ismet continued, "was for a long time governor of the Holy City before he went to Smyrna, and his life was rendered intolerable by the quarrels of the Christians. One night when I was staying with him," Ismet went on, "a soldier came to the palace at two in the morning and awakened him, begging that he would come at once to the sacred shrine of Bethlehem, where a terrible fight was going on between orthodox Greeks and Roman Catholics. It appears that the Roman Catholics are allowed to pass before the shrine from nine o'clock till midnight, and the Greeks from midnight until three a. m. Each suppliant is supposed to make three genuflexions before the sacred relics and then to pass on out of the shrine. On the night in question three Catholics were still in the shrine, when the Greeks entered. The first made his three genuflexions and passed on. The second became excited, and in his confusion made four, whereupon the Greeks seized the third suppliant and insisted that he should only make two genuflexions, in compensation for his comrade's excesses. Other Roman Catholics ran back to join in the altercation, and finally a free fight ensued, which became so violent that the Turkish soldiers were obliged to lock the shrine and run to fetch the governor. My cousin found these good Christians pulling each other's beards out and scratching each other's faces with fearful energy," Ismet continued, "and it was only with great difficulty and after sending for the French consul that he could restore order. If he had used force and some of them had been hurt there would have been an outcry in your papers that the Turks were interfering with Christians in the celebrations of their religion."

When Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett reached the Chataldja fortifications he found that he was the first to bring the news of the defeat at Lule Burgas. But if he expected to create a sensation he was disappointed. Turkish stolidity was too strong for emotion:

> I had expected the awakening of strong emotion, some bitter manifestation of grief. But instead they received the news quite calmly; one or two of them exclaimed, "Allah, Allah!" and then sank once more into their habitual apathy, and a private soldier, who was squatting on the floor smoking a narghili and talking to his colonel, ceased for a moment and exclaimed "Kismet!" Upon which they all—the colonel included—looked at the soldier as though he had said something very profound and, nodding their heads, repeated his exclamation of "Kismet!" After that they seemed to forget all about the war, and became absorbed in the study of us, our manners, equipment, and life in general.

The author reverts again and again to the kindliness of the Turkish soldiers. Commenting on some of the reports of Turkish atrocities that were circulated by the Austrian correspondent, Lieutenant Wagner, he says:

> Poor, gentle and kind-eyed, courteous Anatolian Redifs! You were starving and disorganized, and yet we marched with you all the way from Lule Burgas to Chataldja, rather more than 140 miles, without a passport or any other paper to show who we were, and with a cartload of equipment and stores, and none of you ventured to molest us. We were Christians, and King Ferdinand had proclaimed a Holy War, and yet one of you offered to share his last crust of bread with us, because we gave him a drink of water.
>
> Nor did we see you massacre and ill-treat Christians or mutilate their women-folk, although, when you were starving, they used to shut their doors in your faces and refuse to give you of the food which they possessed in plenty. Their flocks also you left untouched in your extremity, and their chickens and their corn. Few European armies would have behaved in such a gentle and forbearing manner as you. Few races could show such a spirit of tolerance.
>
> One day at the height of the crisis, when the Bulgarians were said to be on the eve of entering Constantinople and of setting up the cross on St. Sofia, we watched a Greek religious procession passing through the streets of Pera. A priest dressed in robes of silk and gold went before, carrying high the cross, while others in gaudy raiment followed after, chanting a solemn hymn as they went. And no attempt was made by the Turks to molest these Greeks. We wondered what would have happened in Piccadilly if, when the army of a Roman Catholic nation, which had invaded England with the avowed intention of stamping out Protestantism, was on the eve of entering London, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster had gone in procession through the streets carrying the Host. We remembered the outcry in the press, when he had mooted doing such a thing in a period of profound peace, and trembled for the fate of him and his priests.

The horrors of the retreat were as nothing, says Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, in comparison with the scene at the Turkish headquarters in the village of Hademkeuy. "We were brought," he says, "to a standstill by the awful babel of sounds that came from beneath us. We were gazing into the valley of the shadow of death":

> In the centre of Hademkeuy lay a great square formed on one side by some barracks, on two others by lines of white hospital tents, and on the fourth by the high road. This square resembled a successful fly-paper in midsummer. It was covered with the corpses of the dead, and the writhing bodies of the living in all attitudes. Some prone, some sitting, some kneeling, some constantly shifting, some with hands clasped as if in supplication. In some parts of the arena the dead were piled in heaps; in others those still living were almost as closely packed.
>
> This shocking lake of misery was being constantly [illegible] rivulets of stretcher-bearers, bringing in fresh victims from the camps and forts, and by others who crawled in of their own accord, seeming to prefer to end their days in the company of their fellow-men, or else expecting to find succour or relief from their immediate torments. All the tracks leading to this impromptu morgue were clothed with the bodies of those who had died on the road. From time to time empty bullock-wagons would pass through, and the bodies of those in whom life was extinct would be dumped into them, carted out of the village, and thrown into great pits, where sleep thousands of unhappy Anatolian peasants.

It was near this inferno that the author met a type of the Turkish officer responsible for the whole hideous catastrophe, the kind of officer whose "education" has proved the ruin of his nation:

> We had not gone far when we met M—— Bey, an educated Turkish officer who had been military attaché in several European capitals, and who spoke French and German fluently. M—— Bey was now attached to the headquarters staff, being actually employed in looking after the foreign military attachés. We had every reason to fear, therefore, that he would order us to the rear, as he must have been cognizant of the order prohibiting correspondents at the front. Instead, he received us most politely, and proceeded to explain carefully to us the situation of the Turkish army, ending by saying: "Do not forget to mention in your papers that M—— Bey told you so."
>
> We then made some banal remark about the horrors of cholera, but he seemed indifferent, and proceeded to tell us, with every manifestation of naïve delight, how he carried in his sword-knot a charm presented to him by an English lady. He even went so far as to undo his sword-knot and to produce a vulgar little enamel charm with "Dinna Forget" written upon it in gold—or brass. It had probably been given to him by some light o' love in one of the many cafés chantants in Constantinople, and we went on our way wondering what manner of nation it was that produced staff officers capable of taking joy in such trifles, when all around them the empire was crumbling to ruin amid scenes of unparalleled horror.

It was near the Chataldja lines that the author first encountered the regulations against the war correspondent by which it was hoped to check the spread of unpleasant truths. His attention was first aroused by a number of bullets that came unpleasantly close to the little encampment:

> We mounted our horses and were just riding away, when another bullet whistled by our heads and caused us to put spurs to our steeds. About a quarter of a mile to our right we saw two Turkish soldiers minding a flock of sheep and goats, which were grazing on the long grass behind the forts. We rode towards them and as we came up one of them was in the act of inserting a clip of cartridges in the magazine of his rifle and the other one was handling his weapon in a manner which did not serve to ease our troubled minds. I told Bryant to relate to them our unpleasant experience and to ask if they could throw any light on the matter. One of the soldiers then replied, "Oh, yes, we saw the men who fired at you. It was not a mistake, they did it on purpose." "But why?" Bryant asked; "we have done them no harm and are friends of the Turks and have been with the Turkish army ever since the commencement of the campaign." "Oh, have you not heard?" the soldier replied in the calmest manner. "A line of pickets has been established, by order of the General Staff, from Derkos on the Black Sea to Buyuk Chekmedche on the Sea of Marmora, with orders to shoot at any foreigners who attempt to cross the line formed by the pickets, unless accompanied by an officer or by a gendarme." This was pleasant news indeed, and Bryant said to me, "I think we had better return to Arnautkeuy at once."
>
> Our friend the soldier then said, "We form part of that line of pickets, and have orders to shoot at you as well." Bryant asked them whether they intended to do so, and could only obtain a very evasive reply.
>
> Meanwhile I took out my cigarette case and gave each of them a cigarette, which they accepted and which was a good sign that they would not put their orders into immediate execution. Bryant then said to me, "I think we had better come to terms with them." I was entirely of his opinion and gave him *carte blanche* to arrange what he liked. A long and animated discussion then took place in Turkish, of which I did not understand a single word, but it finally ended in Bryant asking me for one silver Medjie (about four shillings). I was surprised at the smallness of the sum, but the soldiers were more than contented, and from their looks seemed to think we were a recklessly extravagant couple to have purchased our safety at such a price.

The author describes the first peace meeting between Nazim Pasha and General Savoff. The Turkish artillery had not been informed of the projected meeting and the Bulgarians were therefore vigorously shelled as soon as they appeared at the place agreed upon, thus producing a situation described as "awkward":

> At eleven a. m. Nazim Pasha, accompanied by two staff officers, motored out as far as a damaged bridge over the river, where horses were waiting him, and then rode into Chataldja, where he was received with full military honors. The meeting between him and General Savoff and the Bulgarian delegates was extremely cordial. Nothing was said about the war, and, after the customary formal courtesies, General Savoff said:
>
> "Have you full powers to negotiate peace?"
>
> Nazim Pasha replied: "I am awaiting full instructions from my government."
>
> General Savoff then said: "What day will you be ready to hold the first meeting?"
>
> Nazim Pasha replied: "On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday; any day will suit me."
>
> The Bulgarians then said they were most anxious to commence the negotiations at once, and Wednesday was finally agreed upon.
>
> The next point was to settle a suitable location for the conference. General Savoff suggested Silivri, a small town on the Sea of Marmora, but Nazim Pasha replied: "It is too far off, and would be inconvenient. I suggest that Chataldja would be the most suitable."
>
> To this the Bulgarian delegates agreed, and the first meeting terminated.

Here we must leave a volume of which the unusual interest is due not only to the magnitude and importance of its topic, but to the competent skill of its author. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has seen many hard-fought fields, and no one knows better than he how to present a picture of war in which a horrid sensationalism has been reduced to a minimum. His volume should take its place among the histories of Europe's latest and perhaps its greatest war.

With the Turks in Thrace. By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Opening Door.

Mr. Forman's "story of the woman's movement," clever as it is, seems to be somewhat lacking in backbone. We are not sure whether he intends to bless or to ban, and while he leaves his heroine in the suffragette state of mind he has so moderated her transports as almost to impair her identity.

The heroine is Miss Hope Standish, who meets a wild-eyed advocate of "freedom"—especially of freedom in love—almost before she has left school. She escapes from the unspeakable Traill just on the safe side of disaster and then allows herself gradually to be drawn into the suffragette movement first in a secretarial capacity and then as a house-to-house canvasser. The work is abhorrent to her, as it must be to any modest girl, but the final catastrophe comes at the public meeting where she is to deliver an address. With nerves already shaken by an encounter with an irate householder who supposes her to belong to the oldest profession in the world, poor Hope completely breaks down on the platform, and leaving the hall in a state almost of hysteria she runs into the arms of her lover and discovers that that is precisely where she wishes to be. So Hope gets married, and after an appropriate lapse of time we find her with a baby, but still with vague ideas of helping the Movement in a sort of private and domestic way and by little lunch parties where "clever, ambitious, useful people can meet each other and talk about good things" and where she will be within hearing in case the only baby in the world should happen to cry. Which is quite a satisfactory form of agitation, and one that can do no harm to any one.

The Opening Door. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

Henry James.

Almost with a consciousness of guilt we realize that Mr. James, for once in his life, has failed to interest us very greatly. The annals of a "Small Boy," and especially this particular small boy, ought to be alluring, but somehow the boyishness fails to shine through the literary perfections of maturity. It is vague, shadowy, illusive, and too subservient to a background of half-forgotten personages and of scenes that are not so interesting as the youthful personalities that witnessed them. Sometimes, indeed, we get a compensating flash of the real light, as where William—who was to become so distinguished a philosopher—repulsed the advances of his younger brother with the delightful remark, "I play with boys who curse and swear." Who would have thought it? And how gravely were these youthful promises belied.

Mr. James saw many distinguished people in his youth, but he has disappointingly little to tell us about them. He met Thackeray, who said: "Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket," referring to the then prevailing mode of the tight coat with brass buttons. Mr. James saw the Empress Eugénie in Paris when he was fourteen, and Adelina Patti "poised in an armchair and announcing her incomparable gift." Mrs. Stirling figures slightly in his reminiscences, and Charles Kean and Charles Mathews, but they appear like ghosts, and so filmy that we are hardly sure that we have seen them. It is unthinkable that Mr. James should write anything that is not worth while, and such disappointment as we feel with his latest book is due to the fact that he says so little in it about himself or his brother. He hardly attempts to reproduce the boyish state of mind or to separate himself from his matured consciousness. However great our appreciation of a ripened mastery of style we feel that it could have been employed upon more interesting material—that is to say, upon himself rather than upon so many persons and scenes that have lost their hold upon the imagination.

A Small Boy and Others. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

The Port of Adventure.

The scene of the latest story by the Williamsons is laid in California. It need hardly be said that the automobile is well to the front as usual, and the story is as rich as its predecessors in topographical information which seems to have been acquired at first hand, although hurriedly.

The hero of "The Port of Adventure" is Nick Hilliard, who has been so lucky as to strike oil and is therefore wealthy. A vacation trip to New York brings him into contact with the beautiful Princess di Sereno, who has left her aristocratic husband for sufficient reasons and has now returned to the land of her birth under the less conspicuous name of Mrs. May. Nick falls in love at first sight, and the larger part of the story is occupied with the amusing expedients by which he contrives to accompany the lady on her transcontinental journey to California. The situation is somewhat complicated by the jealousies of Carmen Gaylor, who has some reasons for the belief that the picturesque Nick is already her property, and Spanish ladies have a reputation for being unscrupulous in affairs of the heart.

The story is distinctly of the Williamson type, although the effort to be locally popular is somewhat more pronounced than usual. The desire to introduce local color sometimes leads the authors into extravagances, as, for example, in the childish attempt to injure the heroine by sending her a box of poison oak, and the consternation of Nick that could hardly have been greater if the box had contained a rattlesnake.

The Port of Adventure. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.35 net.

The Philippine Problem.

If Mr. Chamberlin can convince the American public that there actually is a Philippine problem he will have done much. He will have done still more if he can convince the public that the problem will not settle itself, that in one way or another it will come aggressively to a head.

Certainly the author has given us the most weighty and thorough statement of the position that has yet been written. His volume is first of all a history of the American occupation in all its essential details, and secondly a tentative forecast of the future. He takes it for granted that the people will never cease to demand independence and that the time will never come when America will admit their readiness for it. He takes it also for granted that the islands will be governed, not in their own interest, but in the interest of large American concerns, and that this must give point and vigor to the disaffection. He reminds us that there are bitter internal discords, vast ignorances, and insatiable ambitions. In addition to all these factors there is the menace of Japan and the rooted preference of the islanders for an Oriental rather than an Occidental form of government. The spread of education is itself a danger, since it gives intelligence to popular movements.

Mr. Chamberlin wisely abstains both from predictions and verdicts. He is content to state the problem in its many aspects, and he does so not only with competent knowledge, but with an enviable lucidity.

The Philippine Problem. By Frederick Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50 net.

The "Titanic."

Colonel Gracie's story of the wreck of the *Titanic* is a little belated, but it is at least a story that is well worth telling and by the man best qualified to tell it. It will be remembered that the author was carried down with the ship, and that he remained under water about four minutes. An experience of such a kind certainly justifies the narrative, but Colonel Gracie does something more than relate his own recollections. He has collected a vast amount of information about the ship and her survivors and he reproduces much of the evidence taken at the official inquiry. So far as his own personal story is concerned he tells it succinctly as well as modestly, in fact he tells it precisely as it should be told.

The Truth about the "Titanic." By Archibald Gracie. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25 net.

Life of Henry Maitland.

Mr. Morley Roberts has chosen this way to write a life of George Gissing, and we are not sure if its disadvantages are not greater than its advantages. Perhaps the biography that must be disguised as a sort of fiction had better be left unwritten. It may be found to have neither the sincerity of the one nor the freedom of the other.

Nevertheless Mr. Roberts has done a good piece of work, and one that will have a fascination for those who were attracted by a human life that seemed to have failed in its outward efforts, but that must have been singularly rich in that kind of courage and effort that are in themselves a success.

The Private Life of Henry Maitland. By Morley Roberts. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "The Eldest Son," by John Galsworthy, a domestic drama in three acts, first staged in November, 1912. The price is 60 cents net.

Among later additions to the Dave Porter series of books for boys is "Dave Porter and the Runaways," by Edward Stratemeyer. It is published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Price, $1.25.

"The Lady Who Smoked Cigars," by Rupert Hughes (Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.), is an amusing little sketch of a woman who smoked cigars in order to be company for her husband, and then gave them up for the same reason.

The latest addition to the Short Course series, edited by Rev. John Adams, B. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net per volume) is "The Psalm of Psalms," being an exposition of the twenty-third psalm by the Rev. James Stalker, M. A., B. D.

"The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism," by Melvin Grove Kyle, D. D., LL. D. (Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, Ohio), is an appeal to archæology for confirmation of the biblical narrative. But the book is misnamed. No one science can give a "deciding voice" in such a matter, and the voice of archæology is not a particularly loud one. But the book itself contains many evidences of research and scholarship, although it contains also some unmistakable traces of the special plea.

"Monoscripts," by Willard Dillman, with an introduction by Richard Burton (Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis), is a pocket edition of short essays on the philosophy of life. All of them are finely written, some of them are wise, but there are few among them that show a real power to interpret or to read the riddles.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published a little work on "Sabotage," translated from the French of Emile Pouget. It is, of course, a defense, and we gather from its genial pages that there are no moral restraints whatever to acts done by workmen in order to secure less work and more pay. The price is 50 cents.

"The Souls of Men," by Martha M. Stanley (G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net), is an ordinary story of a woman whose "right" to money and luxury causes her to leave her husband and to go on the stage, where she makes, as usual, a brilliant success. When she finds that there is a price to be paid she returns to her home and so virtue is once more triumphant.

Henry Holt & Co. have published a new version of R. E. Vernede's "The Flight of Faviel." It will be remembered that Mr. Faviel light-heartedly wagers that he can disappear absolutely for a month without being discovered even by detectives. The consequences are a good deal more serious than were foreseen, but all ends well somewhere toward the last chapter.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a new edition of Tod's "Annals of Rajasthan," abridged and edited by C. H. Payne, M. A., with sixteen plates and a map. "Notwithstanding," says the editor, "its author's occasional inaccuracies and the somewhat glaring defects of his style, the 'Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan' still holds its place as the standard authority on the history of the Rajputana states."

The Home University Library now contains a volume on "Man: A History of the Human Body," by Arthur Keith, M. D., LL. D. (Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net). A series that is unusually rich in valuable and suggestive handbooks contains nothing better than this. The author shows his competence not only by the delightful lucidity of his style, but by his willingness to indicate the present limitations of scientific knowledge.

The conscientious teacher would do well to become acquainted with "School Hygiene," by Fletcher B. Dresslar, Ph. D. (Macmillan Company; $1.25 net). It is issued in the Brief Course Series in Education, and the author explains that his object is "to set forth in a simple and untechnical way some of the hygienic requirements of school life, and to suggest, whenever it seems necessary, how these requirements may be put into practice."

"Women as World Builders," by Floyd Dell (Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 75 cents), advances the theory that the feminist movement is actually the creation of men who "are tired of subservient women." To this end we are furnished with sketches of ten women leaders from Olive Schreiner to Emma Goldman, and in conclusion we are invited to look forward to a "band of capable females, knowing what they want and taking it, asking no leave from anybody." These "capable females" with their gospel of an arrogant selfishness are here already.

Public interest is not so keen as formerly in the naval and military quarrels that broke out in Russia after the close of the Japanese war. Every one knows that there was gross incompetence, but the identity of the guilty has somewhat lost its importance outside of Russia. There should, however, be a welcome for "The 'Novik,'" translated from the Russian of Lieutenant A. P. Steer (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25 net). It is a nervous and energetic narrative of the naval catastrophe at Port Arthur, and therefore interesting not only to experts, but to all who love a sea yarn of adventure.

Albert Francis Blakeslee, Ph. D., and Chester Deacon Jarvis, Ph. D., are to be congratulated on a comprehensive and well-illustrated volume on "Trees in Winter" (the Macmillan Company; $2 net). The work is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to "Planting and Care of Trees" and the second to "Identification of Trees." The book is so practical in its nature and so inclusive in its contents as to be indispensable to the aboriculturist.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Critic in the Orient.

In the preface to his latest volume Mr. George Hamlin Fitch explains the sense in which he became a "critic" in the Orient, a term that might otherwise seem incongruous. Trained for long years "to get at the best in all literary works," he has applied the same methods to his observations of the East. His criticism is therefore more properly an appreciation, and the reader will very soon discover that Mr. Fitch finds his chief pleasure in admiration, and that he allows very little that is worthy of admiration to escape him.

Mr. Fitch's journey was a long one. It included Japan, Manila, many of the coast cities of China, India, and Egypt. And with a heedful thought to those who may follow in his steps he adds a useful chapter of "Hints for Travelers" and a bibliography for the benefit of those who wish to know something of the inner life of the Orient and its people.

Mr. Fitch's long newspaper experience has stood him in good stead. He knows how to tell a story with a heedful eye to its essentials, a knowledge deplorably rare among the writers of travel books. He has a keen perception of what the public wishes to know and an unfailing recognition of the dramatic and the pathetic. And, best of all, he spares us the intolerable details of economic and commercial progress that so often seem to be the only thing visible to the traveler from the West. On the other hand, we have a valuable and appreciative recognition that the Oriental leads an intensely active mental and religious life and that this is the supremely significant phenomenon of the Eastern world. In some few instances we find a conventional expression, as, for example, where the author assumes that human brotherhood was unknown in the ancient world, but with these trifling exceptions it is possible to recommend Mr. Fitch's book as the competent account of a delightful journey, an account unencumbered with speculation, unspoiled by statistics, and marked by the same ready and apt expression with which we are familiar. There are seventy-four well-chosen illustrations.

The Critic in the Orient. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $2 net.

Miss Mystery.

Etta Anthony Baker opens her novel in the approved style—with a mystery. Mrs. Porter and Marjory Chamberlain, intent on the problems of the Woman's Club, hear a "weird, moaning sound" that floats down faintly from the regions above. Investigation of an upstairs room reveals a beautiful young girl unconscious on the bed, and with a wound, as though from a missile, on the side of her head. When the stranger has been restored to her senses it is found that she has lost her memory. She does not know her name nor where she came from, but there is reason to believe that she has been struck down in the street by a falling brick. What, therefore, can be more appropriate than that she should be called mystery, but how she got into such a plight and how she eventually got into the still worse plight of matrimony the reader must discover for himself.

Miss Mystery. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 net.

Dante and the Mystics.

Mr. Edmond G. Gardner is well qualified to write of Dante. Probably he is the chief living exponent of the Italian poet, and he has certainly done more than any contemporary writer to popularize and to interpret his work. Mr. Gardner's present task is to show Dante's debt to the great mystics, and especially to St. Augustine, and while Dante's mysticism can hardly be a matter of dispute it is well that the army of his admirers should have so competent a demonstration of the correspondences between his writings and those of the other mystics of his age. The volume owes its inception to the course of lectures delivered by the author at University College, London.

Dante and the Mystics. By Edmond C. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Alfred Austin, British poet laureate since 1896, died in London, June 2, aged seventy-seven.

Henry Holt & Co. have issued an attractively illustrated two-volume work on "Popular Botany," by A. E. Knight and Edward Step, F. L. S., who give an account for "the man in the street" of the living plant from seed to fruit.

Elsie Janis, whose first book, "The Love Letters of an Actress," exhausted the first edition the first week of publication, has just sailed abroad for an extended automobile tour on the Continent.

Francis Fisher Browne, author, and editor of the *Dial*, died May 11 at Santa Barbara, California. He was born at South Halifax, Vermont, in 1843, and attended the high school at Chicopee, Massachusetts. During the war he served in the Forty Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, and later studied law at the University of Michigan. He became editor of the *Lakeside Monthly* in Chicago in 1867, and of the *Alliance* in 1869. In 1880 he started the *Dial*. Mr. Browne was the author of "Everyday Life of Lincoln" and a volume of poems, "Volunteer Grains." He also wrote a number of political articles and pamphlets, and was one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club.

James Oliver Curwood, whose new book of the Hudson Bay country, "Isobel," has just been published by Harper & Brothers, is a descendant of Captain Marryat, the famous English seaman and novelist.

Robert Sterling Yard, publisher and editor, has become associated with the Century Company, and will be an important factor in developing the editorial policies and publishing undertakings of that house. He has withdrawn entirely from Moffat Yard & Co., and will devote all his time to the interests of the Century Company. Mr. Yard's book, to be entitled "The Publisher," will be issued in the autumn by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Hawaii, Past and Present," just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is written by William R. Castle, Jr., a man who has the best qualifications in the world for this subject, familiarity. Mr. Castle was not only born and brought up in Honolulu, but his family had been there since 1836, when his grandfather came to the Islands as the financial agent of the American Board of Missions.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have acquired the Thompson Brown Company business as a foundation for the establishment of an educational department. This company, founded in 1844, is said to be the oldest company in America which has been engaged exclusively in the publication of educational books. Among the well-known titles on its lists are the new "Cushing's Manual," which it originally published in 1844.

New Books Received.

The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.
A novel.

The Scarlet Rider. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company; $1.35 net.
A novel.

The Abysmal Brute. By Jack London. New York: The Century Company; $1.net.
A story.

A Desert Rose. By Mrs. Daskein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.30 net.
A novel.

The Catfish. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.35 net.
A novel.

Mrs. Red Pepper. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.25 net.
A novel.

His Love Story. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.20 net.
A novel.

Ever After. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.20 net.
A novel.

The Mystic Way. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50 net.
A psychological study in Christian origins.

Immigration. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75 net.
A world movement and its American significance.

Vacation Camps for Girls. By Jeannette Marks. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1 net.
A handbook for the outdoor girl.

Quintus Smyrnæus: The Fall of Troy. With an English translation by Arthur S. Way, D. Litt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.
Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

The Golden Deed Book. By E. Hershey Sneath, Ph. D., LL. D., George Hodges, D. D., D. C. L., and Edward Laurence Stevens, Ph. D., L. H. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 55 cents net.
Issued in the Golden Rule series.

Moral Training in the School and Home. By E. Hershey Sneath, Ph. D., LL. D., and George Hodges, D. D., D. C. L. New York: The Macmillan Company; 80 cents net.
A manual for teachers and parents.

Everyday English. By Franklin T. Baker and Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company; 60 cents net.
Book Two—Composition.

Swinburne. By John Drinkwater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50 net.
An attempt to discover the general characteristics of Swinburne's work.

The Way to Contentment. Translated from the Japanese of Kaibara Ekken by Ken Hoshino. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 70 cents net.
Issued in the Wisdom of the East series.

The Bugles of Gettysburg. By Lasalle Corbell Pickett. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1.
A reminiscence.

The Garden of Desire. By Edna Worthley Underwood. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.
A volume of verse.

Commercialized Prostitution in New York City. By George J. Kneeland. New York: The Century Company; $1.30 net.
With supplementary chapter by Katharine Bement Davis. Introduction by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Issued in the Publications of the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

The Book of Job: The Poetic Portion. With an introductory essay and explanatory notes. By Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net.
Versified, with due regard to the language of the authorized version, a closer adherence to the sense of the revised versions, and a more literal translation of the Hebrew original.

Poems. By Herbert Kaufman. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

The Business of Pawnbroking. By Samuel W. Levine. New York: D. Halpern Company.
A guide and a defense.

The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go "Eelin." By Charles Halsted Mapes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.
Stories and articles on football, rowing, athletics, etc.

The Critic in the Orient. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $2 net.
A volume of travel impressions.

What Can Literature Do for Me? By C. Alphonso Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1 net.
A book of advice for those who wish to read profitably.

Our World. By Josiah Strong. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1 net.
A consideration of some modern problems.

The New Tendency in Art. By Henry Rankin Poore, A. N. A. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $2 net.
An analysis of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism.

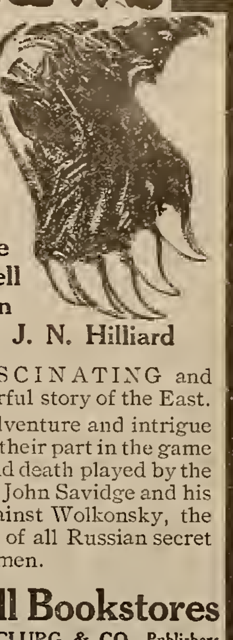
Wayside Idyls. By Henry C. Graves. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.
A volume of verse.

Aurora and Other Poems. By Laura A. Whitmore. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.25 net.
A volume of verse.

To the Lost Friend. From the French of Auguste Angellier. By Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.
A volume of verse.

Myself and I. By Fanny Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1 net.
A volume of verse.

Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.



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"HANKY PANKY."

"Hanky Panky," as an entertainment, is one of those typically American pieces that have neither beginning, middle, nor end. One can wander into the theatre in the middle of the performance, or saunter out when it is two-thirds through, without losing the thread, principally because there is no thread to lose.

The piece is constructed primarily for the genus Tired Business Man, that is turning out numerously at the Cort Theatre, happy to have his tastes specially considered. What this particlar species of theatre-goer specially favors is the chorus-girl in droves of youthful beauty, interspersed with the jocularities of expert comedians. And there you have it. That is what "Hanky Panky" consists of.

Only, they have a particularly large number of pretty, baby-faced chorus-girls, and a very unusually large proportion of expert comedians. The chorus-girl of "Hanky Panky" is much in evidence. She is collectively (though there are a reasonable number of exceptions) very young, very pretty, and very gorgeously costumed. The stage management by which they continually place the daintiest and most ravishingly pretty girls on in conspicuous places, on elevated platforms, at the end of sinuously winding girl-parades, or in the spectacular places of stage tableaux, can not, thinks the Tired Business Man, be too warmly commended. They taper off the parades by placing the tiniest and most dainty-limbed beauties at the head and front of the procession, or in brief-skirted companies, and they unquestionably must be, to the masculine gaze, a succulent collection.

Before the pampered spectator has time to become accustomed to their delectable charms they are whisked off the stage, and along come the comedians, who plunge straightway into that peculiar jocular patter that it takes a confirmed theatre-haunter to follow with swift comprehension. It isn't brains that are taxed. "Hanky Panky" makes no call whatever on the brains of the spectator. But these dishes of humor to which they treat us, in which the jokes go popping off suddenly and unexpectedly, like grains of corn in a red-hot corn-popper, appeal particularly to a certain species of trained theatre-goer, who is, in a way, on his mettle to catch the joke as quickly as his fellows. In fact, there is, in entertainments of this kind, a sort of merry competition in the audience as to who will be the quickest to "catch on."

The number of principals they have is really awe-inspiring. There are Bohhy North and Max Rogers, inheritors, one might say, of a fold or so of the Weherfieldsian toga; German comedians whom some endure, some pity, but the majority embrace. There is Harry Cooper, a comedian with a good deal of individuality and a talent for swift dialogue improvisation, blended peculiarly with a sad and cynical aspect. Harry Cooper steadily keeps his peculiarly direct, gimlet gaze on the audience, and never loses a chance, at the auspicious moment, when late arrivals compete with the players for the attention of the audience, to let fly a sort of impersonal and entirely inoffensive personality.

Tangled up with the humors of the male comedians is the steady outpouring of Florence Moore's comic muse. This comedienne is also quite individual. It is altogether impossible to classify her or to analyze the stream of incoherent and amusing nonsense that pours from her ready lips. It is *sui generis*, and so is Florence Moore. Quick-witted as is the musical-comedy auditor in front, he has to be on the jump to come in with his laugh in time, so bewilderingly brisk are the moments of Miss Moore's nimble wit. She and Harry Cooper, different though they are in manner, are alike in this, that they keep appreciative ears in the front on tenterhooks, for fear of losing a newly minted, extemporaneous joke.

When we think we have listed our comedians, along comes William Montgomery, who, in an amusing interlude with Florence Moore, in which he is used as a foil to her brisk and vigorous comicalities, shows how cleverly an expert comedian can play his rôle of effective ineffectiveness. The rôle of the futile Hiney was as cleverly handled as any in the piece, it seemed to me, because Mr. Montgomery kept so admirably within the restrictions laid down, and at the same time was so perfectly and really artistically the buzzing gnat that only just made its insignificant presence felt.

Ar[illegible]ur Carleton is a bird of another color, but [illegible] too, in the series of Johnsonian thunder-claps that he let out on the temerarious three was an additional factor in adding to the general merriment.

Clay Smith assumes the mantle of the glib and well-tailored young man who ogles and kisses the pretty girls, and supplies the special dancers with a practised and graceful partner.

Place aux dames. We should not, perhaps, have left the beauty and songstress of the company almost to the last. Christine Nielsen is a handsome, blonde young woman with a large sweeping stage presence curiously blended with a matter-of-fact and rather indifferent manner. Miss Nielsen has a rich, trained voice, and contributes various vocal pyrotechnics to the programme. She is very ornamental, with her golden hair and gilded draperies, but in spite of her musical prominence in the cast that matter-of-factness of temperament is apparent in her vocalization.

Therefore I got my greatest pleasure from Florence Moore's singing. Oddly enough (or, no, perhaps not, for the comedy temperament always has its unexpectednesses), Florence Moore and Harry Cooper both have a pronounced musical gift. There is a thrush-like quality to the sweet shrillings of the lady's charmingly unconventional soprano, which bubbles out with the same prodigality as do her eccentricities of humor. And, similarly, when Harry Cooper begins to sing, one notices and enjoys a something of individual charm in his tone, except when he is letting out comedy hoots to start the ready laugh.

So that, when these two scions of comedy began the burlesque of the famous "Chocolate Soldier" duet, we found ourselves enjoying it as music, pure and simple.

There are almost a score of musical numbers in the piece; the music of which is by A. Baldwin Sloane, the book by Edgar Smith, and the lyrics by E. Ray Goetz. Some of them are very tuneful, and full of snap, and there are clever, intentional suggestions in them; for instance, in the "Ragtime Opera" number the sextet which obscurely intimated its famous "Lucia" sister, without speaking it right out. The few old college songs sung in the campus scene afforded pleasant echoes from the past, and the rapid marches off and on the scene of rhythmic youth and beauty gave a sense of exhilaration.

The whole thing, in fact, is just a hubbub of clever and sometimes brilliant nonsense, welded with the beauty of girls, costumes, and stage appointments that the theatre-going public loves. Costumes are changed constantly; there are a number of charming color effects. The chain-lightning dialogue, snapping and crackling with slang, puns, and jokes, never lets up a moment, except when the parade of youth and beauty is having its turn. The prettiness of the girls is thoroughly exploited. The comic dialogues are generous in measure. The production is costly in the extreme, and the business man, after an evening of laughter, must unquestionably have his tiredness perceptibly diminished.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

◆

Evidence of the effect of the moving picture shows on theatres and other entertainments is afforded in the publication of the receipts from all entertainments in Paris during 1912. The returns are official, as they are issued by the Assistance Puhlique, which collects 10 per cent of the receipts for the poor. The receipts last year reached the record mark of $13,100,000, which was nearly $1,400,000 more than in the previous year. As every class of theatre shows an increase it is argued by some that the "movies" have not injured the older entertainments, but that they have found their own audiences. The Opèra shows the greatest returns. It took in $650,000, and the Opèra Comique $620,000. The Comèdie Française $530,000 and the Odèon $200,000. Of the theatres, nine have taken in over a million francs. The Théâtre des Variéties leads with $360,000. The Théâtre des Arts, which is the most artistically managed of any playhouse in Paris, is almost at the end, its receipts having been but $35,000.

◆

Julia Marlowe said recently: "If I had to change to anything but Shakespearean rôles I would quit the stage at once. One does not graduate from Shakespeare to the plays of modern authors; one deteriorates to them. One does not win a position in the world playing Shakespearean rôles over night. I was a long time in getting noticed at all—a starving long time. I am not boasting of what I have done when I say that finally I have attained a place in my art. I have worked for everything I have. There were years when few domestics lived more uncomfortably than I, and the costumes in which I appeared were made by my own hands between rehearsals and performances. No trouble in keeping my weight down in those days; there were altogether too many meals missing."

◆

Zoe Barnett is now in Lew Fields's big company which produced "All Aboard" at Atlantic City a week ago and is now at the roof-garden over Weher & Fields Music Hall in New York. George W. Monroe, Carter de Haven, Flora Parker, and Laurance d'Orsay are prominent in the cast.

CURRENT VERSE.

Song of the Veery Thrush.

If through gray dusk there come to thee
From poplar-spire or cedar tree,
A little agile melody
With winged feet, like Mercury,

O let thy spirit follow where
It flits into the upper air!
For only so may mortals dare
Ascend the twilight's mystic stair.

The veery pondering alone,
Devises magic of his own,
And wings with many a gleaming tone
His messengers divine, unknown.

. . . It is the moment! Now behold
The swift flight—ere the world turn cold!
Those notes like feathers of thin gold
Awhirl in spirals manifold—

O still thyself to hear them, ere
There be no singing anywhere,
Nor echoes even, for a stair
Of music up the serene air!

—*Grace Hazard Cankling, in the Craftsman.*

◆

A Wanderer's Song.

Once more to see familiar stars,
  Look down through friendly trees—
Once more to feel the heart of youth
  With May across the seas!
Once more to see the hyacinth
  Press upward through the grass,
To hear the plow-boy's tuneless song
  Above the furrows pass.
In dreams the willows silver along the rising streams,
In dreams the shining valley puts on her spring-tide gleams!

Once more to breathe the lilac plumes
  In gusts of April rain—
To linger with the violets
  In a forgotten lane;
Once more to reach the low green stile
  Upon whose gentle sod
Those earlier travelers said farewell—
  And fared them forth to God.
In dreams the May-white trances the nights across the sea,
In dreams the voice of Springtime is calling, calling me!

I'd give the dawns of almond bloom,
  The orange and the rose—
The misty olive terraces
  Of shadowy repose—
I'd give the nightingale and palm
  And wander-joys like these—
Just to go back to spring's old throb
  And old infinities.
In dreams my heart is straying with May across the seas,
In dreams my heart and May are one in vagrant ecstasies!

—*From "Gabrielle, and Other Poems," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.*

◆

The Bed.

Hung though it be with linen or brocade,
  Sad as a tomb or joyful as a nest,
  Here man is born, here mated, here takes rest,
Babe, husband, grandsire, grandam, wife or maid,
Be it for bridal or for burial sprayed
  Under black crucifix or palm branch blessed,
  From the first dawn till the last candle dressed,
Here all things made beginnings, ending made.

Low, rustic, shuttered—proud of a pavilion
Victorious in gold leaf and vermillion,
Hewn from brute oak, cypress, or sycamore—
  Happy who lies without remorse or dread
In the paternal bed, immense and hoar,
  Where all his folk are born, where all lie dead.
  —*Sandys Wasan, in London Saturday Review.*

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The case in point is that of the West Sacramento Company, and the important part played in the project by the electric company is well told by H. W. Furlong:

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Nazimova at the Columbia Theatre.

Robert Hichens's famous story, "Bella Donna," as adapted to the stage, with Mme. Nazimova in the title-rôle, is said to be one of the biggest sensations the stage has seen in years. Few actresses are better equipped to present the especially trying rôle of Mrs. Chepstow, the central figure in the play, than is this talented Russian woman, for the part is one which fits her especially well. Her performance has been likened to that of a beautiful reptile, who, when the opportune moment arrives, sinks its fangs in its victim. Poison and passion are the basic properties in "Bella Donna." Mme. Nazimova while on the stage demands a constant attention. The interpretation of the rôle, Bella Donna, is really something extraordinary in its way.

Charles Frohman has made a very elaborate and expensive production for "Bella Donna," there being a different setting for each of the four acts. The company to be seen in the support of Nazimova is practically the same as was with her during the New York engagement. Mme. Nazimova has not been seen locally for two years, and her coming engagement in "Bella Donna" is being looked forward to by theatre-goers with much interest. Charles Frohman presents Mme. Nazimova in "Bella Donna" at the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement, beginning next Monday night. Matinées will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Another Week of "Hanky Panky" at the Cort.

The gorgeous Lew Fields musical comedy, "Hanky Panky," will start its third and last week at the Cort Theatre Sunday night. The early predictions that the show would enjoy a highly successful run have been amply borne out, and the prospects now are that the last week of its stay here will be even more successful than the first two. The show seemed to be just the sort San Francisco theatre-goers have been waiting for, and there was a concerted rush to see it. No one who likes bright, gorgeous costumes and scenery, plenty of life and dash, and particularly funmaking of the sort that seems continuous from curtain to curtain, should miss "Hanky Panky."

Two "native daughters" are in the cast, in Myrtle Gilbert and Christine Nielsen, both of whom were born here, and both were given a glorious welcome home. Bobby North and Harry Cooper have played here so often they are local favorites, and were royally greeted. In addition to this the show contains Florence Moore, who has scored her biggest hit in San Francisco. This combination, with a wonderful chorus of Broadway beauties added, make "Hanky Panky" a glittering success.

"Everywoman," the great dramatic spectacle, comes to the Cort Theatre Sunday, June 15.

"The Serenade" at the Tivoli Opera House.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be given for the last times at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Serenade," by all odds Victor Herbert's most tuneful work and Harry B. Smith's brightest book, will begin a brief engagement.

"The Serenade" has always been a favorite comic opera in this city, since it was first sung by Alice Nielsen and the famous Bostonians at the Baldwin Theatre, and its melodies are as bright and fresh now as the day they were written. The cast will include all of the favorites of the Tivoli company, with the addition of John R. Phillips, the well-known lyric tenor, whose work in "The Alaskan," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Bohemian Girl," and "Rose of Panama" has gained him countless admirers in San Francisco. He will make his Tivoli début as Lopez and will have a splendid chance to show his voice in that beautiful number, "I Envy the Bird." Robert G. Pitkin will have the great comedy rôle of Duke of Santa Cruz, and Teddy Webb will assist in the funmaking as Colombo, the broken-down grand opera tenor, a part that he has played before with cheerful success. Charles E. Galagher will be Romero, the bandit chief of the Royal Brigandage Association, Limited, and Henry Santrey, who has made such a hit as Johnny, will again shine vocally as Alvarado, the barytone of the Madrid Opera, whose serenade forms the motive of the opera.

Rena Vivienne will have a genuine prima donna rôle in Yvonne, the première danseuse from Madrid, and Dolores, the Duke's ward, who is in love with Alvarado through the influence of his song, will be sung at alternate performances by Ilon Bergere and Sarah Edwards. Stella De Mette, the sterling contralto, will be the Mother Superior, and Oliver Le Noir, Robert C. Ryles, and others will complete the cast. The large and excellent chorus will have much important work to do in "The Serenade" and the production, under the experienced direction of Edward P. Temple, will leave nothing to be desired. The big orchestra, under the leadership of Hans S. Linne, will do Herbert's music full justice.

The only matinées at the Tivoli are given Saturday and Sunday, and the prices, as always, are popular.

"Iolanthe," the beautiful Gilbert and Sullivan fairy opera, will follow "The Serenade" at the Tivoli.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Cecilia Loftus, the inimitable mimic, will head the new bill at the Orpheum. Since her last appearance here she has enjoyed the honor of appearing before the King and Queen of England, and of having been personally complimented by them. Miss Loftus is more than a mimic, she is an actress of genius. In comedy and tragedy she is equally proficient, and her versatility is exhibited by the wide range of subjects she impersonates. In each of her impressions of stage favorites she conceals her own individuality, imparting to the rôles portrayed the finest details of mannerism, gesture, and inflection of voice. Miss Loftus will include in her repertory some old favorites and many new ones.

Bob Matthews and Al Shayne will appear in the tabloid fantasy, "A Night on the Bowery." Matthews realistically impersonates a drug fiend, and Shayne is particularly happy as a typical East Side Hebrew. The two contribute a number of clever and amusing songs and parodies, and provide a very diverting entertainment.

Harry De Coe, who also comes next week, is styled "The Man with Tables and Chairs," from the fact that it is when perched on these articles of furniture that he accomplishes his most amazing feats of equilibrium.

Irene Bercseny, a beautiful Hungarian girl known to the stage as "The Hungarian Gypsy Queen," will make her first apearance in this city. She is a cimbal virtuoso. Little is known of this instrument in this country, but in Hungary it is very popular. In appearance it resembles the xylophone, but in its tone is very different. She is assisted by the violin soloist, Yoska, and the combination of the violin and cimbal is very melodious.

The Five Hurseleys, two men and three women, will give a novel and marvelous acrobatic exhibition.

There will be a new programme of Edison Talking Moving Pictures.

Next week will conclude the engagements of Arthur Hoops in Percival Knight's one-act drama, "Detective Keen"; Bogert and Nelson, and Mme. Olga Petrova. Mme. Petrova is proving a tremendous sensation and one of the greatest hits the Orpheum has ever known.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

On the new bill which opens at the Pantages Theatre on Sunday is Christine Hill, the one actress who has dared to buck the big Theatrical Trust, and from the looks of things who will win out. Miss Hill claims the authorship of the massive production of the Leihlers' "Joseph and His Brethren," which is coining money in New York at present. She has brought suit for $50,000. Miss Hill will appear at the Pantages Theatre in another of her successes, entitled "Fate," which deals with life in San Francisco's "little Italy." One of the thrilling scenes is a stiletto duel in the dark.

The regular Pantages feature is Menlo Moore's "Mother Goose Girls," which is one of the most artistic scenic productions of this musical tabloid writer. There are ten pretty girls who take the parts of characters which are dear to fairyland fancies. All of the popular rhymes of old Mother Goose have been woven into a story of childhood days.

"The New Recruit" is a ludicrous talking specialty which affords Browning and Lewis a chance for rapid-fire comedy. Emil Hoch and company will offer a fast little playlet called "Love's Young Dream." It tells the story of a young blood who in wooing the daughter of a magnate mistakes the parent for the house butler.

McPhee and Hill combine sensational aerial gymnastics with a splendid vein of humor. Martini and Troise will show a tuneful little playlet with a background of special scenery and odd musical instruments. A special feature will be the great Keystone comedy showing Barney Oldfield, the dare-devil driver, in a spectacular race against a train with a life at stake.

The final performance of the Raymond Hitchcock engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given this Sunday night. The popular comedian, assisted by Flora Zabelle and a great array of Broadway musical-comedy talent, keeps up a merry pace in "The Red Widow." It is one of the most elaborate productions of the decade.

Following Nazimova at the Columbia Theatre will appear Blanche Bates in A. E. W. Mason's success, "The Witness for the Defense." Reports from the East tend to show that Miss Bates is having one of the most successful tours since she has become a star. In her support Mr. Frohman is sending an especially strong company.

◆

Alice Neilson is singing this season at Covent Garden Opera for the first time in seven years. Her first appearance will be in "The Secret of Suzanne," by Wolf-Ferrari, who expects to write an opera based on the plot of Barrie's "Little Minister." It will be called "Lady Babbie," and Alice Nielson will sing the title rôle.

A New Kind of Crook Play.

David Belasco told a New York reporter the other day that he was looking for a new kind of "crook" play.

"We want a play which will affect the country in its attitude to the criminal in relatively the same manner as Charles Reade's 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend' affected the English-speaking world years ago, when I was a lad. We want a play to affect the treatment of criminals in somewhat the same manner as Galsworthy's 'Justice' aroused a strong feeling against the divorce laws in England a few years ago. Of course it is not going to be the type of play one can sit down and dash off in a week or two, for it will necessarily have to be the result of study and inspiration.

"Plays that stir the conscience of a country are not written between chats in a Broadway restaurant. The writer will have to be gifted not only with a profound knowledge of the psychology of crime, but with a wholesome outlook upon the nature of that truly wonderful being, his fellow-man.

"A knowledge of existing prison conditions will be essential," continued Mr. Belasco. "I, myself, who have had a fairly general knowledge of police methods for many years, have been absolutely appalled by the facts I have gathered during the last few years of careful investigation. Some poor devil, in a moment of stress, caused perhaps by a weak streak in his nature or the awful power of circumstances, will forge a check for a small sum of money. He is detected and sent to prison for years. When released he is dragged back to court time and time again whenever the police department sees fit to make a 'clean-up.' Finally he finds it impossible to keep an honest position and becomes 'Jim the Penman' or 'Nick the Slick' or some such notorious character.

"Give me a play that will show the evil of prisons and afford a clew to a better way of treating such a fellow. Give me a play that will send its audiences home thinking of their unfortunate brothers and sisters, not as pariahs and creatures of a different race, but as men and women who have been weak and can be made strong. I firmly believe that crime is a disease just as truly as smallpox is a disease, and somehow, some time, it will be considered and treated as such.

"When we have our play on the boards," went on Mr. Belasco, smiling a little at his fancy, but still earnest in his manner, "we shall have the government spending some of its moneys in perfecting a cure or a treatment for those who are criminally inclined. And why should it not? It spends millions and millions of dollars to find some weird concoction that will rid us of a tiny potato bug or weevil. Why should it not find a cure for crime?"

◆

The old bell which on October 22, 1850, tolled from the sidewheel steamer *Oregon* the news to San Francisco that California had been admitted to the Union, is now a part of the exhibit in the pioneer room of the Golden Gate Park Museum. The bell was brought here from Seabeck, Washington, where it had served to summon laborers to their meals in the Adams lumber camp. This heirloom of California history was the ship's bell of the steamer *Oregon*, which sailed from Panama for San Francisco soon after this state had been admitted to the Union, September 9, 1850. When the steamer sailed through the Golden Gate on the morning of October 22, 1850, and approached Meiggs wharf, a sailor tolled the bell incessantly until scores of small boats came alongside and learned what news the vessel brought. The people of San Francisco then heard for the first time that their state had been admitted into the Federal Union, and festivities ensued. The bell bears the inscription, "Oregon, 1848, New York."

◆

The Czar, who is keenly interested in all matters theatrical, has just issued an imperial ukase appointing M. Francis de Croisset, the well-known French dramatist, delegate of the imperial theatres. This is an entirely new office created by the Czar, who dispatched his chamberlain, M. de Kroukewsky, to Paris to communicate his decision to the fortunate playwright. One of M. de Croisset's chief duties will be to organize and develop the French drama at St. Petersburg, particularly at the Michael Theatre, where a number of plays by leading French dramatists will be produced. The idea really originated with the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who is president of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, but she had no difficulty in persuading the Czar to put it into execution.

◆

Mabel Riegelman, the San Francisco girl who sang prominent rôles when the Chicago Grand Opera Company was here this spring, was married at Napa last week to Marcus L. Samuels, a young attorney of San Francisco.

◆

New Liner Christened.

Golden State, Extra Dry, California Champagne, was broken over the bow of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's new liner, the *Congress*, when it was launched at Camden, N. J., recently. This popular wine is served everywhere.

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Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 30c.

VANITY FAIR.

It is a matter of opinion whether a statesman should allow his actions to be influenced by the flighty conduct of a few suffragettes who throw flowerpots at him. Of course there is a sense in which his actions must necessarily be influenced, since he would be almost sure to dodge the flowerpots—if he were lucky enough to see them coming. But ought he to allow such an incident to change his general point of view toward the sublime movement itself? Ought he to permit a few flowerpots to stand between him and a great and likewise grand moral reform?

The question is not asked at random. It belongs to the domain of practical politics. The statesman in question is Mr. John Burns, a member of the British cabinet, who has always been numbered among the champions of the suffrage. But upon the occasion of the last vote in the House of Commons Mr. Burns distinguished himself by not voting at all, and now the Countess of Carlisle pours upon his head the vials of her wrath and says that he is not a "stable politician." He has forsaken his principles merely because a few light-hearted suffragettes whiled away an idle hour by throwing flowerpots at him while he was attending a flower show. It is hardly necessary to say that not a single flowerpot hit him. A good deal of damage was done to the surrounding scenery at which the ladies were not aiming, but the target itself escaped unscathed. The innocent bystanders, as they proudly say in Arizona, were imperiled, but the real objective was untouched.

The ethics of the case must be left for wiser determination than ours. It is evident that if the ladies had thrown the flowers instead of the pots Mr. Burns would have been confirmed in his advocacy of their cause. But they threw the pots instead of the flowers and he becomes its enemy.

◆

There seems to be quite a lot of fun to be extracted from the suffragette cause in England if we only look at it in the right way and from a sufficient distance—out of range, so to speak. For example, the recent police raid upon headquarters disclosed a bundle of letters of a far more inflammatory nature than the officials had expected. They were love letters written by a prominent Socialist member of Parliament—presumably Mr. Keir Hardie—to "General" Flora Drummond, who has had her "picture in the paper" quite often lately, which may explain the public incredulity with which the news was received. But the incident is really quite a touching one. Would that it were possible to raid the house of Mr. Keir Hardie and so to secure the corresponding effusions of the lady. What a book they would make—"Love Letters of a Suffragette," or some such appropriate title. Imagine the militant lady sallying forth with her little hammer in her hand, or her little bomb that won't go off, and with the light of love shining in her heart. Picture her hurrying through her day's work in glad anticipation of a missive, now pouring a little tar into a letter-box, now smashing a window, or depositing her bombs in an innocent and confiding, but unfounded, conviction that they will explode. Love's old sweet song is in her ears. All nature joins in her ecstasy. But she does not neglect her humble duties. Something attempted, something done, is her motto. And the letter will be there in the evening, and then all the weariness of her work will be rewarded. It is a little pastoral of the kind that makes life worth living, a little pastoral of a Socialist and a suffragette. Presumably there is some arrangement by which the letter-boxes paronized by the Socialist are immune from the coal oil and tar of the suffragette. To burn or obliterate an unread love letter could hardly be classed among the letter tragedies of the cause.

◆

If we were accustomed to move in the higher circles of society—which we are not, Te Deum Laudamus—we should object to have our intensely domestic affairs discussed over the longest leased wire in the world. If it should be our misfortune to hear the beating of the stork's wings, to see that noble fowl poised above our ancestral halls, we should maintain a discreet and modest silence if only in the hope that said fowl would think better of it and carry its C. O. D. burden elsewhere. But it would seem that no such privacy is desired, or at least obtained, by the socially elect.

For example, take the case of Lady Camoys, whose mother is Mrs. Watts Sherman of New York. Now here is a long telegram from London to the great American public, first announcing the expectation of Lady Camoys and then speculating at considerable length upon the possible rivalry between a baby not yet born and a Pomeranian dog which is born, unfortunately, and which belongs to Mrs. Watts Sherman. Will the new baby oust the dog, or will the dog maintain its present high position of favorite?

There is no need to describe the contents of this disgusting telegram or its fervid picture of the present undisputed sway of the dog, which is brushed and combed by special attendants, fed upon costly food brought by a waiter, and carried to and from the automobile by a footman who must first display his hands, palm upward, to Mrs. Sherman, so that no human contamination may soil his silky coat. The attentions lavished upon their dogs by these repulsive women is already notorious, and perhaps we may assume that they like the publicity, but do they also like to be discussed pathologically, gynecologically, by half the world? It is hard to believe. And what are we to say of the great American public which is assumed to appreciate this sort of obnoxious drivel? Is it actually a fact that the American public is concerned with the approximate baby of Lady Camoys or the loathsome dog of her unpleasant mother? If so, where are the people who demanded that this sort of thing shall be cabled half way round the world? We should like to examine their phrenological development. We should like to ascertain by what slipping of the cogs of evolutionary nature they were able to wriggle their way through into the human kingdom from those lower stages of life where instinct is dead but intelligence not yet aroused. We should like to sick the eugenists on to them, so that they might be discouraged from perpetuating their kind.

◆

The London *Graphic* tells us that one of the great wonders of the art world—the essential portion of the celebrated pearl carpet of Baroda—is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, lent by that much-misrepresented ruler, the maharaja gaekwar of Baroda, G. C. S. I. The gaekwar had it sent to London before the coronation, but only now has the opportunity arrived for the realization of its object—to set before the British public a supreme example of the art craftsmanship of the master jewelers and beadworkers of his state.

This beautiful work, a portion of the whole, illustrates the riches as well as the taste, in its highest development, of enchanted India. With its ground of seed pearls, its flowers and bosses of diamonds, large pearls, cabochon rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, it is an object not only of admiration, but of wonder. That the workers have used glass beads where certain colors were needed which could not well be attained by gems only increases our respect for them as artists, for they were thinking more of their color and design than of the cash value of the work. Yet this amounted to over £100,000.

There is a romantic story—too long to tell here—how a previous gaekwar, to please his Mohammedan wife, had this marvelous thing made for Mohammed's tomb at Medina, and how, when the offering was accepted on condition that it might be broken up and the stones distributed among the priests, the gaekwar, Khande Rao (1856-1870), wisely withdrew.

◆

The following incident, clipped from an Eastern paper, is recommended to those indulging in the curious opinion that laws relating to women ought to be made by women. A young woman was charged with attempting suicide. It seems that eight years ago she was so indiscreet as to become a mother under circumstances that may be described as unconventional. She concealed the birth of the child and supported it and herself by honest work. But misfortune disclosed the fact that she had successfully hidden for eight years. All her women friends deserted her, ostracised and gibbeted her, she was compelled to move away, and so she lost her situation and could not get another, and finally she took to drink and then tried to kill herself. Let us try to imagine what kind of "laws for women" would be passed by these evil vultures who, unanimously and unitedly, drove that poor girl to suicide.

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Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

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REDWOOD	Auto service to La Honda and Bellevale via Woodside.	.90 1.05	Sun. Ex. 2 days' Ex.
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SAN JOSE	For Lick Observatory, Alum Rock or Congress Springs.	1.40 2.00	Sun. Ex. 2 days' Ex.
LOS GATOS	In attractive surroundings. Mountain Trails. Horseback Riding.	1.65 2.00	Sun. Ex. Sat. to Mon.
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PASO ROBLES	Paso Robles Hot Springs.	8.30	30 days
NAPA	Soda Springs—Mtn Resorts.	2.00	5 days' Ex.
ST. HELENA	Howell Mountain Resorts.	3.00	5 days' Ex.
CALISTOGA	Petrified Forest, also Lake County Springs and Resorts.	3.50	5 days' Ex.
GILROY	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	5.70	30 days
PARAISO	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	6.35	30 days
AETNA	Includes Stage to Hot Springs.	7.00	Oct. 31st
SANTA ROSA	For Sonoma County Resorts.	2.25	Sat. to Mon.
WALNUT CREEK	For Mt. Diablo.	2.25	Fri. to Tue.
BYRON SPRINGS	For Hot Springs.	2.50	Sat. to Mon.
ALTA TOWLE	Among the Pines of the High Sierra.	6.60	Oct. 31st
CISCO	Rainbow and Brook Trout.	7.80	Oct. 31st
LAKE TAHOE	Motor-Boating and Big Trout Fishing. Includes Steamer Trip Around Lake.	10.65 13.30 15.30	Fri. to Mon. 10 days Oct. 31st
SIMS CASTELLA CASTLE CRAG	Log Cottages and Tents Amid Pines and Crags. Trout Fishing in Upper Sacramento River.	11.50 12.00 12.00	Oct. 31st do do
SHASTA SPRINGS	Mineral Springs. Auto Boulevard to McCloud River.	10.05 12.15	Fri. to Mon. Oct. 31st
SISSON	State Fish Hatchery. Trail and Guides for Mt. Shasta.	10.45 12.70	Fri. to Mon. Oct. 31st
AGER	Auto to Klamath Hot Spgs. Fishing in Klamath River.	14.55	Oct. 31st
KLAMATH FALLS (Upper Klamath Lake)	Launch to Pelican Bay. Excellent Trout Fishing. Auto to Crater Lake.	17.90	Oct. 31st

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The ferryboat was well on her way when a violent storm arose, and fears were entertained for her safety. The ferryman and his mate (both Highlanders) held a consultation, and after a short debate the ferryman turned to his passengers and remarked anxiously: "We'll just tak' your tuppences now, for we dinna ken what micht come ower us."

◆

Not a sound could be heard in the courtroom. The prisoner had just been condemned to death. "You have a legal right to express a last wish," said the judge, "and, if it is possible, it will be granted." The prisoner, who was a barber, gave the judge an appealing look as he replied: "I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the district attorney."

◆

The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge motor car bore down upon them. The horse began to prance, whereupon the old lady jumped out, screaming at the top of her voice. The chauffeur stopped and offered to help. "That's all right," said the boy, composedly. "I can manage the horse. You just lead mother past."

◆

When the new president of France, Raymond Poincaré, returned to his house in the Rue Commandant Martin after his election his mother, neglecting the official personages present, kissed her son in front of them all, and then, patting his cheek, remarked clearly and distinctly: "I hope, Raymond, that you have not undertaken too difficult a job. You were never quite so clever as you thought yourself, you know."

◆

Mayor Whitlock of Toledo was talking about a Toledo heiress who had married a count. "Well, at any rate," said he, "the girl seemed convinced that the count had no unworthy motives. 'Don't you know,' a friend said to her, some months before the wedding, 'don't you know that the count is simply marrying you for your money, so that he can pay his bills?' 'Nonsense!' she replied. 'The count never thinks of paying his bills.'"

◆

An old darky was encountered by the expedition sent by Uncle Sam for the relief of sufferers by the Mississippi floods. Uncle Eph was in a dilapidated looking skiff or dugout, which he was having considerable trouble to keep afloat. He was busy paddling with one hand and bailing out his craft with the other when the relief boat came within hailing distance of him. The captain of the relief boat called to him: "Hello there, uncle! What do you want?" "Nothing but wings, boss," was the answer.

◆

When Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson was in the East some years ago, trying to arouse interest in her favorite subject, the condition of the Indian, the distinguished author of "Ramona" met a Boston man in New York. "How are you succeeding in your campaign in New York, Mrs. Hunt?" said he. "Oh, not very well—New Yorkers take up the matter very slowly." "That's very strange," replied the Bostonian in surprise, "I don't see how they could fail to be interested—after yesterday morning's editorial in the Boston *Advertiser*."

◆

Sloane Gordon, the magazine writer, once lived in Hamilton, Ohio. When the flood rolled over half that state Gordon was handy to Hamilton and thought he'd go there and help. One day, enthusiastically rowing about the streets of Hamilton in a skiff, he heard a whinny from an old gray horse, which had crawled on the roof of a house caught in the waters. "That horse," said Mr. Gordon, tears starting to his eyes, "is hungry." So he rowed for two miles until he found a bag of oats. Then he rowed the two miles back, slowly this time, because it was upstream. When he came in sight the old gray horse shouted in rejoicing. It is very difficult to climb the roof of a house which is teetering in a flood. But Gordon did it. He fixed a nosebag of oats on the snuffing nose of the whinnying veteran. Then the horse kicked him into the river.

◆

A stunning specimen of the Princeton Tiger was fondly holding the hand of the pretty little Vassar lass, and at last he approached the leading subject courageously. "I have carefully studied the matter from the scientific point of view, and am thoroughly convinced that we are fitted one for the other." "Please explain yourself," said she, looking up at him with her large, bright eyes. "It is simply this," he continued, "according to science, which is the only way to approach the subject. You see, you are light and I am dark. You are short and I am tall. You are small and I am large and powerful. You are sprightly, vivacious; I am somewhat sober and phlegmatic. In short, we are opposites, and opposites should marry." "Yes," she replied; "but there are exceptions to all such rules, and I know of one in this case that is sufficient. I can not marry you." "In what respect is this exception made?" he demanded excitedly. "You see," she smiled up at him again, "you are like me in this: I could never earn my own living."

◆

One day, shortly after George M. Cohan began a recent engagement in Chicago, and before the attaches of the theatre that bears his name there had become used to seeing him at close range, the famous author-actor encountered an old colored woman industriously scrubbing the marble floor of the foyer, chanting the while a doleful dirge-like air. "Auntie," commented the comedian, "that's a mournful tune you're singing." "Yas, sir," she answered, "I knows it's mo'nful, but by singin' dat chune an' mindin' ma own business I spects to git to heaben."

◆

A story is told that Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, wishing, when she was dancing before the London public, to be vaccinated and at the same time not to be marred by a scar, asked her physician where she had better be inoculated. The doctor replied that after seeing her performance that evening he could judge for himself the best way to conceal the operation. The next day, on Lady Constance presenting herself at his office, he looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said, "I have come to the conclusion, Lady Constance, that you will have to swallow the vaccine!"

◆

Flushed and breathless, young Binks at last succeeded in picking up the hat, blown by the wind, which he had been chasing vigorously along the street, and, with a sigh of relief, leaned up against a lamp-post, and, panting pitifully, tried to recover some of his exhausted energies. Just then another man, also breathless, came running up, and taking the hat from Binks's hand, remarked: "I am very much obliged to you, sir." "For what?" "Well, this is my hat!" said the stranger, smiling. "Your hat! Then where's mine?" gasped Binks. "Oh, yours is hanging behind you at the end of a string!"

◆

Edward Everett Hale was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And, as the dinner progressed, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said: "Would you mind cutting me off about $1.87 worth more, please."

◆

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What wizardry we have today
 Is dedicated to subtraction;
Whate'er we can, we put away
 With very lively satisfaction.
Burbank has robbed the fruit of seed,
 We celebrate the horseless carriage;
Some people seem to think we need
 Divorceless marriage.

We have the song without a tune,
 Unmetred verse, idealess fiction;
Economists may give us soon
 A social scheme devoid of friction.
At modern comedy we weep—
 Comedians must be unfunny;
Ah, finally, we'll have to keep,
 Some spendless money.

Utopia comes slow but sure;
 Then we'll be beautiful and healthy,
Wise, cultured, noble, brave, and pure,
 Happy and talented and wealthy!
We'll cast all sin beyond the pale
 And joy in loving and in giving—
"Alas!" reactionaries wail,
 "What useless living!"

—*New York Globe.*

◆

The Scent of Spring.

Within my apartment, besieged by spring cleaners,
 There wafts a glad odor that lifts my heart high,
I put on the best of expectant demeanors,
 And, doubtless, you'll ask me to tell you just why.
With feastings of lampreys and sack and anchovies
 Lucullus *et al.* made the olden world stare,
(If you haven't yet seen these gourmands on the "movies,"
 You'll find all about them in your Lemprière!)
But my tastes are simple, my palate is placid,
 To tickle it none of the ancients need try.
For I much prefer that most generous acid
 Contained in the season's first rhubarby pie!

—*La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.*

◆

A city official was one of a party which attended the funeral of a Chinaman. He exhibited a great deal of interest in the curious services at the grave, and noticed that, among other things, a roasted duck was left there by the departing mourners. Calling one of the Chinamen aside, he asked: "Why did you leave that duck on the grave? Do you think the dead man will come out and eat it?" "Yeppee," replied the laundryman, "allee samee as le white deadee man come and smellee flowlers."

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Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
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Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund...... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors.................59,144
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Ella May Camp, formerly of San Francisco and Honolulu, to Mr. William Biddle Shephard of Philadelphia. Mrs. Camp is a sister of Mrs. E. K. Jordan of Boston and a cousin of the Messrs. Adrian and Raymond Splivalo of this city. The wedding will take place next month in London.

The engagement is anounced of Miss Margaret Restarick and Mr. Reynold McGrew, both of Honolulu. Miss Restarick is the daughter of Bishop Restarick and Mrs. Restarick. Mr. McGrew is a grandson of the late Dr. John S. McGrew and a cousin of Mrs. C. B. Cooper and Mr. Tarn McGrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Carrigan, to Mr. James Alden Thompson. Miss Carrigan is a niece of the Messrs. William, Joseph, and John Carrigan and Mr. Lawrence W. Harris. Mr. Thompson is a brother of Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris, Mrs. William Rose Benét, Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan, and the Messrs. Joseph and Frederick Thompson.

The wedding of Miss Marianne Mathieu and Mr. Alexander Wilson, Jr., will take place Wednesday evening, June 18, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Mathieu will be attended by her sister, Miss Frances Mathieu, and Lieutenant Charles Elliott Ide, U. S. A., will be Mr. Wilson's best man.

The wedding of Miss Sidney Davis and Mr. Carl Wolff took place Wednesday afternoon in Trinity Chapel. Mr. Hillyer Deuprey was Mr. Wolff's best man. The ushers were the Messrs. Arthur Hooper, Pierre Moon, Henry Wolff, and Wakefield Baker, Jr. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Willis Davis. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Wolff will reside in their new home on Jackson and Laurel Streets.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Sibley Severence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severence, and Mr. Walter Scott McPherson will take place at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral in Los Angeles, Tuesday evening, June 10. Mrs. Coburn Stewart Marston will be Miss Severence's matron of honor and Miss Harriet Severence will be the maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids are Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Florence Rowan, and Miss Louise Boyd of San Rafael. The best man will be Mr. Rodgers Lampan and the ushers the Messrs. John Lampan, John McFarland, Reginald Johnson, and Roy Nafzger. A reception following the ceremony will be held at the Hotel Alexandria.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Carrau and Mr. John W. Chapman took place last Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Carrau, on Waller Street. It was a small affair with only the immediate family and a few friends present. Mrs. David C. Norcross was the matron of honor and Miss Hazel Burson the bridesmaid.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Nolting and Mr. William Stephen White took place Wednesday, May 28, at the Newman Club in Berkeley. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William F. Nolting, on Ridge Road. Mr. and Mrs. White have gone to Los Angeles, which will be their future home.

The wedding of Miss Irene Moore and United States Senator James H. Brady of Idaho took place today at the home in Chicago of the bride's mother, Mrs. George M. Moore. Senator Brady and Mrs. Brady will reside in Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Xina Eunice Dodge and Mr. Joseph Emmett Vaughn took place Thursday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Evangeline Dodge, in San Rafael. Mr. Vaughn is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Meredith Vaughn of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Smith, Jr., announce the marriage of their daughter Charlotte to Mr. Adolph Mack, on Wednesday, May 28, at Biloxi, Mississippi.

Mrs. John C. Breckenridge was hostess at a luncheon at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Alexander Gareeau gave a luncheon Thursday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her niece, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in San Mateo complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr.

Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse, of San Jose.

Mrs. Paul Kingston and Miss Margaret Kingston were hostesses at a tea in honor of Mrs. Theodore Murphy and her sister, Miss Clemence Garneau, of St. Louis.

Messrs. Joseph Rosborough, John Chapman, and A. C. Thornton were hosts recently at a dinner at the Family Club.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a tea in honor of Miss Arabella Morrow, who will be married June 13 to Mr. Harold Mann. Mrs. Martin was again hostess Saturday evening at a dinner preceding the Pasquali-Wolfskill concert at the Scottish Rite Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a picnic Sunday in Woodside and entertained a number of young people.

Dr. Redmond Payne and Mrs. Payne entertained a number of friends at a tea at their country home near Mountain View.

Miss Ruth Winslow was hostess last Thursday evening at a dinner at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. George Theobald and Miss Alice Theobald were the complimented guests at a tea given last Wednesday by Mrs. Edwin Mastick Otis at her home in Alameda.

Mrs. Elsie Knox Jennings entertained a number of friends last Sunday at a tea in honor of Miss Marjorie Stafford and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Newell Fitch.

Miss Marjorie Stafford was hostess at a dinner and bridge party Saturday evening.

Mrs. George R. Shreve was hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Walter Martin was hostess at a rag party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, in Burlingame.

Captain William J. Gray and Mrs. Gray entertained a number of friends at dinner last Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of the twenty-first birthday of their son Carleton.

Mrs. Frank Hicks and Mrs. O. W. Childs have issued invitations to a tea, June 7, at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Mrs. Lovell White was the complimented guest at a luncheon given at the Cliff House by the Outdoor Art League.

Mrs. Jacques de la Montanya was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel, Monday, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Crittenden.

Miss Emily Huntington and Miss Madeleine Turner were the complimented guests at a tea given last Wednesday at the Palace Hotel by Miss Ruth Turner. Miss Huntington will spend the summer in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a musicale at their home on the Ocean Beach Boulevard. The music was furnished by Miss Fernanda Pratt and Mr. Hother Wismer.

General John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser were the complimented guests at a bridge party given last Thursday evening by Major Kensey J. Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Viscount Philippe de Tristan and Viscountess de Tristan will leave July 1 for their home near Paris. They have spent several months in San Mateo with Mr. Christian de Guigne and are at present at the Parrott ranch near St. Helena.

Mrs. George Cameron has returned to her home in Burlingame after a severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Fiora Low have recently been visiting friends in San Rafael.

Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman left Tuesday for their country home in Sonoma County, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. George Page, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Louisiana Foster have returned from an automobile trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Piggott have moved into their new home in Presidio Terrace. They have been spending the past week with Mrs. Piggott's mother, Mrs. George F. Ashton.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader returned Monday from an automobile trip to Chico, where they spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

Miss Edith Burke has returned from a visit with her cousins, the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroeder, at their ranch near San Luis Obispo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their little daughter have returned from a two months' visit in Woodside with Mrs. Avenali's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin and Miss Isabel McCrackin have taken a house in Berkeley. Miss McCrackin will enter the University of California in the fall.

Miss Emily Tubbs and Miss Helen Keeney were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and their son, Peter, are visiting Mrs. McBean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, in Burlingame.

Miss Jennie Hooker is in Woodside visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin has returned from a week's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Anna Olney has returned from Los Angeles, where she has spent the last month with Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy will leave next week for Portland to spend a month with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Burke.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has gone to Lake Tahoe to open her home at Tallac for the summer.

Dr. Philip King Brown, Mrs. Brown, and their four children left this week for their home on Lake Tahoe.

Rev. Edward Morgan has joined Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Monteagle in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond have closed their house in Washington, D. C., and have gone to their summer home, Lookout Hill, Gloucester.

Miss Ethel Shorb has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard was recently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Temple Bridgman and her little son will spend the summer with Mrs. Bridgman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard, in Belvedere.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp will arrive in San Francisco June 18 and will be the guests of Mrs. Shipp's parents, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch are established in their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Edgar Keithley and Mrs. Noble Eaton have gone to New York for several months. Before returning to San Francisco Mrs. Keithley will visit her sister, Mrs. William Wightman, in Paris.

Mrs. Charles Sutro and Mrs. William Knowles of Oakland have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Darling of Berkeley left June 2 for Nome, where they will remain several months.

Mrs. Webb Ballard is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who has been spending the past month in Millbrae, left Monday for her home in New York.

Miss Rebecca Shreve, accompanied by Miss Evelyn Lansdale, will leave next week for Europe to spend the summer in travel. Miss Shreve is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve of San Mateo.

Major Philip Wales, U. S. A., Mrs. Wales, and Mrs. Wales's daughter, Miss Geraldine Forbis, will spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Jean Wheeler, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, who has been attending school in Italy, will sail June 12 from Genoa for New York. Miss Lillias Wheeler, who has just completed a post-graduate course at Vassar College, will await her sister in New York and together they will go to the family home, The Bend, on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin have gone to Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have arrived from the East and are established in their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has joined Mrs. Harvey at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. C. Brown and their little son have returned to their home in Aspen, Colorado. While in this city Mr. and Mrs. Brown occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker have arrived in New York. Accompanied by Mr. William Crocker, Jr., they will come directly to California.

Mrs. Lane Leonard and her little daughter will spend the summer as the guests of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at her homes, The Hacienda, in Pleasanton, and at Wyntoon, on the McCloud River.

Mr. Charles Dickman recently came up from Monterey to spend a few days in town.

Mrs. Oscar Schulze and Miss Olga Schulze have returned to their ranch at Dixon.

Miss Minnie Houghton is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, at their home in Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Millin Griffith are the guests of Mrs. Edward Griffith at her home in Ross.

Miss Violet Cook has gone to Los Angeles. She will spend the summer in the South.

Miss Janet von Schroeder spent the week-end with Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Creswell and Miss Gertrude Creswell will leave soon for the East to spend several months with relatives.

Miss Nina Jones has returned to Santa Barbara after spending two weeks as the guest of Miss Florence Henshaw at her home in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns Henderson have moved into their new home, 3513 Jackson Street.

Miss Katherine MacAdam is visiting Mrs. Thomas R. Minturn at her home in Fresno. Mrs. Minturn was formerly Miss Dorothy Everett of this city.

Miss Elva de Pue has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore in Ross.

Mrs. E. H. Neibling and Miss Rhoda Niebling returned Tuesday from Europe, having been called home by the serious illness of Mr. Niebling.

Mr. and Mrs. George Garritt are visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone at their home in Burlingame.

Senator Charles Belshaw and Mrs. Belshaw have returned from the Orient and are at the St. Francis Hotel. They will spend the summer at their ranch at Antioch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel have as their guests at Santa Cruz Miss Rachel Huntington and Miss Helen Garritt.

Mrs. Horace Hill and her son, Mr. Horace Hill, arrived Monday from New York and will be at the Fairmont Hotel for a few weeks. Accompanied by Miss Jeanne Gallois, they will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Norman D. Rideout has returned from a motor trip to the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. F. H. Abbott left June 1 for a short visit in the Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan has returned from Sacramento, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Warroch.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce have gone to Witter Springs.

Miss Winona Smith is the guest of Miss Linda Buchanan at her apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham left last Saturday for the East to attend the international polo games at the Meadow Brook Country Club. Before returning to Honolulu Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham will spend several weeks in this city and Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Domingo Ghirardelli and their daughters, the Misses Corona, Esperance, and Ruth Ghirardelli have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Miss Marian Zeile has returned to San Francisco after having been abroad a year. She accompanied Mrs. Horace Hill across the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee, the Misses Marcia and Elizabeth, and Mr. Jerome Fee will spend the summer in Alaska.

Mrs. Sands Forman has returned to Coronado after spending several weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman left for New York last Friday. They will spend the summer at Cedarhurst, Long Island, where they have recently leased a place.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue have gone to Paris to spend the summer. Since leaving San Francisco three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bogue have resided in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey will leave June 15 for Hotel del Monte, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Maurice Sullivan has leased an apartment on Vallejo Street, where he will live after his marriage, June 10, to Miss Gladys Wilson of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease left for Redwood City last Saturday to open their home for the summer.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins and her children have gone East to visit Captain Crimmins's father, Mr. John D. Crimmins, at his home on Long Island.

Dr. Lawrence Draper and Mrs. Draper will soon take possession of their new home on Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and Miss Ila Sonntag are established in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mrs. John Valentine of Oakland has gone East to be present at the graduation of her daughter, Miss Ruth Valentine, at Vassar College.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle, who have been traveling abroad for the past year, will return in July with their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Monteagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters left June 4 for an extended trip to Europe.

Miss Kate Crocker, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, will return this week from Millwood, New York, where she has been attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. James Towne (formerly Miss Marie Bullard) have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home on Union Street.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates have arrived in New York from Panama. They will come to San Francisco to reside.

Mr. Loring Pickering, who is traveling in Europe, has gone to the Riviera for a month.

Mrs. J. F. Babcock is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Captain Conrad Babcock and Mrs. Babcock, at their home at West Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton and the latter's mother, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, have gone to their ranch near St. Helena to spend the summer.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick left Wednesday for Del Monte, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and Miss Doris Wilshire arrived early in the week at Hotel del Coronado by motor from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Vandyke, Miss Aileen McCarthy, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Rose, of Pasadena, formed a motor party to Santa Barbara last week, stopping at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake spent the week-end at Coronado.

Mr. John E. Cazes is in Venice on his way through the Continental cities. He has visited Japan, China, Batavia, India, Egypt, Naples, Rome, Florence, and will leave for home in July.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Flood of San Francisco are guests at Coronado Beach.

General Duggan and Mrs. Duggan, who have been visiting their son-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander David Sellars, U. S. N., left Wednesday for their home in Milwaukee. Mrs. Sellars will arrive today from the East, where she has been spending the past two weeks.

Ensign Frank Luckel, U. S. N., and Mrs. Luckel are recent guests at Hotel Coronado.

Lieutenant-Commander George T. Pettengill, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. S. *Utah* to the bureau of ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander H. G. Sparrow, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. S. *North Dakota* and is at his home awaiting future orders.

Lieutenant D. C. Bingham, U. S. N., who has been stationed at the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., has been ordered to the U. S. S. *North Dakota*.

Captain William N. Hughes, U. S. A. (retired), recruiting officer, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander William Piggott Cronan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cronan left San Francisco Thursday for their home in Newport, where the torpedo destroyer *Jewett* is stationed.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Beacom, U. S. A., upon his promotion to the rank of colonel will remain in this city instead of being detached elsewhere.

Captain Alfred Bjornstad, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bjornstad (formerly Miss Pearl Sabin) will soon return to America, where Captain Bjornstad will rejoin his regiment, the Twenty-Eighth Infantry, in Texas. Captain Bjornstad has been military attaché to the American legation in Berlin for the past two years.

Mrs. R. Duncan Gatewood has joined her husband, Lieutenant Gatewood, U. S. N., at Newport, where he is attached to the U. S. S. *Wyoming*.

Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden are established at Newport for the summer.

Lieutenant Harold S. Naylor, U. S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence from the First Field Artillery.

Colonel Abner Pickering, U. S. A., Mrs. Pickering, and their daughter, Miss Mauree Pickering, have left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and have gone to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, where they will be permanently established.

Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Thomas arrived from the East Monday and are staying at the Hotel Victoria.

First Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, has been detailed in connection with the Progressive Military Map of the United States to the department engineer at local army headquarters.

Colonel Calvin D. Cowles, U. S. A., Fifth Infantry, was placed on the retired list May 31.

Saddle Horse For Sale

On account of departure, first-class saddle horse, good looking, strong, exceptionally sure-footed on hills, absolutely sound. Address, A. M., Argonaut office, 207 Powell Street.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

All records for the parcel post business in San Francisco were broken in May. The total number of packages handled was nearly half a million. The total of packages handled since the system was inaugurated on the first of the year has been over 2,000,000.

A twenty-three-acre tract, being a portion of the Relief Home tract, was sold at auction by the supervisors, bringing $120,000. The highest bidder was Walter H. Leimert of Oakland. The sale was authorized by a charter amendment adopted last December and the proceeds are to be used for purchasing other and more accessible land adjoining the Relief Home.

The supervisors have adopted a resolution declaring that "a great necessity and emergency exists" which requires that the $1 tax limitation of the charter shall be temporarily suspended. The same resolution fixes the rate next year at $2.24, a 15-cent increase over the present rate.

At noon on Tuesday, June 3, the first Sutter Street car left Sutter and Market Streets on its long-deferred trip to the Ferry. At the same hour the last of an ancient line of horse cars left the Ferry Building and proceeded west on Market Street on its last trip over the streets of San Francisco. This marks the final abdication of the horse-drawn cars to swifter and more serviceable rapid transit.

Miss Marie Young, housekeeper at the Hotel Victoria, who was struck by an auto driven by Dr. Charles Houston's chauffeur, E. Savage, at Hyde and Bush Streets Sunday night, died the next morning at Central Emergency Hospital. Miss Young had just alighted from a street-car when she was run down. Six women have been killed in the streets of San Francisco by automobiles in the past six weeks.

The trustees of the public library have awarded the contract for books for the ensuing fiscal year to Raphael Weill & Co. of the White House and the binding to Foster & Futernick. Report of the secretary showed that the circulation of the various public libraries during the month of May just ended was 74,008 and that there are now more card-holders than at any time since the fire, although there are less books for circulation than before that time.

When the United States transport *Thomas* sails from San Francisco for Manila on June 15 it will once more prove its right to the title of the honeymoon boat, for four bridal couples will be numbered among its passengers. They are Lieutenant and Mrs. Max H. Carter, who was formerly Miss Fay Swisher of Mexico City and New Orleans; Lieutenant and Mrs. H. E. Marr, who was Miss Mildred Brown of Whittier; Lieutenant Alonzo Wheat and his bride, and Judge Carter Johnston of the First Instance Court and Mrs. Johnston, who was Miss Ella Buckner of Lexington.

The Denman School Alumni Association held its anual breakfast in the palm room of the Hotel Bellevue, bringing together graduates of many years ago and renewing old school reminiscences. Mrs. Corinne Gyle Irving, president, made an address, and Miss Jessie Smith also spoke.

Captain Fred J. Bennett, who has been in command of the liner *Honolulan*, has retired to accept the responsible position of port superintendent of the company at New York. He will be succeeded on the *Honolulan* by Captain John S. Greene.

Parents of the boys of the Columbia Park Boys' Club held a meeting to see what steps can be taken for the relief of the forty-seven members of the club who are reported as "stranded" in London, while on a world's tour, under the direction of Major Sidney Peixotto.

Another United States submarine torpedo boat, officially designated as *H-2*, was successfully launched Wednesday at the Union Iron Works in the presence of officials of the army and navy, foreign consuls, federal, state, and city officials, and a large number of guests.

The San Francisco Yacht Club held its annual race from Vallejo to Sausalito Sunday. The little *Fleur-de-Lis* won in division A, the *Aileen* in division B.

Alexander H. Stephens, district superintendent of the railway mail service at San Francisco, has been appointed by Postmaster-General Burleson general superintendent of the railway mail service. He succeeds Theodore Ingalls, who will be appointed a district superintendent. Mr. Stephens was formerly a newspaper man, but has been in the mail service since 1894.

Holding that the tragedy was accidental, Police Judge Crist dismissed the charge of manslaughter against Miss Ruth Mulryan, the girl autoist who ran down and killed Miss Helen Campbell of 489A Dolores Street and seriously injured G. R. Hall while Hall and Miss Campbell were motocycling along Golden Gate Avenue May 12.

Thirty-five physicians, dentists, and pharmacists were given degrees at the seventeenth annual commencement exercises of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco Thursday evening in Golden Gate Commandery Hall.

The will of the late Jacob Barth, stock and bond broker and member of the Stock Exchange, shows the estate is valued at $500,000. The sum of $8000 is distributed to charity. To the worthy poor of his native city, Luzan, Bohemia, he leaves $500; to each employee of his business at the time of his death, $250. To all the grandnephews and grandnieces living at the time of his death he leaves $2500 each, and the residue of the estate is equally divided between his five sisters, Mrs. Fannie Block, Mrs. Kate Clayberg, Mrs. Elsie Epstein, Mrs. Julia Sommer, and Mrs. Sophie Nathan.

◆

Mr. Frank Pixley will address the members of the San Francisco Centre of the Drama League of America and their friends at the Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter Street, on Friday afternoon, June 6, at three o'clock. The subject of his address will be "The Making of a Musical Play," a topic on which his authorship of "King Dodo," "Woodland," "The Burgomaster," "The Prince of Pilsen," and other popular successes entitles him to speak with authority. Admission will be by tickets, which have been mailed to all members of the centre.

◆

At Golden Gate Park, Tuesday, June 17, at two o'clock p. m., a patriotic musical programme will be rendered by Golden Gate Park Band, under the direction of the leader, Professor Charles Cassasa, in honor of the 138th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The stirring song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," will be played especially. All patriotic citizens are invited to attend.

◆

The home in Norfolk of Lieutenant Abram Claude, U. S. N., and Mrs. Claude has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Claude was formerly Miss Alice Andrews, daughter of General George Andrews, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the army.

◆

The home in Palo Alto of Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Grimwood has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, born May 29. Mrs. Grimwood was formerly Miss Frances Allen.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Krupp has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.40
North American Review and Argonaut	6.80
Out West and Argonaut	4.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	6.00
Puck and Argonaut	7.85
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St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.50
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Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut	4.25

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Counsel—What is your business? *Witness (vaguely)*—My business?—*(pause)*—My wife's a washerwoman.—*London Opinion.*

She—Jack, when we are married I must have three servants. *He*—You shall have twenty, dear—but not all at the same time.—*Answers.*

"There were a lot of old shoes on the street when I went out this morning." "Wedding or cat fight, do you suppose?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is he swayed by his prejudices?" "I should say so. Anyhow he's the sort of a man who cheers when the ball hits the umpire on the shin."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A former train robber is becoming prominent in Oklahoma politics." "Oh, well, that's no sign that train robbers can never be persuaded to be good."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I suppose that with Jinks it was a case of marry in haste, and repent at leisure." "Not exactly. His principal complaint appears to be that he has no leisure."—*Buffalo Express.*

Mother (at the shore)—Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Louise. *Elderly Daughter (with a sigh)*—I know, mamma; they scare dreadfully easy!—*Puck.*

Mother—Well, Effie, what are you going to be when you are grown up? *Effie*—If I was a boy, I'd be President; but seeing I'm a girl, I guess being a rich widow is as good as anything.—*Judge.*

"My husband," she said, "always wants me to look my best, no matter what the cost." "Well," her friend replied, "one can hardly blame him for feeling as he does."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Oh, papa, Mr. Spooner proposed last night." "Are you sure he loves you?" "He said he'd die for me, papa!" "Well, you'll both die if you try to live on the salary he's getting."—*Boston Transcript.*

"You have some lovely old things in your house, Mrs. Comeup." "Yes, but we have some beautiful new things, too, the latest out. You must see the antiquarium we got for our goldfish."—*Baltimore American.*

"Bliggins says he is going to make a trip around the world." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I suppose he feels that he owes the world an opportunity to make his acquaintance."—*Washington Star.*

Old Gotrox (savagely)—So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? *Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)*—I—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.—*Puck.*

Trotter—While I was in England I met one nobleman who actually believed in the abolition of the House of Lords. *Blotter*—Did you, really? *Trotter*—Yes. He said it was such a nuisance to go there.—*Puck.*

"Madam," said Plodding Pete, "I once had a wife and family, but I couldn't be contented, so I left home." "Well, here's a chicken sandwich for you. Mighty few husbands are so considerate."—*Chicago News.*

"A famous college president declares that there are no new jokes." "Ah, he does, does he?" grimly returned the Old Codger. "Well, he ought to see the husband my niece has just married and brought home to live on me!"—*Judge.*

Friendly Constable—Come, come, sir, pull yourself together; there's your wife calling you. *Festive Gent*—Wha' she call—hic—calling me, Billy or William? *Constable*—William, sir. *Festive Gent*—Then I'm not goin'—hic—'ome.—*London Opinion.*

"Indeed, and you are a music-hall artiste! I am a banker, and I think it must be at least twenty years since I was in a music-hall." *Music-Hall Artiste (regretfully)*—And I am quite certain, sir, it's twenty years since I was in a bank."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Master of the House—See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner? *Slavey*—There aint goin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir. "What's that! No dinner?" "No, sir. The missus came home from jail this afternoon, an' ate up hevrythink in th' 'ouse!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"A motor car is a source of great pleasure, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But it has certain disadvantages. You don't want to ride by yourself, and when you take out a party of friends they have arguments among themselves about how fast we shall travel and where we shall go. There is only one thing they agree about, and that is, if the machine breaks down, it's a good joke on me."—*Washington Star.*

◆

A Scotch gentleman had to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a "character" and framed it in this way: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of the garden than any man I ever employed."

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Columbia Park Boys Abroad.

The plight of the Columbia Park boys who were recently stranded in London seems hardly to belong to the category of undeserved misfortunes that even the most meritorious enterprises must sometimes encounter. So far as can be gathered from the reports there appears to have been some kind of failure on the part of a moving-picture concern, and as an immediate result this large party of boys at once became objects of public commiseration, if not of public charity.

Now the immediate cause of this unpleasant fiasco does not seem to matter very much. But it does matter a great deal that a considerable number of boys should be lured on a formidable journey through Europe with no better financial preparation than their own earning power as showmen and vaudeville performers. No one seriously supposes that their entertaining capacities have any real market value. Their appeal was of the same nature as that of the blind man who offers lead pencils to the charitable. The enterprise was no more than a veiled appeal to benevolence, an appeal that had not even the merit of candor or of dignity.

The effect upon the boys themselves must be little short of disastrous. They must be well aware that they are "beating their way" across Europe and that they are existing on a sort of glorified mendicancy. Anything more corrosive of character it would be hard to imagine or more unfitting for the real business of life. Sooner or later these boys will be called upon to earn a livelihood, and in the hard and monotonous ways common to most of us. It can hardly be supposed that they will be aided by their recent experiences, or that an elaborate education in cadging can be counted among the moral values of life. The advantages of travel will of course be advanced as the conventional excuse for an inexcusable performance. But there are no advantages that can compensate for a loss of moral fibre, and a grave loss of moral fibre must be involved in such a journey as this. Travel should be the reward of industry, and not its preliminary. If we wish to see the usual and actual effect of travel upon youthful minds we have only to observe the behavior and the attitude toward life of the sons and daughters of the wealthy who have received its "advantages" in the fullest measure.

◆

Esola, and Why.

The conviction of Detective Esola merely tends to confirm an opinion universally held that the police and the criminal element stand and have long stood in close sympathetic relations here in San Francisco. There is affectation of surprise in certain quarters, but we suspect that there is no real surprise anywhere. For how could the bunco game as it has flourished here since time out of mind have been sustained but for a blind-eyed or sinister-eyed over-look on the part of the police? And how could a hundred other forms of criminality have been carried on year after year if the police were a body of honest men seeking diligently to safeguard society through enforcement of the laws?

The plain truth is that now for many years our police department has been administered, not under the law for purposes of public protection, but as a personal and political attachment in the interest, real or imagined, of whomever has been in authority in the municipal government. Schmitz and Ruef—to go no further back—drilled and used the police as the right arm of an organized tyranny. There was no regard, even no pretense of regard, for the legal and legitimate purposes of police activity. Whoever Schmitz and Ruef wanted "protected" found friendship and support in the police; whoever they wanted hectored and embarrassed found in the police a constant source of annoyance and irritation. The organized guardianship of the city became an instrument of blackmail. And as a matter of course the members of the department, broadly speaking, took on the character of their masters and of their work. No better school for the elimination of individual virtues, no better school for the destruction of character, could possibly be conceived than our police department during the five years or more when it was under the hands of this cruel and infamous régime.

And though good old Dr. Taylor in his sentiments and according to his lights was and is a man of exemplary character, things went not much better in the period of his mayorality. The real powers of government were not with Dr. Taylor, but with the men who brought him into office and therefore regarded him as their creature, subject to their will and purpose. It is not forgotten that during the Taylor régime disposition of the police force was made not so much of support of public order as an aid to the schemes of the so-called [illegible]. The police were employed not so [illegible] orcement of law and order as in [illegible] to the plans of Messrs. Phelan and Spreckels. It is a matter of history that again and again during the Taylor régime one precious enthusiast for purity and virtue—one who had literally bought his way to an unofficial but none the less arbitrary domination of the municipal government—was a frequent visitor at police headquarters, and that he arraigned, reproved, and berated as no other person has ever dared to do since the organization of our municipal government.

When Mayor McCarthy came in the purposes of police administration were different but bad as ever. McCarthy put at the head of the force a notorious saloon-keeper and patron of tenderloin interests, who proceeded in the business of administration under the three-cornered motive of promoting McCarthy's politics, of sustaining the pretensions of an exhilarated and criminal labor-unionism, and of promoting his private fortunes. Even after this delectable scoundrel was detected in a gross intrigue with a gang of gamblers and bunco operators and was forced off the police board the purposes of administration were not much improved. As before, the chief purposes in view were the promotion of McCarthy's politics and the safe-guarding of unionism in its bulldozing, boycotting, and other criminal designs.

Nor, to be entirely candid, has the situation very much improved since Mayor Rolph came into office. There have been current all kinds of unpleasant stories with respect to the appointment and retention of Chief White. The police have been employed openly in certain irregular, extra-legal, and obviously improper ways of which the history of the municipal clinic affords one striking illustration. In the weakness of Mr. Rolph as an administrator and in his tenderness toward unionism, the police have been employed to protect, not the legitimate interests of San Francisco, but those who have ventured to arraign and assail these interests. Who does not recall the fact that a few months back every dry goods store and tailor shop in San Francisco was pestered by a pack of barking pickets, openly protected by the police, while the rights and privileges of the owners of these establishments were neglected? Who does not recall the fact—one among many—that a restaurant proprietor was arrested and arraigned because he ventured to post in his own shop window an indignant and righteous protest against the outrageous persecutions to which he was subjected?

This history all goes to illustrate the vicious and even criminal principle which has governed the administration of the San Francisco police. There has been no effort to organize the police administration on a legitimate basis. There has been no effort to follow the law and to pursue the purposes of legitimate guardianship of social order without fear or favor. The law and its obligations have not at all been considered. At the same time there has been careful study to make the police serve the purposes of whoever or whatever chanced for the time being to be in the ascendant in municipal politics.

Under such a scheme of administrative policy so long sustained any organization would surely have become demoralized. You can not take a man or body of men, swear them to service of the law and then employ them in defiance and contempt of the law and in support of varying quasi-criminal purposes under changing personal influences without more or less corrupting every man-jack of them. No individual policeman thus batted about under one authority or another, subject to one motive or another, all in contempt alike of his oath and of his legitimate duties, can at the end be an honest and earnest man. A corrupt service surely breeds corrupt agents. No man is strong enough in his character to sustain activities such as have been imposed upon our police and come out clean, self-respecting, unmarred in his individual character.

Take this creature Esola, for example: He has long been a member of the police force, and only a few years back his name figured prominently in a contest for the office of chief of police, ardently backed as we recall it by that exemplar of public virtue, the *Examiner*, which wished after the manner of its kind and for its own purposes to have authority in the police administration. Esola was then as now a man of low type, a friend and associate of criminals. He w chosen and urged for the chiefship like every other man who has held that place in recent time, not on the score of character and capacity for managing men, but for the qualities of subserviency.

As long as men like Esola—and when we say men like Esola we mean the whole gang officially and otherwise active in recent years—are held to be available for high authority in the police department we shall have scandals like that which has just brought fresh discredit upon San Francisco. There is no use to expect honest, intelligent, and capable service from cheap, dishonest, vulgar, and criminal agents. Grapes do not come from thorns, nor figs from thistles. The atmosphere of arbitrary and lawless authority, of low intrigue, and of an all-pervading criminality surely breeds criminals.

If Mayor Rolph, whom we believe to be a man of honest purposes, albeit we have small respect for him on the score of individual strength and personal force of character, has the right sensibilities, recent disclosures must have given him a painful jolt. It can not be a pleasant experience, at the end of a year and a half of executive service, to find that the police department has been in collusion with a gang of the lowest criminals pursuing the most infamous arts of plunder and robbery. If Mayor Rolph has any judgment or any conscience at all—and we believe he has something of one and much of the other—he should now see that what is needed for the integrity and efficiency of our police service is that the department be reorganized radically; that cheap and unworthy men be either put out of it altogether or subordinated; that character be put at the head, and that discipline be enforced clean down the line.

Is it forever necessary that the high authorities of a police department be chosen from men of questionable character and inferior breeding? It has been so under the practice of the past because disinterested, intelligent, and honest service has not been desired. Cheap and inferior men have been sought because the real wish has been for characterless and subservient service. The quickest and surest way to reform the police department, to make it efficient and give it public respect, is to put at its head a man of unquestioned character and unquestioned probity. Is it not practicable to thrust aside the whole crowd of headquarters roustabouts, the Esolas, the Whites, the Dinans, and all others of similar quality, and put into the chiefship of police a gentleman—*a gentleman*—qualified by character and some form of military experience at once to command public respect, enforce the laws without fear or favor, and maintain a high state of internal discipline? Is it not practicable to bring to the chiefship of the police department a man of the type of General Woodruff? Probably such a man could be found in the list of retired army officers; and failing there, a man might be borrowed from active military service. The government at Washington has detailed Captain Cloman as commander of the guard for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Some man of this high type must surely be available if diligent search were made for him and if the inducements were sufficient.

In the great European cities the head of the police department is a high official and invariably a high type of man. comparable in his dignities to that of a military commander. Almost invariably he is a man of military rank. Always he is a gentleman. And there is no reason why the same rule of selection should not control in reorganization of our police department. We commend the idea to Mayor Rolph. In no other way, we believe, could he do San Francisco so signal a service and so commend himself to the approving judgment of that part of our citizenship whose approval is worth having.

Sex in the Schools.

We must have gone rather far on the downward path if reputable newspapers can see nothing more than occasion for mild jocularity in the questions that Dr. Frank Crane of Chicago would put to boys and girls of fourteen years of age:

1. What is your philosophy of life?
2. What will you do with the sex problem?
3. What about religion?
4. What about education?
5. What part of the world's work are you going to do?

Four out of these five questions are merely idiotic when considered in relation to children fourteen years old. The fifth, the one relating to sex, is frankly vicious, and it is hard to believe either that Dr. Crane has children of his own or that he knows anything of the children of other people. If the schools of Chicago are to become centres of moral infection under the direction of Dr. Crane it is as well that the parents should know it. Any man who would ask a child of fourteen to study the sex problem is not fit to control a hutch of guinea pigs.

This sort of abomination is likely to continue so long as the educational expert is allowed to keep his seat in the saddle. His proper place is on the mat outside the door of the executive department. His proper function is to advise on technical points of management, to speak only when spoken to, and then to be silent. The practical direction of the schools should be in the hands of laymen who know the broad relation of education to national needs and who will see that the relation is preserved. It is bad enough that our educational system should be so rich in futilities and absurdities. That it should be actively and practically corrupting is unbearable.

The Mayor of Los Angeles.

When Mr. E. T. Earl said that the result of the mayoralty election in Los Angeles was a triumph for the underworld he did no more than follow the approved methods of the new reform. The modern regenerator of the world usually has that kind of colossal conceit that imagines itself to be in perpetual alliance with Providence. He can conceive of no such thing as an honest difference of opinion. Every item on his crazy programme is invested with all the sacred sanctions of Sinai. Every vote cast at the polls is an open avowal of allegiance to God or the Devil. This sort of hateful and hurtful Phariseeism was first made popular by the national Progressives at the presidential election, when all the Christian pieties were symbolized by a bandanna handkerchief. Now we have its extension to city politics, but unfortunately with no dilution of its original hypocrisies and irreverences. When Mr. Earl talks about the underworld he means simply those who disagree with him politically. The fact of their disagreement with him is proof positive of their moral degeneracy and incipient criminality. That Mr. Earl is now publshing apologies three columns wide seems to indicate that he is a coward as well as a Pharisee.

Now without claiming any extraordinary acquaintance with the local politics of Los Angeles it seems easy to explain the defeat of Mr. Shenk and the victory of Mr. Rose. Indeed it was not so much Mr. Shenk personally who was defeated as that mass of sillinesses that can best be described as Earlism. As a species of civic disease we find Earlism all over the country, but until lately it has found a peculiarly congenial soil in Los Angeles, where it has produced a crop of freak experiments in city government that is without a parallel on earth. Earlism in its ultimate developments would mean the concentration of the whole life of the city upon recall petitions, referendums, initiatives, elections, and social crusaders. It means the instant and costly adoption of each and all of the hairbrained expedients by leisurely fanatics who suppose that every problem of government is now presented for the first time for human solution. And of course it means an all-embracing and inquisitorial tyranny as pervasive and as unbearable as the plagues of Egypt. The political history of Los Angeles during the last few years is an object lesson in the extent to which this particular form of mania will go. It threatened the reputation for sanity of the whole city.

Of course a reaction became inevitable. and it has come. Mr. Rose seems to be an eminently respectable man, but it is his misfortune to represent a reaction where an orderly and intelligent progress should have rendered reaction impossible. And here we see the chief evil of government by hysterical moral spasm or by what may be called a pious political epilepsy. It makes reaction inevitable, and in that reaction we see a combination of those who hate tyranny with those who hate law of all kinds. It may be true that the underworld voted for Mr. Rose, but the really decisive vote came from masses of busy and decent citizens who refuse to believe that the chief duty of man is to vote. or that the folly of the recall can ever prove a remedy for an original electoral incapacity. It may be—although there is no reason to suppose so—that Mr. Rose will show himself unduly attentive to the wishes of the least reputable of his supporters, but if this should prove to be the case the blame will rest upon politicians of the Earl type. It was they who necessitated a reaction from an unbearable and pietistic paternalism which had become a tyranny. It was they who compelled an alternative candidate, who, from the very nature of things, must be somewhat of a dark horse. It is the Earls of the country who are actually the chief enemies of moral progress, since they always compel a reaction which is apt to combine the lovers of liberty with the lovers of license. We now see such reaction in Los Angeles. Presently we shall see it in the whole state and later on in the nation. Whatever of evil there may be in the results will be due to an agitation that falsely professes to be moral but that is actually and actively productive of immorality.

The Arbitration Treaties.

It should not be assumed too hastily that the action of the Senate in refusing to ratify the renewal of the arbitration treaties with various European powers is in the nature of a rebuff to the cause of peace. Indeed it may have an exactly opposite result. The supreme essential in treaty-making of this kind is that there should be the clearest understanding of the obligations imposed by the contemplated treaty, a cautious forecast of all possible contingencies that may arise within its scope, and a resolute determination to adhere to its provisions when those provisions have once been accepted. It is not necessarily mischievous to decline to enter into a positive international agreement, or to decline to renew one, upon whatever amicable basis that agreement may seem to be founded. But it is necessarily mischievous to shrink from the fulfillment of such an agreement when it has once been made. The part of true statesmanship is to be so wary in treaty-making that treaty-breaking shall become almost an impossibility. The individual who is prodigal in promises is usually noted for their easy violation. A reputation for keeping one's rare and calculated pledges is a far more enviable possession. At the present time, thanks to arbitration movements and the like, there is a certain international emotionalism in the air that would have the great world powers fall upon each other's necks and exchange maudlin assurances of perpetual amity that would be worth little or nothing under the strain of the frictions inevitable to human intercourse. Such treaties would be binding only upon perfected human societies, and perfected human societies would not need them. We are apt to forget that the passions that will make a war will just as readily break a treaty. We are apt also to forget that one of the frailties of human nature is to be resentful of self-imposed restraints and to evade them. What we need is not a sentimental exchange of national pledges on what may be called the "jolly good fellow" basis, but rather a cautious agreement that has surveyed the field of possible eventualities and that imposes no obligations upon either party that a frail human nature may conceivably find itself unable to carry. In no other way can any treaty be invested with the sanctity that ought to belong to it.

The insertion into any treaty of what is called the most favored nation clause ought in the future to be jealously scrutinized. At the present time it seems to be included almost as a matter of course, as a kind of decorative formality that it would be ungracious to question. And yet it implies a precise obligation, and one that may be productive, and that is productive, of grave embarrassment. For example, we have pledged ourselves within certain limits to extend to the subjects of Japan—and heaven knows who else—all the privileges, liberties, and rights that we give to Norwegians, Englishmen, or Germans. As a matter of fact we are not prepared to do anything of the kind, and never have been. A few minutes' reflection, a little foresight, a clear recognition of conditions, would have shown us the impropriety of such an undertaking and the grave difficulties to which it might expose it. The "most favored nation" clause was inserted more or less automatically, as though it were a sort of salutation, instead of being a binding and definite pledge that might easily run counter to the national prescrvation. The present arbitration treaty with Japan is just as serious and just as embarrassing. If it actually demands that we submit to arbitration our right to say who shall and who shall not own a portion of the United States, then it is a pity that the caution now being displayed by the Senate is not of older date. If it is possible to make such a contention then the treaty is no less open to censure on the ground of lack of precision and ambiguity. In point of fact our treaty with Japan is evidently one of those "jolly good fellow" agreements that are made in sentimental haste and repented at leisure. We shall be fortunate if we escape the self-reproach of having pledged ourselves to do things that can not be done, and that we ought to have known can not be done.

Therefore the action of the Senate seems to be no more than a resolve to make no promises unless there is a reasonable certainty that those promises can be kept. Such caution in individuals is usually supposed to mark a sense of honorable responsibility. There is no present reason why we should attach any other significance to this somewhat belated policy of caution that has been adopted at Washington.

The Infamous Lobby.

Some two years ago, when San Francisco was appealing to Congress for the privilege under official sanction of celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, there was sent to Washington an imposing commission made up of citizens to the number of half a score or more. The roster as we recall it offhand included Messrs. Reuben Hale, Henry T. Scott, M. H. de Young, Thornwell Mullally, A. W. Scott, William H. Crocker, Joseph D. Grant, and others of repute. They went for the avowed purpose of stimulating the spirit of our official representatives at Washington, of urging information and persuasions upon the President and upon Congress. They opened official headquarters at a prominent Washington hotel, invited members of Congress to visit them, set forth meat and drink—in short, put to work all the known arts of persuasion.

Little did these commissioners imagine when engaged in a self-sacrificing and what they thought to be a truly patriotic service that they were merely a group of "insidious" lobbyists—a species against whom the vials of presidential wrath would be poured out in less than two brief years. And little did the people of San Francisco think that they, through their agents, were engaged in an "insidious" and morally reprehensible business. On the other hand we thought that we and they were doing a monstrous fine thing; and when our lobbyists returned home we met them at the Ferry, let loose hosannas of band music and floods of oratory, and hung horse-collars of roses about their necks.

Not even yet does the full measure of infamy involved in visiting the national capital for the promotion of some desired object of legislation appear to be duly appreciated. For we read in the daily newspapers that City Engineer O'Shaughnessy and City Attorney Long have been commissioned by the municipal government to proceed to Washington to "assist in securing Hetch Hetchy legislation at this session of Congress." Apparently the great moral lesson sought to be impressed by President Wilson has yet to sink into the consciousness of the mayor and supervisors of San Francisco. These officials, it appears, are so presumptuous as to feel that San Francisco has the right to present information, argument, even persuasion, in support of a measure now pending before Congress. They are apparently so morally blind as not to realize the wickedness of undertaking to influence Congress, so besotted in their self-conceit as to be impervious alike to the President's admonitions and reproofs.

Time was when the government of Washington was thought to be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. This delusion has been widespread and it is of traditional standing. Possibly there may be some justification for a mental and moral obtuseness which can not all at once take in the fact that there has come a mighty change at Washington—that the government now established there is the government of Woodrow Wilson, which nobody is permitted to approach upon peril of executive wrath as against gross impertinence and insidious dishonesty.

The Conboy Case.

Captain Conboy has applied for release from San Quentin on parole with a view to his reinstatement on the police force. That his application should receive any support from the public would prove a perversity of judgment, an obliquity of moral vision, that would be no less than an encouragement to crime. Conboy was tried several times for murder, and but for his official position he would have been convicted on the first occasion and in the course of a few hours. He was guilty not only of murder, but of a peculiarly aggravated form of murder. Pledged to the protection of the public he used his service weapon to kill an inoffensive boy. Enjoying a large measure of general confidence and popularity, he showed that he was unfit to possess either, and when he was finally brought to book he used every artifice at his command in an unscrupulous defense. It is not given to the average sight to witness the reptile subtleties that necessitated these long and costly proceedings, but we all know that they were there. We know that they are always there, and that they help to make the criminal policeman the most invincibly dangerous malefactor in the community. In this case Conboy had practically no honest defense except that he was drunk, which is no defense at all. That his life was spared ought to be the utmost extent to which mercy can go, and we may be quite sure that there would have been no mercy at all if an even-handed justice had rightly estimated the aggravations implied by so terrible an abuse of position and power. If Conboy's application should be successful it will be a practical notification that there is a special criminal law for policemen and a special immunity for the murders that they find it convenient to commit. And this seems hardly an appropriate time for such a notification. Conboy should not be at liberty, and still less should he be on the police force.

The Girls Who "Drop Out."

The Fresno *Republican* takes exception to certain comments appearing in these columns upon the experiences of Messrs. Doubleday & Page, who decided to institute a minimum wage among their girl employees and who were gratified to find that the less efficient ones "dropped out." The *Argonaut* ventured to ask if these inefficient ones "dropped out" into some lethal chamber, or merely into space. The *Argonaut* confessed also to having its grave suspicions as to the ultimate destination of these luckless victims of the new reform.

The *Republican* replies that the argument is "more plausible than conclusive." Now in the first place no argument was advanced. A definite and speculative question was asked, and that question remains unanswered. That question was as to the presumptive fate of the girl who first earns an insufficient wage and who is then deprived of even that insufficient wage by the operations of the new philanthropy. Thanks to the illustration in question we are dealing, not with hypothetical conditions, but with concrete facts. When these underpaid girls "dropped out," where did they drop? What became of them? Has the Fresno *Republican* any theory on that point that can be stated in passable terms? Furthermore we have been told somewhat noisily by reformers all over the country that low pay tends to vice. Personally we believe this to be a libel, but it suggests a further question, and it is this: Which is the more liable to lead to vice—insufficient pay or no pay at all?

The *Republican* then goes on to one of those amazing generalities that seem to proceed from a mental fog of theory. We are told that "these persons (the inefficient) must in any event be taken care of out of the proceeds of the labor of the efficient. The only question is by what method this shall be accomplished. The most useful service the incompetent can render to those who must, in any case, take care of them directly or indirectly, is to allow themselves simply to 'drop out.'" Now this is not intended as a heartless cynicism. It is not an ill-timed jest. It is merely an illustration of a certain extraordinary capacity to believe that a thing must be so, and is so, because it ought to be so. Once more we will remind the *Republican* that we are dealing with conditions and not theories, nor states of the Progressive mind. And so we would ask in what way these inefficient ones who drop out are "taken care of out of the proceeds of the labor of the efficient." Where is there any one so benighted, so unaware of facts, as to suppose that these dispossessed and now penniless girls are actually "taken care of" at all unless it be in unmentionable ways? And so these unfortunates, the victims of a cruel philanthropy, are recommended to perform a "most useful service" by effacing themselves, by surrendering their pitiful earnings in order that they may be "taken care of" by some shadowy mechanism that is doubtless in full and perfect operation in the Progressive consciousness—but not elsewhere. The *Republican* must of course be acquitted of an unseemly jest. With unusual ability and unvarying dignity it follows a will-o'-the-wisp that it believes to be a star, and the bog closes inevitably around its feet, as witness this surprising defense of a patent iniquity. And so with every desire to help, the *Argonaut* asks once more, What becomes of the girls who drop out? Not what might or ought to become of them, but what does become of them?

Editorial Notes.

The President's alleged willingness to "drop" the lobby charge is in the nature of a confession that His Excellency has made just a bit of a fool of himself. It would seem that a man of Mr. Wilson's years and experience ought to have had more discretion than to utter serious charges without any real basis and in default of justifying proofs. Yet we must reflect that Mr. Wilson's years have been spent in dealing with theoretical matters and addressing immature minds lacking the privilege of back talk. None the less a charge like that made by the President is slanderous if not true; and if true he ought not to be above presenting the proofs. It is not creditable after having grasped this particular poker to quietly drop it because it happens to be hot.

Premier Borden's project for the construction of three dreadnoughts by the Canadian government at a cost of $35,000,000, as a contribution to the sea power of the empire, has practically been beaten in the Canadian Parliament. It passed the Tory house in the form in which it was submitted, but was so modified by the Liberal senate as to be unacceptable to Mr. Borden and his associates in the government. Mr. Borden has now under the Canadian system the option of appealing to the electorate, as former Premier Laurier did last year in the matter of the projected reciprocity treaty. But he does not feel assured of the result in the present state of public sentiment and probably will not make the venture. Other parts of the empire have been making plans similar to Mr. Borden's project, and it will now be interesting to see if this throwback in Canada shall tend to diminish their enthusiasm. The project is well under way in New Zealand, and South Africa has volunteered assurances which are expected to materialize in at least one first-class battleship.

Secretary Daniels makes the striking suggestion that service in the navy should be a school of instruction in one or another or all of the several trades practised on shipboard and in the navy yards. This plan he thinks would improve the service by giving it a body of disciplined and skilled men, and would likewise in course of time create a large and skilled reserve force ready for service at any time it might be called to duty. There is a still broader aspect of this matter which the Secretary would do well to make part of his project. Naval service, made a school of trades and a course of discipline, would make a notable contribution to the general efficiencies of civil life by giving to it a body of manually trained men. Under trades unionism as we now have it all over the country, with its rule of strictly limited apprenticeships, it is now extremely difficult for American boys to learn the manual trades. Not even the sons of mechanics, excepting perhaps one in every ten, can find the means of learning their father's trades. An ambitious and likely youth who applied to the editor of the *Argonaut* a few days ago for work remarked that he wanted to be a carpenter, but although he had searched diligently he could find no chance to work himself in. "The only place I know in California," he said sadly, "where a boy can learn the carpenter's trade is at San Quentin—and I haven't come to that yet."

One interesting fact connected with the recall of Judge Weller has been overlooked by those who have sought to draw lessons from this incident. The total registration of women voters in San Francisco is 46,060. Of this number 16,967 cast their votes for or against Weller. In other words, in an election where special appeal was made to women only about twenty per cent of those who registered went to the polls.

The Canadian Parliament is one of the few parliaments in the world where speeches in two languages are allowed. This, of course, is due to the large French and English elements in Canada. Naturally this leads to scenes which seem novel to one accustomed to British politics. For instance, when the Canadian House of Commons is sitting in committee, should a French-Canadian start to address the house in French, you may see the English chairman retire from his seat and allow a French chairman to take his place. In the same manner the official English reporters cease work and a staff of French shorthand writers begin.

The earliest successful locomotive in England was completed just 100 years ago. It was named "Puffing Billy." The owner was warned that "if the noise of the engine disturbs the cattle grazing in the lands adjacent to the wagon way (railway), so as to put them off their feed, it may be considered a nuisance."

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The state of profound peace following upon the war in Tripoli seems to be of a peculiarly sanguinary nature. Thanking God that a devastating war was brought to a conclusion some months ago by the signing of a treaty between the belligerents, we learn with interest that a large Italian force has been beguiled into the desert by an ancient ruse and there cut to pieces. General Mambretti has been recalled and Lieutenant-General Tommaso will take his place with large reinforcements and so continue the pacific development of the country so auspiciously begun by the aforesaid treaty. In point of fact the war in Tripoli has been waged continuously since the first invasion of the country. The Arab forces have not surrendered and they have no intention to do so. Italy is practically where she was at the beginning of the war, in possession of a strip of sea coast and not much more. Immediately confronting her are the innumerable hosts of the desert, whose highest mission in life is to kill an infidel and who are quite willing to die in the process.

The Italian defeat has resulted in a renewed speculation as to the likelihood of a general Mohammedan rising against Europe. A particularly well-informed writer says that those who know most of the situation are also the most reticent in expressing their opinions. The more favorable view is that the Moslem world is so divided into sects that agreement for a common purpose is unlikely, but it was said with equal assurance that the Balkan states would never be able to overcome their mutual jealousies and to combine against the Turk. It is certain that there are mysterious movements everywhere under the green flag, and the novelist in search of material might do worse than study some of the stories of vast armaments stored in the recesses of the desert and of fanatical emissaries who are dreaming dreams of an unbroken Mohammedan sway.

Official returns from Sofia show the Bulgarian losses in the war against Turkey to be 86,734 men, of which 30,041 were killed on the field. The total Bulgarian force was about 350,000. The losses were therefore extraordinarily high for so short a struggle, and it is also notable that the proportion of killed to wounded is quite exceptional in modern war. Casualty returns from Servia, Greece, Montenegro, and Turkey are not yet available, but it is evident that the total must be enormous. It would seem that the Turks were not quite so demoralized as reports have indicated, since they were able to kill and wound so large a number of their enemies. The allied Balkan states, who hate each other so cordially, may now have a little leisure in which to face their profit and loss accounts and to discover upon which side of the ledger the balance is to be found.

Cora Sutton Castle, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly,* endeavors to reach some conclusion as to the greatest women in history, and for this purpose she has consulted the six most generally recognized books of reference. Surprising to relate, the verdict is in favor of Mary Stuart. Harriet Beecher Stowe is the most eminent woman of American birth, and she comes twentieth on the list, and twelve of the first twenty are queens or empresses. Here is the list of the twenty "preëminently gifted women of history": Mary Stuart, Jeanne d'Arc, Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth, George Sand, Mme. de Staël, Catherine II, Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, Queen Anne, Mme. de Sevigné, Queen Mary, George Eliot, Queen Christina, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mme. de Maintenon, Josephine, Catherine de Medici, Cleopatra, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Let us hope that the vicissitudes of heaven will not bring the last two into contact. Cleopatra and Harriet Beecher Stowe would not like each other. They would find no points of agreement. But the list is a curious one, and of course a valueless one, since there is no basis of common opinion on the ingredients of greatness. The compiler of the list tried to find one thousand eminent women, but she could discover only 868 since the dawn of history. But we must enter a protest against the exclusion of the late Empress of China, whose name we forget at the moment. Personally we should have placed her at the head of the list, or perhaps second only to Jeanne d'Arc.

Every one remembers Miss Ellen Stone, the Christian missionary who was captured by Macedonian brigands some years ago and eventually ransomed. Miss Stone was awarded the halo of martyrdom by her co-religionists throughout the world, and she displayed that halo somewhat industriously in the magazines and on the lecture platforms of the world. Now comes a volume by Lieutenant Wagner, the celebrated war correspondent of the Vienna *Reichspost,* who gives a survey of the conditions leading up to the struggle and incidentally communicates the following information:

> An American lady, Miss Stone, who had made common cause with the Revolutionists, arranged that she should be captured by a Macedonian band in the hills of Turkey, in order that the heavy ransom paid by America for her release might go to increase the cash in the military chest of the hoped-for rising.

Explanations from the lady missionary are now in order. Also her repudiation by the pious organizations that profited by her "martyrdom." If Lieutenant Wagner is speaking the truth, then Miss Stone is a common swindler who ought to be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses. It would be a wholesome reminder to missionary bodies in general that the end does not alway justify the means.

The French government is to be applauded for its resolve to nationalize the annual fête in honor of Jeanne d'Arc. Hitherto the occasion has been used to exploit the Royalist cause and to stimulate a movement that is called Nationalist for no better reason than its spiteful and persistent attacks upon the government. American admirers of the Maid of Orleans would henceforth do well to include a visit to the little church of St. Denis de la Chapelle in their Paris itinerary. In 1429 Jeanne is said to have attacked Paris, then occupied by the Burgundians. She camped in the plain of St. Denis and she used to go each morning to pray in the church of St. Denis de la Chapelle. The building has been much changed and enlarged, but the visitor may still see some of the round columns that supported the original nave. Even Parisians are not usually aware of the history of the church, although a few Roman Catholics have been in the habit of making it the object of an annual pilgrimage.

We have had to wait six years for a competent report on the discovery in Egypt of a new Greek manuscript of the Gospels which seems to be of a greater age than any other now extant. The most notable difference is a passage inserted in the concluding verses of Mark. Jesus is represented as upbraiding the disciples for their unbelief, and the text then continues:

> And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who, through the agency of unclean spirits, suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended. For this cause, said they unto Christ, reveal now at once Thy righteousness. And Christ said unto them: The limit of the years of the power of Satan is (not) fulfilled, but draweth near, etc.

Professor Flinders Petrie seems to think that the value of the new discovery must be judged from internal evidences rather than from its antiquity. It may be either "one of the heretical manuscripts, doctored to meet the views of one of the various parties, or a more excellent text than any we possess." That many of the Testament manuscripts were so doctored and that this sort of pious chicane is among the chief difficulties of selection has never been sufficiently emphasized.

Mr. E. Armstrong, who referred in the course of a lecture at the London Royal Institution to Shakespeare's historical blunder which had such "glorious literary results," now writes to the *Standard* to explain that the blunder did not originate with Shakespeare, but was copied by him from Luigi da Porto's novel, "Guiletta e Romeo," first published in 1531, if indeed it did not originate still further back with Benvenuto da Imola. The point, says Mr. Armstrong, is this:

> Dante in his lines "Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti Monaldi e Filippeschi" (Purgatorio vi., 106-7) illustrated the fate of political parties in his day. The commentator, knowing that the two latter were parties under family names, like Gladstonians and Disraelites, at Orvieto, inferred that the former pair were leading families at Verona. The Montecchi were certainly connected with Verona, and this the commentator knew, but it is disputable whether it was a family name or a party nickname. The Cappelletti (or Capelletti) had nothing to do with Verona, but were a political party at Cremona, so called from the arrangement of their coiffure in contradistinction to their enemies, the Troncaciuffi, Short-locks. Long may other men of letters misread history to such purpose!

The loss in London of a celebrated German violin produces a curious statement from a violin expert that although some of the German instruments are admirable in quality and quantity they have never fetched the prices willingly given for some of the Italian violins. No great public performer is now using a German instrument, not even those by Stainer. Among recent losses the most notable instance is the disappearance of Ysaye's Stradivarius. He left it unwatched in the artist's room below the orchestra and when he returned the violin was gone, and has never been seen since. The thief was probably obsessed by a sort of insane craving to possess a Stradivarius, but he can never do more than gloat over it in secret. It would be instantly recognized by any living expert.

The Iowa legislature intends to abolish the scandal of the medical expert by means of a law empowering the judge to appoint a doctor who will have no predispositions on either side, and whose evidence will therefore be confined to the untinted facts. This ought to have been done long ago, not only in Iowa, but in every state in the Union. And it would have been done long ago if there had been much sincerity in a reform movement that is busy enough in the effort to "get" some one who happens to have money, but that has no energies for the abatement of grave legal scandals.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Recently there died in New York George W. Quintard, who was largely responsible for the building of the famous ironclad, *Monitor,* during the Civil War. He was born in Stamford, Connecticut, and in 1847 entered the employ of the Morgan Iron Works in New York and three years later became a co-partner with Charles Morgan. After Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, had refused to have anything to do with the plans for the *Monitor,* presented by John Ericsson, the inventor, Mr. Quintard's firm constructed the ship. He was ninety-one years old at the time of his death.

There is probably no more impervious, serviceable waterproof than the raincoats and cloaks of Mitsumata paper made from the leaves and stems of a small shrub which grows in the mountains of Japan. Until one of the experts of the department of agriculture discovered it a few years ago its existence was unknown to the outside world. Even now but little is known of it except that the plant has thrived in some mountainous portions of the United States; and further that the method of manufacturing the paper is crude.

In the Southern States alone negroes are proprietors of 10,000 general stores, 300 pharmacies, and fifty-seven banking institutions. In the entire country they own 20,000,000 acres of land, and more than 600,000 houses.

OLD FAVORITES BY THACKERAY.

When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas.

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?
I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?
Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

Jeames of Buckley Square—A Helegy.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
Neer valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
Than andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.
O Evns! it vas the best of sights,
Behind his Master's coach and pair,
To see our Jeames in red plush tights
A driving hoff from Buckley Square.
He vel became his hagwilletts,
He cocked his hat with *such* a hair;
His calves and viskers *vas* such pets,
That hall loved Jeames of Buckley Square.
He pleased the hup-stairs folks as vell,
And o! I vithered vith despair,
Misses *vould* ring the parlor bell,
And call up Jeames in Buckley Square.
Both heer and sperrits he abhord
(Sperrits and heer I can't a bear),
You would have thought he vas a lord
Down in our All in Buckley Square.
Last year he visper'd, "Mary Ann,
Ven I've an under'd pound to spare,
To take a public is my plan,
And leave this hojous Buckley Square."
O how my gentle heart did bound,
To think that I his name should bear!
"Dear Jeames," says I, "I've twenty pound,"
And gev them him in Buckley Square.
Our master was a City gent,
His name's in railroads everywhere,
And lord, vot lots of letters vent
Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square.
My Jeames it was the letters took,
And read them all (I think it's fair),
And took a leaf from Master's book,
As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.
Encouraged with my twenty pound,
Of which poor *I* was unavare,
He wrote the Companies all round,
And signed hisself from Buckley Square.
And how John Porter used to grin,
As day by day, share after share,
Came railway letters pouring in,
"J. Plush, Esquire, Buckley Square."
Our servants' All was in a rave—
Scrip, stock, curves, gradients, bull, and bear,
Vith butler, coachman, groom, and page,
Vas all the talk in Buckley Square.
But O! imagine vot I felt
Last Vensday veek as ever were;
I gits a letter, which I spelt
"Miss M. A. Hoggins, Buckley Square."
He sent me back my money true—
He sent me back my lock of air,
And said: "My dear, I bid ajew
To Mary Hann and Buckley Square.
Think not to marry, foolish Hann,
With people who your betters are;
James Plush is now a gentleman,
And you—a cook in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas won,
In six short months, by genius rare;
You little thought what Jeames was on,
Poor Mary Hann, in Buckley Square.
I've thirty thousand guineas net;
Powder and plush I scorn to vear;
And so, Miss Mary Hann, forget
For hever Jeames of Buckley Square."

Lines Upon My Sister's Portrait.

The castle towers of Bareacres are far upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea;
I stood upon the donjon keep and viewed the country o'er,
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.
I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place—
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race;
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field!
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colors wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden behind his Prince!
At Acres with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poictiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry ringing:
O grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before us.
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
Sir Willibald of Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line;
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A Snob.

—*By the Lord Southdown.*

PITY THE MILLIONAIRE!

London Observes a Rothschild Dramatizing His Woes.

There's no denying the *entente cordiale* now. For on Friday night what should have been a *répétition générale* in gay Paree became a first night for the delectation of the cockney. In other words, Baron Henri de Rothschild actually postponed the Parisian first performance of his latest play for the purpose of renewing his acquaintance with the theatre-goer of London. The experiment was less hazardous than it might have been in the case of a mere playwright such as Henri Lavedan or Paul Hervieu, for the baron is a great favorite in the English capital, and is pleasantly remembered here as the author of "La Saufgarde" and "La Rampe," two plays which proved him to be more than an ambitious amateur. Besides, he had the good fortune to secure the Garrick Theatre for his venture with Arthur Bourchier in the rôle of leading man, to say nothing of his adroitness in importing the dainty Gabrielle Dorziat to sustain his chief female part.

Baron Henri de Rothschild is an ambitious man. If he were not he would not be at the pains of writing plays. For that he is enormously wealthy may be inferred from his name. Distinguished among the members of the famous family to which he belongs by the fact that he has eschewed those banking activities usually associated with the name of Rothschild, in his native Paris the baron is best known in his favorite rôle of the medical philanthropist, for he maintains at his own cost a large hospital, where some twenty thousand sick people are annually treated free of all cost. But that hobby does not exhaust his energy; for some years past he has dabbled in dramatic writing and will tell you an unaccountable story of his difficulties to get his plays acted. It took him two years, for example, to find a manager with sufficient courage to produce "La Rampe." Several declined because they were afraid they would be charged with having staged it for a cash consideration; others were willing to take the risk if the author promised to indemnify them against monetary loss. What the baron insisted upon was that "La Rampe" should be given a trial on its own merits, irrespective of the wealth of its author.

Some day the baron is to give us a play which will turn the limelight in the direction of theatrical management; meanwhile in his new play, "Crœsus" by name, he attempts to show how the poor millionaire is handicapped in another relation of life. For his theme is a gospel text with a new ending. "It is easier," his hero affirms, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of love." Now as a rich man himself Baron Henri de Rothschild may be presumed to know whereof he writes. There have been novelists and playwrights who have daringly drawn upon their imaginations to enlighten us as to the psychology of the millionaire, just as there have been plebeians who have not boggled to paint a picture of the aristocrat; but when a Rothschild undertakes to depict the woes of the millionaire his credentials must be accepted by the most skeptical.

At the same time "Crœsus" is not to be taken as a page of autobiography. Fearful, perhaps, of being inundated by a horde of sirens who will undertake to love him for himself alone, the baron anticipated his play by announcing that it is personal to his own experience only in a broad sense. Some of his incidents have happened in his own life, but others enshrine morals drawn from the confidence of friends and relatives equally oppressed by great wealth. The conclusion he has reached is that the millionaire finds money can not buy him happiness or love; not eight out of ten men of wealth attain their desire in wedded felicity.

And so to the play, as Pepys would have said. Although the cast numbered two dozen, the burden of the three acts was sustained by four characters. In each of those acts the central figure is Comte Sorbier, the Crœsus or millionaire of the title, who at the moment the action begins is beguiling himself with the pleasant thought that the pretty little widow Marcelle de Ligneray, whom he has taken under his "protection," is entirely devoted to his person. Incidentally we learn that Sorbier has a heart of infinite kindness, that he is specially fond of artists and poor folk in general, but that the one passion of his life is to discover a woman who will love him because he is a man and not because he is a millionaire. Is Marcelle such a woman? She ought to be, for Sorbier allows her to want for nothing of those things dear to the heart of her sex. She has a superb mansion to live in, is dressed by Doucet, can count upon the attentions of endless servants, and has but to express a wish to have it gratified. But ere the act closes Marcelle is off to Nice, in the company, it is almost needless to add, of a younger and more passionate lover than her Crœsus.

Act two is passed in the office of Sorbier after an interval sufficient to allow Marcelle time to repent. But, pending her arrival, the action is eked out by a few incidents intended to illustrate the boredom of the millionaire in other relations of life. Sorbier has a stream of callers, dealers in fraudulent antiques, hard-luck artists, and countless other parasites. The chief of the latter is an old *roué*, the Vicomte de Fonsac, who pleads so piteously the needs of his paralyzed mother that he elicits a substantial check from the generous Sorbier. And now Marcelle returns, in tears, of course, and with vehement protests that she had not "betrayed" her protector. But it is all in vain; Sorbier has learned his lesson and makes her understand that their relations are ended. Finally the office is cleared of all the callers, and Sorbier seizes that moment of privacy to unlock a formidable safe which has been a conspicuous but hitherto unutilized property of the setting. From its recesses he takes out a shabby jacket and an equally threadbare overcoat and dilapidated hat.

When Sorbier arrays himself in these out-of-character garments the astute playgoer or seasoned novel reader knows what to expect. It was surprising, then, to learn that for some weeks Crœsus had been sustaining the rôle of a poor clerk with a salary of fifteen dollars a week in the hope that in such a disguise he might win a woman who would love him for himself alone. The woman he has in view is a *midinette* named Yvonne Pinchard, whose acquaintance we make in the final act. The scene, indeed, passes in Yvonne's humble home, where Sorbier, masquerading as the poor clerk, seems to find more happiness than amid his native environment. In so far as a *midinette* is capable, Yvonne does love her humble admirer, but the paucity of his income chills the ardor of her affection. On this night, however, she has good news for her lover; she has had the rare fortune to captivate an elderly and wealthy suitor, whose first instalment of largess she proposes to hand to her poorer gallant. Yvonne explains that her new beau will not object to a continuance of her relations with the clerk provided his visits to her flat do not coincide with his own.

Now of course this elderly *roué* is none other than the Vicomte de Fonsac, who has cashed the Sorbier check intended for the relief of his paralyzed mother and is spending the proceeds on his own enjoyment. Such is another of the ironies of the distressed millionaire; his very charities to his parasites are turned into weapons for the destruction of his peace of mind and the ruining of his ideals. In vain does Sorbier plead with Yvonne against the course she has adopted; and when he discloses his identity his only reward is to be treated to a tirade against millionaires in general and himself in particular. Even then his generosity does not fail him; his last act is to write a check for the wayward Yvonne, upon whom the curtain falls as she is counting up her future weekly income.

Parisian as is its atmosphere, "Crœsus" seemed greatly to the liking of its London audience. Much of that happy result must be placed to the credit of Mr. Bourchier, whose rendering of the unfortunate millionaire was incisive and strong. He also so underscored his generous traits that the sympathy of the house was never lost for a moment. Grace and distinction characterized Mlle. Dorziat's impersonation of Marcelle, while Spencer Trevor's interpretation of the sponging old *roué* was a clever and amusing study. Baron Henri de Rothschild should make his next assault upon New York, there he might gather an audience of millionaires who would be even better judges of his thesis than his London admirers. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 27, 1913.

◆

Arkansas is the greatest pearl-producing state in the Union, and with the season of 1913 just beginning, hundreds of men will be engaged in the pearl hunt from this time until winter sets in. It is said that the fresh-water pearl of Arkansas of the highest class can not be distinguished from the finest deep-sea jewel. Throughout the South generally thousands of people follow the pearl-fishing industry and make a comfortable living at it. Up to a few years ago the jewel wealth contained in the river beds of the Mississippi Valley was completely hidden. It was not supposed that the fresh-water mussel was a pearl bearer, or that it had any value except for fish-bait. It is sought now not only for the precious stone it may have hidden in its shell, but for the shell itself, which is manufactured into stick-pins, cuff-links, and buttons of every description. The shell fisheries have for years extended far up the Mississippi River. A recent writer on the subject puts fresh-water pearls into four classifications—true pearls, baroques, slugs, and chicken feed. The first, or true pearls, are of a definite shape and regular form, round, oval, or pear-shaped. These command the highest price. Baroques are pearls of irregular form. Slugs are low-grade baroques. The smaller size, the kind used in inexpensive though genuine and neat jewelry, go by the professional name of chicken feed.

◆

An Indian custom which adds a picturesque touch to the roadsides between Cuzco and Machu Picchu, in Peru, is the presence of quaint signs indicating what is for sale in the Indian huts. A small bunch of wheat or barley tied on the end of a pole and stuck out in front of the hut indicates that there is *chicha* (a native corn beer) for sale within. A bunch of flowers on the end of a pole also has the same significance. A green wreath means that there is bread for sale, while a piece of white cloth or white paper waving in the breeze indicates that the wayfarer may here purchase *aguardiente*, a powerful white rum made of cane juice and containing a large percentage of raw alcohol.

◆

Of all machines made by man none can compare for long life with the clock. The life of a clock is as much longer than that of any other machinery as the life of a man is longer than that of a dog. The French city of Rouen has a great clock which was built in the year 1389 and is still keeping good time. Except for cleaning and a few necessary repairs it has never stopped during a period of more than five centuries. It strikes the hours and chimes the quarters.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Romain Rolland, to whom the grand literary prize has just been awarded by the French Academy, is well known as a playwright, novelist, and historical writer. The amount of the award is $2000.

Romiro Diaz, newly appointed agricultural expert by the minister of Agriculture of Argentine, is a native of the southern republic, and was graduated from the Ontario (Canada) Agricultural College.

Levi P. Morton, Vice-President of the United States from 1889 to 1893, recently celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday at his home in New York. Of recent months his health has been poor, and at times his life has been despaired of.

The Reverend A. G. Swain, of Loyalton, California, is believed to be the only man in this country who is both justice of the peace and minister. For six days in the week he occupies the position of magistrate, and on the seventh his sermons are listened to with attention.

F. H. Soper, the first man to ship apples to England, is known as Apple King of Delaware, where he has been raising the fruit for twenty-nine years. He was a pioneer in the scientific management of the fruit business, and his methods are copied extensively by Delaware apple men.

Professor Paul Showey, next year's Roosevelt professor to the University of Berlin, fills the chair of Greek at the University of Chicago. It is expected that his course in Berlin will deal with Greek philosophy, especially the works of Plato, on which he has written a number of books.

Thomas Burt, "father of the House of Commons," and the first actual laboring man to enter Parliament. began life as a pit-boy. For eighteen years he worked in the coal mines, educating himself as best he could. He has represented Morpeth since 1874, and despite his age has never ceased to advance. He is now seventy-six.

Henry J. Ford, who was been in the Philippines on a secret mission for President Wilson, investigating the status of the Filipinos and their qualifications for self-government, is professor of politics in Princeton University. For years he occupied the editorial chair, being connected with Baltimore, New York, and Pittsburgh newspapers.

Miss Ina Shepherd of Birmingham, Alabama, is credited with being the first woman to have charge of a clearing house. Miss Shepherd for several years has been secretary of the Birmingham Clearing House Association and each month the clearings from eight banks, amounting to from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, pass through her hands.

Edward McGrath, who laid out and started the operation of the first star mail route within the Arctic Circle, has just been appointed superintendent of the railway mail service. He entered the Postal Department in 1889, and in 1900 he went to Alaska to lay out an all-American route to the interior of that country, remaining for four years.

Miss Hannah Wessling, official breadmaker for the government, is an expert chemist in the Agricultural Department. She is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati. In a model kitchen equipped with every scientific apparatus she conducts experiments, the results of which are later announced in government reports of interest to housekeepers.

Henning Berger, whose play, "The Deluge," has been taken for American production next season, is a Swedish dramatist, but for a time lived in Chicago. He is now a resident of Stockholm, where the play was first acted. When he came to this country he was unknown, and after arriving in Chicago he was compelled for some time to do odd jobs to make a living.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "The Happy Warrior," was intended for the army, but was prevented by defective eyesight. Then he was sent to a medical school for two years, but the work proving thoroughly distasteful, he abandoned it, much to his parents' regret, for the pen. He is now editor-in-chief of the London *Daily Graphic*. He was born in India, and comes of a military family.

General Sir John Denton French, promoted to field marshal on the occasion of the king's birthday, is a veteran who has seen hard service on many fields. He served in the Soudan campaign, 1884-5, and when the Boer war broke out he went to South Africa in command of cavalry. He served until the end of the war, taking part in many historic battles, and was often mentioned in the dispatches. Since 1907 he has been inspector-general of forces.

John Claflin, the overshadowing figure in the dry goods business of the United States, who incorporated the United Dry Goods Company, of which he is president, with a capital of $51,000,000 in 1909, became a member of his father's dry goods firm when twenty-three, and has had little leisure since. He is a lover of the outdoors, and rarely permits a summer to go by that he does not spend part of it under canvas. One of his first achievements was to cross South America, almost on the line of the equator, accompanied by Indian packers. He took an original course, and few have followed him.

THE GIRL FROM EMPORIA.

Her Campaign and Victory.

We were playing five hundred—my sister and I—with the girl from Emporia when the invalid boarded the train at Albuquerque. He leaned heavily on the porter's shoulder as he walked down the aisle. After him came his mother, evidently—a plain-faced woman, whose features were set in a changeless mask of unlovely despair. Sometimes suffering refines and sweetens the human countenance. But you could see this woman beating her bony hands against the door of Fate. Doubtless the sick man was her only son, and, unquestionably, he was an "incurable." But she might have made his last days—or years—a little more pleasant for him if she hadn't let her soul sour within her.

The invalid was a peculiarly personable young man. You could see how big and strong and brave-looking he had once been, though he was little more than a shell now, and his manhood was beginning to die. It hurt me to see it and I turned to the girl from Emporia for relief. She was such a contrast; so vital and healthy and altogether wholesomely sweet. Middle-western, yes; and a trifle vulgar, perhaps, but altogether splendid and winning. Even Emily, who is a bit too patrician, took a fancy to her.

As I turned I saw her great brown eyes fixed on the man in a glance primitively protective, magnificently maternal. Then they passed to the mother, and a frown of contemptuous indignation corrugated her brows. "Ugh!" she said, softly. "What a cat! Poor boy!"

Whether or not the man heard her, I don't know. At any rate, he turned, just then, and their glances met. As though some potent vital current had suddenly touched his nerve centres he straightened and the burden of his doom fell from him. For a moment some ghost of his former splendor returned and he flashed back one of those unconscious signals which show that sex tinder has been struck between a man and woman of unusual and kindred type.

It all happened, as I said, in a second. Then the invalid sank wearily down in his seat, and the girl from Emporia resumed her game. But she played rather absent-mindedly after that.

Next day the man seemed a trifle improved. Even the mother was less saturnine of expression. Of course the girl from Emporia was responsible. She had scraped an acquaintance with the mother and spent most of the morning talking to her and the invalid. In the afternoon she played more five hundred with us and told us the news. "He's from New York," she told us, "and he's going home to die. They can't do anything for him on the desert and he's tried Colorado, too. Aint it a shame? Such a big, fine, young fellow! Got kicked in the lungs in a football game and that brought it on. He's the only child of that woman—and she'd figured on his being President, of course. I'm sorry for her, in spite of her face. But, gosh! she's the Human Wet Blanket! I think it's helping a whole lot to kill him—just having her around; and nobody else to talk with. I wonder——"

"You wonder—what?" asked Emily, quickly, as she paused.

"Oh, nothing," said the girl from Emporia, evasively. "I was just thinking."

"What do you suppose——" said Emily, as we sipped our breakfast coffee in the diner next morning, "what do you suppose that foolish, romantic, audacious——"

"Three adjectives are quite sufficient, Emily," I said, sternly. "You mean the young woman from Wichita——"

"Emporia," corrected Emily. "Her name is Esther Craig—and she's going through to New York."

"Delighted," I said, sincerely. "She's a thoroughly nice girl. But I thought——"

"She's telegraphed her folks not to meet her. The conductor's going to get her ticket and berth from Kansas on. She's got plenty of money and some friends in New York, so it won't seem——"

"You don't mean," I burst out, setting down my cup in astonishment, "that she's going east—on account of—the 'lunger'?"

"Don't be slangy, please," Emily protested. "Yes, that's why——"

"But—what on earth——" I stammered in bewilderment. "She isn't in love with him, is she?"

"No," returned Emily, "that's the craziest part of it. She's worked out an elaborate plan for his cure, half physical, half psychological. First, she wants to separate him from the mother. She's provided for that by telling the woman he needs a complete change and recommending an outdoor resort for men in the Catskills. One of these——"

"Mud-bath, back-to-nature, Garden-of-Eden things," I finished, when Emily paused, discreetly. "Pshaw. He's too far gone for that."

"You don't understand," Emily explained. "That's only a subterfuge, to get him away from the mother. The big feature is introducing a paramount incentive into his life. She's going to make him fall in love with her."

"What good will that do him?" I asked. "Yearning for the unattainable isn't going to help his peace of mind."

"But she's going to promise to marry him—as soon as he gets well," said Emily, triumphantly.

I stared at her in silence—aghast before the magnitude and originality of the scheme. Truly it was what one might expect of such a girl as Esther Craig.

"Suppose he recovers," I asked, after a time; "is she prepared to carry out her contract—for pure charity alone? You say she doesn't love him."

"*She'll* attend to that," replied Emily. "When he's well, she'll contrive to get out of it some way—even if she has to tell him the scheme. No, she won't marry him, because she's engaged to another fellow. But he's in South America building a bridge or something—and won't know."

"Well, by the Eternal!" I exclaimed, admiringly. "That girl is a female Napoleon. And I'm blamed if I don't think she'll win. But I'd hate to be the man. I'd sooner she'd let me die than come so near Heaven as that—and be barred out."

"Oh, he'll manage," said Emily, grimly. "A broken heart isn't nearly so dangerous as consumption."

While she was speaking the man entered, leaning on Esther's arm. The sour-faced mother was not present. They sat down opposite us and she ordered beefsteak and hot cakes for both. The invalid looked much better. His big, sunken eyes devoured his vis-à-vis. Almost already one could see the "paramount incentive" dawning in his soul.

That afternoon he joined us in a game of five hundred. The sour-visaged woman remained in her seat amid a litter of magazines which I mistrust Miss Esther had purchased. She made little progress in literary absorption, for, twice in every paragraph, her glance followed her thought to the tall, stoop-shouldered figure sitting beside the brown-haired, graceful one and displaying, now and then, little bursts of unexpected animation. And, if the mother's look held something of jealousy, there was also a faint, far glimmer of hope in her faded, restless eyes, which neutralized a little of the acid in her mien.

Toward evening on the last day of our journey she sought us out while the others were still in the dining car. "What do you think about that girl and her plan?" she asked, with startling intensity. "I don't know you folks very well, but I've got to ask somebody. I never saw such a woman nor heard such a scheme—and I've tried Christian Science and everything else."

"Miss Craig seems to be a young woman of uncommon sense," said my sister warmly. I nodded corroboration of the sentiment. "These open-air resorts work wonders, sometimes," I hazarded.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the woman shrewdly. "I'm no fool and I know what she means. She thinks the boy ought to get away from me—that my sorrow is making him worse. Maybe she's right. I'm not a cheerful body to have around, the Lord knows. My husband was a sea captain and he got drowned when Harry was ten years old. And then I lost my sister and now it's the boy. I used to think it was the Lord's will, but when that Albuquerque doctor told me he couldn't do anything more for Harry I lost faith in everything."

To my surprise and alarm, she began to weep softly. I left her to Emily for comfort, but not before I had heard her sob: "He's in love with her—clean crazy, and happy, too: him, with one foot in the grave. He doesn't care a cent about his old mother any more. But he didn't cough as much last night. God bless him! Maybe it's doin' him good."

The last we saw of them was at the ferry. Miss Craig was helping the invalid into a car and the mother was trotting, docilely, along behind.

"She wouldn't take it so easily if she knew the whole scheme," I said, looking after them.

Emily turned on me swiftly. "Maybe she'd take it easier," said my sister laconically. "And how do you know she doesn't?"

During the next four busy years I often wondered what had become of the invalid and his would-be savior. In fact, Emily watched the death notices religiously for a year or so and then evinced a romantic interest in the marriage licenses. But no clew came from the newspapers, except an item I ran across one day which stated that Erwin Peters, a young civil engineer from Emporia, Kansas, had died of the Chagres fever in Callao, Peru. Some instinct told me that it was the fiancé who was building a bridge and "wouldn't know."

You may imagine my surprise, then, at having Emily greet me on my return from a Western tour with the exciting announcement: "I've found them. I've found them. They're in New York."

"You don't mean Miss Craig and her invalid——?"

"The erstwhile consumptive," interrupted Emily, "yes, just that. And I promised to bring you around."

"She married him then, after all," I said.

"She did," said Emily, "and they've got the cutest little boy——"

"What about the sweetheart in South America? Was it he——"

"Yes, poor fellow," said Emily.

"Then the 'Lung'—that is, Harry—never knew," I reflected.

"That's the queer part of it," replied Emily. "He did and he didn't. And what he thought he knew came very near killing him and spoiling the whole business. It was that vixenish mother of his. You remember what I said when we saw them last?"

With some difficulty I recollected. "That she knew more than I gave her credit for," I answered. "Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"Somehow or other she figured it out that Esther was going to jilt Harry as soon as he got well. And, all the time, as he kept improving, she became more and more jealous of the girl. Finally she worked herself into a frenzy and decided that Harry must know the truth. So she went, herself, and told him. He believed it easily enough, for he is a modest boy and never could realize that a radiant being like Esther Craig would fall in love with him. He went away with the mother and Esther was pretty near crazy about it. While she was trying to trace him with detectives and personal investigations the engineer fiancé died. That left her free, and she finally found Harry in a Chicago hospital. They'd been in a street-car accident and the mother was killed. The boy's injuries weren't fatal, but he didn't seem to rally, didn't appear to care whether he got well or not. Well, that was their reunion, and the boy wouldn't believe Esther, though she swore that she loved him. He thought it was only pity—and he wouldn't have that."

"And wasn't it?" I asked.

"No, no, no," said Emily. "Can't you see. She'd come to care for him, and the other's death—though it shocked her greatly—was a godsend to them both."

"How did she manage to convince him?" I inquired. "It must have been an embarrassing situation."

"Horribly," agreed Emily. "The poor girl nearly died. But her life's happiness was at stake—and you know how determined she is."

"So she took desperate measures," I said, "and won. She was bound to win, of course, but I can't see just how she'd work it."

"She went out and got the license, herself," said Emily, with admiration in her eye. "Then she brought a preacher to the hospital and gathered all the doctors and nurses in sight for witnesses. It was a bluff game, but it worked. He didn't have the nerve to refuse her in public, so they were married while he was in bed. It didn't take him long to recover after that."

"I'll warrant it didn't," said I. "And what are they doing now?"

"Come along and I'll show you," said Emily. "It's only a few blocks from here."

Thus it came to pass that we entered, after a short walk, "Herrington's Academy of Physical Culture." A strapping young chap in a gymnasium suit was putting a lot of boys of all ages through a calisthenic drill. It was not without effort that one connected him with the "lunger." He looked idiotically happy.

In the next room was Esther Craig-Herrington, clad in bloomers, exercising a class of young women and girls. She seemed to radiate health, joy, and power, just as she did four years ago—only more so.

After the classes were over we four had a chat, and a happy reunion. We went over the whole wonderful story again and told of our own modest doings. Emily and I tried to persuade each other to take physical culture, but without success.

But we promised the Herringtons to come over and play five hundred some evening soon. Just as we were going out a little chap, about two years old, toddled in and I asked him his name.

"I's Erwin Peters Herr-m-m-ton," he said.

Louis J. Stellmann.

San Francisco, June, 1913.

◆

A Chinese laundry now occupies the log building at Colorado City which was the first Capitol of Colorado. It must be confessed that Colorado City was never officially recognized as the capital by the federal government, yet an honorable assembly of Colorado Territory, accepting it formally as such, once convened there with all due regularity. The first assembly met in Denver on December 9, 1861. The session lasted long enough to arrange for the transfer of all civil officers' headquarters to the new seat of government. But in the heat of political strife the order was never obeyed. The second assembly convened at Colorado City on July 7, 1862, wrangled for four days over the election of a Speaker, and then adjourned to Denver. Colorado City's short sojourn in the limelight was over, and the place soon fell upon evil days.

◆

Ninety-two officers will be added to Uncle Sam's army on June 12 by the graduation of the first class of the corps of cadets at the United States Military Academy. When the class of 1913 entered West Point on March 1, 1909, it had 146 members. Fifty-three of these have since fallen by the wayside and are among those "accounted for." The cadets who will be graduated come from thirty-six states of the Union. Illinois leads with six, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, and New York each have five and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania each four. The others have one, two, and three apiece.

◆

Japan has finally decided, after experiments extending over some years, to put beef on the daily diet of her navy. The reason is that the men in those ships where beef has been given daily have an advantage in height of nearly three-quarters of an inch over the average Japanese peasant, to whom meat is an unknown food.

◆

The last battle in which a British sovereign personally led his troops on the battlefield was in 1742, when George II, at the head of his army defeated the French at the Battle of Dettingen.

◆

More than 32,000 tons of aluminum was produced in the United States last year.

FROM STUDIO TO STAGE.

Weedon Grossmith Writes His Reminiscences as an Artist and as an Actor.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith is one of the few men to whom it has been given to win distinction in two separate kinds of art. He tells us in his volume of reminiscences that he went direct from school to the West London School of Art and began seriously to study painting. It is now clear enough that Mr. Grossmith will be remembered as an actor rather than as an artist, but he was certainly very far from being a failure in his earlier career. His volume contains more than one reproduction from paintings "exhibited at the Royal Academy," and while it is usually supposed that this is in itself a guaranty of excellence Mr. Grossmith himself tells a story that tends to remove the impression that acceptance by one of the great galleries is in any way conclusive:

> I remember sending a small picture to the Suffolk Street Galleries. I had exhibited there before with some little success, but this time received the notice informing me that "from want of space, etc., etc.," so a few days later I called at the back entrance in Whitcombe Street to get my picture back. A jolly-looking porter whom I knew came to the door, expressed his sorrow that my picture was not hung; he said, "Oh, Mr. Grossmith, I *am* sorry, I wish I had known you had sent something." "I don't know how you could influence the hanging committee," I replied. "No," he said, "I couldn't *influence* 'em. But if I'd known you had sent anything, while they'd gone out to lunch I could have popped it up on the wall, and when they came back they would be none the wiser, they'd have thought they had hung it themselves! I've often done it!!!"

Room may be found for one other artistic experience intended to show the embarrassments that even the best of intentions may by no means preclude:

> I had invited my mother and a friend of hers to tea at the studio one afternoon, and was expecting them at half-past four, and at that time there was a knock at the front door which was opened by some one who happened to be going out, which just gave me time to remove an old painting coat and don something more respectable. There was a gentle tap at the studio door, which I opened, expecting to welcome the mater and her friend, when in walked three girls, "models!" "Oh, Mr. Weedon Grossmith," said the eldest, "we've got an introduction to you from Mr. Curtice for sititngs, we're 'figure,' you know. I should like you to see us. I'm 'full,' but my sister Edie is 'slight.' 'Ere, Edie, slip yer things off and show Mr. Grossmith." "Oh, no, not now," I hastily replied, "not now. I'm—er—expecting some friends." "It'll only take a minute," she answered, "and I would like you to see Kate's shoulders, she's got beautiful coloring." "Some other time," I hurriedly replied, "but I'll take your names and addresses," and I proceeded to my desk, and opening the model book, wrote down the names and addresses; on turning round, to my amazement they had slipped off all their things on the floor in a heap, and were posing in far less than Maud Allan ever left on. In another second I heard the hall door open and my mother's voice thanking some one, and saying she knew the way to my studio.

It is to the author's credit that he is an incorrigible fisherman. In fact he devotes a whole chapter to fishing stories, although it may be said in extenuation that he is more attracted by the curiosities of the fishermen than those of the fish. Thus he tells of his friend Heather Bigg, who annoyed him frequently by asking him for a match while angling during intensely cold weather. To supply the request meant pulling in his line, unfastening his mackintosh, then the overcoat, and finally the undercoat. But then who can grudge so small a thing as a match?

> The second day we fished it was positively colder. Heather Bigg's pipe had gone out as usual. "Weedon, got a match?"
>
> It suddenly occurred to me he must have brought matches with him or how did he light his pipe—so I answered, "No!"
>
> "What a nuisance!" he replied, and drew in his line, undid his mackintosh, then the overcoat and undercoat, and at last took out a box of matches.
>
> "Why," I said, "you've got your matches with you."
>
> "Yes," he replied, "but I didn't want to catch cold getting them."
>
> Anglers not only become liars, but they become utterly selfish, but never *fools,* as Dr. Johnson dubs them. I have come across anglers who are cads, snobs, liars, knaves, and even thieves, but *never* fools!

There is no need to enter on the financial reasons that persuaded Mr. Grossmith out of the studio and on to the stage. His appearance in New York as one of the English mashers in "The Pantomime Rehearsal" was an astonishing success with a public accustomed to the "Lord Dundreary" type. Mr. Grossmith was the first actor to introduce the creased trousers, and much of his other make-up was copied from English models of his acquaintance. Indeed his costume was so unorthodox that on one occasion the manager ordered him from the stage as an intruder:

> I must have been a realistic character, when we were playing at Providence, Rhode Island, on the final night, I strolled down from my dressing-room, dressed as "Lord Arthur," on to the stage at a quarter to ten. I was only playing in "The Pantomime Rehearsal" and was not wanted till then, and I was talking to Miss Chester at the back of the scene. The local manager was fussing about and making himself generally objectionable, and I heard him shouting to some one, "We're here on *business*, and no one's allowed behind here, and you had best get back to your FAUTEUILS," pronounced by him "Fowtiles!" I still continued chattering, not dreaming for a moment that these remarks were intended for me. Presently he came up to me, and in a very rude way said: "You've no right here, you must *clear.*" Being a novice, I concluded that he meant I was interfering with the setting of the scene and expressed my sorrow and stepped back half a dozen yards. I had on my opera hat and was putting on a pair of white gloves. Presently he addressed me again with more violence in his tone," "See here! I've spoken to you *before*. We've no use here for tramps or dudes." I answered, "Look here, d——n it, who the ——," but before I could say another word he seized me round the waist and would have thrown me out of the building, but fortunately at that moment Brandon Thomas came to the rescue and explained who I was. The local manager was most profuse in his apologies, and said he had never seen anything like it before!! (or heard anything, either), as my make up and performance were *"it."*

Mr. Grossmith has something sensible to say about the practice of imitating the methods and mannerisms of great actors, a practice that was once more frequent than it is now. On his return to London he played a part that had been played many years before by Charles Matthews and who had thus established a sort of orthodoxy in its presentation:

> I was also asked by the producer to do the same business that Charles Matthews did, and when making my exit at the end of the first act the stage manager said, "Now, Mr. Grossmith, throw the tails of your frock coat over the back of your head."
>
> "Why?" I asked.
>
> "Because Matthews did it," he replied.
>
> "Never," said I. "Not having had the good fortune to see the great Charles Matthews, I naturally can't imitate his methods, and I must do things my own way."
>
> "Really," said the producer, and looking at the other members of the company for applause and encouragement, in his best cynical vein added, "We have many of us heard through press notices what a brilliant actor Mr. Weedon Grossmith is in America, but is he going to improve on Charles Matthews in London?"
>
> "That's not quite the point," I replied. "How Charles Matthews did this business I don't know; at any rate, he was a gentleman in every part he played, and I am much afraid his imitators have vulgarized his business, for it doesn't seem to me possible that Charles Matthews would make an exit from a drawing-room in the presence of ladies throwing his coat tails entirely over his head, and whether he did or not *I* absolutely decline to do it!!"

Mr. Grossmith tells us of his invitation to play Jacques Strop to Henry Irving's Robert Macaire. He says it took his breath away. Irving told him that he had received good reports of the young actor from Booth and Jefferson in America and arranged to pay him ten pounds a week if that would be enough:

> I didn't tell him that I would have played the part for nothing, and have willingly given a premium to have done so (if I had had the premium). I positively received £10 a week, to be *instructed* in the art of acting by the greatest actor of our time! It was worth hundreds to me, both from an artistic and a business point of view. The pains and trouble Irving took with every one over the slightest detail were remarkable. I admit he was very trying at times, especially when I was doing something quietly humorous—or rather, nothing—and he would gaze on me very solemnly and say, *"That's* not funny, my boy. You must do something *funny* there."
>
> I proved to him, however, on the first night that sitting perfectly still on the staircase looking the picture of misery WAS decidedly funny; at least the audience thought so, so much so that the great chief said to me afterwards, "What were you doing on the staircase that made the audience laugh so much?"
>
> "Nothing," I replied.
>
> "All right, my boy, do it again," he answered.

On the first night Mr. Grossmith tells us he felt sick and ill from nervousness. One of the other actors remarked that he looked rather pale. "Oh, that's the make-up," he replied. "I've got to look pale, you know":

> But before Irving made his entrance, getting up all his Macaire swagger and throwing his stick under his left arm, he turned to me with a most encouraging pat on the shoulder, and with a sweet smile, said, "You're all right, my boy, don't be nervous"; but I noticed that his own right hand, which held a cigarette, was *trembling.*

Irving had a great reception that seemed as though it would never finish. Then came the author's cue and "on I came with a run":

> It was wonderful how Irving held the audience, how they followed every word and gesture. When he was planning the murder of the rich old man staying at the inn, he sat on a table cutting a stick with a long clasp knife and leaning over Jacques Strop, instructing him what to do, and in a *whisper*—which could be heard at the back of the gallery—he said, "When all is quiet we will go into the old man's room, *No. 13*, and collar the swag."
>
> "But," I said, wiping the perspiration from my forehead, "suppose he should wake?"
>
> Irving glanced at me, then to the left, and made a pause of nearly half a minute before he answered; then with a horrible grin he slipped lightly off the table, and with a turn of the hand the blade of the knife shut with a snap, and placing it in his pocket, he said, "He *won't awake.*" The effect he produced by this simple action was extraordinary, and made one's flesh positively creep.

Mr. Grossmith tells us that he was partially responsible for the incident in "Charley's Aunt" where the butler is made to lend the money for his own tip. Grossmith at the time was living at Canonbury, and Brandon Thomas, author of "Charley's Aunt," was one of his friends:

> I had had a dinner party and as the guests were leaving, Brandon whispered to me, "Old chap, could you lend me five shillings?"
>
> I presumed he wanted it for a cab. "Delighted," I replied, but discovered I had no change. "One minute," I said, and got hold of Smith, who always carried about a bag with a goodish amount of silver therein. "Smith," I asked him, "have you got five shillings about you?"
>
> "Yes, sir, certainly, sir," and he handed me a large new five-shilling piece. "I am rather glad to part with him, in a way; it's heavy and I would rather have it smaller, it's sometimes difficult to change," he said as I took it. I returned to Brandon and slipped the five-shilling piece into his hand. He thanked me and wished me good-night.
>
> When all the guests had departed I observed Smith grinning, and he said, holding the five-shilling piece in hand, "I've got it back again, sir! See what Mr. Thomas gave me."

The actor who asks for an opinion from a candid friend is assuredly tempting fate, since candor is usually another name for brutality. In 1891 Mr. Grossmith tells us that he was playing in the Triple Bill and was visited by an old friend who had known him only in his painting days:

> During the run of the Triple Bill an old friend came round, at the termination of "The Pantomime Rehearsal," to my dressing-room and brought another man with him. He had never seen me on the stage, and knew me only as a painter. He expressed his great delight at our meeting, and I thoroughly reciprocated his feelings. He appeared very merry and kept on tapping me on the shoulder, saying, "Yes, my dear Weedon, we saw by your name on the bills that you were play-acting, and we came to see you, and we *paid,* too, by Jove, didn't we?" appealing to his friend as if it were an unusual procedure for an old friend of an actor to pay for admission to a theatre.
>
> "Yes, by Jove," he rattled on, "and if ever you come to Leeds you must lunch with us, what? Mustn't he?" . . .
>
> I assured them I would run down one day to Leeds to lunch, and during a pause in the conversation I asked him what he thought of me as an actor—always an unwise question to ask a friend.
>
> "I thought you were rather good, didn't I say so?" again appealing to his Yorkshire friend; and then he shook me by the hand very seriously, as he said, "Yes, very good indeed, but I *hope* you haven't give up your painting, Weedon!"

The candid friend is perhaps surpassed as a nuisance by that other kind of friend who has seen a provincial company in the same play and is anxious that you should get some needed tips. Mr. Grossmith tells us of a conversation that he overheard between Brandon Thomas and a country cousin who had witnessed some country actors in the Triple Bill:

> I heard Brandon say, "I'm glad you think we're not bad," and his friend replying, "Not a bit of it. I think you were jolly good, but the provincial company made so much *more* of everything. For instance, the man who played your part was a first-rate dancer." (This is exactly what he ought *not* to have been in the part of Captain Tom Robinson.)
>
> I heard Brandon say in his most satirical manner, "No, I don't dance," and his relative replied, "No, I could see that, it's a pity, but the other chap who played in the country jumped all over the place, and put in a splendid song about 'I'm full up to here, with whisky and beer, oh dear, oh dear!' You ought to see him, it's worth a day's journey."
>
> As he became more and more hilarious with the thought of the provincial company, Brandon was getting quieter and quieter and very much on his dignity, and in a cold and distant manner asked whether Weedon Grossmith could "compare favorably with the provincial actor," and the hilarious one replied, "I thought Weedon Grossmith very good indeed, but he's not a touch on the little chap in the 'Provs.' Weedon Grossmith says 'What rot!' only three or four times, and the other cove says it a couple of dozen times *at least.* I tell you, if they are anywhere near London, you take my tip and go and see them—you'll get some hints."

Mr. Grossmith married in 1895 and after a five days' honeymoon returned to town and opened with "The Lady's Idol." His wife was also in the cast, and his first line on entering was, "Well, Polly, how's the baby?" He complains that the audience had a keener sense of the joke than he himself. This was followed by his own play, "Poor Mr. Potton":

> The idea of "Poor Mr. Potton" was Mr. Hamlyn's, and I got Mr. H. M. Paull to write in some love scenes, but the bulk of the play was written by myself, though I never put my name to it, which, under the circumstances, I was not sorry for. Several of my friends, on coming round to my dressing-room, and being asked their opinion of the play, didn't improve matters by saying, "Well, *I liked* it, I did, really." And the climax was reached one night at the Beefsteak Club, where I had been confiding to a few members at the dinner-table just before I was leaving that I had really written the play, when Sir Augustus Webster came in (he had been to my theatre the night before, and I had noticed him shifting about in his stall and looking generally bored). I reminded him of this fact, saying, "I'm afraid you didn't care for me last night" (a stupid thing to have said).
>
> He looked a little embarrassed, and then commenced to ladle out many compliments on my acting, and said, "My dear Weedon, I have seen you in everything you have played, and there is no actor on the stage I admire more than yourself. Your performance, as usual, was splendid, first-rate, but what drove me to tears was the *play!* But that wasn't *your* fault, you didn't write the d——d thing."

Continuous management, says the author, has about as much certainty of producing a steady income as backing horses, and this applies specially to the production of farces:

> I met the late Charlie Morton one evening—he was then the manager of the Palace Music Hall—and on being asked by him how I was doing, I replied, "Only fairly well financially, but artistically my play was a great success." I enlarged for some time on the precariousness of theatrical management.
>
> Morton heaved a long sigh and exclaimed, "Ah! You must persevere, my lad."
>
> "I do," I answered. "My entire life is given to it. My time is not my own; when I am not acting, I am rehearsing, reading plays, and attending to the wretched business part of theatrical life; in fact, I am working from morning till night."
>
> Morton was still unmoved, and again persisted that it was all a matter of "perseverance," and he continued, "My lad, you have had several big successes in farce under your management, and——"
>
> "Yes," I interrupted, "and several failures, plays that have not drawn money, and I've lost heavily, although——"
>
> "Quite so," Morton resumed. "It's a matter of *perseverance.* I have been connected 'on and off' with theatrical business for nearly forty years, and my experience tells me that if an actor-manager only perseveres, with continuous management, he is bound, in the end, to *lose every penny he has ever saved!* He has only to *persevere* and he will finish up with a 'Benefit!'"

Mr. Grossmith revisited New York in 1910 and tells us that he had some very cheery days and evenings in the company of old friends. He met William Abingdon, the champion of stage villainy, whose applause took the form of execrations and threats from the gallery:

> I had scarcely been in New York an hour, when its chief light comedian, the popular John Drew, asked me to lunch, supper, and breakfast. I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Drew on the following day, and as he had not been to London for a couple of years he was very anxious to hear of numerous friends of his at the Beefsteak Club, of which he is a member. "How is Colonel So-and-So?" he would ask. "Alas!" I had to reply, "he died nearly a year ago." "That's bad; and how's dear old Johnnie?" "Ah, he's gone also," I answered. "And how's that lively peer, Lord ———?" "Oh! he passed away three months ago." At last Drew paused, and with a very serious face, said, "Say, Weedon, isn't there *any* member of the club only seriously ill?"

To convey an adequate impression of this vivacious book would be impossible without reproducing it in full. Every page contains something worth writing and delightful to read.

FROM STUDIO TO STAGE. By Weedon Grossmith. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Locusts' Years.

Mary Helen Fee has written a clever story of feminine psychology, and from an angle that has the merit of novelty. Her heroine is Charlotte Ponsonby, who has quarreled with her fashionable relatives and is earning her living as a nurse in Manila. Her hunger for affection and companionship causes her to marry Martin Collingwood, who is in every way a good fellow, but to whom his wife's social instincts and social world are wholly unknown. Worshipping the ground she walks on, he is yet unable to see that she is essentially different from the worthy women of his own class or that the entire background of her early experiences is necessarily hidden from him. Martin is a pearl fisher, and so he takes his wife to a nearby inhabited Pacific island, where she meets a broken-down English gentleman with all the traditions and experiences of his caste and also a distinguished American judge, with whom she had a previous slight acquaintance. Charlotte's conduct is in every way irreproachable, and her husband knows it. They are deeply in love with each other, but Martin gradually discovers to his horror that his wife has some large social experience in common with the Englishman and the judge of which he has hardly even heard, and that they instinctively pay her the homage to which it has never even occurred to him that she was entitled. In other words they recognize a birth and breeding to which he is constitutionally and temperamentally blind. The result upon Martin's somewhat elemental nature is easily foreseen, and although we know that everything will come right in the end we watch the movement of the story with interest and with admiration for the author's perceptive and analytic powers.

The Locusts' Years. By Mary Helen Fee. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

Myths of the Modocs.

Students of Indian lore will find much of substantial value in this collection of Modoc myths that we owe to the energy of Jeremiah Curtin. It is a work that would have soon ceased to be possible since there can be but few Modocs now alive capable of transmitting an authentic record of the tribal beliefs that constituted the Modoc religion. It represents practically a deification of the country, a pantheon of spiritual powers in which every tree, flower, rock, and animal has its place. Mr. Curtin gives us about sixty of these myths, and they are interesting not merely because they give an insight into the primitive mind, but also for a certain energy of imagination and delicacy of fancy that might well be imitated, or even frankly copied, by the writers of stories for children. It is not a little remarkable that the modern mind should, in this respect, be so inferior to the mind of the savage.

Myths of the Modocs. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3 net.

Elementary Jane.

That Mr. Richard Pryce should write a good novel is not surprising. He has done it before, and he shows an advance so steady as to be an augury of great things to come. In this case he tells us the story of a little singer for the London music halls who manages to preserve her simplicity and purity of mind among conditions that are not exactly favorable to the higher life. When Curley, who is a fascinating young acrobat, tries to add Jane to his list of victims that gay Lothario is vigorously repulsed, an experience so novel to the young reprobate that he falls genuinely in love with Jane and wins her from his unenterprising rival Michael, who plays the drum and has musical aspirations that are even higher. Curley means well, but a marital constancy is not among his possibilities, and so we see the dreary processes of neglect and desertion. Of course it all comes right in the end. There is only one conclusion to stories that have a debonair Curley in the foreground and a waiting and watching Michael in the background. The idea is as old as the hills and therefore new enough to tempt the competent novelist. Mr. Pryce's depiction of Jane is all that it should be. She is among the heroines to be remembered.

Elementary Jane. By Richard Pryce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.35 net.

Poems of George Meredith.

This collection of the poetical works of George Meredith owes no small part of its value to the competent and unobtrusive editorial work of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. He explains modestly that his notes are purely explanatory and in no sense critical or appreciative, and he adds that he has secluded them at the end of the volume, where they will be inoffensive to those who have no use for them. Mr. Trevelyan tells us that in preparing these notes "I have had the advantages of possessing records and memories of conversations in former years with the poet himself, both on the subject of the general ideas expressed in his poems and on the meaning and purport of particular passages." The volume as a whole is therefore a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work, of which the only drawback is the abbreviation of Mr. Trevelyan's contribution.

The Poetical Works of George Meredith. With some notes by G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2 net.

His Love Story.

Marie Van Vorst tells a charming story of the love affair between the Comte de Sabron, a penniless captain of French cavalry, and Miss Julia Redmond, the American heiress who is on a visit to Paris. The captain, being so poor, is restrained by honor from a proposal, and Julia, although emancipated, is not quite so emancipated as to assume this duty for him. Then comes the call to Algiers, the desert fight, and the captain's captivity among the Arabs. Misfortune is well known as an equalizer of material conditions, so there is nothing left for Miss Redmond but to follow her lover, discover his plight, and personally undertake his rescue, which is in itself so close to a proposal and so compromising to a lady that the remainder of the adventure may safely be assumed. But all these things would have been impossible but for an extraordinary little dog called Pitchouné, which means "poor little thing."

His Love Story. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Travel in Europe.

Mr. Howell's work is a good example of the vast improvement in travel books that has been witnessed during the last few years. The old style of writer was usually a supreme egotist, and with a certain pedagogical pedantry that made him insufferable. No detail of his journey was too trivial for record, no one of his cogitations too weak to be chronicled. But today we have a new model, first formulated by Mr. Howells and necessarily followed by those who would catch the public ear. It is "fitting the scene with the apposite phrase," and although we must, perhaps, go to Mr. Howells himself for the perfection of the process the present author follows it successfully and with a certain felicity of phrase and reflection that arrests the attention. Instead of adopting the diary form, which is usually a weariness to the reader, he selects a typical hour in twelve of the great European centres. He tells us not only what he saw, but he leads us briefly and discreetly along the line of thought that was induced. In this way we have a mingling of past and present, of sight-seeing, history, and sociology that fairly presents the state of mind of the educated traveler, and this is what the travel-book ought to be. The numerous illustrations from sketches by Harold Field Kellogg are an additional attraction.

Around the Clock in Europe. By Charles Fish Howell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3 net.

Zones of the Spirit.

This volume of "thoughts" by August Strindberg seems to throw even more light than his plays upon a strange and perverse personality. Without continuity, without even much attempt at arrangement we have nearly two hundred paragraphs devoted to stray reflections upon men and things, sometimes questioning, sometimes denunciatory, sometimes contemptuous, but always vigorous and muscular. Strindberg was a Swedenborgian, a faith not inconsistent with his own natural mysticism that colors nearly all he wrote. Volumes of stray thoughts are usually disappointing, but here we have one that is not likely to be thrown lightly upon one side.

Zones of the Spirit. By August Strindberg. With an introduction by Arthur Babillote. Translated by Claud Field. M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

The Art of Entertaining.

We were under the impression that it is now a capital offense to play guessing games at evening parties, or to ask riddles and conundrums, or to indulge in charades. But it seems that there are still those who do these lugubrious things and profess to like them just as there are still people who believe that they enjoy playing croquet or eating watercress. In this volume we are told all about it and supplied with a large variety of "novel schemes for old and young at home, church, club, and school arranged by months." A good many of the games are somewhat like that old and festive amusement that consists of putting a handkerchief across the back of a chair and calling it Queen Elizabeth, but doubtless there are devotees of these mournful amusements still surviving.

The Art of Entertaining for All Occasions. By "Madame Merri." Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1 net.

Tennessee Notables.

Judge Oliver P. Temple would have been better advised had he omitted some few of the thirty-five biographical sketches that find a place in his substantial volume. It is, of course, difficult to discriminate, but a sketch that is worth only two or three pages in a volume of nearly five hundred pages might well be left out altogether. Among the more valuable sections are those devoted to Thomas A. R. Nelson, William Gannaway Brownlow, and Andrew Johnson. The author has a direct style well suited to biographical narrative, and a thorough personal knowledge of his subject.

Notable Men of Tennessee. By Oliver P. Temple. New York: The Cosmpolitan Press; $3 net.

New Comedies.

Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats may be said to be the sponsors of the Irish movement in its literary aspects. Certainly they are the ablest living exponents of the country and the most faithful medium of its newly awakened voice. In one respect at least Lady Gregory's plays are unique. They read so surpassingly well, even the printed words are so rich in humor that on the stage they must be irresistible, as indeed they seem to be if we may credit the unanimous testimony of those who have seen them. In this volume we have five plays: "The Bogie Man," "The Full Moon," "Damer's Gold," "Coats," and "McDonough's Wife." All of them have passed the practical test of the stage. All of them can be read with a pleasure second only to that caused by their actual presentation.

New Comedies. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Essays in Biography.

Mr. Charles Whibley is so well known as a biographer as to bespeak attention for his latest work. He divides his volume into ten life sketches, giving three chapters to Sir Thomas Overbury, two chapters to John Stow, and one chapter each to George Buchanan, Edward Hall, John Tiptoft, the Admirable Crichton, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Sir Thomas Browne. As essays in brief biography, terse, compact, and literary, they are all that can be wished for.

Essays in Biography. By Charles Whibley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Maud Churton Braby, author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It" (Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.25), has now written "The Love Seeker: A Sentimental Handbook," which should prove useful to those in need of advice on the more tender aspects of human life.

The Century Company has published an attractive volume on "Panama—Past and Present," by Farnham Bishop, the well-known lecturer. Mr. Farnham has no revelations to make, but he gives us an admirable narrative and survey, with some useful statistics and ninety illustrations and maps. The price is 75 cents net.

"Pagan Prayers," collected by Marah Ellis Ryan (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 60 cents net), is a collection of invocations and petitions from Mexico, Chaldea, Egypt, Finland, India, Japan, Persia, and Peru. Most of them are of an impressive kind, while typographically and decoratively the little volume is a tasteful piece of work.

"Vacation Camping for Girls," by Jeannette Marks (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.10), is a useful book for the outdoor vacation describing how best to do nearly everything that is worth doing. But why does the author say that "no girl and no woman should ever touch" tea or coffee? This injunction seems to belong to the kind of hygiene best described as rabid.

Charles Scribner's Sons have now published a second series of "Plays," by John Galsworthy. The first of the two volumes contained "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife," the second volume comprising "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice." The volumes are admirably printed and of the kind that it is comfortable to read. The price is $1.35 each.

Under the title of "What Is the Truth about Jesus Christ" (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net) Dr. Friedrich Loofs, Ph. D., Th. D., examines the evidence for and against the various theories of Christology that have been advanced by W. B. Smith, A. Drews, P. Jensen, and others. Dr. Loofs is professor of church history in the University of Halle-Wittenberg and the subject-matter of this volume comprised the six Haskell lectures delivered at Oberlin, Ohio.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Bear's Claws.

This fine story of Russian aggression in Persia may safely be recommended as a thorough piece of work, exceptionally good as a romance and of still higher merit as a study of Oriental intrigue, but which are never allowed to grow tiresome. The heroine is Judy Gray, a stenographer in a New York hotel, who writes stories of adventure of the kind that boys read and who revels in the imagination that enables her to do it. Judy's secret dream is to wander through the dark corners of the world, and in this case the dream comes true, for she attracts the attention of John Savidge, the railroad engineer who has been planning the line through Persia that shall foil the ambitions of Russia. The reader must discover for himself the adventures of Savidge and his young wife with the agents of the Russian secret service at their heels, adventures that might easily have been made grotesque by less skillful pens, but that are here kept so cleverly within the bounds of possibilities. The authors have evidently taken the trouble to study the ground and the result is a story that holds the attention from first page to last.

The Bear's Claws. By Grace Sartwell Mason and John Northern Hilliard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25 net.

Steamships.

Books that deal with the great mechanical industries of the world may be interesting or dry, according to the bent of the writer. Mr. Talhot's bent is toward the human and the dramatic. Out of a vast store of knowledge about the sea and about those who go down to it in ships he selects just those portions about which most people are curious, and he satisfies that curiosity in a singularly ample and vivid way. He tells us something of the development of the steamship, how it is made, of the preparations for the launch and the trial trip, the guaranties of safety, and the difficulties of marine housekeeping and the commissariat. Then there are chapters about the dangers of ice and of floating derelicts, those epitomes of ocean desolation. We are told something of ocean exploration, of floating docks, of wireless telegraphy, and of ocean graveyards, and if we are interested in marine accidents, collisions, injuries, and repairs we have their adequate and always fascinating description. For sustained interest, elimination of technical detail, and narrative style Mr. Talbot gives us the best book about the sea that has come to our notice, and one that has the additional charm of copious and original illustrations.

Steamship Conquest of the World. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Robert Sterling Yard, whose recent affiliation with the Century Company was noted last week, has been appointed managing editor of the *Century Magazine.*

The *North American Review* for June presents two papers of interest relating to a much-discussed topic—"Are the Japanese Mongolian?" by Wiliam Elliot Griffis, and "The Japanese Overload," by Don C. Lea. A companion article, from the pen of the late Homer Lea, is not valuable. Literary features are prominent, in "Symbolistic Poetry in France," by William A. Nitze, and "Portrait of a Lady," a study of Jane Austen, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. There are also brief but discriminating reviews of the later poems of John Masefield and Alfred Noyes. It is a strong number of this always dignified and broad-minded periodical.

"Stella Maris," which the publishers, the John Lane Company, characterize as W. J. Locke's most successful book, has already gone into a new edition.

"The Fall of the Dutch Republic," Hendrik W. van Loon's notable contribution to the literature of an unfamiliar period of history, is receiving the recognition it deserves, though it is only a short time since it was published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

With the contemporary check and cheapening of illustrated weekly journalism in America—the new policy of *Harper's* and the reduction in price of *Collier's*—it is pertinent to note that the *London Illustrated News* continues on its progressive and profitable way. No magazine in America has ever printed so many good pictures, of historical, biographical, and art value. The letterpress of the paper is oddly unattractive for the most part, being paragraphic and casual. An exception must be noted in the weekly essay by G. K. Chesterton, which is always entertaining and often caustic. The *Illustrated* has a big circulation in this country, indeed, all over the world.

The Macmillan Company has brought out a new and revised edition of Professor J. P. Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece." It has long been a favorite, and it speaks an enthusiasm for Greek art which is all too rare.

G. P. Putnam's Sons published last week "An Unknown Lover," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "Sunia: A Himalayan Idyll," by Maud Diver, and "The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," edited by Frederic Bancroft.

Robert Underwood Johnson, who has been editor of the *Century Magazine* since the death of Richard Watson Gilder, has resigned the position.

Mrs. Grace Sartwell Mason, who collaborated with John Northern Hilliard in writing "The Bear's Claws," which A. C. McClurg & Co. have just published, is one of the colony of writers and artists living in Carmel, California. Mrs. Mason has there built her own bungalow, christened "The Ark"—a refuge, she says, from the rain of rejection slips—and spends most of her time in the surrounding woods riding horseback and writing in the open air.

Professor Frank L. McVey, president of the University of North Dakota, has written a book with the title, "The Making of a Town," which A. C. McClurg & Co. add to their list of summer publications. Next to running big farms, the making of towns has long been a remarkable expression of Dakota industry. Professor McVey easily found practical information for his work.

The author of "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" has been decorated with a title by his sovereign, and is now Sir James Matthew Barrie.

The Columbia University Press has just published a new number of the Columbia University Indo-Iranian series entitled "Vasavadatta: A Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu," translated with an introduction and notes by Louis H. Gray, Ph. D. This romance is one of the best examples of the artificial and ornate stylê in Sanskrit prose, which the author in his introduction contrasts with that of Lyly in English literature.

G. K. Chesterton is still on the sunny side of forty. And he is the best-known, most widely read, and best misunderstood journalist in the United Kingdom.

There are new light novels enough for the silly season, but no indications of an overwhelming flood.

Winston Churchill is at his ranch at Santa Barbara, California, while his New Hampshire home, Harlakenden House, at Cornish, is being made ready for the summer occupancy of President Wilson and family.

Joseph Dautremer, lecturer at the School of Oriental Languages, Paris, author of "Burma Under British Rule," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was consul for France in Rangoon for some years. He studied the country, especially in its economic and political aspects, and he here sets forth what he learned. He believes that French Indo-China is worse off than Burma as to government, etc., but that Burma has not made the progress she could and should.

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New Books Received.

From Studio to Stage. By Weedon Grossmith. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.
A volume of reminiscences.

April Panhasard. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company; $1.35 net.
A novel.

Parrot & Co. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.30 net.
A novel.

Hagar Revelly. By Daniel Carson Goodman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35 net.
A novel.

A Child's Visions. By Daphne Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2 net.
A collection of drawings by a child twelve years of age.

The Baconian Heresy. By J. M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6 net.
A confutation.

The Significance of Existence. By I. Harris, M. D., L. R. C. P. and S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $2 net.
An attempt to bring numerous problems of existence to bear upon human conduct.

The Art of Entertaining for All Occasions. By "Madame Merri." Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; $1 net.
Issued in the Madame Merri series.

Changing Russia. By Stephen Graham. New York: John Lane Company; $2.50 net.
A tramp along the Black Sea shore and in the Urals.

Pickett and His Men. By La Salle Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.50 net.
A tribute to General Pickett and the men who followed him for four years.

Thomas Jefferson: His Permanent Influence on American Institutions. By John Sharp Williams. New York: Columbia University Press.
Issued in the Columbia University Lectures.

Judas. By Harry Kemp. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50.
A play.

A Plea for the Younger Generation. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.
"An intimate talk on the vital question of telling the truth to children from an altogether human and utterly unscientific point of view."

The Child: Its Care, Diet, and Common Ills. By E. Mather Sill, M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net.
A book of advice to the young mother.

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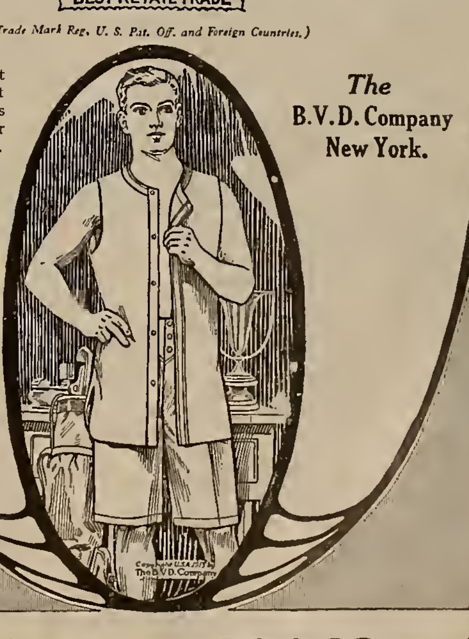
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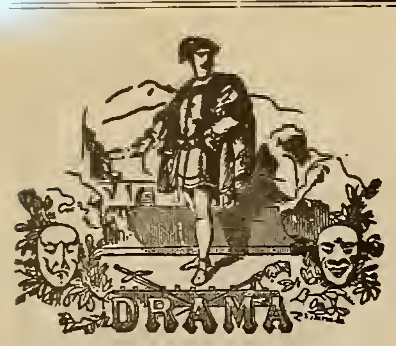

NAZIMOVA, "BELLA DONNA."

Subdued, profoundly æsthetic elegance is the key-note of the general treatment of "Bella Donna." Our eyes are gratified, during the first act, by the extreme good taste of Dr. Isaacson's office appointments; of the furniture, richly carved, as are also the panelings and wood finishing of the chamber; by the suggestions here and there of a cultured taste, borne out, for instance, by a bronze head of Dante, and centring finally in the handsome person of the doctor himself, who is so very gratifying in his tailored, his physical, and his mannered perfection, that Charles Bryant quite fills the picture of a doctor whom all exclusive London runs to for professional advice.

The play opens neatly with a delightfully incisive interview between Dr. Isaacson and a titled hypochondriac, from which we are led to infer that Dr. Isaacson, in spite of his really awe-inspiring elegance, is a genuine, truth-speaking, conscientious physician. The next arrival in the consulting room proves to be a fair relative of the luckless Nigel Armine, who is solicitous about her kinsman's growing intimacy with "Bella Donna"—the popular nickname of the beautiful *déclassée*, Mrs. Chepstow, of sullied reputation.

In this scene the dramatist, James Bernard Fagan, who is plainly an expert in his craft, allows the audience to learn that the Honorable Nigel Armine is an idealist on the subject of women, and that he is at the time busily engaged in idealizing a woman whom both Nigel's cousin and the doctor regard as a very perilous power for evil. The audience in the meantime is agreeably expectant of the imminent arrival of the fair Circe whose numerous amours all London discusses with bated breath. And, at the auspicious moment, enters the beautiful sinner herself.

In the novel from which the play is written Robert Hichens discusses at great length the psychology of Mrs. Chepstow's life and character. The whole idea of the original conception is that of the gradual deterioration of the life and soul of a woman who was once a lady. Mrs. Chepstow made a misstep and was found out. Forced out of her class, like Paula Tanqueray she gradually corroded within, while remaining beautiful without. Circumstances made her a practised Lorelei, and the bones of her madly loving victims whitened the dangerous reefs of a life that tempted the foolhardy to approach too near.

As I remember, from reading the book, Mrs. Chepstow was a woman verging on fifty, who had long and successfully defied time. Its only mark was on her decadent soul and exhausted senses. She had ceased to feel.

So the satiated votary of pleasure comes to consult the great nerve specialist as to the reason why she no longer enjoys.

Mme. Nazimova, with her usual artistic thoroughness, has constructed a careful portrait of Bella Donna from both the physical and mental point of view. There enters a woman pallid, red-lipped, of serpentine grace and beauty, but evil seems to emanate from her and forms her atmosphere. She is the prey of an all encompassing languor; the enervation resulting from quaffing deeply and continually a draught of over-stimulating poisons. The reaction has come, and this confirmed materialist with the dead soul fears that even her pampered senses may cease to respond.

Nazimova's is, probably, the most appropriate personality on the American stage to express the baffling allurement of Bella Donna, over the analysis and description of which Robert Hichens expended so many pages.

In the succeeding acts, all of which are located in Egypt, the baleful charm expands. Bella Donna meets the Egyptian, Mahmoud Baroudi, and becomes obsessed by that consuming passion for him which is the more dangerous and reckless because it is the passion of maturity. Egypt seems a proper setting for this woman of mystery; in its strangely decorated apartments she moves with a sure step. Those intriguing servitors seem born to wait on her, to lie and scheme at her bidding. Under that richly colored surface of luxury we divine strange secrets, a torrid complexity of motive and action from which the Western soul recoils.

Thi atmosphere is cunningly maintained throughout the three acts located in Egypt: the silent, obedient, plotting servants, the fulsome, specious Ibrahim, the richly colored haze of the distant desert, the constant chanting of alien music from those places of nocturnal mystery without, a glimpse or so of rock-carved sphynxes towering above a mesa-colored cliff, and, roofing the luxuriously appointed deck of the *Loulia*, an awning whose smouldering colors and esoteric designs speak of the strange and subtle East.

Nazimova always has the correct instinct for color and costume. As in "Hedda Gabler" she developed the vampire idea, so in "Bella Donna" she has seen to it that her costumes are so colored and designed as to suggest the serpentine woman. With that curious arrangement of her black hair, and those dull, glimmering, close-reefed robes harmonizing so subtly with the Oriental richness of the interiors, she looks like an Egyptian herself. A half-circlet clasps her dark head, and there is something baleful in its fitful flashings. That heavy, clinging robe, scaly with gleaming metal, that she wears in the last act, might be made from the mottled, gold-striped skin of some fabulous serpent.

In fact the lover of æsthetic effects will fairly revel in the appeal made to the eye by the series of pictures throughout the play. But spiritually we starve. Robert Hichens is not a writer who deals in spirituality. And there lies his great limitation. True, he seems to open up strange vistas of evil in the human soul, and without wicked characters we can have neither fiction nor drama. But he is no poet even in his heart. Unlike Oscar Wilde in "Salomé," or, to instance another novelist, Joseph Conrad in "Heart of Darkness," his vistas always end in the same *cul-de-sac*. How shallow are the perspectives of "Bella Donna," or "Barbary Sheep," for instance, compared with those black shadowy depths we glimpse in "Heart of Darkness."

His "Bella Donna"—the woman, I mean, not the work—is not intrinsically interesting. Circumstances make her so, but not her own character. She is shallow, sordid, materialistic, and treacherous. She is a viper, stinging the compassionate bosom that shelters her. There is nothing large or elemental even in the crimes of the character. She is the product of an over-luxurious civilization, encrusted with its vices and its sins. She is sly and cowardly. When she is terrified into obedience she obeys instantly and literally. When, by her own confession, she cuts loose the bond that unites her to her generous and trustful husband, she crawls back again for bare shelter after her Oriental lover has discarded her.

Against this besmirched and debased being, whose only charm is her physical beauty and trained fascination of manner, there is no other figure of womanhood thrown in bright relief. We have the spectacle of her husband's unquestioning trust, but, as seen against the facts of her life, it makes him seem something of a generous fool, in spite of the artistic dignity with which Herbert Percy invests his characterization. We have also the goodly spectacle of a physician's fidelity to his trust, holding out against trickery, treachery, hostility, and insult.

But it is just precisely during this phase of the play that it becomes most melodramatic. The melodrama is, without doubt, high-class melodrama. It moves in the best circles and preserves impeccable good manners; it is, too, unfailingly interesting, even absorbing, but melodrama it is, pure and simple, and it is not in melodrama that we are enabled to see Nazimova's fine and individual powers at full play.

A whole, long, carefully written novel given over to an analysis of the mental and ethical, or, rather, unethical processes of a soul such as Bella Donna's is not exhilarating reading. When we reach that *cul-de-sac* where the repelled imagination is thrown back upon itself we realize how arid are the wastes in which we have been wandering. In the play, the psychology of the novel being absent, there results inevitably the descent into melodrama already referred to.

This naturally lessens Nazimova's opportunities, and it is more particularly as a picture of beautiful Sin personified that she makes her impression. The gradual coming of the aspect of age to the woman who had so long defied it, the state of terror in which she lived during the slow development of her projected crime—all this, which assumed more particularly the interest of a detective story in the novel, could not be indicated in a play. Bella Donna grows more wan, more languid, and more black-ringed below the eyes as the play progresses; but what actress, impersonating a woman of unusual beauty and fascination, would dare denude herself of her triumphant charm before the public? It would be, artistically, a crime. As a woman to admire and desire Bella Donna began, and as such she remains to the moment of her virtual ejection from her husband's house.

Thus Bella Donna's eventual fate in the play is too much akin to what her life had been previous to her union with Nigel Armine for the imagination to be able to invest it with the half-guessed horrors surrounding the destiny of the woman so suddenly aged and broken in the book and driven out to her dark destiny in the desert.

During Bella Donna's stolen moments given to her desperate embraces of her lover, and during her moment of wild revolt when she volunteered a confession to her husband, we had a taste, but only a taste, of Nazimova's quality. The rest of the time we had only pictures, but they were pictures well worth seeing—of a beautiful woman's pantheresque attitudes, and we heard the low tones and delicately poignant inflections of a voice well worth hearing.

Having it comfortably settled—in full accord with myself, at least—that "Bella Donna" is a melodrama, I will add that, as such, it is an uncommonly good one; and that James Bernard Fagan has done his work with every sign of being an expert technician. The dialogue goes smoothly, and every word of it is interesting. Yet it contains nothing superfluous to developing the motives of the play. In the second act the chat over the coffee, Hamza's skill in making it, the quotation of Baroudi's from the Oriental inscription, "The fate of every man have we bound about his neck," all point to a darkly lowering future inevitably shaping itself.

The division of the play into the four acts is also a very fortunate arrangement. Just how much we rely upon Robert Hichens to help out our imagination toward a conception of the story in the original it is difficult to say; few who go to see the play have failed to read the book, for Hichens has a wide circulation among novel-readers. But the play can stand without a knowledge of the book, being complete in itself, pictorial, dramatic, full of atmosphere, and excellently constructed.

As presented at the Columbia Theatre it is superlatively well played. Besides those players already mentioned, Robert Whitworth gives a very good representation of the Egyptian with the manners, dignity, and education of a gentleman concealing the cold-blooded, matter-of-fact, brutal materialism of the Orient, the trait that fascinated the decadent soul of Bella Donna.

Edward Fielding's Dr. Hartley is pitched in a thoroughly natural key, and the actor knows how to depict changes of mood with the same simple truthfulness.

A brief appearance in the opening scene in the doctor's office by William Hassen, which furnishes a short prelude of comedy, is given so well as to put the audience in a state of pleased anticipation, for it is the key-note, suggesting good things to follow. Romaine Callender's Ibrahim, carefully studied as to dialect, is also a good bit of characterization.

Amy Veness, as the solicitous kinswoman of Nigel Armine, has but one scene, but in it she blends effectively into the general atmosphere of quiet elegance.

Charles Bryant's and Herbert Percy's impersonations remain, next to Nazimova's, the most important and best played. Charles Bryant has a particularly effective rôle in the character of Dr. Isaacson, and makes a strong effect upon his auditors by the quietness that is nevertheless full of suggestion with which he acts. All the same, I rather think that the eye-play of this otherwise excellent actor is a shade too melodramatic.

A very large audience on the first night, the majority of them in gala dress, was indicative of the drawing power of Nazimova, and the high plane upon which the average theatre-goer places this Americanized Yiddish girl.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

The new Imperial Theatre at the Japanese capital has been completed at a cost of $600,000, a very large sum for Japan, which has the cheapest labor and material in the whole world. Not only the traditional drama of historic Japan will be presented on its stage, but the plays of Shakespeare and foreign plays have already been successfully performed.

Value of Public Utilities

During the past ten years there has been a remarkable steadiness in the net earnings of gas and electric companies throughout the United States. In this period they have never dropped below 8 per cent on the securities issued, in spite of the fact that these latter have increased by 110 per cent, or more than doubled the railroad expansion.

What is perhaps of still greater interest to investors is a chart, issued by Henry L. Doherty & Co., the New York bankers and operators of gas and electric enterprises, showing the average annual amounts of securities in receivers' hands per $100 of outstanding securities. This chart is the work of research covering the period of thirty years, from 1882 to 1911, inclusive, and involving over $545,000,000,000 of capital, in which figures are included all the gas and electric companies in the United States, all the steam railroads, and all the "industrials" large enough to obtain mention in the financial papers and manuals. The "industrials" stand at the head of the receivership column with an average of $2.07 per $100 of outstanding securities; the railroads come next with $1.84, while the gas and electric companies stand at the astonishingly low figure of 37 cents.

It is little wonder that attention is attracted almost daily to articles in the financial journals setting forth the rapidly increasing value of public utility securities in the eyes of the investing public. Nor is there necessity to go far afield to study the subject. In California, through the faith and ability of the far-seeing men at the head of its affairs, and the ready response met with on the part of the public, there has been established one of the greatest gas and electric companies in the entire country, the Pacific Gas and Electric. Its growth from small beginnings, having to pioneer the way in the field, has been one of the most pleasing instances in the history of big things in California and of the entire West.

This company, with its 2800 stockholders scattered all over the country, and even abroad, to meet the rapidly growing demand for more gas, electric power, and more water, and at the same time making its plans large enough to cover the future for some years to come, expended during 1912 the sum of $7,840,830 for additions, improvements, and betterments, inclusive of the great Lake Spaulding-Bear River power plant development. Naturally enough, much of this enormous outlay produced little or no income during 1912, but this year and next year and the years to come will see the company's earnings materially augmented by the outlay. In 1914 the new hydro-developments on Bear River, which will have an ultimate capacity of about 160,000 horsepower, will provide electric power for many purposes, covering a wide field of activity and prove its value as an earning power.

From another viewpoint the Pacific Gas and Electric Company made splendid progress in 1912 in the number of consumers which were added to its accounts. In exact figures the company made a net gain of 33,764 consumers of gas, electricity, and water, or almost 12 per cent. Except for reductions in rates made to consumers, the larger volume of business in 1912 would have increased the company's revenues by more than a million dollars.

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"THE SERENADE."

Victor Herbert's music in "The Serenade" has charm and quality, and the Tivoli company is singing it well. Among the many notable productions at the Tivoli Opera House of other days there were few of greater merit. Old-time, weekly patrons, who had become partisan admirers of special favorites in the company, may recall instances of seemingly greater distinction, but their judgment is influenced by personal associations. In some particulars the present offering, and the opening attraction as well, ranks above almost anything given under the old régime.

There was never a better chorus, vocally, at the old opera house, or one more carefully trained and conspicuously unobtrusive. It is not driven down to the footlights in a vain effort to make its appearance to the eye compensate for any lack of musical harmony, though it is by no means visibly unattractive, so far as the feminine members are concerned. But both the women and the men sing with good effect. There are no less than a half-dozen numbers for the full chorus in "The Serenade," which are done in a remarkably artistic manner. Stage Manager Temple and Musical Director Linne deserve especial recognition for the success they have attained in these details of their work. Even the long-practiced and numerically strong chorus of the Star Gilbert and Sullivan Company, here last summer, and equal to anything of the kind ever displayed by a traveling organization, could boast no greater volume, no better training, no more pleasing ensemble.

An addition to the principals this week, John R. Phillips, is an acquisition of value. He has a light voice of true tenor quality, which he uses with rare judgment. He is a handsome, well set-up young man, of self-possession and graceful bearing, and will not take second place among those marked for special favor by the audience. As Lopez, the secretary of the Brigandage Association, the book gives him little work, but that little is not neglected. In his duet with Yvonne in the first act, and in his solo, "I Envy the Bird," in the last, he proved his gifts and his art. He earns his recalls.

From the days of the first English comic opera, the composers and librettists have attempted to imitate the masters, Gilbert and Sullivan. In "The Serenade," the idea of parliamentary discipline in the brigand camp, and the robber who was a monk on alternate days, are Gilbertian suggestions. There is another feature that has a Sullivan similitude—the distribution of the parts in the score. The composer of "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Patience" was always more generously disposed toward his contraltos, baritones, and bassos, than to his sopranos and tenors. Victor Herbert displays the same leaning in this work. Rena Vivienne, accordingly, has less than her share of the music, and little greater opportunity for dramatic action and striking costumes. With these handicaps she nevertheless succeeds in increasing the regard she won with her first rôle.

Dolores, a star part, is being sung by Ilon Bergere and Sarah Edwards alternately, and it does not suffer at the hands of either. Miss Edwards is most effective when she restrains a persistent inclination to overact, but she is always pleasing vocally, and her costumes are strikingly becoming.

Henry Santrey has a luxuriously fitted rôle in Alvarado, the baritone of the Madrid Opera. The song which furnishes the comedy motive of the operetta falls to him, among other distinguishing numbers, and he sings it with vigor. Charles E. Galagher, as the brigand chief and counterfeit monk, has good opportunity to assert his leading rank among the bassos, and does it in a winning way. Robert Pitkin, Teddy Webb, and Oliver Lenoir have comedy rôles, and accomplish much more than is indicated in their lines. It can not be said that Harry B. Smith was gloriously mirthful in his libretto for "The Serenade."

Repeated tests of the acoustics of the new Tivoli Opera House in every part, even that elevated region dubbed the Winter Garden, prove it perfect. There is not a seat from which one can not hear and see. It would be a genuinely good thing for music lovers and their cause if every seat were filled nine times a week.

STAGE IMPERSONATIONS.

More often than is realized by those who are not especially devoted to vaudeville does the Orpheum present an attraction that can not well be neglected—that is, if genuine dramatic interest has any continuous claim. This week Cecilia Loftus has begun a two weeks' engagement there, and her appearance is always one to be set down in the preferred list. Her gifts, her personality, and her entertainment have been noted before in these columns, but the inclination to praise them again is inevitably awakened on each occasional visit.

Perhaps few playgoers have reflected that their greatest enjoyment of the stage comes from satisfactory impersonation. Plays are remembered with especial pleasure when one or more of the characters has been presented in a manner so positive, so clear-cut and individual, that they become distinctively real to the audience. The history of the theatre discloses the creation of many famous characters in plays of little moment; it tells of no really great play that has no dominating figure. Henry Irving's Shylock is a picture complete in detail in the memories of all his admirers, while not one in a hundred could give, without reference to the book, the sequence of the scenes in this well-known Shakespearean drama. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle is a not easily forgotten creation that moved and spoke in a composition that hardly deserved to be called a play. His Golightly was a figure in a slender farce of social misadventure, but it was a wonderful bit of acting. Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies, Mary Anderson's Parthenia and Perdita, Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon, are still living portraits, though it has been years since they were seen on the stage. Booth's Hamlet is yet the standard of comparison which all later essayists of the part strive to approach. Coming down to later days, more remember Sarah Bernhardt's tones and poses as Camille than the thesis and progress of the drama. Maude Adams's Peter Pan, Ethel Barrymore's Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharp, are inseparably connected with their names and will be even after many of the plays in which these great artists have appeared are entirely forgotten.

What wonder, then, that Cecilia Loftus, even in fragments of plays, and glimpses of character, is able to throw a spell over her audiences? The greatest endowment of the actor, versatility, is hers, and added to that a chameleon-like power of subduing her own charms, without the aid of disfiguring make-up, to the form and hue of the character or personage whom she presents. Her imitation of Bernhardt is startlingly deceptive; yet in a moment she turns to comedy in the vernacular, and gives, as in life, Rose Stahl's most effective Chorus Lady gestures and inflections. Others may copy voice and action with assured success. Miss Loftus, with protean magic, assumes as well the features and the variable expressions of her models. Even in an imitation of an imitation she is as wonderfully graphic. Her delightful presentation of a French singer essaying an English song is inimitable. "The Keys of Heaven" alone is sufficient to fix the fame of this most charming actress.

Another impersonator of note is at the Orpheum this week—Mme. Olga Petrova. Her gifts, so far displayed in a narrower range, are of a high class, and sustained and tinted by her classic beauty of face and figure. Her selection from "Sappho" is done with emotional power. All that she attempts is as finely polished as the facet of a jewel.

It is not strange that the Orpheum has no dull season. George L. Shoals.

◆

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Everywoman" at the Cort Theatre.

It would seem a difficult task to devise a theatrical and musical performance to please all classes of people, the hardened theatre-goer, the tired business man, the young girl who must not be shocked and whose amusement food must be wholesome and palatable; the man of much learning and the man who can not read and write; the person who wants light and color and the glint of rounded limbs, and the staid individual who seeks instruction and inspiration in his entertainment.

Perhaps the man who has come nearest to satisfying all these varied phases of humanity was Walter Browne, the lamented author of the dramatic spectacle, "Everywoman," which Henry W. Savage will offer at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday, with a notable cast, including H. Cooper Cliffe, a distinguished English actor, and Adele Blood, described as one of the most beautiful women of the American stage.

Mr. Browne was himself an actor and singer and had performed in all classes of entertainments in all parts of the world. He had been an opera singer in London, where he was a member of the original cast of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." He had been a concert singer in South Africa, where he toured in musical monologues, speaking and singing in Dutch and English. He had sung in grand opera in Rio Janeiro and other capitals of South America, and in India he had played leading comedy rôles before Eastern potentates. In New York he sang and played in several productions, and then, believing that he possessed gifts which would meet richer rewards as a writer, he became an author and wrote plays. He wrote to suit the popular tastes. Several of his productions were successful, but he set no store by them, as he had conceived "Everywoman," and its construction was a matter of years. He drew upon his own remarkable experiences, and any one familiar with the construction of plays must admire the genius with which he welded together the component parts.

Mr. Savage's production is on a huge scale. One hundred and fifty people are employed in the representation.

Last Week of Nazimova at the Columbia Theatre.

In selecting James Bernard Fagan's adaptation of Robert Hichens's famous novel, "Bella Donna," for the use of Mme. Nazimova, Charles Frohman showed again his astuteness and his judgment as a theatrical manager, for not since her first appearance in English has this distinguished Russian player had a vehicle so admirably suited to all of her requirements. Large audiences have greeted Nazimova at the Columbia Theatre ever since the opening performance on Monday evening, and the demand for seats for the second and last week of her engagement is very large. From a production standpoint "Bella Donna" is one of the most handsomely staged plays that has been seen locally in a long time. It would almost seem as if the management had really brought some bits of Egypt and placed them on the stage of the theatre.

Mme. Nazimova's supporting company is of particular excellence. Charles Bryant, who was brought to this country especially for the part of Dr. Meyer Isaacson, and Herbert Percy, the Honorable Nigel Armine of the cast, give the star particularly effective support, and all of the other characters are in most capable hands. The second and last week of the engagement will open on Monday evening. Matinées will be given on Wednesday and on Saturday.

"The Serenade" Only Another Week at the Tivoli.

In accordance with a rule established at the Tivoli Opera House that no attraction shall run longer than two weeks, that most melodious and highly diverting of all of Victor Herbert's comic operas, "The Serenade," will begin the second and last week of its too brief season on Monday night. The vocal abilities of both principals and chorus are given an excellent chance in "The Serenade," and Manager Leahy's new song birds show the wisdom of his choice and appear to much greater advantage than in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

"Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan's fairy opera, is announced for Monday, June 23.

The New Bill at the Orpheum

Miss Cecilia Loftus still continues to delight immense audiences at the Orpheum and to elicit extraordinary enthusiasm with her wonderfully clever and accurate imitations of stage celebrities. For next week, which will positively be the last of her engagement, she promises a new programme.

The coming bill will be rich in novelty, variety, and merit, and will include six entirely new acts.

Louis A. Simon and Kathryn Osterman, assisted by a company of fourteen, will appear in the miniature musical comedy, "A Persian Garden," for which Edgar Allan Woolf wrote the book and lyrics, and Anatol Friedland composed the music. It is considered one of the most elaborate productions in vaudeville and is replete with wholesome fun, catchy lyrics, and tuneful music. The lines are bright and receive full justice from Mr. Simon and Miss Osterman, who in their respective rôles of a valet and an ex-chorus girl are very funny. Miss Osterman has a wonderful collection of frocks and changes her costume at each performance.

Frederick Bond and Fremont Benton will amuse with their laughable farce, "Handkerchief No. 15." Mr. Bond and Miss Benton are sterling artists and always a feature of any programme.

With only a bicycle so completely dilapidated as to be apparently falling to pieces, Joe Jackson, the European Vagabond, will contribute a clever and humorous bit of pantomime.

Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin will present "A Song Sketch at the Piano." Miss Burnham is an accomplished pianiste and comedienne, and Mr. Irwin has an enviable English reputation.

Louis London will be heard in his character song studies, which consist of the rendition of several songs in different costumes. His "Come West My Indian Squaw," his own composition, is given in an Indian make-up. Last year Mr. London alternated in the rôles of the Sheriff and the Greaser in the operatic version of "The Girl of the Golden West," and this year he was one of the principal members of James T. Powers's company.

Montambo and Wells, comedy acrobats, will introduce an act which is thrilling and diverting.

Matthews and Shayne in their amusing skit, "A Night on the Bowery," and new Edison Talking Moving Pictures will complete one of the finest bills ever offered in vaudeville.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Ed Armstrong's "Baby Dolls," one of the most popular troupes of chorus girls that ever appeared in San Francisco, top the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday. The Armstrong company have played this city for several months at a time during the past five years and recently closed a successful engagement here and were contracted for the Pantages circuit. Their new offering for vaudeville is called "A Scotch Highball," and is a rollicking musical tabloid. Will Armstrong, a favorite here, will carry the leading comedy rôle, and Ethel Davis has the principal singing part. The "Baby Dolls" will be heard in a bunch of new songs, and have a couple of tango dances that are said to be a sensation.

Bertie Beaumonte, who will be remembered as the bright little star of the big musical extravaganza, "Miss Nobody from Starland," now has Jack Arnold for a partner. The duo have one of the fastest comedy acts that the circuit has booked in several seasons. Miss Beaumonte's costumes play an important part in their offering.

A San Francisco lad, Lee Barth, known as "The Man of Many Dialects," has an inimitable manner of telling yarns and keeps an audience in one continual uproar.

Friscary, the hat tosser, has a unique novelty act. From all parts of the house headgear of all sizes and colors is shot across the footlights to Friscary, who catches them with spectacular acrobatics.

Another pair of local boys, Jewell and Jordon, will return with their whistling imitations of animals and birds.

A very pretty eccentric dancing act will be presented by the Marankeo Russian troupe, who use a magnificent stage setting to set off their number.

Hugh Chandler, called the "female Eddie Foy," in character studies, with reels of comedy pictures, will complete the bill.

"The Witness for the Defense," which claims the prestige of a long run in London at the St. James Theatre, was the play selected by Charles Frohman for Blanche Bates's first tour under his direction.

◆

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Return of San Francisco's Royal Favorites, ARMSTRONG'S BABY DOLLS; BERTEE BEAUMONTE and JACK ARNOLD, Late Stars "Miss Nobody from Starland"; LEE BARTH, "Man of Many Dialects"; FRISCARY, Novelty Hat Tosser; JEWELL and JORDON, Whistling Imitators; MARANKEO DUO, Russian Singers and Dancers; RUTH CHANDLER, "The Female Eddie Foy."
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VANITY FAIR.

The statement attributed to Ambassador Page that he will decline to wear knee-breeches at court functions in England has been received by the feeble-minded with a cackle of applause. It is probable that Mr. Page, being a gentleman, said nothing of the kind, but it is a little late in the day to suggest that our newspapers confine themselves to fact or their readers to decency. If Mr. Page did not announce his intention to be rude to foreigners then he ought to have done so, for how else can our glorious traditions be preserved? If we refrain from insolence how can we impress these benighted Europeans with the triumph of freedom?

Now why should Mr. Page decline to wear knee-breeches if he should find that knee-breeches are customary among the people to whom he is accredited? George Washington wore knee-breeches. Andrew Jackson wore them. We ourselves once wore them on a bicycle tour. It is true that it is no longer the fashion in America to wear knee-breeches, but Mr. Page can hardly be such a stickler for fashion as all this. He had his picture in the paper a while ago and it certainly did not suggest a fanaticism for style. There were no indications of an uncompromising modishness. As a matter of fact it was pointed out with some horror that Mr. Page had been in public with the flap of one of his pockets turned inside instead of out. Evidently Mr. Page is not slavishly addicted to the prevailing vogue. Nor could he maintain that knee-breeches are not comfortable. They are comfortable. They are also becoming, so long as the legs themselves are of a presentable substantiality, and of course this may be the difficulty. No one can suppose that there is anything demeaning in a garment that was universally worn a hundred years ago, and by the bravest men that ever lived. Then why should Mr. Page object to a vesture that will be worn by every one around him on ceremonial occasions and that is alike becoming and comfortable? Is his refusal due to an ungovernable desire to be conspicuous? Then why not wear pajamas? Or must we suppose that he wishes to be rude?—an unthinkable theory. But then, of course, the story isn't true.

◆

None the less those who are now applauding are doing so because they believe that Mr. Page intends a discourtesy. The feebler order of mind, the mind of the hairdresser or restaurant-waiter type, always supposes that equality is best shown by insolence. It is only an ingrowing vulgarity that scoffs at convention. It is the natural impulse to cringe that prompts the revolt of rudeness. A true sense of equality produces an inquiry into the customs of those with whom we associate and a conformity with those customs.

If we are to defy some conventions why not defy them all? If I am invited to a funeral why should I not allow it to be known that I shall of course wear my usual garb of red flannel shirt and straw hat? Shall I bow the knee to a senseless convention, or abdicate my liberty by observing a custom of other people? Not on your life. There are some churches where the worshipers are desired to keep their hats on their heads during the service. Shall I surrender my independence by attending to this little rule if duty or inclination should bring me to such a church? Of course not. And because I am the kind of crass idiot who supposes that equality and rudeness are identical I shall probably be unaware that those around me are concealing under the impenetrable veil of their courtesy a profound conviction that I am an incurable savage who ought to live on a reservation guarded by Chinamen and fed from a trough.

◆

Mr. Howells seems anxious to know why men take off their hats when a woman enters the elevator. The reason is that they don't, at least not noticeably. But in any case the question is a superfluous one. Men have generally agreed upon some loosely defined observances intended as a confession that they are mere earthworms when a woman is around. None of those observances is actually necessary, since the fact itself is obvious. Among these various ceremonials is the removal of the hat, but no one has yet definitely decided when the hat should be on or off. We don't remove our hats in the corridors of public buildings even when women are present, and there seems no reason why we should do so merely because we enter an elevator. We do not remove our hats in a street-car, although there is no difference between an elevator and a street-car except that one moves vertically and the other horizontally. There seems to be no good reason why we should ever make a ceremonial acknowledgment of the presence of women who are strangers to us. We do not do so in the streets or in public conveyances. Why, then, should we do so in elevators? Moreover, the male hat is some slight protection against the feminine hatpin, and heaven knows we want all the defense we can get.

Moreover, it may as well be noted that there are now a considerable number of women who profess to resent any of the old-time formalities of deference and who will even reprove them. And a man who has been rebuked for producing two nickels instead of one in a street-car or for offering his escort late at night will be a little chary of repeating the offense. It's a hard world for men, any way you look at it.

◆

Some time ago we had a book of reminiscences by the valet of Guy de Maupassant. The volume was a discreet one, but the example ought not to be followed. Since reading this book we have been very careful about what we say to our valet and still more careful about what we say to the chambermaid. Our flesh creeps in horror at the thought of a volume of reminiscences unless we should write it ourselves, in which case it would shed an added honor upon an already glorious name. But there is no knowing what the valet and the chambermaid might say. They might disastrously deviate into truth.

Now we have a volume of recollections by C. W. Stamper, automobile mechanic to King Edward. Mr. Stamper traveled everywhere with the king and he kept his eyes and ears wide open. On one occasion the king insisted on turning to the left when Stamper was equally sure that they should turn to the right. The car ran into a cul-de-sac, and the king said, "You're right, Stamper, and I'm a damned fool." During the Biarritz visit in 1909, Stamper, the footman, the courier, and the postmaster lunched one day on steak and onions, to the royal disgust:

> It appeared that after lunch his majesty had wanted to see the postmaster and the courier. Calling the sergeant-footman, the king was proceeding to tell him to summon them before him, when he stopped short and looked at the man.
>
> "Hawkins, you've been eating onions."
>
> "No, your majesty."
>
> "Yes, you have. I'm sure you have. . . . Send Mr. Hiley here at once. And Mr. Fehr."
>
> "Yes, your majesty."
>
> The sergeant-footman withdrew, and presently the postmaster was announced. The king called him to his side and was beginning to read him a telegram he wanted him to dispatch, when——
>
> "Hiley, you've been eating onions," he cried.
>
> "No, your majesty," said the postmaster, instinctively recoiling.
>
> "Yes, you have. It's disgraceful."
>
> The courier entered the room. He approached very warily, but his majesty's sense of smell was keen, and all Mr. Fehr's efforts to suppress the facts of the case were unavailing. The king looked up sharply and sat back in his chair.
>
> "I'm damned if you haven't been eating onions, too."

◆

Queen Mary does not intend that there shall be any doubt as to her attitude toward the new dances. She has caused it to be understood by London hostesses that none of the royal family will attend any ball where these dances are permitted and that the names of those who do allow them will be removed from the court list. In this connection the *Graphic* says: "Queen Mary's lead has been widely followed by the real leaders of society, many ladies of the highest position, including the Duchess of Devonshire, having issued rigorous orders against these dances. It may be said indeed that no lady who values her position in society will venture to permit them, as in view of the queen's attitude it might lead to her removal from the list of those privileged to attend court functions."

◆

A German militant suffragette advises her British sisters to burn their husband's dinners. But they have no husbands, and they could not cook dinners for them if they had.

◆

"Why has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating?" "She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Discussing a rather Bohemian set in Chicago, George Ade said at the Chicago Athletic Club: "These poor girls needn't think themselves literary just because they use a pencil to darken their eyebrows with."

◆

Many of the brightest bon-mots of the late Sir Edward Moss are common change in the theatrical world. "I always prefer the smell of whisky to the smell of cloves," he once remarked slyly to one of his subordinates.

◆

Simeon Ford, New York's well-known humorist, said whimsically the other day, apropos of the death of J. Pierpont Morgan: "We learn from Mr. Morgan's life that wealth does not bring happiness. We know already that poverty doesn't bring it, either. What on earth then is a man to do?"

◆

Even doctors are not always literal in their prescriptions. "You must take exercise," said the doctor to a patient. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that——" "But I can not afford a car on insurance pay," the patient growled. "Don't buy one, just dodge 'em!" said the doctor.

◆

A Denver capitalist said bitterly, apropos of a dishonest liquidation wherein he had been caught: "There are pessimists who say that marriage is a failure; but between a marriage and a failure there's this difference: In a marriage the wife takes the husband's name, while in a failure the husband takes the wife's name."

◆

The Englishman was attending his first ball game. He seemed very uneasy after the fifth inning and finally said to his American friend: "I say, old chap, when do they serve the tea?" "They don't serve tea at a ball game?" laughed the American. "No tea between innings," gasped the Englishman. "Then what's the object of the blooming game?"

◆

He was an old-fashioned father, which explains why he said to the young man: "Are you sure you're able to give my daughter the comforts and luxuries to which she is accustomed at home?" To which the young man promptly replied: "As your daughter's salary has paid the rent and bought most of the clothes and food for your family, I think we can worry along."

◆

Mr. Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street. "That man Tompkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than any one I ever met?" "Why?" asked his neighbor curiously. "He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake nights." "Well, what of that?" "Why," shouted Mr. Wilkins, "it was my dog he killed."

◆

Charles Tellier, the inventor of cold storage, is a Frenchman of eighty-five years, and, having been discovered in a state of abject poverty, Mr. Tellier was recently decorated and pensioned by the French government. In the course of an interview with a New York correspondent, Mr. Tellier talked with grim humor about poverty. "The advantages of poverty are overrated," he said. "The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."

◆

A young Clevelander who is always generous with his touring car offered to take the old colored janitor of the apartment in which he resides down town the other day. "No, suh, boss—no, suh, thank you, suh," grinned the ancient functionary. "I reckon I'll wait and go on de street cyah." "What's the matter, uncle? Are you afraid?" "No, suh—me afraid? No, suh. I got to wait." "Uncle, have you ever been in an automobile?" "Nevah but oncet, an' den I didn't let all ma weight down!"

◆

The American custom of giving banquets for men only, and then allowing the banqueters' wives—hungry and thirsty—to look down on the feast from a balcony—this custom may not be very gallant, but it afforded Lord Morley, on his recent visit to New York, an opportunity for a pretty compliment. Lord Morley, at one of these banquets, looked up at the balcony, glittering with lovely ladies, and exclaimed: "Ah, now I understand the meaning of the biblical phrase—'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

◆

A Chicago lawyer found a new sort of therapeutic treatment. His instructor told him that if he retired into the silence, breathed rhythmically, and said certain words he would be able to cast off all his bodily ailments. He tried it and it worked. Then his three-year-old child got measles and he worked it on him. He was all puffed up. Later his prize setter contracted the mange. He summoned a veterinary. Then a friend expostulated. "Your system worked with yourself and it worked with your child," he said; "why don't you try it on the dog?" "That dog cost me $100 when he was a mere pup," was the answer, "and I can't afford to take any chances."

◆

Otto H. Kahn, who has guided the Metropolitan Opera Company to such great success, told a musical story at a dinner in New York. "We give the people what they want," he said, "provided, of course, they do not want unworthy things. And they don't. Those who fail in opera give too many things that the people are lukewarm about—things like Strauss. Strauss is a great, a very great, composer; but the people's opinion of him was very well interpreted by Blanc. 'Do you like Strauss's "Elektra"?' Blanc once asked a friend. 'Ye-ess—in a way,' his friend replied. 'Shake on it!' cried Blanc heartily. 'Neither do I.'"

◆

John Lewis Dyer was an itinerant Methodist exhorter in the early 'forties in the Sioux country, and one of his strenuous experiences with white men of that wild region is told in a recent volume, "Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians," compiled by Mary Gay Humphreys. At Lincoln City a party of Christmas celebrants called just at daylight, roused up the preacher, and told him he must go with them to "Walker's," and either treat or make a temperance speech. He went. "There were over forty men, and they called for a chairman or moderator; but they were too drunk to be moderated. I got upon my box and stated my arrest, and proposed to make the speech. They said: 'Go on.' I said: 'Gentlemen, I will tell you what I think. There is not a man here but would be ashamed for his father or mother, his sister or brother to know just our condition here this morning.' They stamped and roared: 'That's so,' all over the house. 'And next,' I continued, 'if we were not so drunk we would not be here.' Cheers, 'That's so, too,' all over the house. 'And if we were a little drunker we could not do what we are doing.' (Cheers.) I wound up and was about to leave, when the judge said: 'I move that we vote that everything Mr. Dyer said is true,' and they gave a rousing vote. He said, 'The ayes have it,' but that I must not go yet, and made and put a motion that they all give Mr. Dyer one dollar apiece, and that was also carried. They took the hat, got twenty dollars, and I thanked them and went home to breakfast."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Tale in "Blank" Verse.

They sat beneath a starry sky
One warm and fragrant June night,
And 'round about them far and nigh
There shone the mellow——
(Same old sphere and same old shine.)

"Your eyes," said he and snuggled near,
"Are like the stars above you,"
Then softly murmured in her ear
The fateful words,——
(What any other idiot would murmur under the circumstances.)

She neither said "How dare you, sir!"
Nor "I will be your sister."
Instead she pursed the lips of her
And then, of course, he——
(Well, what would *you* do?)

On Love's romantic primrose way
They loitered not nor tarried,
But hied them to a church one day
And speedily were——
(Life-sentenced.)

* * * * *

No "happy ever after" fate
Of them is writ—dear me, no!
She quickly left the married state
And settled down in——
(The land of the free.)

—*Ella Bentley Arthur, in Life.*

◆

Decline and Fall.

Oh, now has my glory departed!
I once was the head of the house,
But I have become so downhearted
My spirit is that of a mouse!

My son has just come home from college,
My daughter has just finished "high,"
And both in the matter of knowledge
Make me feel what a poor stick am I.

Time was when they deemed me a hero,
My sayings receiving with awe,
Now they place my attainments at zero,
As measured by "Pish!" "Pooh!" and "Pshaw!"

My wife, who was meeker than Moses,
Since joining the suffragette ranks
An attempt to debate always closes
By talking of "masculine cranks."

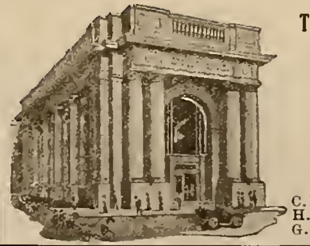
My notions of things economic,
Political, social, what not,
She characterizes as "comic,"
Or merely as "stale, ancient rot."

Ah, well! They have found me a faker—
I've known it a long time myself—
So I'll just be the meek moneymaker
And humble producer of pelf!

—*New York Globe.*

◆

"That political rival of yours is to be congratulated. He is always in the public eye." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "like a locomotive cinder."—*Washington Star.*



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Assets $53,315,495.84
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Otis, daughter of Mr. Spencer Otis of Barrington, Illinois, to Mr. Daniel M. Burnham, Jr. Mr. Burnham, who is the son of the late Mr. Daniel N. Burnham, is a graduate of the University of California. He was associated in business in this city with Mr. Willis Polk, but since the death of his father has resided in Chicago. After the wedding, June 21, they will leave for Europe, where they will spend several months.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. John Partridge to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elisa Partridge, to Dr. Thomas Addis, Wednesday evening, June 25, at Grace Pro-Cathedral. Miss Dorothy Partridge will be her sister's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Mary Post and Miss Katherine Partridge. John Partridge, Jr., will be Dr. Addis's best man.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marianne Mathieu, to Mr. Alexander Wilson, Jr., Wednesday evening, June 18, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Miss Frances Mathieu will be her sister's only attendant. Lieutenant Charles Elliott Ide, U. S. A., will be Mr. Wilson's best man. After the ceremony a small reception will be held at the home of Miss Mathieu's parents on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Cronan and Lieutenant Joseph O'Hara, U. S. A., will take place Monday evening, June 23, at Holy Cross Church. A reception, following the ceremony, will be held at the home of Miss Cronan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cronan. Miss Rosemary Callaghan will be her cousin's maid of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Henrietta O'Neil, Delia Holmes, Virginia Sullivan, and Marie Smith. The future home of the young couple will be in Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Helen Boss and Mr. William Norval Holmes took place Wednesday, June 4, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Martin Pryor Boss and a sister of Mr. Ira Boss of Sacramento. Mr. Holmes is an Englishman who has resided in this city for several years.

The wedding of Miss Marjorie Stafford and Mr. Robert Newell Fitch took place Thursday evening, June 5, in Grace Church. The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stafford. She was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. John Houseman. Mrs. Stanley Sharpe was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Marianne Mathieu, Muriel Coombs, and Roberta Lyon. Mr. Stanley Sharpe was Mr. Fitch's best man, and the ushers were the Messrs. George Shaner, Alexander Wilson, Jr., Theodore Searle, and Charles Schncepfe. A reception following the ceremony was held at the Fairmont Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Helen Headley May and Mr. William Brainerd Gring took place Thursday, June 5, in Orange, New Jersey. Miss May is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson May of New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Gring will reside in Santa Barbara.

The wedding of Miss Janet Painter and Dr. Philip Paul Bliss of Santa Cruz will take place Monday, June 23, at Christ's Church, Alameda. Miss Pauline Painter will be her sister's maid of honor. The chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Ethel Gregg, Aimée Raisch, Frances Ramsey, Harriet Breuner, Otilla Laine, Elva Ghirardelli, and Vera Talbot.

Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman entertained forty guests at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard, who were married recently in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Pinckard, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Williams, is a daughter of Mr. Gardener Williams.

A dancing class has been organized by the Burlingame matrons, who will meet once a week at different residences. Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was hostess last Saturday evening at the first affair, and Mrs. Osgood Hooker will entertain the members of the club this evening.

Miss Margaret Foster entertained at a tea last Saturday complimentary to Mrs. Joseph Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan entertained a number of friends Sunday at their home in Burlingame, when their little son was christened. The baby was named Charles Josselyn Duncan, after his maternal grandfather.

Miss Aimée Raisch was hostess at a tea Sunday in honor of Miss Janet Painter, whose engagement to Dr. Philip Bliss was recently announced.

Miss Katherine Redding entertained a number of friends at a tea Friday in honor of Miss Marianne Mathieu, whose marriage to Mr. Alexander Wilson, Jr., will take place June 18.

Dr. Henry Kugeler and Mrs. Kugeler entertained a number of friends last Tuesday evening at a dinner-dance.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoff Cook gave a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt was hostess at a musicale Saturday afternoon, June 7.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lange entertained recently at a dinner and theatre party.

Miss Eleanor Morgan was hostess at a bridge party Wednesday at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Anson Hotaling was hostess recently at a luncheon.

Miss Florence Henshaw was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening preceding the wedding of Miss Gladys Wilson and Mr. Maurice Sullivan.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness and her daughter, Mrs. ohn Taylor, of Boston, are in Baltimore with Mr. Van Ness, who is recovering from a recent illness.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and her two little daughters have joined Mr. MacGavin in Tromso, Norway, after a visit in London with Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and their little son, Russell Pratt, have returned to Burlingame after a ten days' visit on their ranch in Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and their four sons left Saturday for Bolinas, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver has returned from a three weeks' visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin have returned from a visit with relatives in Sacramento.

Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop and her little son, Jerry Bishop, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent the past month on the Bishop ranch.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anne Peters are spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marguerite Doe of Santa Barbara is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doe. Miss Doe will also be the guest of Miss Marian Stone at her home on Vallejo Street before returning to her home in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott left yesterday for Sacramento, where they will reside for several years. Mrs. Piggott was formerly Miss Bessie Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison and Miss Teresa Harrison recently motored to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell have returned from the McCloud Country Club, where they spent the past week.

The Messrs. Francis McComas and Xavier Martinez will leave June 23 for the Arizona desert to remain until late in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell will leave July 1 for Lake Alta, where they have purchased a home.

Miss Laura McKinstry spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin in San Mateo.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Miss Josephine Hannigan, and Miss Gertrude Ballard have returned from Highland Springs.

Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, Miss Agnes Tillmann, and Miss Agnes Mangels have returned to San Francisco and are established at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks and her mother, Mrs. Harms, will return from Paris the first week in July to spend the summer in California.

Mrs. John Metcalfe is visiting friends in Napa.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have returned from a motor trip to Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Harris and the Misses Grace, Aileen, and Emily Doyle have taken a house in Mill Valley for the summer.

Among those who recently motored to Highland Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, the Misses Mauricia Mintzer, Louisiana Foster, and Martha Foster, and the Messrs. Leonard Abbot and Lucio Mintzer.

Mrs. Charles Sutro and Mrs. William Knowles of Oakland arrived Sunday from Europe, where they have been spending the last three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Hyde-Smith will return soon from Europe and will reside in Norfolk with Mrs. Hyde-Smith's parents, Captain William A. Gill, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gill.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne will leave the latter part of June to spend the summer at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will spend the month of July at Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Robert McMillan is expected to arrive soon from Boston to spend the summer with her parents, Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman, at their ranch in Sonoma County.

Miss Cecile Hoffman is visiting friends in Southern California.

Mr. Willard Barton arrived in San Francisco Saturday from New York, where he has been spending the past five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch have been unable to go to their home in San Mateo on account of the latter's protracted illness. They are at present visiting Mr. Welch's mother, Mrs. Bertha Welch, at her home on Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga have purchased a house in West Clay Park, where they will reside upon their return from their summer outing.

Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner have opened their cottage at Shasta Springs for the summer.

Miss Genevieve King is spending several weeks at Idlewild, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue and the Misses Elva and Corennah De Pue have returned to their ranch in Yolo County after a brief visit in town.

Mrs. Percy Williams has returned from Europe and is visiting the Misses Violet and Grace Buckley at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Colonel C. Mason Kinne and Mrs. Kinne are spending a month at Lake Taboe.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair left Wednesday for Bartlett Springs to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis McDermott left Wednesday on a motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Miss Laura Sanborn is spending a few weeks visiting friends in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Simpson (formerly Miss Lola Davis) sailed Wednesday for the Orient. After their wedding trip they will reside in Stockton.

Miss Arabella Schwerin has returned from the East, where she has been attending school at Briarcliffe Manor. She will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, accompanied by her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, motored to Witter Springs for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins at their home in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker have returned from a visit to Witter Springs.

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and her son, Mr. J. Parker Whitney, Jr., are spending the summer at their hunting lodge on the coast of Maine.

Miss Constance Metcalfe has sailed for Europe to spend the summer traveling with friends.

Mrs. J. D. Sproul and Miss Marian Sproul of Chico have been spending a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie Hooker spent the week-end with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Albert Niblack is visiting her brother and sister-in-law at their home in Colusa. Captain Niblack, U. S. N., who is the United States naval attaché at Buhu will join his wife here next month.

Mrs. A. M. Easton has been spending a few days at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze have returned from a motor trip to Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin left Thursday for Europe to visit Mrs. Crellin's father and son, who reside in Holland.

Mrs. Alexander Wilson has returned from Europe and is in Ithaca, New York, visiting her two daughters, Mrs. Claude Smith and Mrs. Carl Schurman. Mr. Wilson has arrived in San Francisco.

Miss Lesley Meakin has returned to her home in Montreal after a visit of several weeks with Miss Katie-bel MacGregor.

Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Dora Winn have gone to Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Elena Brewer has returned from Mill Valley, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned from Highland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Lydia Hopkins, and Miss Louise Boyd have returned from Los Angeles, where they went to attend the wedding of Mrs. Hopkins's niece, Miss Marjorie Severence, and Mr. Walter Scott McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell will spend part of the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham will leave shortly for Lake Tahoe, where they will open their villa for the summer.

Colonel Archibald Douglas-Dick and Mrs. Douglas-Dick and their three children have arrived from Scotland and are visiting Mrs. Douglas-Dick's mother, Mrs. Abby Parrott, at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dinkelspiel have rented the home in San Mateo of Mrs. David Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Potter will spend June and July in Paris. Mrs. Potter was formerly Mrs. Ganston Depew.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman will leave shortly for their country home in Ross.

Miss Edith Slack spent the week-end with her brother-in-law and sister, Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook, in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore will spend the summer at Taboe Tavern.

Mr. Roland Oliver is spending a month in New York.

Mrs. Benjamin Foss, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlain spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Miss Helen Bertheau was recently the guest of Miss Gertrude Thomas at her home in Ross.

Mrs. Arthur Alexander of Santa Barbara has returned to her home in the south after spending a week at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Jr., accompanied by Mr. John Plover, motored up from San Diego last week for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin are spending a few weeks at Castle Crag. Upon their return they will occupy their home in Burlingame for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray and Miss Marguerite Butters left Friday for Castle Crag to remain during the summer.

The Messrs. Frank Michael, William Berry, and Frederick Moody are spending a few weeks at the Empire mine in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk will leave next week for Europe to visit Mrs. Polk's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore, at their home in Paris.

Mrs. David Sellars has returned from Tennessee, where she has been visiting her father, Mr. H. Clay Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, and Miss Enid Foster recently motored to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames returned last week from a month's tour of the Southern States and a visit, on the return trip, to the Panama Canal. They have gone for the months of June, July, and August to Marionwood, near Los Gatos.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, registered from San Francisco, include Mr. Caldwell Hunter and daughter, Mr. L. H. Rosenor, Mr. Guss de Bretteville, Mr. A. Faget, Mr. William Hoff, Mrs. Horace C. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lombard.

Mrs. John McNear, who is now in Paris, will return to California the first week in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutcheon have opened their home in Los Altos for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon and their children left Tuesday for their country home near Soquel. They were accompanied by Miss Maye Carroll.

[illegible]r. William S. Tevis, Jr., has returned from Bakersfield, where he has been recuperating from a recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe will leave today to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford at their ranch.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader have returned from a motor trip to Chico, where they spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt, Jr., on their ranch.

Mrs. George D. Boyd, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Foster have returned from a visit to Ætna Springs.

Mrs. S. Louise Bee and Miss Latham, who were in New York, are now in Boston, where Mrs. Bee is visiting her family and friends. Mrs. Bee expects to return in the fall to San Francisco.

Mr. Gerald Rathbone has gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Dr. Thomas Addis has leased an apartment on First Avenue, where he will reside after his marriage to Miss Elisa Partridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton and Miss Helen Hamilton were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond at their home in Woodside.

Mr. Evan Evans has gone to Southern California to spend two weeks in Santa Barbara and Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston recently purchased a ranch in Medford, Oregon, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. Norma Ames spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Laurence W. Harris at their home in Mill Valley.

Dr. Rupert Blue, U. S. A., surgeon-general of the Maine Hospital Corps, will come to San Francisco in the near future. He has been in Washington, D. C., for the past six months.

Lieutenant Ross Kingsbury, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kingsbury, who have been visiting Mrs. Kingsbury's mother, Mrs. John Ellicott, at Mare Island, have gone to their home in South Carolina.

Commander B. F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. S. *Wheeling* and is in command of the U. S. S. *Wisconsin*.

Midshipman Walter Cochran, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Naval Academy to the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Lieutenant Lewis E. Goodier, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, who was recently injured in an aviation flight at San Diego, was discharged Thursday from the Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio. He left immediately for the South to rejoin the Signal Corps Aviation School.

Major George Stockle, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence from the Presidio.

Lieutenant F. D. Burns, U. S. N., has been granted a leave of absence from the U. S. S. *Des Moines*.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., Corps of Engineers, has been named among the candidates to succeed General W. H. Bixby, U. S. A., who retires next December. Colonel Goethals would undoubtedly get the appointment, but he prefers to remain in the Canal Zone for the next few years.

Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, arrived in San Francisco Thursday and is in command at Fort Winfield Scott and of the coast defense of this city.

Major Sherwood A. Cheeney, U. S. A., Corps of Engineers, has returned from Washington, D. C., where he has been on official duty.

Lieutenant Charles Windsor, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *Alert*, has returned to San Francisco.

Lieutenant R. L. Lowman, U. S. N., who has been an instructor at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, has been ordered to the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Lieutenant Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., Mrs. Gearing, and their little son have gone to Annapolis to reside indefinitely. Since their marriage they have resided at Mare Island.

Colonel Frank Denny (retired), U. S. Marine Corps, Mrs. Denny, and Miss Esther Denny are spending the summer in the Adirondacks.

Major William Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis are entertaining Mrs. Virginia Tobin at their home at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego.

Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick have taken possession of their new quarters at the Presidio. Colonel Frick has been appointed chief surgeon at the Letterman General Hospital.

Captain Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane have taken a cottage at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, for the summer.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Cowdin, who was formerly Miss Florence Hopkins, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins.

◆

The home in Perugia, Italy, of Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Baron has been brightened by the advent of a son, born May 27. Mrs. Baron was formerly Miss Virgilia Bogue of this city.

◆

The Institute of Florence has opened a competition for the composition of a cantata to the memory of Verdi, between the pupils of the classes of composition there and in the Royal Conservatories of Naples, Milan, Parma, and Palermo. The poem for the competition consists of several verses from an ode by Giovanni Tecchio.

◆

Of unusual interest is the decision of the Italian government to publish the artistic and literary works of Michael Angelo in fifteen volumes with 2000 illustrations. A copy will be sent to each principal library in the world.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

It was reported Thursday morning that five of the indicted policemen are willing to plead guilty to the charge of misdemeanor conspiracy. A stern reprimand seems almost certain in their cases, unless mitigating circumstances are sketched in.

Detective Esola was found guilty of the charge of grand larceny, but has not yet been sentenced.

A site on the exposition grounds for the display from Bolivia was dedicated Thursday afternoon by United States Minister Horace G. Knowles, who came from the South American republic for that purpose.

Visiting superior judges from other districts in the state assisted in dispensing justice in San Francisco during the month of May, just closed, to a total amount in personal expense claims of $3372.47.

The Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux schools held graduating exercises Tuesday night at Native Sons' Hall. Horace Davis, president of the board of directors of the California School of Mechanical Arts, presided, and George C. Sargent and Frank C. Symmes addressed the students. Samuel P. Russell, president of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Association, delivered an address in behalf of the alumni. Diplomas were bestowed on more than a hundred graduates.

The Jewish festival of Shahuoth, or the Feast of Weeks, commemorating, according to ancient tradition, the presentation of the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai, was celebrated Wednesday by the Jewish people. Elaborate devotional exercises took place in the various synagogues of the city.

Flag Day exercises of the San Francisco Lodge of Elks will take place at Native Sons' Hall Saturday evening, when an elaborate patriotic programme will be rendered.

Approving the manner in which the much-discussed "municipal clinic" has been conducted, and going on record in favor "of the continuation of the assistance that has been rendered until recently to the said institution by the police department," the board of supervisors on Monday took an unequivocal position. The resolution was introduced by Supervisor Bancroft, and vigorously opposed by Supervisors Murdock, Mauzy, and Caglieri.

Christine Nielsen, the San Francisco girl, now prima donna of the "Hanky Panky" Company at the Cort Theatre, opened the new quarters of the Norwegian Club Sunday afternoon. She was the guest of honor at the exercises in the new building at Clay and Webster Streets.

There were 595 sales of San Francisco real estate recorded during May for a total of $4,661,367. This total is somewhat below the totals for previous months, but far above the monthly average for the year 1912, and $1,421,665 higher than the total for May of last year.

A special train, bearing more than 300 members of the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic of San Francisco and Oakland, left Monday for Reno, Nevada, where the local Civil War veterans will attend the forty-sixth annual encampment of the Department of California and Nevada.

A series of improvements along Ocean Beach is to be undertaken by the park commissioners in coöperation with the supervisors. The upper drive along the Great Highway is to be extended to Sloat Boulevard, a distance of a mile, at a cost of $12,000. It is also proposed to construct a board walk three miles long and eight feet wide along the western line of the Great Highway. It will be modeled after the famous board walk at Atlantic City, with even a better view of the ocean. These improvements might well have been undertaken long ago.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, born June 9. Mrs. Avenali was formerly Miss Mary Josselyn.

◆

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is she a good musician?" "Very. She knows when to quit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is Bliggins a man of his word?" "Only when he gets to singing 'I won't go home till morning!' you know."—*Washington Star.*

"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house." "It isn't necessary. She knows."—*Houston Post.*

"I see a certain cult announces that the millennium will come next year." "I'm not such an enthusiastic Democrat as all that."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Gibbs—Don't you think some of those modern dresses are rather immodest? *Dibbs*—No; but I'll reserve my opinion of their wearers.—*Boston Transcript.*

"There's no blind side to a Georgian mule," says the experienced brother, "for that alert animal has an accurate way of feeling for you with its heels."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Little Tommy (reading the Bible)—Pop, what is a hand maiden? *Pop*—A hand maiden? Great Scott! They didn't have manicure girls in those days, did they?—*Judge.*

No, Marjorie, there is a difference between a taxidermist and a taxicabbist. A taxidermist skins animals, and a taxicabbist isn't so particular—he'll skin anybody.—*New York Clipper.*

Stenographer—What is wrong, Mrs. Grimbattle? *Mrs. Grimbattle*—You've spelled Henry with a capital H. Don't you know that Henry is a mere man's name?—*New York Globe.*

Harassed Author (annoyed by the barking of a dog)—Have you told your mistress that dog must be made to stop barking? *Servant*—Please, sir, mistress says it doesn't matter now that baby's awake.—*Punch.*

"Madame," said the doctor, "what you need is more exercise. Why don't you walk four or five miles every day?" "And have people think we've had to sell our automobile? I guess not."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You don't mean to say that Dugeon is dead." "Yes, sir; and I married his widow." "Dear me! You don't say! Poor fellow!" "Don't be sorry for him, old man. He has the laugh on me, all right."—*Life.*

"Ever lose a surgical case?" "Nope. I thought I was going to lose one once, but it came out all right." "The patient came near dying, eh?" "Oh, he died. But his heirs paid for the operation."—*Houston Post.*

"Dobbleday seems to think himself a very important person." "Why, he can't even stand on a street corner and wait for a trolley car without putting on as many airs as if he were laying a cornerstone."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"This office you are applying for will require your constant attention," warned the eminent official. "That's all right. I don't believe I will have to hustle any harder to hold it than I have done to get it."—*Washington Star.*

"Hamlet Fatt is timorous about appearing in this town." "Stage fright at his age? Why, he's been on the boards for years." "But this is the first time he was ever billed for two nights in one place."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Madam, I must congratulate you on having such a pushing young fellow for a husband." "Yes, George does very well with the lawn mower, but I have a time with him about the baby carriage."—*Josh Wink, in the Baltimore American.*

Customer—But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language. *Dealer*—'E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot.—*London Bystander.*

"A bad mess," declared the junior partner. "Lot of urgent mail to be answered and the typewriter has just left." "The office boy is always fooling around that machine," suggested the senior partner. "Put him in now and let's see what he can do as a pinch-hitter."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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The Esola Appeal.

It is stated that Esola, the convicted policeman, intends to lodge an appeal against the sentence passed upon him, but that he will begin his imprisonment forthwith, since a year will lapse before the case can be determined. Now the delays of the law have become so far a commonplace that the enormities of such a system pass almost unnoticed. Why should it take a year to decide such an appeal as this? Why should it take four years to decide that Porter Charlton must be extradited to Italy to be tried for the murder of his wife? An English court of appeals would have decided either of these cases in forty-eight hours. So long as we continue to tolerate proceedings so shamefully dilatory, so saturated with cruelties, we can hardly be surprised that demagogues should denounce a system that was not intended to favor influence and wealth but that seems actually to do so.

Public opinion intends that this evil shall be removed and it expects that lawyers themselves shall show the way. Lawyers alone know how it can be done without interference with essential procedure, but if it is not done in proper ways it will assuredly be done improperly. It will be done by those rough and ready means now becoming so fatally popular. The average citizen knows well that the Esola appeal could be decided in a week, and it may be said that the average citizen is now making up his mind to drastic action. And drastic action will come unless the legal profession shall take timely note of the handwriting on the wall.

The Japanese Issue, for Eastern Readers.

Misconception of California's attitude toward the Japanese seems absolute and profound at the East. Evidence of it in many forms and phases is found in pretty much every newspaper which has discussed the matter. California seems everywhere regarded much as a spoiled and pampered child which out of sheer wantonness has chosen a course for which it needs to be spanked and put to bed. All this is not difficult to understand when we reflect that about the only information the East has had has come in connection with the action of Governor Johnson and our late delectable legislature and in attempted justification thereof.

The East should know that there was a Japanese question in California before Governor Johnson and his legislature took cognizance of it. It has been a question rather than an "issue," and it has been growing upon the public consciousness for several years. Its foundation lies in positive and ineradicable differences between the Eastern and Western races—differences physical, mental, and moral. The Japanese is another kind of man and his conceptions of life from every aspect and in every phase are different from ours. He has a mind of a very acute and acquisitive kind. He has a discipline born of his racial history and associated with his racial character and traditional faiths. He has a certain kind of morality all his own; and he has an abounding and colossal ambition highly tinctured with a conceit which centuries of separation from the world have bred in him. Nobody denies to the Japanese a high degree of intellect, eminent qualities of industry and individual spirit, high efficiency with respect to the duties and tasks of life as they present themselves to him under his own conception of things.

But the merits of the Japanese character fail to commend the Jap as a neighbor and a fellow-citizen or to justify his demand for recognition and acceptance socially and otherwise upon even and equal terms. First, there is an instinctive sense of physical repugnance on the part of the Western or European race towards the Japanese race. Nobody entering a street-car in San Francisco takes a seat beside a Jap if there is another vacant place. Very many persons purposely avoid riding in the cars largely used by Japanese. It is quite useless to argue that the Jap is as cleanly in his habits as men of our own race, for the issue of cleanliness is not the vital consideration. It is an instinctive, an inherent feeling based on sensibilities which have little relation to individual habits. The feeling is precisely like that which leads the white race everywhere to avoid association with black men. Whatever quarter of a California town is "invaded" by Japanese instantly loses its tone. It becomes discredited precisely as any quarter in an Eastern city is discredited when negroes move into it. A notable illustration of this phase of the question may be found in the college town of Berkeley, on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, in connection with the recent purchase of a handsome house and grounds by George Shima, locally known as the "potato king." Shima is a man of education, of wealth, of high business responsibility, and individually a man presentable anywhere. His family is of like character. But the neighborhood in which he took up his residence was shocked and offended and vented its resentment in no uncertain terms upon the man who sold the property to him. There was an immediate and distinct deterioration in the social desirability and the monetary value of adjoining properties. Nobody having the Western sense of things wants to live in neighborship with a Japanese. No property-owner would think of renting a house to a Japanese without first abandoning the idea of its ever again being occupied by white people.

This instinctive racial antipathy runs through the attitude of whites towards Japanese throughout California. The two or three towns in the Sacramento Valley in centres largely occupied by Japanese are being abandoned by white people. Nobody wants to live in a "Jap town"; nobody wants his children to associate with Japanese children in study or in play. Regarded from the social standpoint, the situation precisely duplicates that in our Southern States as related to whites and negroes, with this difference, that the negro voluntarily and cheerfully accepts social subordination, while the Jap is a persistent and aggressive "climber," seeking at all times to impose his presence upon white neighbors and to assert his pretensions of social equality.

In one relation the Japanese finds acceptance in California, not because they are liked collectively or individually, but because they supply an urgent demand for labor. Land-owners eager for laboring hands turn to the Japanese as their only available resource. Universally they would prefer the equally industrious, equally intelligent, more patient, more faithful, less ambitious Chinese, who though now debarred from the country by positive interdiction are held in high esteem by pretty much everybody excepting the special class with whom they compete in the labor market. Because they are the only laborers available the Japanese are welcomed by farmers and land-owners, but at the same time they are in most cases individually disliked. And for cause. They are skillful and industrious enough, yet they are whimsical, unreliable, and proverbially dishonest. A contract made with a Chinese is commonly good whatever may happen, but a contract made with a Japanese is notoriously subject to uncertainties resting upon an innate lack of personal and commercial honor as we understand it.

While the Japanese readily enough acquire skill in our industries and learn our language sufficiently for their purposes, they are absolutely resistant with respect to moral and social example from our standpoint. An Americanized Japanese may have learned many things which render him serviceable, but he remains in his general conceptions of life and in his social character as definitely alien as before. He takes on nothing of Western sentiment, feeling, social practice, or moral standards. Even Japanese children born in this country are as definitely Japanese in their ideas and ways as the rawest coolie whose arrival dates only week before last.

In view of these facts and conditions it is believed by thoughtful men here that the presence of Japanese in California as a domesticated element involves a menace both social and political. They are a prolific race, and their children born here hold under the constitution all the rights and privileges of citizenship, while they exhibit no inclination or capacity for taking on social responsibilities and duties. It is the universal feeling that a Japanese community in California—and there are several such—is an insoluble cankerous element in the life of the country, tending to many forms of disadvantage and embarrassment. It follows as a matter of course that there is a growing feeling that ways should be found to check further immigration of Japanese and to hold those here in the character of workers as detached as possible from the vital life of the country.

The civil, the natural, probably the most effective way of dealing with the Japanese question as we understand it here is through the channel of international diplomacy. Nobody whose mind is upon the serious issue as distinguished from political buncombe and labor-union bravado wishes to humiliate the Japanese or to alienate the national friendship of Japan. Pro-ably there would be no difficulty in effecting an arrangement under which Japan herself would limit the coming of Japanese to this country to travelers, merchants, and transients. Already there is such an arrangement between Japan and Great Britain with respect to Canada and Australia. On former occasions Japan has shown a disposition to meet our wishes in this and in other matters; in all likelihood—with the element of irritation out of the way—she would willingly do the same now. And that is the right way to deal with the question, rather than by methods calculated to wound the sensibilities of the Japanese government, and of the better element of the Japanese people, who it needs to be said are rarely found among the mass which flocks here in increasing and alarming numbers.

Since this writing is mainly for the information of Eastern readers, something needs to be said in explanation of the recent action here which has caused so much hubbub. We have in the governor's chair a furious "progressive" who combines a passion for novelties in government with the ambition to build up an all-powerful personal political machine. The recent legislature, chosen under influences controlled by the governor, shared in his extravagances and yielded an obedience at once supine and shameless to his demands. In eagerness for an impassioned and unguarded "reform" they overshot the mark. Before the session was half done the governor and his legislature by arbitrary and extravagant courses had shocked and alarmed the state. Quick to see the change in public sentiment—to read the signs of popular disapproval—the governor set about to find means of commending himself and his crank legislature to popular favor. At the same time it was desired to find means to bring to the support of the state administration the forces of organized labor which has long seen in the Japanese "invasion" the upgrowth of an effective competition in the labor market, though as yet the Japanese are not competitors in the trades. With a vision not unskilled in the arts of political cajolery his more or less excellency seized upon the Japanese question as an "issue" ripe and to the hand of political and social agitation. Here we have the fundamental motive leading up to action on the part of governor and legislature which has disregarded every consideration of prudence and courtesy and has resulted in the creation of a situation difficult of solution without a breakdown of friendly relations between the United States and Japan. It is due to political calculation, to a hot-headed precipitancy, and especially to a desire to please the labor unions that we have now a situation tending to make the question of Japanese immigration a very serious one. The danger now is that universal resentment in and out of Congress with respect to the ill-timed and ill-considered action of Governor Johnson and the legislature of California will react in the form of a national policy tending to augment rather than to limit a grave national danger.

A Call to Mr. Rolph.

With six police officials convicted of complicity with a gang of thugs, with two more on trial, and with further exposures promised, it is easy to believe that the canker of police corruption is widespread. Manifestly the police department of San Francisco is rotten at its centre, rotten at the top.

From any point of view the present administration stands condemned. If the affiliation of detectives and roundsmen with notorious criminals was known by the commission and countenanced, then the commissioners share in responsibility for the crimes done under this compact. If the commission did not know it, then they are guilty of gross neglect of duty. In any case their unfitness to administer the affairs of the police department is manifest. They ought to go, and at once.

Mayor Rolph owes it both to San Francisco and to himself to rip up the police organization with an indignant hand. Every smirched man—and this includes the members of the police commission and the chief of police—should be dismissed summarily. No one of them can ever command the public confidence. No one of them can now be of service to San Francisco. The sooner they are bidden to go, the better; and the more emphatically they are bidden to go, the deeper the moral effect upon the police department and the community.

Now for the hundredth time it is demonstrated that the personal and political idea in police organization is false and mischievous both in principle and in practice. Under different administrations and in varying forms it has been productive of evils. It is high time to put a stop to it. It is time to organize the police without regard to personal interest or to politics, with strict regard to the law and under motives limited to considerations of public service. This is the duty which faces Mayor Rolph. The authority is in his hands and the responsibility is at his door. He can not shirk one or evade the other; and we don't believe he will wish to do either.

The time and the conditions call for reorganization of the police board by throwing out the men whose inadequacy is a demonstration and the putting into their places of men of known character and unquestioned responsibility. It is no time for experimentation—for playing favorites. The situation calls for men whose names stand for integrity, force, and public respect. Such men can be had if sought for. They stand at the front of every important business and every important profession in San Francisco. If the mayor will call such men to the public service under terms compatible with independence and self-respect they will answer as good citizens are bound to answer, no matter at what sacrifice of private interest.

The whole atmosphere of the police service needs to be changed. To a properly organized board of commissioners there should be added a gentleman—a *gentleman*—in the office of chief of police with the powers of a military commander. We have tried stool pigeons and promoted roundsmen, only to find them lacking in the character and dignity which the work requires, incapable of creating the right atmosphere about them and of enforcing discipline. A higher type of man than our police service has ever known is imperatively needed for its regeneration. And when such a man is found he must be given the free hand under which only he can maintain his own dignities and command the respect of his subordinates. Any man competent for the work will demand positive authority in it and will accept nothing short of it. No man who will consent to accept the chiefship merely as an automaton representing the authority of the board and subject to a pestiferous meddling at its hands is fit for the job or competent for it. What is needed is a real man with powers in relation to the police force comparable with those of a military officer over the men he commands.

It is up to Mayor Rolph in an emergency which cries aloud for instant action to be a man or a mouse—to demonstrate whether he be a cheap, cringing politician or a man capable by the forces of resolution and courage to stand as a leader and director in large affairs.

S. P. Will Fight the Unmerging Scheme.

The new situation in the unmerging deal suits the spirit and temper of California vastly better than the original plan which got its quietus at the hands of the State Railroad Commission. The Southern Pacific, which was at first disposed to yield, has now determined to stand and fight. And for once at least it finds itself in accord with the will of California, backed by an obvious public interest and by an active public sympathy.

The more closely the purpose of the Attorney-General to dismember the Southern Pacific, to take from it the very stem upon which and from which its wide branching system has been developed, is examined, the more objectionable it appears from the standpoint of California's interest. But for an accidental and incidental variation of names growing out of varying times and circumstances, nobody would ever have thought of the Southern Pacific in its several divisions as other than a unified system. That it is just this—that in its existing form it is a natural development with its several parts logically related to each other—is demonstrated by many circumstances, but perhaps most obviously and positively by its history. Over fifty years ago a group of four men conceived the plan of the Central Pacific Railroad as the Pacific Coast link in a line connecting the two oceans. Even before the task which they had taken upon themselves was completed they saw the necessity for extensions north and south throughout California. These extensions were planned and built as parts of the original line, logically connected with and essential to it. Later they extended the system to the extreme southern part of the state, and as this section grew in population and productive power they provided for its service a direct line eastward to El Paso and New Orleans.

Every foot of all this vast scheme of construction was carried forward to the end of providing a transportation service for California. It was all done in direct relation to the original purpose and as an aid and support to it. One idea, one plan, inspired the whole great work. There was never a moment when any part or department of the general project was thought of as separate from the whole. All parts of the system grew under the hands of the same men acting upon absolute unity of purpose, one part duly related to every other part, and the whole calculated and adjusted in relation to the needs and demands of the community of California.

It matters not at all that one part of this system was called Central Pacific, another part Southern Pacific, another part California & Oregon, still other parts by other names, and that ultimately for convenience the name and interest of Southern Pacific came to dominate the whole. Variation of names stood merely for difference in time, difference in circumstance, convenience in financial arrangements. When a new construction was needed it was built under whatever name happened for the moment to be most convenient, but always under one idea and to one purpose. The ownership, the inspiration, the aim, was a common one. There was no conflict, no matching of interest against interest.

It would be strange truly if a system thus brought into existence by a single association or partnership of the same men under a common inspiration and common purpose should in its completed form present the anomaly of duplicated and antagonistic parts. No such anomaly exists in fact. The Southern Pacific system more definitely than any other of the great transportation systems of the country represents unity of conception, unity of purpose, response to a common necessity, and a logical development of mutually supporting elements and factors.

It is curious that the Southern Pacific should have been selected for the reorganizing hand of authority while other systems more subject to criticism were plainly in sight. The New York Central system, for example, is made up of different lines of road built by different persons and under motives of competition. Three general lines, not to mention a multitude of side lines, extensions, and feeders, are brought together in a general system. Similarly the Pennsylvania system is a product of combinations and acquisitions, the several divisions and parts practically duplicating each other. The same with the New York, Hartford, & New Haven, the Boston & Maine, the Southern, and other systems. Why, when these combinations are overlooked, is there furious assault upon the California system which presents so relatively little of what even may appear to be in violation of the principles laid down in the Sherman Act?

The interest of California as regarded separate and apart from the interest of the Southern Pacific Company in maintaining the unity of the Southern Pacific system is made obvious by reference to the map of the United States. Nature has decreed that the shortest and most direct line between the East and West must be that of the Truckee River, Great Salt Lake, and the Missouri River at Omaha. Under the present organization, California through the Southern Pacific controls a considerable part of this shortest and most direct line. It is connected physically and by community interest with the Southern Pacific system in California. To cut out the Central Pacific line from this system would be to lop off from the California system an essential and necessary factor. It would make a disturbance in the continuity of interest and transportation between California and the East. Regarded with respect to the central and northern sections of the state—by far the larger and richer part of California—it would make a situation anomalous, illogical, and of obvious disadvantage.

It is fair to say that as conditions have presented themselves in recent months the situation has been saved by the State Railroad Commission. If that body had been less intelligent and less resolute the scheme of dismemberment dictated by the Attorney-General's office at Washington and cooked up in the interest of the Union Pacific by conferences of bankers at New York would now be an accomplished fact. The Southern Pacific would have been shorn of its most important lines—the stem and foundation of its system—and the transportation interests of California would have been subjected to an unnecessary and disturbing condition. The inevitable result would have been the duplication of local roads in support of contending interests upon the cost of which the producers and consumers of California would have had to pay interest and operating charges. It is idle to plead that the increased cost would have been borne by the railroad companies, since whatever puts a tax upon the resources of a railroad puts a corresponding and augmented tax upon the public, which ultimately and surely pays all the bills.

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President Wilson and Governor Carter.

President Wilson did a singularly ill-advised thing—it might even be said a singularly discourteous thing—when he canceled his appointment with Mr. Carter of Hawaii. For the imputation was obvious. The President's action implied that Mr. Carter was in Washington upon an illegitimate errand. It was intended as a rebuke, and it will be so regarded by those whose partisanship outweighs their sense of fair play and their regard for the amenities of political life.

Mr. Carter's errand was not illegitimate. It was both lawful and obligatory. He is an ex-governor of Hawaii and well known as an authority upon all public matters, fiscal and otherwise, connected with the Islands. Congress is now engaged upon a tariff bill that vitally concerns Hawaiian affairs, and that may work the gravest danger upon those affairs. The bill has already passed the House of Representatives and is now in the Senate, where Hawaii has no voice. If Mr. Carter has opinions as to the effect of the tariff bill upon Hawaiian production—and naturally he has opinions—it was not only his right but also his very positive duty to communicate those opinions to the Senate. But because he proposed to do this in the only way open to him he is made the victim of a presidential snub and subjected to the humiliation of a canceled appointment. It was unmannerly and it was impolitic.

But at least we are helped to understand the President's interpretation of the lobbying that he is so strenuous and so untimely in denouncing. It is evident now that lobbying means any kind of political action in Washington that is directed against the administration policies. If the communication of authentic information is prejudicial to those policies then such presentation becomes at once illegitimate. If large industries will be crippled by a bill which is not yet law, which is still under debate, it is unlawful to say so in Washington, and those who do say so will be branded as guilty of exercising a furtive and a sinister influence upon legislation and legislators. That a tariff bill should be passed in the dark or without the essential substratum of vital fact is quite consonant with the presidential ideas. Any one venturing to supply needed light or to furnish the facts becomes at once and by inference a kind of malefactor who is bent on subverting a legislative independence or suborning a legislative corruption. But it is safe to say that if Mr. Carter had come to Washington for the purpose of applauding and supporting the tariff bill he would not have been denounced for lobbying, nor would his invitation to the White House have been canceled.

No one questions that the practice of lobbying has been abused. The practice of going to church has been abused. All human rights have been abused. But they continue none the less to be human rights. Every citizen of the country, every combination of citizens, has a right to approach Congress in any proper and open way and to communicate facts or opinions germane to any proposed legislation. It is in its essential character the ancient right of petition and it is just as valid as ever it was. The principle of the thing is entirely unaffected by its occasional misuse or even by the venality of legislators and lobbyists that has opened the door to scandal. Wherever abuses have occurred they should be sternly suppressed, but not by childish methods that would place wool in the ears of congressmen lest they hear something improper, or surround them with a ring fence lest they see something undesirable. Mr. Carter may be entirely wrong in his opinions, but he has a right to express them. He has no right not to express them. Probably he knows more about Hawaii and its trade than the President and the Senate combined. That he should be reprimanded because his opinions and his facts happen to be adverse to a particular bill is indefensible and absurd.

An intolerable amount of nonsense has of course been talked about lobbying. We are asked to believe that it has been the peculiar weapon of special interests organized and financed to defeat the will of "the people." But "the people" can presumably do the same thing if they are so minded. Who is to blame but themselves for their lack of cohesion and organization? They are numerous enough, not only to force their irresistible decisions upon Congress, but utterly to swamp and annihilate any forces that they may think to be hostile. And yet we are asked to believe that a few dozen attorneys and paid agents in the corridors of Congress can thwart the wishes of ninety millions of people, who must witness their betrayal in speechless impotence, and that these ninety millions of people must be protected from such betrayal by a presidential fulmination. Such an idea can be defended only upon a hypothesis of popular senility.

The President has of course gone much too far. He has himself exercised an influence that can only be described as lobbying in its worst form. Senators Gallagher and Townsend were strictly within the letter of accuracy when they said that he had exceeded his prerogatives and violated the spirit of a Constitution which established a balance of power in legislative functions and that was intended to prevent the dragooning and the coercion of one branch of the government by any other branch. But it is time to utter a protest when usurpation of this kind takes the form of a coercive filtration of facts and opinions that should be presented to Congress in their entirety, when it attempts to dictate what information may and may not be placed at the disposal of the national legislature.

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The German Emperor.

The public opinion of the world is quite willing to join in the decorous German cheers that acclaim the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the emperor. A quarter of a century ago we were all disposed to believe that the crowning of the new ruler was a portent of international turmoil. Never were expectations more pleasantly disappointed. There have been plenty of wild words and some foolish ones, but Germany has not fired a shot in anger for twenty-five years if we except the little difficulty in China in which we were all involved. Germany is almost the only great European country that has preserved an unbroken peace. With the greatest of modern armies she has kept that army at the highest point of efficiency, but she has also kept it harmless against the peace of the world. And for this we have to thank the emperor himself. All the faults of an impetuous personality become insignificant in comparison with this one supreme fact. The emperor has shown himself to be one of the strong men of the world, so strong that he has been able to put aside the glittering temptations that belong so naturally to his martial temperament.

The predictions of strife that were so general when the emperor began his reign were renewed when he parted company with Bismarck. But we may doubt if Bismarck could ever have steered the ship so smoothly and so safely. Bismarck believed in government by war. He believed in taking by force, and in holding by force what he had taken. He made war upon Austria and upon France, and they were wars that were largely wanton. He supposed himself to be master of German destinies, and as the young emperor had assigned that particular rôle to himself conflict between the two became inevitable. The immediate cause of the rupture is said to have been Bismarck's refusal to give the emperor certain information for which he asked, but the parting of the ways could not have been deferred for long. In autocracy there is no room for duality. No ship can have two captains. The emperor intended to do his whole duty as he conceived it under the German constitution, and he has been justified by events. Germany is now immeasurably greater than she was twenty-five years ago. Population, commerce, education, all the arts of peace, have flourished mightily. Of course there are rocks ahead, as there must always be, but the fact that the emperor is at the helm is now cause for confidence and not foreboding. Certainly there was no one to say that twenty-five years ago.

Germany's ways are not always our ways. Indeed there are few points of similarity between the two governments. But if we look at the actual essentials of human life, the general level of happiness and contentment, the legitimate gratification of mental and physical needs, we must concede to Germany a very large place in the sun. Comparisons are always odorous, but if human happiness is the measure of political evolution—and what other can there be?—then we can have little but admiration for a system that is consonant with the spirit of the people, and any other system, however theoretically perfect, would be disastrous.

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Editorial Notes.

California has a certain share in the glory of America's victory over England in last week's polo games due to the fact that half a dozen horses of California breeding and training were ridden by the winning players. The reports speak especially of the effective work of three California ponies, and there were others in the field. The horse is no small part of the polo game, especially as it is played nowadays. The requirements are exacting. There must be the capacity for high speed in combination with temperamental docility. In other words, the perfect polo pony must yield his highest powers at the will of his rider and upon the instant without falling into a state of nervous excitement. He must be quick to start, quick to stop, alert to move this way or the other, obedient to indications of guidance. The game has become so swift under modern practice that only thoroughbreds have the speed and endurance for it, and most thoroughbreds unhappily have the nervous organization which disqualifies them for the steady work which it requires. Many a play is spoiled, many a game lost, because at a critical moment a pony has lost its head. Since all thoroughbreds come from the same stock there is to be accredited to one country or another only such advantages as result from climate and feed or from training. It is perhaps at the last point that California is supreme. Our ponies are broken, if that term properly applies, under the Spanish system. They are ridden daily for several months with bits in their mouths but not connected with reins. The guiding agent is a device known as a "hackamore," being merely a noseband knotted under the jaw, to which reins are attached. The pony is taught all his paces and trained to his work before an ounce weight is put upon the delicate membranes of the mouth. Thus he comes to efficiency as a seasoned and trained beast with a fresh and perfect mouth. He is, too—this being a special merit of the hackamore—trained to guide by the neck. The slightest touch of the rein in the hands of the rider carries him instantly to right or left. And this, with the delicacy of his mouth, makes him if his temperament be right a beast of unequaled serviceability in a game wherein everything may be lost or won by readiness and quickness of action. Under the English system horses are ridden with bit and bridle from the start, with the result that mouths are so toughened by the time they are ready for service as to lack delicacy. Another fault of the English system is that the horse is guided directly by the bit rather than by the neck—that is, it requires a pull upon the right rein to turn to the right, or the reverse, rather than a touch of the rein upon his neck. So radical is the difference in the practice of training and riding that an English polo player mounted for the first time upon a California-trained horse finds himself disconcerted by the unaccustomed ready response of horse to rein. It is the merit of the California system of training, originally taken over from the Spaniard and the cowboy, that gives to the California-bred horse his especial value as a polo mount. And it is because of this that California horses bring exceptional prices in the pony market in the East and in Europe. Within a year, and especially for service in the international games, many California ponies have been sold at prices from ten to twenty times above normal value as gauged by ordinary service. Walter Hobart is reported to have sold four of his ponies a few months ago for the lump sum of ten thousand dollars. Frank Carolan has made several sales from his Burlingame paddocks at similarly high prices. In photographs recently printed in *Harper's Weekly* and other publications Harry Whitney, captain of the American winning team, is seen mounted upon "René," a pony familiar to all lovers of polo here, ridden many times during the past two or three years in local matches by R. M. Tobin and sold by him to Mr. Whitney a few months ago.

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Police on night duty in Glasgow, Scotland, are being afforded facilities for warming food and tea at certain street telephone and signal boxes. To this end the boxes are fitted with electrical hot plates, which can be switched on to the corporation mains and utilized for warming food or drink. Twenty minutes are allowed for supper, and the current is so arranged that the heater element can not be left under current when not in use, even if the user omits to switch off.

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Julio Lecaros y Navas, now in Lima, Peru, on a tour of South America collecting data regarding the old Spanish families, is director of the Heraldic Academy of Madrid. He will also study and investigate for the Orden Militar y Hospitaliaria de San Juan de Acre, an order that dates back to the middle ages, and has for its purpose the succoring of travelers and immigrants in foreign lands.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The advocates of international peace tell us that they are making great strides toward the attainment of their ideal. If they are striding half so fast as the armaments themselves then they have indeed cause for congratulation. Since 1905 the seven great nations of civilization have increased their war expenditures from 281,000,000 pounds sterling to 400,000,000 pounds sterling. Although the United States is in a "practically defenseless" condition she is now spending $115,000,000 more than she was spending seven years ago, and this is a larger increase than that of any other nation on earth. These figures have just been presented to the annual meeting of the Peace Society in London, the president of the society saying that the general situation gave him "mixed feelings of despondency and pleasure." He did not specify the causes for pleasure, but we may suppose that they consisted of the usual Carnegieisms furnished by eminent men and to the effect that the "forces making for peace" are growing daily stronger—like the armaments. Our appetite for Carnegieisms is astonishing.

This particular meeting of the Peace Society was red-lettered in a small way by a prediction from Dr. Horton. Horace Greeley said once that the best way to resume specie payments was to resume them. In similar vein Dr. Horton said that the best way to disarm is to disarm, and he ventured to foresee a day when some nation would do this irrespective of all others. Such a nation, he believed, would suffer loss at the start, but it would then become the dominant world power. Dr. Horton's courage is commendable. Possibly he is also right. It is only ignorance that undervalues the efficacy of a moral force. A thug who refuses to be converted unless assured of the simultaneous conversion of all other thugs is in perilous state. His only hope is in independent action. The Quaker community once adopted a policy of individual non-resistance to evil. They repudiated even the law courts. And the Quakers flourished exceedingly. Since the early persecutions no one had molested them. They could be robbed with impunity, but no one robbed them.

The Rockefeller Institute, after an elaborate series of experiments with living animals, says that the bluebottle stable fly is responsible for infantile paralysis. The California State University laboratory at Berkeley, after a similar series of experiments with living animals, says the bluebottle stable fly has nothing to do with the case. Now with every desire in the world to be "scientific" we want to know with what feelings we are to regard the bluebottle fly. Is he a criminal, or is he the victim of unjust aspersion? Should he be swatted?

The world of poetry will not greatly mourn the departure of Alfred Austin, although as a man and a brother he was doubtless all that he should be. He received the laureateship because there was no one else to have it, Swinburne having disqualified himself by some ultra-radical verses, and perhaps also because he had offended the Czar of Russia by suggesting that he go to hell. But Austin was never conscious of the incongruity of his position as a successor of Tennyson or as a contemporary of Swinburne. Indeed he attacked them both, and subsequently complimented Swinburne on the good temper with which he had received the assault. Swinburne had not heard of it until then, but after it had thus been brought to his attention he proceeded to state his precise opinions of the laureate and there was a rupture of personal relations. Austin was essentially respectable. Conventionality was his guiding star, a "low tone" his abhorrence. He was willing to believe that Tennyson had not actually used the swear word once imputed to him—doubtless he had—but on the other hand Tennyson smoked.

The succession to the laureateship will be determined theoretically by the king, but actually by the prime minister. There are three possibilities, perhaps more. Masefield is too new and too original. There remain Kipling and Alfred Noyes, and it may be that a certain British Puritanism will prevail against the former. Alfred Noyes would be entirely safe from every point of view. He never touches political controversies, he is serious enough to please the churches, and poetical enough to please the critics. But why not abolish an office that has become something of an absurdity?

The Rev. William S. Rainsford writes a powerful letter to Mayor Gaynor of New York in order to protest against the proposed appointment of a vice commission. Dr. Rainsford has seen a good deal of such commissions. He reminds us that "their inefficiency, bigotry, partiality, and lack of intelligence, their incapacity to see and understand what should be and could be for the good of a great city's life led them often into mistakes of judgment and intrigues so grave as to be almost, if not actually, criminal." These people are always destitute of experience, they are usually densely ignorant and correspondingly stupid, and they invariably have some quack remedy in their pockets that they apply relentlessly and disastrously. "In the name of all social common sense," says Dr. Rainsford, "let us stop creating commissions, stop endowing groups of excited and irresponsible people with power they have not the wit or the training to use aright. Such powers must finally be entrusted only to appointed and responsible officials. Let us aim at orderly government for our great city and do away with the vigilance committee." It is a pity that there is no such effective voice in California to protest against the poisonous and demoralizing conviction that a good intention is the only requisite to human government. We do not allow a man to amputate a diseased leg merely because he is overflowing with human sympathy. We would rather have an immoral doctor than an unskilled one. But when it comes to the immeasurably more important functions of government we exact no other credential than goodwill at best and party subservience at worst.

Evidently the world does move. The Chicago *Dial* reminds us that John Fiske, whose daughter has just been married, was once reprimanded and threatened with expulsion from Harvard because of his addiction to Darwinism. Less than ten years later he was called back to Harvard in order to expound the very views that he had previously been punished for holding. This change on the part of the Harvard authorities was not, of course, due to any liberalizing process in theological thinking. It was due to the bayonet pricks of public opinion, which is the only propulsive power that theology has ever known—or will ever know.

Mr. Frank Trumbull, writing in the New York *Sun*, says: "On the Isthmus we are patiently and unselfishly caring for the welfare of 30,000 negroes, mostly from Jamaica, and 10,000 other employees." Commenting upon this statement, Mr. Benedict Prieth asks what would happen on the Isthmus if this army of employees were allowed to vote? He might also ask what would happen if their sisters and their cousins and their aunts were allowed to vote. Panama is the model community of civilization because it is governed despotically by one of those supremely strong men created by God for the purpose of governing their fellow-men. Other and less favored communities are allowed to make perpetual and unending demand for the release of a perpetual and unending supply of political Barabbases.

A British diplomat is quoted as advising an American confrère to "let the Japanese alone for a few years until commercialism shall have corroded them." Good advice, no doubt. But how about our own commercialism?

We may reasonably feel some sympathy with the demand for a law that shall provide a penalty for the newspaper that printed the following headline: "U. S. S. *Maryland* Stripped for Action—Makes Forced Speed to San Francisco—Prepared for Battle." But there is a more excellent way than a new law with its concurrent features of new extortions and new briberies. The evil would disappear forthwith if a few public-spirited advertisers would withdraw their announcements from the offending newspapers, stating clearly their reasons for so doing. We hear a good deal of patriotism nowadays. It could be proved effectively by some such action as this.

Mrs. Blatch and Mrs. Belmont are defending the action of the English suffrage militants while deprecating an American imitation on the ground that it is unnecessary here. But suppose it should become necessary in the opinion of these ladies. Would they resort to it? Apparently they would. And suppose after they are granted the suffrage they should find it ineffective in aid of some particular measure upon which they had set their hearts. Would they then resort to violence? And if not, why not? A class of the community that condones violence here or elsewhere, that is avowedly ready to resort to violence in order to get its own way, can hardly be regarded as an acquisition to the voting list.

Mr. Roosevelt says that the liquor interests are in alliance with the anti-suffragists. There is no reason why they should be. Women have never done any particular harm to the liquor trade. There is only one suffrage state, Kansas, where there is general prohibition. Boise, Idaho, has recently refused to decrease the number of saloons, and women have voted there for seventeen years. Prohibition was defeated by an enormous majority in Los Angeles, where the women can and do have anything they want. The prohibition women of Georgia are firmly opposed to suffrage. As a matter of fact there are no points of contact between the two movements. The attempt to connect them is an example of the odious practice of connecting some political measure with a moral axiom—a sort of "Vote for me, and support the Sermon on the Mount."

The Italian government has done well to protest against some New Jersey advertisements that announce land for sale, but not to "negroes or Italians." Probably there is no available remedy except some expression of public opinion to the effect that such an announcement is a brutal insult and that at some time or other there will be some unpleasant retaliation. The Springfield *Republican* says well that "Italy is one of the most highly civilized of countries, and in many respects is still ahead of the United States. That it sends us mainly workers while America sends to Italy mainly tourists should not affect the case. Tourists and workers are both needed, and both should be treated with courtesy."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Third Lieutenant William Sitgreaves Cox nearly a century ago had the stigma of disgrace placed upon him by a naval court-martial and was made the scapegoat for national pride when the *Shannon* defeated the *Chesapeake*, June 1, 1813. As a fitting tribute to the memory of Cox, the Minnesota legislature has petitioned for a federal appropriation to erect a monument in St. Paul bearing the following tablet: "This monument is erected to the memory of William Sitgreaves Cox, lieutenant, United States Navy, by order of act of Congress, for meritorious conduct in the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannan*, June 1, 1813. He was as humane as he was brave." Historians and relatives declare the verdict of the court-martial was unjust and that the lieutenant was wrongfully made to bear the shame and disgrace of the defeat. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* has been instrumental in having this long-delayed act of justice performed.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Trout-Rod on the Wall.

This slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the creel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now hanging on the wall
Such memories recall
Of the past.
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I can see the shady pool,
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er.
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the beauty rise,
As the artificial flies
Strike the pool.
I can hear the water boil,
And the crazy reel uncoil
From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the bank!
And the specks upon his flank—
How they shine!
Oh! none but anglers know
Why my eyes with tears o'erflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, the reel, and fly,
And the line. —*James H. Hoadley.*

By the Stream.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle.
All the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle,
And I dangle,
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout so wary grown.
Now I strike him!—joy elastic!
Scouring runs!—leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle,
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts observant,
Say to me, "Your humble servant!
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle,
There to dangle
With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the hook no page encloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine! Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

The Angler's Trysting-Tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee,
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?
—*Thomas Tod Stoddart.*

An Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind.
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers?
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or see a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a hook,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
—*Izaak Walton.*

M. CHARPENTIER'S NEW OPERA.

The French Composer Offers a Companion to "Louise."

To call Gustave Charpentier's new musical work an opera is to strain the meaning of that word. "Julien," which had its first performance at the Opera Comique yesterday afternoon, is more truthfully described as a lyrical poem in eight tableaux and a prologue. That, indeed, is M. Charpentier's own label, though the authorities of the Comique declined to adopt so modest a designation. It should be added, also, that the composer does not announce his work as the male counterpart of "Louise," yet as one listened and watched it was impossible to resist the thought that "Julien" is such a complement. Once more, too, M. Charpentier has taken the whole burden on his own shoulders; that is to say, he has written not only the music but also every word of the libretto.

By insisting upon evolving and dressing the story of his latest work the author of "Louise" has given hostages to fortune. For, competent though he is as a musician of the sincere if not pretentious type, M. Charpentier is thought too literary for a librettist. If he had to be classified in the terms of modern French literature he would have to be described as a symbolist, a disciple of Gérard de Nerval and the Huysmans. But he goes beyond those symbolists in that he has invented an emblematic vocabulary of his own which is richer in abstractions than in tokens. In developing the mental history of his hero Julien he surrounds him with a horde of characters, but these characters are not so much concrete persons as phases of Julien's own thoughts. After all, however, M. Charpentier gave us ample warning that we were not to take his abstractions too literally. In his preface to his programme he made an open confession. "Except Louise," he wrote, "the various characters surrounding Julien are not so much real beings as a representation of his exteriorized stages of consciousness. Some of them intervene merely as the momentarily animated reflection of a desire, a regret, a weakness, a memory." Thus when we meet the bell-ringer and acolyte of the Temple of Beauty, they are to stand for mere sneering vulgarity; Louise is a priestess in that temple it is true, but only a priestess of sensual pleasure. In fact there were moments of the opera when it seemed as though the clock had been put back to the days of the Revolution, and one would not have been surprised to have seen the name of Louis David on the programme as the designer of the tableaux.

For prologue there was a scene in Julien's studio at Rome, disclosing the artist-hero at work by the side of the sleeping Louise. Julien is a man of dreamy ideals, an illusionist who is haunted by marvelous fancies, and it is of these dreams and fancies that he sings as he labors at his easel. After a time he falls asleep, which is the cue for Louise to awake. The burden of her song is her love for Julien, plus a lament of jealousy, for she is conscious that her lover does not share his dreams with her. Here, then, we are already at the parting of the ways; divided by the ideal at the outset of the story, the hero and heroine are to take separate paths in life for many a day and many an experience.

As soon as the action proper begins the scenes attempt a visualization of Julien's dreams. In the second of the tableaux, then, the hero has reached the Temple of Beauty, which henceforth plays a conspicuous part in the story. Crowning a mountain peak after the manner of the Parthenon, the building was depicted as a second shrine of Athena, with yellow columns and a large assembly of priests and priestesses clad in white satin or pale-blue robes. Here a prominent figure is the high priest himself, who intones a serious warning to Julien of the dangers of those who aim too high. But the hero is unmoved; in a song of much dramatic power, sung without accompaniment, he stoutly declaims his faith in his dreams and his determination to suffer any pains that he may realize his ideals. It is at this juncture the bellringer and acolyte take up their rôle of scoffing vulgarity, but their skepticism has no more influence over Julien than the warning of the high priest.

Left alone in the temple, a moment of intense emotion which was underscored by an enchanting passage played by a string quartet, Julien is suddenly startled from his foreboding of coming sorrow by the appearance of the Goddess of Beauty, whose song bids her worshipper beware of the pride of reason. To this succeeded a charming setting in a birch wood, where, while Julien sleeps, the peasants wander to and fro plaintively singing of the aimlessness of human life. Awaking again the hero is arrested by the beauty of a peasant girl named Louise, who implores him to cast in his lot with her and her companions. The incident might have been a memory from Longfellow's poem; and the answer was the same, for with his dreams not yet come true the only reply Julien can give is "Excelsior."

So he wanders another stage on his journey, and the next phase shows him back at a Brittany cottage, the home of his childhood, where his aged grandmother bids him remember the prayers of his youth. Even here, however, dirge-like sounds find their way to the ears of Julien; they are the cries of his brother-poets, men who are wandering eternally in quest of the lost ideal. Onward once more in his pilgrimage, Julien is seen in a strange land for an idealist when the next scene is set. For this time the picture is of a street corner in Montmartre on a foggy night. In the pauses of the hero's poignant lament at the failure of his quest there are heard snatches of the strident music of Montmartre Fair. As if to make that failure more emphatic the Louise of the prologue joins Julien once more; she, too, has made an unhappy descent, for it is too obvious that she has joined the ranks of the oldest profession in the world.

If the opera had thus far been reminiscent of "Louise" the likeness became more pronounced in the final scene, which was a spirited representation of Montmartre Fair. The stage was crowded with clowns and soldiers and students and elderly seekers after pleasure, with the usual booths for the wrestler, the fat lady, and magicians. One of the latter bore the cynical legend that within all the splendors of truth might be seen for two sous. The showman here called aloud, "Come to the Temple of Beauty," an invitation so suggestive of his toilsome pilgrimage that Julien suddenly grows out of conceit with all his dreams and bursts out into a passionate song of which the theme is that as we are all beasts of burden we should live like beasts. In a flash the seeker after the ideal places himself at the head of the drunken mob and leads a wild attack on the booths of the fair. This was the most dramatic episode of the opera, the tense excitement of which was heightened by a final vision of the dream-world Julien had tried to discover. For after a moment of semi-darkness, during which Julien and Louise are seen together as outcasts in a squalid street, the back of the stage was suddenly transformed into a picture of the Temple of Beauty. While the vision holds the air is filled with melodious hymns, but as it fades away the hero and his fallen companion drink and laugh and embrace and sink to the ground in bestial slumber.

Not merely in some of its episodes and scenes is "Julien" so reminiscent of "Louise"; there were many passages of the music in which M. Charpentier obviously quoted from himself. This is equal to saying that throughout the music of this lyrical poem is replete with strength and color, while the climax of the second act was so notable for its directness that there were nearly a dozen curtain calls. M. Rousselière's robust voice was never heard to better effect than in his renderings of the varied songs and declamations of Julien, while Marguerite Carré acquitted herself with great resource in the several versions of Louise. If yesterday's enthusiastic reception is any indication of popular approval, "Julien" will exceed the success of "Louise," and in that event we shall have the symbolists holding up their heads once more. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, June 3, 1913.

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Germany has a system of people's courts from which lawyers are barred. The object is to insure prompt and cheap justice for the poorer elements of the community. The procedure in these courts is businesslike and free from technicalities and red tape. Now Kansas has followed the example of Germany and established by law a system of lawyerless courts. City or county commissioners are empowered to appoint a judge for a debtor's court from which lawyers are excluded. The plaintiff must tell his own story, as must the defendant. There are to be no technical pleas, and no legal jargon. The judge may call witnesses, examine them in his own way, or otherwise investigate the case. A few such laws and experiments as this may cause the average lawyer to take some interest in law reform, in the movement for efficiency, sanity, and simplicity in our courts of justice (says the Chicago *Record-Herald*). Business men, too, will take notice and ask why they, though not poor, should pay for delays, meaningless technicalities, verbiage, and professorial tricks, whether ethical or low. Law reform is waiting for the axe, and Kansas has made a beginning.

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That Africa, with its millions of idle negroes, should suffer from scarcity of labor seems to the outsider incredible, but it is a fact that the securing and distribution of labor is the most vital factor in the economic life of the continent south of the equator. It has been estimated that the Rand pays $300,000 a year to recruit the contingent from Portuguese East Africa alone, this sum covering only the expense of getting the "boys" from their homes and back again. A non-salaried recruiter gets $5 for every boy he persuades to go to the mines. It is by supplying the Rand with 50,000 to 60,000 boys annually that the province of Mozambique draws directly and indirectly by far the larger part of its revenue. The blessing, however, is not an unmixed one, for in proportion as the industrial needs of the province grow the drain of available labor is felt.

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One feature in which the Russian frontier differs from others is the complete ignorance of those living near the border of what lies beyond. A correspondent of the *Autocar* says that he called at the Automobile Club in Breslau, hoping to gain some information. "The members received me most kindly and did all they could to help, but explained that they never crossed the frontier and had no first-hand knowledge. The German custom officers, living for ten years within yards of Russia, spoke no word of Russian, and the Russians beyond the chain spoke no German. There is a neutral strip some three or four yards wide between Russia and Germany, along which many Russian sentries are posted, and mounted Cossacks pass at short intervals riding the boundary."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Señora Menocal, wife of the new president of Cuba, is a native of Havana, but, like her husband, was educated in the United States.

Carlos D. Cisneros, well known for his work in connection with the Lima Geographical Society, has been made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Rear-Admiral Peary, following an address before the Geneva, Switzerland, Geographical Society, was presented with the institution's gold medal struck especially in the explorer's honor.

Lionel Giles, who has just taken his doctor's degree in Chinese at Oxford, is the first man in the history of that institution to earn such a degree. It has been granted before, but only as an honorary title. He is the son of Professor H. A. Giles of Cambridge and is connected with the British Museum.

John Hach, the only living organizer of the Gesangverein Harmonie, which was founded fifty years ago in Cleveland, was present at the recent golden jubilee of the organization. As a special mark of favor Emperor William has ordered a gold medal struck in honor of the event. The presentation will be made later.

Frederick Neil Innes, winner of the $1000 prize recently offered by West Virginia for a state song, is director of the band which bears his name. He was born in England in 1858, and received his education at Rugby. The new song had its first public presentation at the semi-centennial celebration at Wheeling, June 20.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, one of the greatest artists of the day, has gone into the business of film producing with the intention of making motion pictures of artistic and educational quality as well as realism. He is a Bavarian by birth, founder of the Herkomer School of Art at Bushey, and has received many honors and titles.

George Anderson Cooke, just elected chief justice of the Illinois State Supreme Court, succeeding Frank A. Dunne, is, in point of service, the youngest chief justice in the history of the state. He was elected to the supreme bench to fill the unexpired term of the late Judge Guy C. Scott, with whom he had been a law partner. He was a member of the Illinois house of representatives for four years, beginning in 1902.

Judge E. K. Long, "the champion officeholder of the world," has just resigned his 179th office, at the age of eighty-seven years. For the last twenty years he has been a justice in Omaha, and in that time has tried more than 10,000 cases. He began his officeholding in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1840, and during his long career has been defeated but once. "I wouldn't quit now," he stated, "only I'm getting a little too old to hear witnesses as I once could."

Charles George Herbermann, to whom the Laetare Medal has been awarded, in recognition of his work as editor-in-chief of the new Catholic Encyclopædia, is professor of Latin in the College of the City of New York. He is a native of Westphalia, Prussia, but came to this country when in his youth. The medal for conspicuous Catholic achievements was established thirty years ago by the University of Notre Dame. Professor Herbermann has written a number of works, among them being "Business Life in Ancient Rome," in addition to contributions to leading periodicals.

Dr. Wilhelm Bode of the Berlin Museum, whose Rembrandt book may be called one of the weighty studies of the Dutch master, is gathering materials for two volumes on Frans Hals, which the Berlin Photographic Company is to bring out, to include every known example of this painter in any part of the world of which it may be possible to get a photograph of the right sort. In fact a German photographic expert is coming to America for the express purpose of making negatives of such paintings, and there will be a sort of *catalog raisonne* to accompany them, as well as a study of Hals by Dr. Bode.

Knud Rasmussen, the young Danish explorer, has made the important discovery that the so-called Peary Channel at the northern end of Greenland does not exist, and that Peary Land is not an island, but a portion of Greenland. Rasmussen started on his expedition on July 10, 1910. He is a native of Greenland, the son of a Danish clergyman and a pure-blooded Eskimo. From infancy the explorer has spoken Eskimo, and has devoted much study to the language philologically, so that he knows it better, perhaps, than any other person. As a youth he undertook voyages in Scandinavia, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland.

The Rev. David Thompson, D. D., of the Presbyterian Mission in Japan, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in that country as a mission worker. He assisted in organizing the first Protestant church in Tokyo, and for years served as interpreter to the United States legation. During his connection with the later office he translated, among other documents, the original Japanese penal code and code of criminal procedure, which were published in the United States in 1881. Dr. Thompson has also made many other translations on various topics. Now, at the age of seventy-eight, he is still active in the cause of religion, taking part in the general work of the Japanese church.

THE ABSCONDING OF FATHER.

A Good Idea Properly Applied.

Mr. Cephas Chase closed the July number of the *Mother's Sceptre* with which he had been mildly boring himself by the perusal thereof, and yawned expansively. Being a mild, timorous personage, he, in accordance with the law of attractions existing between opposites, reveled in adventure stories of the red-blooded variety, and only read the above-mentioned innocuous periodical because the sum allotted by the family minister of finance to be expended for the family reading barely covered the yearly subscriptions to the two magazines devoted to athletics which were for the benefit of the elder son, a forthputting youth of nineteen, the fashion magazines deemed a necessity by the daughter of the house two years younger, the *Youth's Spheroid* and *Scoutlets* for ten-year-old Johnny, and Mrs. Chase's two equal suffrage organs and the so-called maternal sceptre which Mr. Chase had just tossed aside. (They borrowed the daily paper.)

"You'd think the whole world was made for the women and children," he muttered aggrievedly. "The father of the family aint half as important as the family dog. He wouldn't dare take the same liberties around the house."

Here Mr. Chase interrupted his monologue to wrinkle his nose violently in order to unseat a persistent fly, and his thoughts reverted to the story which he had just finished reading, and which had aroused his ire and discontent.

"You'd think that the women and children were the whole cheese to read that," ruminated Mr. Chase, eyeing the discarded *Sceptre* with extreme disfavor, his thoughts still dwelling upon the offending story. "I've read at least fifty-seven just like that one," he continued gloomily, "but I can't remember of reading one where they threw any bouquets at the poor downtrodden fathers of the race."

The story to which he referred was a narrative of the revolt of an overworked, unregarded mother, who, suddenly awakening to the realization of the selfishness of her family, for one month abandoned it, leaving its members to perform all the drudgeries that had hitherto fallen to her. At the end of the month her repentant family prevailed upon her to return, which she did with her youthful bloom fully restored, and like the heroine of the fairy tale "lived happily ever afterward," as she was now the family sovereign instead of the family slave as in the past.

"Why don't somebody write such a story about a father, I wonder?" mused Mr. Chase. "Perhaps it's because no man has the spirit of an angleworm, nor ever leaves home unless he's chased off, for of course every story has a foundation of fact, and no man has ever shown spunk enough to furnish that kind of a foundation; but I aint saying there won't be one," he added darkly.

"Cephas," called Mrs. Chase from the dining-room.

Mr. Chase, in his chair on the veranda, started violently as though unexpectedly stabbed by a sharp instrument, and turned his startled, inquiring countenance toward the door with a meek "Yes, mother?"

"I notice that you are in the habit of mumbling to yourself of late," said Mrs. Chase reprovingly; "stop it, please: it disturbs my thoughts."

Mr. Chase ceased to mumble and boiled instead, taking care to do it silently, however, lest he be again reproved. Indeed, so enraged was he that he responded to the summons to dinner so tardily that the rest of the family were progressing rapidly with the soup ere he seated himself.

Mrs. Chase, at the head of the table, directed a glance of magisterial reproof at the laggard as he sidled meekly into his place. She seemed, for a moment, about to reprimand him, but thought better of it and sent Johnny away from the table for hiccoughing instead. "You must not forget to clean out the kitchen range tonight," she said to him, at length. "It's Maggie's night out. You neglected it last time."

"And that lot of kitchen stuff that came in just as we closed, I guess it's up to you to go down and uncrate it and get it on the shelves, gov'nor," said Kenneth, the eldest son.

"I'd counted on you doing that," replied Cephas mildly. The Chases owned and operated a hardware store, assisted by Kenneth and one extra man.

"There's an important team meetin' on for tonight that I can't afford to miss," answered Kenneth.

"Then Johnny might look after the range," hinted Cephas, "I wanted to——"

"Johnny has to attend a drill of the boy scouts. You might have remembered that," Mrs. Chase interrupted him reproachfully. "And then," she continued, "I want you to look after the man who is coming to mend the bookcase. He's a stranger here. He might pick up something. He won't come until late, so that you will have plenty of time to attend to the new goods and the range, too, if you hurry."

"Can't you watch him, if you think he needs watching?" ventured Cephas. "You or Helen? I had promised myself a game of checkers with Silas Martin this evening."

"Checkers! Checkers!" exclaimed Mrs. Chase, with explosive contempt—it was almost as though she had ejaculated "rats" or, at the least, "fudge." "Helen is going to a small, select party at the Brownlees," she continued a thought more mildly, "and if you ever exerted yourself sufficiently to take a proper interest in your family you would remember that I am preparing a paper upon Rostand to be read at the club tomorrow." Here the lady paused and contemplated her husband severely. He was apparently staring through her as through a pane of glass at some absorbing object beyond.

In reality he was, with inward vision, re-perusing the story in the *Mother's Sceptre*. Was not his family treating, or rather maltreating, him as the family of the mother in the story had imposed upon her? That mother had left home and made them all sorry. Why could not——. He was not a mother, but then——. Still——. The principle was the same——. He emerged triumphantly from the labyrinth of self-communings with: "I've never heard that women had taken out a patent on this absconding business. There's no difference between a down-trodden mother or father except their sex—I'm going!"

Hours later, when his unsuspecting household lay wrapped in slumber, Mr. Chase arose, stealthily arrayed himself in his best, and stole guiltily forth into the night.

The next morning, when Mrs. Chase sought to arouse him in her wonted manner, she drove her elbow into space instead of her husband's thinly padded ribs. Concluding that, contrary to custom, he had awakened and fared forth to his morning tasks without the stimulus of the matutinal prod, she calmly indulged in her customary morning nap. Quite three hours later she again awakened and sat up in bed, staring in puzzled amazement at the note pinned to the vacant pillow, addressed to herself in her husband's familiar cramped writing, and which she found to contain the single terse announcement: "I have gone home."

For a moment Mrs. Chase believed that he referred to his celestial home; for she gazed about the room affrightedly, half expecting to see him dangling from bedpost or chandelier, then came the realization of the true meaning of the note—he had actually dared to return to Chaseville, the home of his youth, and to his doughty maiden aunt, who had reared him and ruled him until she had, with much difficulty, wrested him from her clutches. (In his day Mr. Chase had ranked high as a matrimonial prize.)

Mrs. Chase studied the portentous line as one studies offensive bacilli under a magnifying glass, and her chins quivered with indignation. "I will go after him," she said aloud. Then she recalled her numerous brushes with Aunt Sarah, in which she had been ignominiously vanquished. No; on second thoughts, she hardly dared beard Aunt Sarah in her Chaseville den.

She arose and after a hasty toilet proceeded, with knitting of brows and nibbling of pen, to indite the following telegram:

"Mr. Cephas Chase, Chaseville, N. H.—Return at once——"

She sat for some time in deep thought and then reluctantly added:

"And all will be forgiven."

"Johnny," she said, as she joined the family at their late breakfast, "I want you to take this telegram to the office at once."

"Why can't pa do it, when he comes up for his breakfast?" whined Johnny.

"Silence, sir," admonished Mrs. Chase, stamping an imperative foot. "You children would make a perfect slave of your father if I would permit it."

Mr. Chase's homecoming after twenty years' absence gave the lie direct to that mossgrown saying anent the prophet being devoid of honor in his own country. As a young man he had been very popular. He had been considered the best ballplayer, the most graceful dancer and skater, as well as the handsomest, wealthiest young man in the community. He had been believed to be possessed of a melodious tenor voice, also irreproachable morals and manners. There was a time in Mr. Chase's past life when speculation as to which Chaseville girl would capture him formed the most absorbing topic of sweet converse in Chaseville. Then Miss Joanna Sprague had come on a visit from the county seat, and, well, we country boys can all remember how we used to burn incense under the complacent noses of the visiting city girl with their fashionable clothes and affected ways. She came a conquering heroine, found that Cephas Chase was justly considered a catch, and, in spite of Aunt Sarah, she caught him.

Immediately after their marriage she had insisted upon Cephas embarking in business in the county seat, giving as her reason the unendurable dullness of Chaseville, but there were those who were unkind enough to say that she knew she could not wholly control and subjugate Cephas if they lived where he could receive the counsel and encouragement of mental and spiritual bolstering-up from Aunt Sarah. The two women had preserved a sort of armed neutrality, the maiden aunt haughtily refusing to accept the hospitality of her niece-in-law, who in her turn neither visited in Chaseville nor permitted Cephas to visit there.

Now, after an absence of twenty years, his relatives, friends, and flames welcomed him with enthusiastic admiration, untempered by criticism as he had known it at the hands of his family. The companions of his youth failed to note the sparse grizzledness of his hair, and that his even, perfect teeth had been replaced by others yet more even and perfect, and that the straight-front effect of youth had been superseded by an offensively prominent "little Mary." Viewed by them through the roseate-hued spectacles of old-time memories, he was to them the dashing, handsome Cephas of two decades earlier, and the stunted, starved sprig of self-esteem that had survived twenty years of nipping and pruning responded to their friendly approval as doth the weed to the summer shower. He promptly blossomed forth into the dashfulness if not the handsomeness of youth.

On the second day after his arrival he appeared in a lavender tie and hose of the same delicate tint. The third day he attended a picnic given in his honor in a straw hat with a band gorgeous beyond all imaginings. Oh, the rejuvenating, vitalizing magic of adulation! Stimulated by its balmy beneficence, this erstwhile modest violet evoluted into a flaunting rose. Rose, did I say, nay, a full-blown peony or mammoth sunflower more fitly depicts the change in the idol of Chaseville.

On the first Sunday of his sojourn he favored the congregation of the M. E. Church, South, with a solo, and the honey-sweet verbal applause showered upon him afterward made him feel himself equal to perpetrating a duet or even a trio, singlehanded.

[N. B.—This does not sound quite feasible, I know, yet it so aptly describes Cephas's emotions that I shall let it stand.]

He played in the home nine, and to his prowess the Chasevillites generously attributed the fact that they beat the Mossburg Giants "to a frazzle."

He was, so to speak, the nucleus of the picnics, hayrides, church socials, and other festivities, and the weekly paper bristled with accounts of his social triumphs. These items were his sole replies to his family's letters alternately commanding and entreating his return. These daily received threats and cajolings he *riposted* by glowing accounts of festivities given in his honor by spinsters who had almost nabbed him in his unsuspecting youth, carefully clipped from the Chaseville *Weekly Bugle*. (I mean the items, of course, not the spinsters.)

Then, after the originally planned month's revolt had lengthened into three, Mr. Chase, quite suddenly and unexpectedly to himself, developed that mysterious malady known as homesickness. He missed the tart tang of his Joanna's remarks. The sweet converse with the spinsters who never contradicted him grew unspeakably cloying.

He walked in upon his disgruntled family one day while they were at lunch and saluted them briskly ere they recovered from their amazement at his altered appearance. It was not the spick and spanness of his attire, nor yet the well-groomedness of his person, which spake shrilly of manicuring, massage, and unctuous perfumes, alone which subdued and strangled their rebellious thoughts in the borning. It was the change in manner and bearing. Little recked they of the quakings concealed beneath the assured exterior of this commanding personage.

"Take my traps right up to my room, Johnny," he said imperatively. (He had never before proffered anything more authoritative than a mild request to any member of his family.) "And it's high time for you to hike back to the store, young man," he said to his elder son, who colored, swallowed thrice at his Adam's apple, then yielded to the compelling power of the conqueror's eye and "hiked."

Then, as he despatched the haughty Helen upon an errand, he seemed to detect a spark of fearsome admiration in the tail of his spouse's eye, as she meekly awaited his commands.

"By the way," he remarked casually, when the family was at dinner that evening, "I have decided that we will try to get along with one each of fashion, suffrage, athletic, and boy scout magazines, and we will substitute in their stead the daily paper and two or three magazines of general interest. I have never experienced a feverish desire to develop my tendons, make over my polonaise, nor yet boy-scout for angleworms and caterpillars. My mind will require stirring, amusing fiction to prevent my longings for Chaseville society growing too strong to be mastered."

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Chase. "Have you decided just what you prefer, father?" she questioned anxiously. "We can order it at once. We can discontinue the *Mother's Sceptre*—the subscription expires this month—and order something you like better," continued the obsequious Joanna.

Mr. Chase checked himself in the very centre of a nod of assent to this suggestion. "No," he said, with an inscrutable, Mona-Lisa-ish smile, "it contains some rather good ideas when one has the brains to apply them properly, and, do you know—I have a sort of sentimental feeling toward the *Mother's Sceptre*."

Marion F. Rittenhouse.

San Francisco, June, 1913.

A Russian specialist in agriculture, on a recent visit to fruit-canning plants in California, expressed surprise that no apricot marmalade was made at the canneries, and said that there is an immense demand for this product in Russia. He also gave it as his opinion that much of the dried fruit that is being shipped into Russia from France as a French product is in reality American fruit, repacked in French cartons.

The island of Mindanao produces the largest flower in the world. Its habitat is far up the Parag mountain, 2500 feet above the level of the sea. The natives give it the name of bolo. Its full-blown blossom, five petaled, is above three feet in diameter, weighing twenty-two pounds. The flower was first found in Sumatra and was called Rafflesia Schadenburgia, in honor of its discoverer.

A BUSY TIME IN MEXICO.

Hugh B. C. Pollard Relates His Adventures During Revolutionary Days in Mexico.

Mr. Hugh B. C. Pollard, who writes an "unconventional record" of life in Mexico, tells us frankly how it all came about. The London office of a commercial company sent him out to their Mexican manager, who needed "a complete and certificated surveyor, a bookkeeper and salesman, and a finished Spanish scholar." Mr. Pollard was none of these things. He was prepared to explore, to discover Aztec treasure, shoot big game, and be generally picturesque, admirable accomplishments in their way, but not of the kind that command a salary. Therefore the manager was disappointed, and even went so far as to say so. But he found a job for him nevertheless. He asked him to go to a distant ranch and collect a debt, a task that seemed ordinary enough, but that assumed a more interesting appearance when the hotel proprietor remarked, "Why, boy, dey is outlaws, and kill de last three men dat vent up. Dey kill you, sure! You go and tell the manager to hell! Tell him to go himself." But Mr. Pollard was undeterred, although cautious. An Indian fired at him as he approached the ranch and then explained that the shot was accidental:

> Together we reached the El Naranjo ranch. It was a mean little assemblage of thatched huts. Tied to the posts outside was a good horse with a fine silver-mounted saddle. From this I judged that the owner was at home. I threw my reins over a hitching-post, dismounted, and walked in. I found the man I wanted eating his lunch. He was most urbane and pleased to see me, and inquired how I enjoyed the trip. I told him of the amusing incident of the native hunter. He was delighted, and invited me to share his meal. Selecting a seat with its back to the wall, I joined him. He read my letters from the office, and we had a short conversation. My Spanish was execrable, but whenever he talked technics I could hide behind the veil of not understanding. It was a lovely interview. Both our minds were working overtime, and he decided rapidly. Going to a table, he opened a drawer and took out a roll of bills of big denomination.
>
> "Please do me the favor of checking these over," he said. I soon counted out the correct sum, and he asked for a receipt.
>
> Now I had no idea of carrying that money myself—it would never reach the office. So I lied brilliantly.
>
> "I am a subordinate and can give no receipts," said I. "You must come to the office and sign the transfer deed."
>
> Here he grew inquisitive, and I fled behind my bad Spanish and smiled vacantly.
>
> I then told him of the urgency of the business, and explained that he must come at once.
>
> He was quite annoyed, as it would have been so easy to recover the money if I had taken it—an ambush—one shot.

Soon after this incident Mr. Pollard severed his connection with his employers, accepted a cash payment to cancel the agreement, and set to work to find more suitable employment. He was invited to join an exploring party to the interior in order to investigate a long strip of country vaguely marked on the map as lagoons and supposed to be inhabited by bandits and bad Indians. The author's first adventure occurred while he was alone. He shot a peccary and discovered too late that it is not wise to annoy these ferocious little pigs without cautious preparation for results:

> Now, I knew of the persistence of these animals, and how feared they were by the Indians, and it did not make me waste time in moving. I grabbed on the nearest creeper that would bear my weight, and, rifle and all, hustled up to the parent tree as quickly as possible. I managed to swing astride a lower branch, and, crawling along, was soon safe in the crutch of a big red cedar. The peccaries were now looking at me, and one was evidently smelling the creeper I had climbed. All of a sudden he squealed with rage and charged to the foot of the tree. The others joined him, and a wave of rage seemed to run right through the herd. Some gnashed at the creepers with their tusks, and others just stood and watched me with their little red eyes gleaming with obstinate hate.
>
> I estimated the herd at being about thirty to thirty-five strong, and it was of both sexes. There were no little pigs with the sows, but quite a proportion of "yearlings."
>
> I began to shoot, picking out the noisiest members of the herd. The peccaries were immediately interested, but beyond investigating the corpses, did not retreat. They seemed absolutely devoid of fear. It was then I discovered the full horror of my predicament—that tree was full of fire ants, and a fire ant is a small ant that feels like a hot cigarette-end wherever he touches; so I felt that it was no time for humanitarian principles when I had a few dozen of these little beasts in my shirt. They were swarming over me: I reloaded the magazine of my Savage, and commenced the slaughter, often getting two pigs with the same bullet. In about two minutes there were only about five pigs left, and my rifle ammunition was exhausted. I determined to make a run for the boat, and leaving the trunk of the tree between myself and the enemy, I slid down a creeper rope.

The author is insistent in his warnings against the Mexican land companies and colonization schemes. They are not all bad, but the laws give them a practically free hand. The respectable foreign residents in Mexico City say that nobody comes to Mexico who has not been everywhere else first, and that most of those who come are not desirable. Politeness forbids all inquiry into a stranger's past:

> With reference to the British element, most newcomers have their station well defined by the nature of the position that they occupy and the salary they draw in connection with the big British engineering and mining firms. But the man who arrives without letters of introduction and valuable qualifications stands little chance of getting a job. The letters themselves are no good; a letter of introduction in Mexico means, "Please give bearer a square meal"—nothing more.
>
> The British paterfamilias has a great habit of sending out his offspring, passage paid, with fifty pounds and an outfit, to the uttermost ends of the earth. This is understood as "practical imperialism," the theory underlying it being that barbarous countries thousands of miles away will pay large salaries to Cecil and Harold for the privilege of enjoying their services. The result is that the world is dotted with the useless products of our public schools and universities, and for every one that "makes good" hundreds fall by the wayside.

Mr. Pollard gives us much sage advice as to weapons. Never carry an English rifle, as no cartridges can be obtained. Any American weapon will do, but the best is the .303 Savage saddle-gun. Avoid automatic rifles and pistols, as the deterioration in explosives may cause a miss-fire or a jam "at a moment when you need your pistol exceedingly badly":

> While traveling the revolver is carried openly in a belt holster, but in towns it must be concealed; it is well to have one for ostentation if necessary; but if a man is shot, leave Mexico at once, and write to some one to send your things on afterwards. This is not because homicide is disapproved of, but because the white man has little chance in a Mexican court, and will be bled of all his money, even if he does not die of disease in gaol during the months or years before his "trial." It is better to kill than to wound if you are forced to defend yourself, as you have time to get away before the laws begin to operate. The penalty is the same in either case.
>
> The golden rule in Mexico is, "When in doubt or trouble try a bribe." Five dollars to a policeman will save you having to bribe the commissario with fifty. Using one's fists is also a serious offense, for if you draw blood—from nose or mouth—it is the same as if you had stabbed a man. The native is seldom troublesome, but white men of other nationalities are sometimes turbulent, and the miner down on a bust, or the rancher in his cups, can start trouble mighty quick. Never butt into anybody's trouble, or it becomes your own property at once. Never render first aid or interfere with a corpse, or you become a witness, and may be detained for months.

In Mexico City Mr. Pollard made two acquaintances, Pulteney and Trott, who had a curious hobby. The professional badge of the Mexican bull-fighter is a pigtail, always proudly displayed, and the special weakness of Pulteney and Trott was to collect these pigtails by the simple process of cutting them off after picking a quarrel with their owners. These gladiators invited the author to accompany them on an expedition, and after some demur he consented to go as a spectator. The scene of operations was a café noted for its bull-ring clientèle:

> Our entry passed unobserved till some one noticed that we were talking in English, then things began to happen. The men at the next table began to talk in loud tones and the word "Gringo" could be heard. My friend took no notice. Encouraged by this the conversation got more sultry. Finally a bull-fighter, accompanied by two satellites, moved across till he was directly opposite our table. He leant over and struck a match on the marble surface. Dead silence fell in the café as every one waited for the coming insult. Trott's face wore a sweet smile. Pulteney looked perfectly unconscious. I felt a tight feeling across my temples, and my stomach seemed to shrink up, leaving a feeling of deadly emptiness.
>
> The torero lit his cigarette, slowly inhaled a puff of smoke, then suddenly blew into Trott's face and hissed at him one burning Spanish comment.
>
> Trott's enormous brown paw caught the torero round the nape of the neck, and before he could move, his legs flew under him, and he sprawled face downwards across the table. With the crash of the falling crockery the spell of silence was broken; every one jumped up and a general mêlée took place. Pulteney threw one of the torero's satellites against the other, and I was busily engaged in preventing interference by the occupants of the table on my right. Trott took no notice of the surrounding skirmish, but proceeded with his work of sawing off the pigtail in spite of his victim's wild struggles to be set free.

Inflamed by success and reinforced by two congenial spirits, the party proceeded to a second café, the Casa d'Or. Provocation was easily found. A bull-fighter pushed a girl into the fountain, and "then we took a hand." A free fight followed, a trophy was secured, and things began to look serious with the arrival of the police, who besieged the house. One of the party broke through a barred window leading to the roof:

> A thunderous summons from the street drove some of us back to the firing line, and a few pistol-shots kept the police from rushing the door. An American in evening dress stood by the main switchboard, and put out one set of lights after another, while silently the besieged evaporated through the back window. Trott and I and the switchboard man came last, keeping up a deafening racket to deceive the police, till we reached the escape window. Quickly we fled over the roofs and descended through the house of a respectable Mexican, who with his family was gazing in astonishment at the mad procession filing down his stairs. At his elbow stood Pulteney with drawn revolver insuring silence during the flight.
>
> Bruised, dusty, and happy beyond belief, we tumbled out into the street, and, later, awoke the sleepy steward of the Miners' Club to hear the story of the man who disliked bull-fighters.
>
> The morning train bore Pulteney and Trott back to their mine, and one leaving half an hour later carried me to Cuernavaca. I found the air of Mexico City a good deal too exhilarating—for that week at least.

Homesickness is the prevailing malady of the foreign resident in Mexico. Life on a ranch means the perpetual facing of loneliness, savagery, and mental monotony. One can never appreciate civilization until one has been exiled, and in Mexico it is an exile that vindicates the correctness of popular judgment in preferring the cities to the waste places:

> Christmas in Mexico is a horrible season, and every one is glad when it is over; it also has horrible trials for the foreigner's temper in the shape of the parcel post department. Every one in Mexico hires a mail-box, because the itinerant postmen are too dishonest to be trusted, and parcels must be collected from the central postoffice in person. One is handed a slip of paper upon which is written the statement: "A parcel has arrived for you: apply at the window"; and torn with feelings of hope and emotion at the prospect of a parcel from home, you rush round. Half an hour later, having expended about a dollar on customs, stamps, and visited many official departments and windows, you are handed a crushed cardboard box containing a calendar—value sixpence ha penny—and a card, with the best wishes for Christmas, and—oh, hell!—it may be a silk tie, price half a crown; custom duty in excess, five shillings, and you hard up at the time!

The dawn of the revolution came very quietly. The outward causes were the unpopularity of the vice-president and the knowledge that Diaz had taken no steps to secure a popular successor. Universal franchise became a sort of slogan in spite of the fact that 60 per cent of the population is illiterate:

> This large proportion of voters would either take the advice of the local priest in political matters, or vote for a popular candidate without in the least examining his qualifications for a responsible post. An educated Mexican gentleman, one of the partisans of the Diaz, or, as it is more usually called, "Scientifico" party, explained the mental power of the Mexican *peon*.
>
> "The *peon*," he said, "is a great hero-worshipper." Bull-fighters are their greatest heroes, and next to that a leading bandit is their most popular character. These are the only two rôles that they are ambitious to play. An impartial election would return a bull-fighter as president and a bandit as prime minister. Whichever party rules Mexico there can be no "universal suffrage."

When Mr. Pollard visited Tamalpa he found the federal troops in possession and full of the fatuous complacence that precedes disaster. The general was asleep and snoring, but the colonel explained that they were about to sweep the country clear and perform many other prodigious feats of valor:

> After making a few notes, I was soon deep in a discussion on the virtues of English saddlery, when the general woke up, and I had to be formally presented.
>
> The general was delighted. "The señor was on an American paper?"
>
> "Yes, and would report the engagement fully."
>
> "Ah! excellent!"
>
> After a moment of silence and deep thought he went on: "I have no portrait of myself here, but"—and he brightened visibly—"perhaps the señor has a camera?"
>
> Amidst universal rejoicings the señor admitted that he had, and departed to fetch it from his saddle-bag. On his return, he found the staff posed formally and rigidly in full sunlight on the veranda. The group was duly taken. Faithlessly the correspondent promised them all copies and noted down their addresses.

The author accompanied one of the federal forces whose chief destination seemed always to be the inevitable and unforeseen ambush. The troops moved on over the country "cheerfully insulting every respectable woman we passed" and carefully avoided by the Indians with their country produce:

> Rounding a bend in the trail, we came across two corpses laid across the road. A sharp command from the lieutenant halted the troop, and we urged our frightened horses nearer the bodies. From what was left we could see that they had been Rurales, two of the crack mounted police corps, but they had been stripped of everything of value, mutilated in the true Indian manner, and the desecrated corpses laid across the trail for all to view.
>
> They laid there in the sunlight, their faces and skin olive-gray in color, a heavy blue growth of beard on jowl and cheek. Their feet and hands had been severed, the feet lay by the stumps of the arms, while the legs terminated in a grotesque hand turned palm upwards to the sky. The bodies had been ripped up, and the ghastly heads were earless. We could not find the ears: they had probably been kept as mementoes by the rebels. On a stunted pepper-tree by the side of the trail sat two black vultures, and above us in the brazen sky more black dots hovered and swung in hungry circles.

A train journey was very much in the nature of an adventure. Wishing to go to Vera Cruz, the author learned that there were three wrecks on the line and that no train had run for three days, but one would start that afternoon. It did start, and of course it was ambushed. The passengers took part in the fighting, but resistance was practically hopeless from the start:

> The nigger porter joined us, and I remember he looked very old and very dazed. Report after report came from underneath the carriage; down the line somewhere a woman screamed incessantly, always on the same note; bullets came through the coach, and whenever one passed through the folded berths it twanged on the wire mattress, and pieces of the coverings flew out through the hole. The porter remarked, "Lordy, Lordy! who's agwine to pay for all dat?" He turned to me to say something, and I heard a noise like a melon being crushed—and he fell towards me with his head blown in. I let him down gently to the floor, but he was killed instantly. Some of the floor was now messy, so I shifted to another window.
>
> The enemy was getting closer, and the mining man touched me on the shoulder. "Chuck the carbine—it's the surrender act for us," he said.

Luckily for the author, he was able to make friends with his captors, who were rendered good humored by their success in opening a well-filled express safe. But evidently the author should have included the camera when enumerating the weapons that it is desirable to carry in Mexico:

> I got my hand-bag from the carriage, and found my revolver still safely hidden. This I slipped inside my shirt. My kodak was not loaded, but I produced the instrument, and took a series of lovely groups, all work stopping in order that the heroes could pose properly. I swore to give them all prints, or rather to leave them at the general postoffice in Mexico City for them to claim when they entered the capital in triumph.

That Mexico can establish herself in civilization seems to the author not only doubtful, but beyond the range of probability, and certainly his entertaining sketch of the people is not of the kind that produces optimism.

A Busy Time in Mexico. By Hugh B. C. Pollard. New York: Duffield & Co.

◆

In many of the monasteries of Tibet and Siberia the Buddhist monks still print in the manner which has been handed down from generation to generation. Movable type is not used, but each page is carved upon a solid wood block, and thus, whenever a new book is printed, entirely new blocks have to be made.

◆

English-speaking peoples use a thermometer invented by Fahrenheit, a German; many of the Germans and Scandinavians use one invented by Reaumur, a Frenchman; while the French and most of the other Europeans of the Continent use the centigrade thermometer invented by a Swede.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Inside of the Cup.

The average citizen will find himself introduced to a strange and unfamiliar world by Mr. Winston Churchill's latest novel. For the average citizen is no longer a church-goer. This is shown clearly enough by statistics. Even if he is acquainted with theological dogmas he has long since relegated them to the domain of things that do not matter, while the controversies of creeds are no more to him than the sound of a distant sea. But here we have a world of men and women where the church is supreme. When the Rev. Mr. Hodder takes charge of St. John's, which is somewhere in the Middle West, he finds the usual wealthy and fashionable congregation. There is Mr. Ferguson, who pays starvation wages to his department store girls and makes large donations to the church. There is Mr. Parr, the traction magnate, whose financial operations have been as devastating as a cyclone and who is one of the pillars of an ecclesiastical institution clearly intended by God to keep the people in their right place. And of course there are plenty of women much addicted to the clerical idolatry which is a prerogative of their sex. There is Mrs. Goodrich, who needs ghostly aid because she has some doubts about the Immaculate Conception. There is Mrs. Constable, whose divorced daughter wishes to marry again and who is overwhelmed with anguish because Mr. Hodder will not perform the ceremony. There is Mrs. Larrabee, whose admiration for the clergyman is of a franker kind and with fewer elements of self-deception. And all these people are firmly persuaded that St. John's is a divine institution in exact accord with a divine plan and that Mr. Hodder's authority is of divine origin. They are also persuaded that their own caste interests are inseparably bound up with those of the church.

The story is centred around the awakening of Mr. Hodder. His is an earnest enthusiasm tinged with stupidity. No one has ever told him that his theology, alike in theory and in practice, is a monstrosity, and he has never ventured within sound of those who would tell him so. But facts become too strong for him. He sees the baby who is dying of inanition because its father has been ruined by Mr. Parr, and he sees the body of the father, who has committed suicide. He helps to rescue the prostitute who was once one of Mr. Ferguson's work girls. Slowly he realizes that religion is not theology and, more important still, he recognizes that masses of people do not go to church because they detest the people who do go and because they believe that there is an alliance between the church and plutocratic tyranny. The church, in their eyes, has become the sanctuary of wolves, a partner in their depredations. The process of Mr. Hodder's conversion is helped forward by Alison, Mr. Parr's daughter, who has left her father's house in order that she may possess her own soul and who is earning her livelihood in New York. Alison is about the sanest and most wholesome figure on Mr. Churchill's stage.

And it is a stage well filled from start to finish, filled with rich and poor, saints and sinners, wise and foolish. It is representative and microcosmic. If there is a weak point anywhere it is in Mr. Hodder himself. Almost apostolic in his energy and devotion, it is hard to believe that he is actually unaware of what his church associates are doing, that he is so guilelessly innocent of financial operations and their results upon the confiding. Even a schoolboy knows what a company promoter means when he says that he "got out in time," but the words have no significance for Mr. Hodder. But it is a small blemish, if it is a blemish at all. At least it accentuates the reality of the awakening.

The novel is a fine piece of work and palpitating with conviction. It is of a different order from its predecessors and therefore incomparable with them. It is "Robert Elsmere" from a new angle, and written with the virility that we have learned to associate with Mr. Churchill.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

The Newspaper.

The fifty-eighth volume of the Home University Library is devoted more particularly to the English newspaper, its mechanism, compilation, and functions, but it deals so largely in principles and so little in details as to be interesting everywhere. The newspaper, says the author, has fallen from its once high estate. The newer English papers are living mostly on the supplies of talent left over from the Victorian era. When these have passed away "we shall become altogether dependent on journalists of another kind, one-quarter special pleader for any cause, and three-quarters descriptive reporter. Education will become a disadvantage, and mother wit with a turn for word-spinning will take its place." Indeed that stage seems already to have been reached, and there will be no disposition to quarrel with the author for his judgment that we have started silently with an asset of unique value.' Whether the commercialized press has any influence may be a matter of diverse opinion. Speaking for Great Britain, the author says that the new papers "have no influence in the old-fashioned sense at all." Possibly we largely exaggerate their influence in America. In London their political influence upon elections is obviously insignificant, since their opinions are flouted even in those districts where they are most largely read. The real influence of the modern newspaper is in its power to distort the news. Presented with the facts the modern writer has fifteen minutes in which to produce a "smart distortion" and so indirectly to influence a public opinion which has only a sneer for the editorial. Mr. Dibblee has written a brief but comprehensive account of newspaper production and one of exceptional interest.

THE NEWSPAPER. By G. Binney Dibblee, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

The Baconian Heresy.

It is not a little strange that so much of the modern Shakespearean controversy has been left to the Baconians. It might be just as well that it should be so but for the fact that the uninformed may suppose that judgment has gone by default. Mr. J. M. Robertson makes this henceforth impossible by his volume of some six hundred pages, in which he covers the ground with a moderation and a courtesy that detract not at all from the deadliness of his aim or the finality of his attack.

Mr. Robertson admits—of course it is evident—that Shakespeare availed himself largely of older plays, stamping them in the process with the individuality that has made them immortal. And in this very fact we have an explanation of Shakespeare's apparent indifference to his own work. Knowing that much of it was "worked over" material, and unaware of the supreme value that he had given to it, he hardly regarded it as his own creation at all.

Mr. Robertson examines at some length the evidence that hinges upon Shakespeare's legal knowledge. He finds that most of the writers of his day dealt largely in legal terminology and that many of them, although not lawyers, were much more correct in its use than was Shakespeare himself. The somewhat similar contention that the plays were the work of a classicist, and that Shakespeare was not a classicist, is handled in the same way. Most of the contemporary writers were more classical than Shakespeare, who shows just that kind of knowledge that could be picked up by any one from easily available sources. Indeed it is from contemporary authors that Mr. Robertson obtains most of his ammunition. If there are similarities, even identities, of phrase between Bacon and Shakespeare, there are just the same similarities between Bacon and other writers of the day. But as far as prose style is concerned we find a wide variance between the two men, Shakespeare's style being staccato and rough, while Bacon's is invariably polished to the last possibility of brilliance. From every point of view the Shakespearean plays are the work of a man destitute of the acquired culture or erudition of which Bacon was a master and which could not be hidden. Mr. Robertson not only states his many arguments with a fine lucidity. He displays his supporting arguments by a wealth of comparative tables of words and phrases that are as near an approach to proof as evidence can be. Of course he will not silence the Baconians. Nothing but death can do that. But his volume will give them much to meditate on, and much cause for rejoicing to their adversaries.

THE BACONIAN HERESY. By J. M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6 net.

Greater Love Hath No Man.

It is well that the power of self-sacrifice should play a part in modern fiction, although authors who choose this theme would do well to keep their ideals within reach of the average mind. In this case Mr. Packard seems to have reached a dizzy attitude. He makes his hero, Varge Merton, deliberately assume responsibility for a murder that he did not commit in order to shield the real criminal, who is the son of the woman who adopted him. In order that Mrs. Merton may not be crushed by a knowledge of her son's guilt in murdering his own father Varge Merton allows himself to be sentenced to life imprisonment and even takes the necessary steps to make his conviction a certainty. Of course everything comes to a satisfactory conclusion, this being a novel, but in real life such a martyrdom as this would probably be irretrievable. The author's ideal is of a giddy height, but he tells his story admirably without heroics or sensationalism.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

A valuable book for the suburban dweller is "Success in Gardening," by Jessie Peabody Frothingham (Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net). The author furnishes a chronicle week by week of the necessary things for the garden, as well as lists of flowers, seedsmen, nurserymen, plans, and plantings. The work seems to be complete and to leave nothing for the reader to acquire except tools and a love of industry.

"A Cry for Justice; or, A Study in Amos,' by John Edgar McFadyen, D. D., has been added to the Short Course series edited by Rev. John Adams, B. D., now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 60 cents net.

Hinds, Noble & Eldredge have published a second volume of "Intercollegiate Debates," presenting specimens of debates on the more popular present-day questions, a record of the names of the schools doing forensic work, the names of their coaches, the questions discussed, decisions, etc. The price is $2.

Brentanos have published an edition of "Bartholomew's Orographical Map of the United States and Part of Canada." The map is on a large scale, mounted on canvas, and displays the mountainous formation of the country with the various altitudes indicated by distinguishing tints—a desirable possession. Price, $1.75 net.

"Moral Training in the Home and School," by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph. D., LL. D., and George Hodges, D. D., D. C. L. (the Macmillan Company; 80 cents net), is described as a manual for teachers and parents. It seems to emphasize a too often beclouded fact that morality and unselfishness are nearly convertible terms and that however many roads there may be the true goal is always the same. Teachers and parents who follow the counsel of this sage little volume need have no cause to fear for the results.

"What Children Study, and Why," by Charles B. Gilbert (Silver, Burdett & Co., $1.50), is a discussion of educational values in the elementary course of study. It discusses analytically the values of all subjects taught in the elementary school course, tracing every school subject to its relation to the life of the pupil. The author is to be congratulated upon his verdict that the teaching of sex hygiene would do far more harm than good, a truth evident enough to those with a capacity to observe the facts of child psychology.

There seems no reason why pawnbroking should need a defense, however indefensible may be the conditions that necessitate pawnbroking. But Mr. Samuel W. Levine in his "The Business of Pawnbroking" gives us both a "guide and a defense" and at the same time a digest of the whole business and of all the laws that govern and regulate it. The author is an acknowledged expert in pawnbroking and a reliable source of information. His book is published by the D. Halpern Company, 10 Cooper Square, New York. Price, $3 net.

The Neale Publishing Company has issued a biography of "The Soldier-Bishop Ellison Capers," by his son, Walter B. Capers. Bishop Capers was a professor when the war began, but gave up his position for active service. He was at Fort Sumter, Sullivan's Island, Secessionville, Jackson, Chickamauga, Franklin, Dalton, Jonesboro, and in the campaigns of the Army of the Tennessee. At the close of the war he entered the ministry and finally became Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, and chancellor of the University of the South. The price is $3 net.

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians," by James Everett Frame, has now been added to the International Critical Commentary under the editorship of the Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D., the Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D. D., and the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D. D. The series is already a lengthy one, and while the highest level of scholarship has been maintained there has been due observance of the promise that "the commentaries will be international and interconfessional, and will be free from polemical and ecclesiastical bias." The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.50 net.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

American Patriotism.

Without desire to offend we may reasonably entertain some fear that Professor Münsterberg is overrating his importance. He was once an exchange professor, and it may be that he has accepted somewhat too literally the nice things that have heen said ahout his attainments and his subsequent and entertaining speculations on practical psychology. We dearly like to he amused, hut it would he a pity if Professor Münsterherg should look upon himself as a sort of extra-official amhassador from Germany with a mission to reprove us for anglomania.

The American patriotism, says the author, is one of "fervor and explosiveness." When the ship's hand plays "Dixie" a frenzy seizes the American passengers. But why "Dixie"? Surely it is not a national patriotic air. The author seems to have chosen his example inadvisedly. That the more vulgar forms of patriotism are due to ignorance of foreign countries is true enough, but we may doubt if Americans are more ignorant of Germany, for example, than Germans are of America. Even the traveling American, we are told, takes no pains to inform himself on the affairs of the European countries that he visits. Prohahly some do not, but if we may argue from the number of travel hooks written hy Americans, most of them dealing intelligently and even enthusiastically with what they have learned, we can hardly hring ourselves to plead guilty. There is no doubt that American newspapers sin deeply in their foreign news departments, but are European newspapers any better in their handling of American news? Very little, if at all.

The author gives us nine chapters, and only one of them deals with psychology. He writes interestingly on "The Germany of Today," and also usefully, since we needed the information that he gives us on the expansion of the empire. Another good chapter is on "The German Woman," and still another on "The Germans at School." His chapter on "Coeducation" reveals the author as the foe of the prevailing American system. He says that "there is no worse form of race suicide than the annihilation of those feelings by which boys and girls are attracted to each other as boys and girls."

Professor Münsterberg is always interesting, eloquent, and suggestive, always worth reading. But he would intensify his many literary virtues if he would learn to visit upon folly and ignorance the rebuke of his laughter.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.50 net.

A Preface to Politics.

Mr. Walter Lippmann asks very cogently and in very choice language, What is the matter with politics? Why do we find toward puhlic questions an apathy and an indifference that includes four-fifths of the nation? Is there something wrong with the politics, or with the public, or with both? These are large questions, and the author is to be applauded for the courage with which he seeks a new point of view, or rather a link that will hring the public and politics into coördination. Douhtless he has recognized that the apathy toward politics is extended also to hooks ahout politics and that his own will inevitably he included.

He is of course right in his contention that in America we have a democracy that is trying to imitate the old despotisms. Government in America means the passing of laws that forbid people to do what they want to do. It means the recognition of evils and then legislation to suppress those evils. Now the average man is willing enough that the evils shall he suppressed, hut he asks how it is to be done after the laws have been passed. He wants to know through what medium the suppressive laws are to hecome effective. And the answer is always the policeman. And when the citizen is asked to regard the policeman as the instrument of the moral law he naturally sneers and becomes apathetic. America today is more police-ridden than Germany, more police governed than Spain, and the reformer's only remedy for all our ills is—more policemen to enforce more laws, and to be hribed not to enforce them.

Government, says the author, must add to human liberties, not restrict them. It must be constructive, not destructive. It must do something for the nation, rather than forhid the nation to do anything for itself. Only in such ways can it be taken from the hands of small and noisy groups and become actually representative of national interests. Mr. Lippmann has written an interesting and vital book. Unfortunately he does not give us a remedy for human stupidity and ignorance.

A PREFACE TO POLITICS. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net.

The Indian Durbar.

Shelland Bradley's story of "An American Girl at the Durbar" is something of a concession to the increasingly large numher of readers who demand that the pill of fact shall be coated with the sugar of romance. In this case both the pill and the sugar are of good quality. The Durbar is descrihed in a quite satisfactory way and with an intelligent appreciation of its significance, and the novel in which it is imbedded, or framed, is told pleasingly. Moreover, the author seems to have a practical acquaintance with India that gives a distinct sociological value to the book.

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE DURBAR. By Shelland Bradley. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

Seeing Nature First.

Before you go abroad, says Mr. Weed, you would do well to hecome acquainted with the flora and fauna of your own country. And this is not a mere patriotic maxim. The study of nature at home not only opens up new fields of thought, but it is also a practical preparation for travel, and there are many ways in which Mr. Weed may be right. He divides his hook into sections devoted to the four seasons of the year, and not only does he write gracefully, as a nature lover must almost necessarily do, but he shows himself to be an acute and accurate observer hoth of plant and insect life. Particularly good are his chapters on the hrown-tail and gipsy moths that have done as much damage as a small foreign war.

SEEING NATURE FIRST. By Clarence M. Weed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The July *Century Magazine* will puhlish "Verita's Stratagem," the last story from the pen of the late Anne Warner French.

Hilaire Belloc, the English essayist, has written a volume, "The Stane Street," on the old Roman road in Britain, and it will he puhlished in this country hy E. P. Dutton & Co.

Cosmo Hamilton has achieved a unique record. In five consecutive years there was never a time when one or more of his plays was not running on the London stage. At the same time he was editing the *World* and puhlishing every twelve months one of his novels of society life. In New York, where he has been residing during the past year, his English success has heen duplicated. The fall will see two of his plays in New York theatres.

Isaac F. Marcosson, for a long time prominent among magazine writers, has resigned from the editorial staff of *Munsey's Magazine* and gone to Europe for rest and recreation.

Early in Septemher, Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish what will very likely he the most important work from the pen of that Plutarch of the stage, William Winter. The work, in two volumes, will he the personal, hiographical, and critical reminiscences of the American theatre from 1791 to 1912.

Willa Sihert Cather's new novel, "O Pioneers!" will be puhlished this month.

Timothy Cole, the wood engraver, has heen elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, of which William Dean Howells is president, and in which there now remains hut a single vacancy in the memhership of fifty. For thirty years Mr. Cole has been reproducing on wood for the *Century Magazine* the old masters of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, English, Spanish, and French schools.

New Books Received.

JAMES HURD. By R. O. Prowse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

THE HOUSE OF THANE. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

"LO, MICHAEL." By Grace L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

AN UNKNOWN LOVER. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35 net.

A novel.

PHILIP OF TEXAS. By James Otis. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A story of sheep-raising in Texas.

WITHIN. By Sir Francis Younghushand, K. C. I. E., LL. D., D. Sc. New York: Duffield & Co.

"Thoughts during convalescence."

SOME INFLUENCES IN MODERN PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHT. By Arthur Twining Hadley. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; $1 net.

Being the fifth series of John Calvin McNair lectures before the University of North Carolina.

UNPATH'D WATERS. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25 net.

A collection of nine short stories.

AMERICAN HISTORY, FIRST BOOK (1492-1763). By Arthur C. Perry, Jr., Ph. D., and Gertrude A. Price. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

For fifth-year pupils.

A BUSY TIME IN MEXICO. By Hugh B. C. Pollard. New York: Duffield & Co.

An unconventional record of Mexican incident.

THIS GENERATION. By S. M. Fox. New York: Duffield & Co ; $1 net.

A play. Issued in Plays of Today and Tomorrow.

CERTAINTY AND JUSTICE. By Frederick R. Coudert. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50 net.

A series of essays tracing the conflict between the ultra-conservatism of precedent in the interpretation of the law, and the demands of progress in its liheralization and its proper adaptation to the needs of each succeeding generation.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY. By John W. de Kay. London: Effingham Wilson; 1s.

A hrief analysis of the present position in America, with some ohservations on the world-organization of lahor.

THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2 net.

"A hook of a thousand and one moments." A collection of essays.

A HANDBOOK OF MODERN JAPAN. By Ernest W. Clement. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.40 net.

A new edition, thoroughly revised and brought down to date.

THE FLOWERY REPUBLIC. By Frederick McCormick. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50 net.

The story of the Chinese revolution from the first indications of agitation to its culmination in April, 1912.

DEBORAH. By Lascelles Ahercrombie. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

A play in three acts.

KNOWLEDGE AND LIFE. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A collection of essays.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By August Strindherg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25 net.

An indictment of parental tyranny, ill-considered tuition, and the stupidity of teachers.

SIRENICA. By W. Compton Leith. New York: John Lane Company.

A philosophic inquiry into the song of the sirens.

THE AMERICANS. By Edwin Davis Schoonmaker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net.

A drama dealing with the daily life of the masses and the classes.

THE GARDEN OF LIFE. By Anna Richardson Talbot. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents net.

A volume of verse.

THE DIRGE OF THE SEA CHILDREN. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.

A volume of verse.

EUROPEAN CITIES AT WORK. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75 net.

A study of the activities rather than the structure of European cities.

THE WITCH OF GOLGOTHA. By B. Pesh-Mal-Yan. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.35 net.

Historical traditions of Armenia.

A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By George Buchanan Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net.

Issued in Studies in Theology.

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"EVERYWOMAN."

The public is always surprising us. No wonder that managers are worn to frazzles trying to guess what it wants. It turns out that it likes morality plays. For here is "Everywoman" drawing big audiences that testify, with many signs of approval, that Walter Browne's epitome of the philosophy of a woman's life has hit the popular taste.

At first it rather looked as if the play were going to be dull, and even childish. The dialogue seemed away up on stilts, and different members of the company didn't manipulate their stilts gracefully. We rather wondered if our interest was going to hold out during the five "canticles"—which correspond to acts. The lines did not hold us; they were intoned in a highly artificial manner, and occasionally we found our thoughts wandering afield.

Henry W. Savage's name in connection with theatrical attractions is always an earnest of presiding good taste. But in the elocutionary training of the players in "Everywoman" "some one had blundered." Or, at any rate, the some one in question has a false standard.

Adele Blood and the pretty young things who assume the rôles of Youth, Beauty, and Modesty are among the principal offenders. Poor little Youthie! She is like a good, over-conscientious school-child, with her lingerings over the final syllable of "humilitee," "puritee," and "charitee." She even expressed herself at one time as being "readee" for the next move.

But, except for this one prominent fault, the production is a very fine affair. The players have been carefully selected for appropriateness of appearance; the hint of dullness doesn't entirely develop. In fact, the piece grows in interest.

It is not, it might as well be stated in advance, a masterpiece entire from the literary or the dramatic point of view. The talent of the luckless author, who died on the threshold of success, is essentially commonplace. But talent it is, and part of it consists in his perception, possibly unconscious, of the simplicity of the popular heart.

The allegory is simple and direct in the extreme, possessing no depths of symbolism for the probing intellect to explore. The intellectualist will find no choice pickings in "Everywoman." But as it turns out, the general public—the same public that likes musical comedy—favors this kind of allegory, in which the characters are entirely unmasked, each wearing openly his generic title.

Thus we see Everywoman at the dawn of her career of womanhood attended by Youth, Beauty, and Modesty. Becoming as is the charming trio, Modesty is soon put to the door by Everywoman's licentious companions on the stage of the playhouse, but only retires finally and despairingly when her fair companion yields her lips, without love, to the embraces of debasing Passion, a masked play-actor who tries to deceive her into believing that he is King Love. For Nobody has warned her.

This Nobody is a stately being who takes the place of the Greek chorus. And since he is a being, and a very corporeal one, he plunges us at first into a perpetual state of confusion, from which the only way to emerge is to take his conversational remarks as literally as possible, and try to persuade ourselves that the impressive personage addressing us, instead of being Nobody with a capital N, is nobody with a small one. When we finally accomplish this feat of mental legerdemain we discover how clever is the conception of the author, and how much point there is to the idea of poor Everywoman gayly and ignorantly embarking on the voyage of life warned of its deceitfully hidden perils by Nobody—or rather by nobody.

When Everywoman, become a star of the theatrical world, entertains her gay companions at a midnight supper the whole demoralizing crew are there: Vanity, Greed, Self, Flattery, and those dangerous besiegers at a woman's shrine, Passion, Wealth, and Witless. Youth is gay and the life of the scene. But Beauty, drooping in the heated air of midnight revelry, soon gives up the ghost.

I think it was at this point, while the wine poured, and laughter echoed, and greed of various kinds had its pickings, while Everywoman, triumphant in her resplendence of charm, seemed to hold sway over the creatures enslaving her, that it suddenly dawned upon us that Walter Browne's allegory had accomplished its purpose, and that it was possessed of a kind of crude moral force and effectiveness. Perhaps, if the scene had not been a comparatively faithful edition of the midnight revels of those who go the pace, the public might have been indignantly suspicious of a sermon; for it does not like sermons. But it wasn't a sermon; it was a living picture, of which the audience recognized the allegorical truthfulness.

For here was Everywoman, the centre of the stage, bedecked for conquest, drinking wine and flattery, flushed with her ascendancy over base suitors; and there, apart, in the midst of the carousal, lay Beauty fading, fading till her light went out.

The next act represents Everywoman on a further and drearier stage of her life's journey. Bereft of Beauty, she is still companioned by Youth, albeit the freshness of the latter is somewhat faded and her sparkle bedimmed. It is New Year's Eve, on Broadway. The illuminated skyscrapers tower aloft, the electric signs glitter, and along the street comes a mob of merrymakers, dancing, singing, flirting, all animated by a common purpose—a mad pursuit of pleasure.

In the midst of the crowd dances Vice, a gayly bedecked courtesan of alluring mien, who seeks out curious adolescence, and draws it amorously within her dangerous embrace. Everywoman, who, in her long pursuit of King Love, has eluded the advances of Passion and Wealth, now, despairing, throws herself in the pathway of the latter. But, unattended by her charming companions, Youth and Beauty—for Youth, finding her monitions against Wealth unheeded, has sadly retreated. Wealth reviews her charms, finds her faded and aged, and passes her contemptuously by.

The author, at this point, has arranged a second dramatic effect, which, considering the detestation of theatre-goers for sadness other than sentimental on the stage, was noticeably successful in the impression produced. When Everywoman, resisting the pleading of her tender companion, hardened her heart against all further quest of Love, and joined with the world in courting Wealth, she gave the death-blow to Youth. And so a sound of chanting is heard, and the funeral cortège of Youth appears and winds through the open doors of the church. Charity intones a mournful requiem, and Conscience sings an elegy for the beloved dead.

Everywoman is left alone. Desperately she cries aloud for help and companionship in her loneliness. And Truth, whose unwelcome counsels in the flush of her youth and beauty she had ignored, appears once more, and offers her the refreshment of hope.

Following Truth, she is led back to her own threshold, where faithful Love in peasant garb waits patiently by her fireside and claims her as his own. Thus, like the children in "The Blue Bird," Everywoman finds the elusive happiness for which she sought so long beneath her own roof-tree in humble and homely guise.

There is a sort of naïveté in the author's conception which seems to recommend it to the average theatre-goer. The audience frankly likes and enjoys witnessing these simple and obvious personifications of the abstract qualities that accompany humanity on life's pilgrimages. No one has to do any hard thinking or puzzling out of identities. Vanity studies her mirror, Greed gobbles avidly the choice morsels of the banquet, Conscience, in sober garb, steadily keeps her gaze fixed upward. Truth, in the guise of an infirm witch, becomes strangely strong and beautiful when she is sought, recognized, and followed.

It all sounds a little too improving to make its success quite credible. But there are a number of elements that count. For one thing there is the music. George Whitefield Chadwick has composed a number of pieces, some instrumental, some vocal, which tone in appropriately with the general character of the situations. The requiem over Youth, and Conscience's tuneful reminders, are the most notable. The carousal at Everywoman's dwelling offers variety, animation, and dramatic effect. The gay chorus on the stage of the theatre dispel any suggestions of a too sombre mood.

Adele Blood, a beautifully formed woman whose charm lies more in her figure than her face, is dazzling indeed in the silver-shining raiment of the banquet scene. She has a good voice, and in confidence, poise, and stage presence amply fills the requirements in the rôle of Everywoman, save for a certain monotony of delivery, which is deadening to interest.

There is a fateful interest attached to the rôle of Nobody, otherwise H. Cooper Cliffe might seem to too completely fill with his sombre, stately presence the rôle of the bodiless one who served as the mouthpiece of fate. Mr. Cliffe is, by his standing as an actor, happily emancipated from the too formally moulding hand of the stage director, and is quite impressive.

Kathleen Kerrigan, also, as Truth, has her own manner and delivery, and in consequences makes the rôle of Truth stand apart from the shallower locutions of the others.

But, although one must in conscience criticize the over-honied intonations of Youth, and, in a milder spirit of fault-finding, those of Beauty also, it is not on account of carelessness, but a wrong standard, and taken as a whole the production is put on with that minute attention to detail and that general, presiding care and calculation characteristic of all the Henry W. Savage productions.

The midnight scene on Broadway, for instance, is an excellent example of fine stage directorship. Here the audience finds itself thoroughly at home. So do the players for that matter. There are dozens of them, and they fling themselves, I am convinced, with real enjoyment into the representation of the carnival spirit. The chorus girls enjoy a feeling of reckless happiness in being muffled in rough winter coats, and drop their trained airs and graces. The crowds are well handled, the dramatic effects well produced, and the suggestion of holiday gayety so well done as to awaken a sort of reflex sentiment in the audience.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

◆

Within a week Mme. Melba recently celebrated two important events, her birthday and the twenty-fifth anniversary of her appearance in London in opera. She appeared at Covent Garden Theatre in the rôle of Mimi in "La Bohème." To make a début in opera at twenty-eight would be considered somewhat late for the aspiring young singer, yet this is what Mme. Melba did when on October 12, 1887, she sang Gilda at the Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, in her first appearance on any stage. The following 24th of May she sang in opera in London for the first time—it was as Lucia—and sang so well that in 1908, when her twentieth anniversary was celebrated, she was appearing for the twenty-first consecutive season at that opera house. By certain accounts Mme. Melba was born in 1865, which would have made her a girl of seventeen at her marriage in 1882 with Captain Charles Armstrong of Kings County, Ireland. As a girl she had ambitions to sing and had consented to appear upon some concert programme in Melbourne. Her father, heartily opposed to the awakening desires for a career, wrote to all her friends and acquaintances, imploring them not to attend, so that the young singer found two lone hearers awaiting her. She was not disheartened and years afterward said that her audiences had been larger ever since.

◆

Manuel de Falla, a Spaniard, has attracted attention by his opera, "La Vita Breve," recently produced at the Municipal Casino at Nice for the first time. The composer's published works are said to include but a set of piano pieces and three songs besides this opera, a limited output, but sufficient to declare his strong tendency toward national characteristics in his music, a trait in which he resembles his teacher, Pedrell. De Falla was born in 1876 at Cadiz. After his early study he settled in France, where he studied with Albeniz and Debussy. His opera is not a new one, for it was awarded a prize in a competition in Madrid in 1905. At the recent production of it the soprano rôle was created by Lillian Grenville, who had a brief career with the Chicago Opera Company at its organization.

◆

Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch (daughter of the late Mark Twain) has resumed concerts in the smaller German cities. It is said the critics frequently have alluded to her as a Russian, or praised her "Slavic temperament."

The Business of Electricity

One of the greatest pieces of work ever undertaken in California is now rapidly assuming shape in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, scores of miles distant from the hum of industry around the Bay, and when completed it will be the means of turning more wheels, lighting up more homes and business houses, pumping more water for the farmer and orchardist in many sections, and aiding generally in the upbuilding of the magnificent territory covered by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in thirty counties of the fifty-eight in California.

The enterprise is the great Lake Spaulding dam, with its associate undertakings. There are 500 men actively engaged at Lake Spaulding, working night and day on the dam. The concrete mixers are going at full tilt, and special trains from Colfax, near by, and Wadsworth, Nevada, are delivering gravel as fast as they can move it. Before winter compels a cessation of surface work in the mountains it is expected that the big dam, one of the highest in the world, will be fully 260 feet high, and, with that, the operation of power developments will be developed down Bear Valley.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company expects to be in a position to deliver electricity from its new Bear River power plant along its 100,000-volt double tower line before the close of the present year. The high-tension line will run across country from Drum to Cordelia, the company's sub-station between Suisun and Benicia, a distance of 100 miles as the crow flies.

In order to be ready when the public calls for its service the company is doing its construction work all along the line by simultaneous action. It proposes to use the waters of Bear River and the canal bearing that name several times before the end of its journey is reached in the ravine below Auburn, and in conjunction with the work at Spaulding and Drum developments are in progress at the other end of the line. Reservoirs are being dug, tunnels bored, and canals excavated for the cross-country journey and power houses are in course of construction in Christian Valley, west of Clipper Gap, and in the Auburn Ravine, just below Auburn.

Steel towers for the transmission line are being shipped and their course across country is marked by mounds of gravel showing where they will be erected. There will be 830 of these and the foundations are being dug for their reception.

The mile-long tunnel from the Spaulding dam to the canal, which will convey the water to the new Drum power plant, nine miles below, is already completed, and men are passing through it daily. The canal is in process of completion, and the work is progressing rapidly on the regulating reservoir at the lower end from which penstocks will shoot the water down a 1375-foot slope to the power house in the Bear River gorge. The steel for the power house is up and two of the four electric power generators to be installed there are already on their way from the East.

In such a gigantic work it is natural that it involve the expenditure of a great deal of money, and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is putting approximately $7,000,000 into the great electric enterprise, feeling that the electric age in California is little more than beginning, and that eventually this mysterious power will find hundreds of uses where today it finds one.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Blanche Bates at the Columbia Theatre.

"The Witness for the Defense," in which Blanche Bates will appear at the Columbia Theatre next Monday for a fortnight's engagement in San Francisco, will prove an event that no playgoer of discrimination can overlook. Miss Bates will portray the rôle of Stella Ballantyne, the wife of an English officer in the Indian service—a man given to drink and brutality. An old friend of Mrs. Ballantyne, now a distinguished barrister, traveling through India, visits the unhappy woman and the truth of her sordid life is revealed to him. As he leaves her, she is recalled to her former life of happiness and freedom, and determines to commit suicide, when her husband in a drunken frenzy enters and taunts and goads her beyond endurance. There is a shot, and he is dead. Two years later she is acquitted on the testimony of Thresk, her old lover, who has honorably perjured himself to secure her acquittal.

The succeeding acts of the play are in an old English home in rural Sussex. But behind the peaceful life of the heroine, who has gained the love of a gallant young English officer, lurks the terrible secret of her past. Mrs. Ballantyne is confronted by Thresk, who is cross-questioned by the family lawyer. With unerring woman's instinct she decides to reveal the truth about her past. The play ends with the promise of happiness.

Miss Bates will have the support of a notably fine company, including Frank Kemble Cooper, Ernest Stallard, Arthur Lewis, Frank Elliott, and others of equal note.

"Everywoman" at the Cort Theatre.

"Everywoman," the dramatic spectacle at the Cort Theatre, has proved to be one of the real sensations of the season, and is attracting record-breaking audiences. It will be continued one more week with matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

It is the consensus of opinion that Henry W. Savage has surpassed his best efforts in the matter of the production of this novel play. A more beautiful succession of stage pictures has seldom been witnessed upon the local stage. The representation of Everywoman's garden; the stage of a metropolitan theatre at rebearsal time; Everywoman's apartments in the Central Park West section of New York, and Broadway, New York, at midnight on New Year's Eve, are the scenes which have been pictorially executed. There has been a lavish expenditure of money in the matter of costumes.

Miss Adele Blood in the name-part is a strikingly handsome woman, and wears her beautiful gowns with distinction. H. Cooper Cliffe is one of the most polished of actors, and his performance of Nobody, that strange Mephistophelean character, will linger long in the memory. Youth, Beauty, and Modesty are faithfully portrayed by three young and gracefully pretty girls, Marion Dentler, Lea Lature, and Ruby Rothnour. Other performances particularly meritorious are those of Nestor Lennon as Wealth, Charlotte Van Wickle as Conscience, and Kathleen Kerrigan as Truth.

"Iolanthe" at the Tivoli Opera House.

The last performances of "The Serenade" will be given at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and in response to an insistent demand from admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan, "Iolanthe," the most tuneful and melodious of all of Sir Arthur Sullivan's scores and the brightest bit of satire by his wonderful collaborator, W. S. Gilbert, will be revived on an elaborate scale next Monday night.

During the present series of revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in New York, neither "Patience," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," nor the "Mikado" has achieved anything like the success of "Iolanthe," its many beautiful numbers and jolly little story of the fairies and House of Peers having created a veritable amusement furor on Broadway.

"Iolanthe" was always a favorite in San Francisco, and on its many presentations at the Tivoli before the fire the home of opera was invariably crowded to the doors. The cast provided for next week is very strong and will include Ilon Bergere in the title-rôle, Rena Vivienne as Phyllis, the artless shepherdess who has the House of Lords at her feet, and Sarah Edwards as the Queen of the Fairies. Teddy Webb will be the susceptible Lord Chancellor who gives away pretty wards, but without one for himself, and Henry Santrey will play Strephon, who is a fairy down to his waist while his lower extremities are human. John R. Phillips and Charles E. Galagher will be the love-lorn Earl of Tolloller and Earl of Mount Ararat, and Oliver LeNoir will be heard to advantage as Private Willis. The several minor parts will be suitably filled and the splendid Tivoli chorus will have much to do as fairies and peers.

Edward P. Temple, who worked under W. S. Gilbert himself in London, is putting forth special efforts in producing "Iolanthe," and the big orchestra, under the baton of Hans S. Linne, will be at its best.

The only matinées at the Tivoli are given on Saturday and Sunday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week offers good entertainment. Zelda Sears, the character comedienne, and an excellent supporting company, will appear in Edgar Allan Woolf's comedy of life behind the scenes, entitled "The Wardrobe Woman." Although the little play is contrived to produce laughter there is interwoven with its humor a love story in which the wardrobe woman plays the part of a good fairy and brings a charming romance to a happy termination.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will present an act which is entitled "Pickings from Song and Dance Land," and which has already proved one of the hits of the present vaudeville season. Both Mr. Bronson and Miss Baldwin have many friends in this city, which may be regarded as their home, and their reception is sure to be of an enthusiastic nature.

Chief Caupolican, the American Indian, will make his first appearance here. Caupolican inherits his title of chief and comes from a long line of Araucanian warriors, a Southern American Indian tribe known as the pale-faced Indians. He is the possessor of a fine voice, which has benefited by a musical education in France. He is unique and entertaining.

Frank Coombs and Ernest Aldwell, two men with exceptionally good voices, will be heard in a series of old and new songs. Mr. Coombs was for two seasons one of the principal tenors of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Grand Opera Company. Mr. Aldwell has a baritone of rare quality.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde will amuse with their animated shadow creations, animated pictures, and silhouettes of various celebrities. They are fresh from the London Coliseum.

The Four Rotters, sturdy Teutons, will offer a remarkable exhibition of gymnastic skill.

The only holdovers will be Joe Jackson, the European Vagabond, and Louis A. Simon and Kathryn Osterman in "A Persian Garden."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The great Heras Family, a spectacular and sensational acrobatic sextet, Edwin Ford and his dancing girls, and a return engagement of the always popular comedians, Lasky's Seven Hoboes, are the leading features on an exceptionally strong vaudeville bill opening at Pantages Sunday.

The Heras Family are making their first tour of this coast, but are well known in European music halls. They work in evening garb and perform the most difficult feats.

Edwin Ford was last seen here with the world-famous dancing quartet. The Four Fords are here with five dashing maids in a dancing carnival with pretty scenic effects and a sprinkling of swagger costumes.

The Seven Hoboes were at the Pantages a few months ago, and will introduce the same routine of burlesque comicalities, with new "Tango" dances.

A trio of beautifully trained voices will be heard in the act presented by the Jourdans Three. Excerpts from old-time favorites blended with popular selections provide fifteen minutes of musical pleasure.

Jack Symonds will give his vagabond specialty, "A Man of Ease." He has a whimsical style of drollness which is irresistible.

La Bergere, billed as the "French Venus," has a trio of beautiful trained hunting dogs who appear with their mistress in a dozen poses of famous hunting scenes.

The Three Oddities are Allen, Davis, and Allen, who have a specialty combining ragtime singing with a comedy pianologue specialty.

The popular Keystone comedy motion picture will complete the strong bill.

Jacob Adler at the Columbia Theatre.

Two big audiences should greet the world's greatest Yidish actor, Jacob P. Adler, at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and night, June 23. It will mark the first appearance here of the actor-manager who has done so much towards elevating the Yiddish stage. Jacob P. Adler is today a shining light in the starry firmament, as far as the theatre is concerned, and has been admired on Broadway as well as on the East Side of the great metropolis. He is the owner and manager of Yiddish theatres in many Eastern cities, and his coming here is an event. He will be supported by his National Theatre, New York, company, including, among others, Mrs. Sarah Adler, Miss Frances Adler, and Joseph Schoengold.

The performance on Sunday afternoon will be Jacob Gordin's intense drama, "The Stranger," a play in four acts with a profoundly interesting story. Gordin is a writer whose works have attracted attention on both the English and Yiddish stage, and it is thought that Adler will create a furor in this play as well as in Gordin's other work, "The Abnormal Man," which is announced as the piece for Sunday night.

CURRENT VERSE.

After Copying Goodly Poetry.

O words, strong lovely words, would ye were mine,
  And not another's! I am covetous
Of your slow cadences and flight divine.
  Would that my verses cried and murmured thus!

For as my hand moved over you, I knew
  How beautiful you were. I loved you well,
As the lips love rose-petals cold with dew,
  As fingers love the flutings of a shell,—

And as the heart loves one so very fair
  She must be always distant, like the moon.
So did I love you, delicate verses, rare
  And wondrous with the dawn-wind's throbbing tune.

O words, strong lovely words! would ye were mine!
  —I know I am too vainly covetous;
For if I die without a singing sign,
  What matters it while ye can echo thus?

And yet my heart is faint and hot in me.
  As childless wives for stranger-babies pine,
My heart cries out, oh, very hungrily,
  Words, words, strong lovely words, would ye were mine!

—*From "Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis, published by Macmillan Company.*

Silence.

In the old days, when first I knew you, we
  Were not afraid of Silence. We could stand
Whole growing-spaces, staring splendidly
  Across the moon-white palpitating land,
And turn, and climb again the mountain-trail
  With but a sigh of joy. Or we could sit
Half-hours by the wood-fire, while the frail
  Fierce sparks whirled starwards from the heart of it.
Our thoughts, it seemed, their quiet distance kept.
  Their high-roads never meeting, side by side,
Moonward and starward, innocent they swept:
  And we were glad and silent, and the wide
Still world seemed all our play-ground, for we knew
That we could dream together, I and you.

But now, we are afraid of Silence. We
  Dare not a moment let her in to us,
Lest she betray us, blankly, utterly.
  She who was once so kind, now perilous
As some sly enemy, must stand apart.—
  The shuttle of our words shoots to and fro
In worthless webs; while constantly my heart
  Yearns back to Silence, begging her to show
The old clear look, hushed lips, free eyes. Alas!
  Her treacherous throbbing presence we must flee:
Must blur the precious moments, till they pass
  To leave me hurt by you. (And you by me?)
O bitter broken day when first we knew
We dared not dream together, I and you!

—*From "Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis, published by Macmillan Company.*

Not for Your Sakes.

Not for your sakes;—although I can but see
How glad you are to greet my joy, my youth,
(For you remember suddenly in me
Your May-days)—ah, but I must tell the truth:
Not all to help your groping loneliness,
Nor yet because I love you (though I do)
Today I kneel beside you, swift to press
Your hands in mine, with laughter; not for you,
But for myself.
                When I shall sometime grow
A little old, a little dim and strange,
When fine gray veils across my brightness blow,
And mirrors whisper, "Look! you change. You change!"
When somehow friends no more beset me; dreams
Are dumb at night, and lame at dawn of day;
When stealthy as a star the Glory seems
To fold itself in fog and tread away;—
Then, when I think, "My turn at last is come.
Time to put by the wind and sun and sea:
Time to begin the darkening pathway home,
Where my flown Youth, bright-winged, awaiteth me:
Time to slip back, slip back, and be at rest,"—
Ah then, to know my youth uncursed, unmarred
By coldness and bright cruelty, the zest
Of feet that dance on hearts:—to take the bard
Low shadowed road with no vain bitterness,
No blind self-hatred, but as one who goes
Safe through the lonely places, lanternless,
Yet trusting that the road is one he knows;—
Oh, for myself, myself, I come to you,
Frail blue-veined hands, dulled eyes, and questioning ears,
Loving you truly, as I can but do,
But seeing half *myself* through these my tears!

—*From "Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis, published by Macmillan Company.*

◆

A matinée performance of "Iolanthe" was given a few days ago at the Casino Theatre in New York for the Gilbert and Sullivan Public Library Fund. The purpose of this fund is to put into the hands of the director and trustees of the New York Public Library a sum of money with which to purchase all the works of Gilbert and Sullivan and any works concerning them or their achievements, with the added provision that surplus funds may be devoted to collect a library of information on the subject of comic opera in general.

◆

The performance on Saturday night next of "Bella Donna" by Mme. Nazimova and her splendid supporting cast, at the Columbia Theatre, will be the final one of the engagement.

◆

Hints for Vacationists.

Italian-Swiss Colony Tipo (red or white) will he found enjoyable after a dusty motor trip or a long tramp in the country. For sale everywhere.

Wagner Directs His Own Composition.

How Wagner astonished an audience in Berlin is related by Otto Lessmann in a German magazine. It was in 1871. He had lectured at the Royal Academy on the opera, and in his honor the Verein der Berliner Musiker arranged a performance of his "Faust Overtures," under the direction of Professor Julius Sturm. When it was over Wagner seemed to hesitate for a moment as to what he should do. Then he got up, thanked the musicians, and remarked that, as he had not been connected with an orchestra for twenty years, he felt impelled to further show his gratitude by an artistic deed. "You will understand my request," he added, "that you repeat 'Faust Overture' under my personal direction." What then happened made an indelible impression on all who were so fortunate as to be present. The spiritual revelation he made of the various moods of that tone poem stirred the hearers as they had never before been stirred. The difference between a genius and a mere professional conductor was made manifest. The musicians themselves were stunned by what they had done. "We looked at him, and we knew and did what he wanted," they remarked.

◆

The German tenor Urlus, who made so favorable an impression in this country in opera and concert two seasons ago, has been acclaimed in Paris. He sang the "St. Matthew Passion" music of Bach recently at the new Astruc Opera, when Mengelberg, the illustrious Amsterdam conductor, gave what appears to have been a masterful performance. Urlus had sung the difficult rôle of the Narrator at various times at his home, Leipsic, at St. Thomas's Church, where Bach served as cantor.

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VANITY FAIR.

The law of libel is, after all, a very conventional and a very senseless thing. It seems to depend not at all upon the gravity of the offense that is charged, but wholly upon its kind. We may accuse a man of some of the deadliest sins known to human nature and he can not recover a cent of damages, but at the least hint that he is addicted to some small personal indulgence that can do no harm to any one but himself he will rise in his wrath and hale us before the judge. If we say that Mr. Roosevelt drinks too much he will describe it as a foul aspersion upon his character and travel half-way across the country for vindication and bring all the pieties of the country with him to repel the slander. But we may say that he eats too much and nothing will happen. And yet to overeat is the more unpleasant offense of the two, and probably the more harmful. Probably there are hardly any circumstances under which it would be a libel to say that a man overeats.

But we may say much worse than this without fear of libel action. We may say that a statesman is a traitor to his country, and he will regard it as no more than a harmless electoral amenity. We may say that he is in alliance with organizations of thieves for the purpose of plundering the widow and the orphan and it will be considered to be an entirely legitimate political plea. There will be no libel action. We may describe a man as a malefactor and a liar, a public enemy and a traitor, and he will show no resentment. But be careful not to say that he drinks too much or you will be cast in damages by a jury-box full of gentlemen who have enough gentlemanly instinct to take the word of a gentleman when he says that he was never drunk in his life. A few years ago it would have been almost libelous to accuse a man of obstinate and habitual sobriety. It would have been a wanton reflection upon his social instincts. He would have repudiated the allegation with scorn and denounced the allegator, as the police witness described himself. Today we have reversed the process. We will tolerate almost anything except a charge of excessive drinking.

◆

When Queen Mary began to turn the English court into a Sunday-school she thought probably that the task would be an easy one. It is proving most difficult. The force of example being evidently insufficient it is proposed to try coercion. There were a good many pious people who were quite sure of the salutary results that must follow the spectacle of a queen who spent most of her spare time in knitting stockings for poor women. It was argued that the great ladies of the court would naturally do the same thing and that royal functions would henceforth bear a resemblance to quilting parties. But the great ladies refused to knit stockings. Probably they did not know how. There were some spasmodic attempts on the part of a few of them to serve the Lord by teaching poor people how to cook and by persuading the said poor people that boiled lentil beans were so much better for them than beefsteaks, but the poor people were irresponsive. With that discouraging stupidity that always accompanies poverty they said that they preferred beefsteaks, or at least kippered herrings, and they went on stolidly eating them, and not eating the lentil beans, in just that irritating way that poor people have when you try to do them good by walking into their houses without knocking and demanding to look at their marriage certificates, with a strongly visible suspicion that they have none. And so the cooking lessons petered out, and then came a lot of unpleasant people who said that the queen was wasting her time in knitting stockings at all, seeing that stockings can be bought at very low rates at the hosiery store round the corner. It was all very disheartening.

Now Queen Mary is turning her attention to the gamblers. We have done a little of that ourselves, not gambling of course, but turning our attention. If we may imitate the evil phraseology of worldly people it may be said that our long suit is turning our attention to something. Nothing produces quite such a glow of conscious sanctification as turning our attention to what that miscreant Jones is doing next door and registering a solemn vow to prevent him. And the wretch is always doing things, race-suiciding, or smoking cigarettes, or breaking the Sabbath, or procrastinating, or something. Never was such a bad citizen as Jones. We know just how Queen Mary feels about this, because we can recall our own chiefs of police and the start of horrified surprise with which they have learned occasionally that some son of Belial here in San Francisco has been gambling. Of course it was usually a libel, because, as we all know, there is a law against gambling. We scotched that particular snake long ago, thanks to the women's clubs and the New Thought.

◆

But it is quite easy to believe that they gamble in England. Naturally they would in the absence of the uplift movement which has done so much for America and passed such a gratifying number of laws. There are actually hostesses in England who invite ladies to their houses for the purposes of playing a malignant game called bridge and they wager money—and ladies who are hard up are said to wager kisses—on the fortunes of the game. It is quite easy to believe such things of almost any foreign country and they are certainly true of England. The queen was actually informed that it was only by the mercy of Providence that certain court ladies were not caught in a recent police raid. Providence, it need hardly be said, will prevent an aristocratic scandal if possible, but the police are quite agile nowadays, and it would be a mistake to depend on Providence too far in such matters. So Queen Mary called these ladies to the presence and told them that gambling—if only for a few innocent kisses—would not be permitted, and that a repetition of the offense would be followed by exclusion from court. She told the society hostesses that they, too, would be excluded unless they amended their ways and knitted stockings, or words to that effect.

But now comes the sad part of the whole story. It seems that quite a number of these misguided women are of opinion that they may do what they like in their own houses and that no one has a right to interfere. If they must choose between court and card-room they prefer the card-room, which seems reasonable in a way. Personally we have not been invited to the English court. We have been overlooked. We belong to various distinguished orders in the land of the free and are entitled to wear certain resplendent decorations which we keep in a drawer at the office for fear our wife should see them and laugh. But we have not, so far, been summoned to the English court. And we now give notice that we shall decline that summons if an acceptance should mean the surrender of certain relaxations and amusements which we shall not specify, and which help us to bear with equanimity the burdens of the day. Even the women's clubs do not know all that we do when the shades of night have descended over the pastoral simplicities of this city. And they never will know if we can preserve the habits of duplicity incidental to married life.

◆

It is much to be wished that the Princess Louise of Tuscany and Signor Toselli would allow the curtain to descend finally upon their amatory experiences. Princesses, of course, are very interesting people, but they are interesting not because they are princesses, but because they are rather mysterious. Sometimes we like a discreet glance at their domestic lives, not because they are different from the lives of others, but because they are so much the same, and we like an occasional assurance of this. And we are interested in their quarrels also, because we ourselves quarrel sometimes. But it will soon be necessary to reserve a special library shelf for the volumes in which these unpleasant people are embalming their intensely commonplace strifes and bickerings. Apparently nothing is sacred to them. They seem obsessed with the idea that the whole world is waiting in palpitating eagerness to be informed of every word of silly love-making and of still more silly love unmaking that ever passed between them. The latest record of this vulgar business is set forth in a volume by Toselli. He tells us how first he fell victim to the blandishments of the charmer, and to do the author justice there seems to have been little of the gay deceiver about him. The lady appears to have invoked the initiative with a vengeance. Here is a paragraph that may serve as a sample:

> "Have you ever loved?" the princess asked point-blank. And the child of the South makes rather lame rejoinder, "Your Royal Highness, I am barely twenty-four. If I boasted I had already loved I should be talking nonsense. Hitherto I have been too young for such emotions." And the scene, which is not absolutely novel, closed thus: She put her arms round me and drew me nearer still. "I will be ever devoted and constant, the companion of your life," she said. "My love is absolutely unchangeable, and my faith in you profound and illimitable. My affection will encompass you with peace and tenderness." I closed my eyes as our lips met in a long embrace.

That seems to be sufficient. Signor Toselli is henceforth excused. A youth of twenty-four, and an Italian at that, who blushingly admits that he has never been in love and that he is "too young for such emotions" may be supposed to deserve all that he gets. And it must be admitted that he got a good deal.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A farmer in great need of extra hands at haying time finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out. "What'll ye pay?" asked Si. "I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer. Si scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively: "I'll be darned if I'll work for that!"

◆

A suit having been brought against a defendant, his counsel interposed a demurrer that had the effect to throw it out of court. Soon afterward the same lawyer was elected to Congress, and while at his post of duty he was surprised one day to receive a letter from his former client, saying: "I am sued again. Please send me another one of them things they call demurrers."

◆

Among clerical anecdotes is that of the vicar and curate who had quarreled, and the curate was requested to find some other congregation to minister to. He therefore preached his farewell sermon, and the parishioners came in crowds to hear him. "My text," he said, "is taken from the moving story of Abraham. 'Tarry ye here with the ass while I . . . go yonder'!"

◆

It was Sunday, and two small boys were industriously digging in a vacant lot, when a man who was passing stopped to give them a lecture. "Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday, unless it be a case of necessity?" asked the good man. "Yes, sir," timidly replied one of the boys. "Then why don't you stop it?" "'Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the little philosopher. "A feller can't fish without bait."

◆

Having tried unsuccessfully various highly recommended receipts for dislodging selfish passengers from the coveted seats, the woman who swung from a strap in front of the sandy man tried talking at him to her husband. As a peroration to her harangue she said impressively: "If you, James, should ever be piggish enough to sit down where there was a woman in the car left standing I would never speak to you again as long as I live." The sandy man looked up then. "Lucky devil," he said. "Not many of us could purchase peace at that price."

◆

Trying out a new car on the road between Cedar Grove and Great Notch he stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist: "Well, that was going some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask you. How do you stop one of these contraptions where there aint no trees?"

◆

A Dutchman was going to cross a bridge; he was riding in a little cart drawn by a goat. The toll man came out and said: "Here, you've got to pay toll before you can pass this bridge." "What, to pay toll?" "Yes, five cents to cross this bridge." After an argument the Dutchman paid the five cents and went on. In the afternon he came back again, only this time he bad the goat sitting on the seat, and he was dragging the cart himself. Out came the toll man and said: "Here, you know you've got to pay five cents." The Dutchman shook his head, and pointing to the goat, said: "Don't talk to me—ask the driver."

◆

During the South African war letters sent home by British soldiers had to pass through the hands of a censor. A certain private had sent four or five letters home, and portions had been obliterated by the censor and were therefore illegible on their arrival at their destination. He decided to even accounts with the censor, and at the foot of the next letter he wrote: "Please look under the stamp?" At the censor's office the letter was opened and read as usual. The officer in charge spent some time in steaming the stamp from the envelope, but his feelings can be better imagined than described when he read these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

◆

At a banquet recently William F. McCombs told of a conversation in a club in which several philanthropic personages were mentioned and lauded to the skies. The conversation had gone to some length, Mr. McCombs said, when a man who was sitting in a corner arose with a merry smile flitting over his features and broke into the gabfest. "Your philanthropists are all right," he remarked, "but I think it is only just that my next-door neighbor should be included in the kindly disposed bunch." "We are willing to add him to the list," responded one of the others, "but is he really so generously inclined?" "Well, I should say that he is," was the emphatic declaration of the first. "Dozens of tramps hammer at his back door and I have never known him to send one away empty-handed." "You don't mean it?" returned the second a trifle incredulously. "That's right," rejoined the first; "he always gives them a letter of introduction to me."

◆

A ring at the telephone drew the office boy. "Lady to talk to you, sir," he said to the senior partner. The senior partner took up the receiver, and stood at the 'phone for several minutes. Then he laid the receiver down, and went back to his desk. Twenty minutes later he raised the receiver, said a few words, and presently hung up. Then he turned to his partner. "It was my wife," he explained. "She was still talking and hadn't missed me."

◆

When Piffleton was starting for business in the morning Mrs. P. asked him to give Potts, the plumber, a call and tell him to look round at once, as there was something radically wrong with the cistern. Twelve o'clock came and no Potts, and so Mrs. P. was driven to enlist the services of another knight of the soldering iron, who soon had things in trim. When Potts called at two o'clock he was informed that the job was done. "I had to send for another plumber, thinking you were too busy," Mrs. P. told him. "Done!" gasped Potts. "Then you've been imposed on, ma'am. I dunno 'oo 'e was or what 'e was, but you can take my word for it if 'e's done the job a'ready 'e worn't no plumber!"

◆

A prisoner was brought before the bar in the criminal court, but was not represented by a lawyer. "Where is your lawyer?" asked the judge who presided. "I have none, sir," replied the prisoner. "Why not?" queried the judge. "Because I have no money to pay one." "Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge. "Yes, sir." "Well, there are Mr. Thomas W. Wilson, Mr. Henry Eddy, and Mr. George Rogers," said the judge, pointing to several young attorneys who were sitting in the room, waiting for something to turn up, "and Mr. Allen is out in the hall." The prisoner looked at the attorneys, and, after a critical survey, he turned to the judge and said: "If I can take my choice, sir, I guess I'll take Mr. Allen."

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Doctors.

In days of old
The doctors bold,
  In ignorance of bugs,
Essayed to still
A mortal ill,
  With nauseating drugs.

But in this age,
It is the rage,
  When sickness intervenes,
Blindly to treat
The obsolete,
  With serums and vaccines.

God only knows
As Science grows,
  In years that are to be,
How they will send
Each ailing friend,
  Into eternity!

—*Ralph M. Thompson, in Life.*

◆

Those Were the Happy Days

In the days of Machiavelli
Were their vehicles so smelly?
  No buzz wagons then.

In the days of Marcus Drusus
Did they read about Bull Moosers?
  Had no B. M. Party.

In the days of Nell of Troy
Did the end seat hog annoy?
  He didn't exist.

Had they when lived Alexander
Ragtime tunes to raise their dander?
  They escaped that.

In the days of Zerub-babel
Did the Beef Trust soak the rabble?
  Lucky rabble, no!

—*Boston Transcript.*

◆

June.

June's a-comin', June's a-comin', comin' right along. I can hear the bees a-hummin' chock-a-block with song! I can hear the birds a-floppin', and the rosy buds a-poppin', while the blossoms white are droppin' in a snowy throng!

I can hear the bells a-ringin' in the steeples high, tellin' how young Love's a-wingin', laughter in his eye, as the brides an' grooms a-smilin' walk the primrose way beguilin', in their dreams of bliss a-whilin' honeyed hours by!

On the pike the tramps are trampin', void of every care, ready for whatever campin' turns up anywhere. All around the lambs are blattin' like a lot o' kids a-chattin', and as soft as fairy satin grows the mornin' air!

Dearest June, I want to tell yer, you're the best there be. When I see or even smell yer, soul is full o' glee, and no single day that passes but the thought o' greenin' grasses, lovin' lads an' lovin' lasses fills the heart o' me!

Love's the word, and love's the token, burden of our tune: trademark ever true, unbroken, mornin', night an' noon. Love, and Life, and Merry Laughter, echoin' through wood and rafter. Naught before, and nothin' after, ever touches June.

—*John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK
Of San Francisco
Paid-Up Capital....................$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits...... 1,699,466.93
Total Resources.................... 40,245,218.89
OFFICERS:
Herbert Fleishhacker..............President
Sig. Greenebaum......Chairman of the Board
Washington Dodge.............Vice-President
Jos. Friedlander..............Vice-President
C. F. Hunt.......................Vice-President
R. Altschul..............................Cashier
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Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St., between 21st and 22d
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere
December 31st, 1912:
Assets $53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,708,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund...... 148,850.22
Number of Depositors.................59,144
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO
N. E. cor. Montgomery and Market Sts.
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,082,071.37
Deposits............................ 26,510,199.69
Total Resources...................... 46,165,738.94
Isaias W. Hellman President
I. W. Hellman, Jr....Vice-President
F. L. Lipman.........Vice-President
James K. Wilson.....Vice-President
Frank B. King.............Cashier
W. McGavin ....Asst. Cashier
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The water consumption in San Francisco now exceeds the safe dependable supply available for distribution. Until the City or the Company can increase the development of sources now owned and install more aqueducts to San Francisco, extreme care must be exercised in the use of water **or the supply will fail. Stop all waste; stop hosing steps and sidewalks with water. Please prevent all unnecessary use of water. We earnestly ask for your co-operation in maintaining the supply.**
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OREGON-WASHINGTON RAILROAD & NAVIGATION CO. O-W
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Erminie Thompson Wilson and Mr. Morris English of Oakland. Mrs. Wilson is a sister of Mrs. E. C. Leffingwell.

The wedding of Miss Marianne Mathieu and Mr. Alexander Wilson, Jr., took place Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church. Miss Frances Mathieu was her sister's only attendant. Lieutenant Charles Elliott Ide, U. S. A., acted as Mr. Wilson's best man. Miss Mathieu is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathieu and a niece of Mr. Ernest McCormick. Mr. Wilson is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson and a brother of Mrs. Carl Schurman (formerly Miss Bernice Wilson) and Mrs. Smith of Ithaca, New York, who before her marriage was Miss Bessie Wilson. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will reside in this city.

The marriage of Miss Lily Watt Penn and Mr. Theodore Herman Kruttschnitt took place recently in Reidsville, North Carolina, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cabell Penn.

The marriage of Miss Edna Hickox and Mr. Frederick M. Johnson will take place June 24 in Christ Church, Alameda.

Major William Hastings Brooks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooks have issued announcements of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ruth Hastings Brooks, to Mr. James West, Thursday, May 20. Mr. and Mrs. West will reside in San Rafael.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel and later accompanied her guests to the matinée.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at their home in Burlingame. The affair was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Dolly Fry was hostess Friday at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss Elisa Partridge.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has issued invitations to a dance Monday evening, June 30, at the Burlingame Club in honor of her sons, the Messrs. Mountford and Russell Wilson.

Miss Dorothy Allen was hostess Wednesday at a tea at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Margaret Carrigan, whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. James Thompson.

Miss Helen Ashton gave a farewell tea Friday to her sister, Mrs. John Piggott, who with Mr. Piggott left Saturday for their future home in Sacramento.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore was hostess at a bridge-luncheon Thursday in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, and Mrs. Harry M. Morton, who will leave for Alaska June 30.

Mrs. Sands Forman was hostess recently at a bridge party at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Percy Williams was the complimented guest at a tea given by the Misses Grace and Violet Buckley at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull was hostess at a luncheon Thursday complimentary to Mrs. Sellar Bullard.

Miss Nell Mahoney was hostess at a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon.

Miss Alice Theobald was the guest of honor at a tea Thursday, when Miss Myrtle Little was the hostess.

Mrs. William E. Dargie recently entertained Major Peixotto and the visiting Boy Scouts of the Columbia Park Club at a luncheon at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. Among the guests was the Honorable David Jayne Hill.

Mrs. Clay Harrison was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Dorothy Keleher.

Mrs. Cecil Marrack was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at the home of her parents, Colonel Lea Febiger and Mrs. Febiger, at the Presidio.

Captain Frank Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett entertained a number of friends Saturday night at their home in Mare Island. The affair was to celebrate the crystal anniversary of their wedding.

◆

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Robert J. Woods returned Monday from Europe, where she has been traveling during the past nine months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney is established for the summer at the Hotel Peninsula in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott will leave today for Sacramento, where they will reside for several years. Mrs. Piggott was formerly Miss Bessie Ashton.

Mrs. George Tallant and her children, George and Genevieve Tallant, have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and their children are spending a few weeks at Claridge's in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey are in San Mateo for the summer season and are occupying apartments at the Hotel Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill of Santa Barbara spent a few days in this city en route to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are established for the summer at their country home, Idlewild, on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her niece, Miss Gladys Buchanan, have recently been spending some time in Biarritz and St. Sebastian. They will travel in France and Spain during the next two months.

Mr. Harry Butters returned on the *Manchuria* from Honolulu.

Mrs. William C. Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mr. William Carey Van Fleet have arrived in New York from Europe. They will be accompanied on their homeward trip by Mr. Allen Van Fleet, who has graduated from the Harvard Law School.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., has returned from college and has joined his family in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster have given up their home in Marin County and will reside indefinitely in Suisun.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will leave Monday, June 30, in their automobile for Santa Barbara. They will be accompanied by Miss Helen Keeney and Mr. Charles Keeney.

The Misses Harriet and Helen Stone have returned from Beowawe, Nevada, where they have been visiting Miss Helen Hinckley.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and their daughter, Miss Mildred Calhoun, have returned to their home in Cleveland, Ohio, after a visit of several weeks in California.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin has recently been visiting Miss Sophie Coleman in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Olney and Miss Anna Olney have given up their apartment on Pacific Avenue and have returned to their home in Oakland.

Miss Ethel McAllister is visiting Miss Dora Winn in Monterey.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and Miss Doris Wilshire returned Tuesday from an extended visit in Southern California.

Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn has gone East to spend the summer with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson and Miss Katherine Anderson left Saturday for a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkmann, Miss Johanna Volkmann, and Miss Edith Treanor are at present in Carlsbad.

Master Osgood Hooker, Jr., and Master Russell Wilson returned Tuesday from the Pomfret preparatory school near Worcester, Massachusetts, and will spend their vacation in Burlingame.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. Harry Chickering, Miss Alice Grimes, and Miss Florence Henshaw left Thursday for their country home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Samuel E. Simmons, Mrs. Bradford Marshall, and their children will spend the summer in Inverness, where they have rented a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their children left Monday for their home in San Mateo.

Miss Floride Hunt has returned from a two weeks' visit in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright, Miss Helen Wright, and the Messrs. Egerton and Harold Wright will spend the summer at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase will spend the next two months in San Rafael, where they have rented a cottage.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her children are established for the summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGregor and Miss Katiebel McGregor have returned from the East.

Mrs. George Williams of Washington, D. C., is visiting her niece, Mrs. Charles Belden, in Ross. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ormsby of Los Angeles arrived yesterday from Sacramento and will spend several days with Mrs. Belden.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brayton and their children have returned to Oakland after a trip to Tahiti.

Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin has gone to Fort Bragg to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

Mrs. J. J. Valentine went East recently to attend the graduation of her daughter, Miss Ruth Valentine, who has finished her college course at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. William Adam Magee, and their young people have been spending the past two weeks motoring in the Tahoe country.

Miss Margaret Nichols has recently been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, at their ranch near Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., of Los Angeles, are recent visitors at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. St. George Holden and their children have gone to Ukiah for an outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames are established at Marienwood, near Los Gatos, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Torney are established in a home on Filbert Street.

Mrs. Minnie Clarke Porter has gone to Berkeley to spend the summer.

Mrs. Edward Danforth and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Danforth, have gone to Napa Soda Springs for a few weeks' visit.

Miss Lily O'Connor has gone to San Mateo to spend several weeks at the Hotel Peninsula.

Mrs. William McAfee has returned from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson has joined her daughter, Miss Grace Gibson, in Coronado, where she is visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates have gone to Alaska for a visit of several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Josephine Lindley of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell and their children are at Highland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Alexander have come from Santa Barbara to spend several weeks in this city.

Miss Marguerite Doe spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin.

Dr. W. C. Chidester has returned to San Mateo after a visit of several weeks in the East.

Mrs. J. T. Rucker and Miss Edith Rucker will leave next week for Monterey, where they will spend the holidays. Miss Rucker has recently been visiting the Misses de Young.

Mr. Evan Evans has been spending the past two weeks in Coronado and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore returned to Ross Thursday from New York, where they have been visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler.

Miss Maren Froelich has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Storey (formerly Mrs. Laura Roe) left Monday for Chicago, where they will remain until September. They will reside temporarily at the Midlothian Golf Club near Chicago.

Mrs. John Simpson will spend next month with her son-in-law and daughter, Bishop Partridge and Mrs. Partridge, at their home in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan (formerly Miss Gladys Wilson) are motoring through Southern California and will leave in September for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, and Miss Elise Clark will spend the Fourth of July holidays in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young are established for the summer in San Mateo, where they are occupying the home of Mrs. Bertha Welch.

Mrs. W. W. Wood and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington have returned from a visit of several months in the Orient.

Major-General Murray, commanding the Department of the West, accompanied by his aide, Captain H. J. Breese, is a guest at Hotel del Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper moved Wednesday into their new home on Presidio Avenue near Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bayne of New York and Mrs. Bayne's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, arrived in this city Saturday and left Tuesday for Montecito, where they have rented the Frank Vail home for the summer. Miss Ruth Zeile, who returned with Mr. and Mrs. Bayne, has joined her sister, Miss Marian Zeile, at their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker have arrived in New York from Europe.

Miss Anna Miller Wood and Miss Mary Pierce are guests at Pine Inn, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Captain and Mrs. Washington entertained at luncheon on board the U. S. S. *Denver* on Sunday. The *Denver* is at present stationed off Coronado.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick are in Monterey for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara will go to San Jose next week for the benefit of Mr. Potter's health.

Among recent arrivals at Casa del Ray, Santa Cruz, from San Francisco, were Mr. H. E. Root, Mr. A. D. Owens, Mr. Leon J. Mook, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loucks, Mr. C. T. Faw, Mr. Morton Castor, Mr. James M. Goewey, Jr., Mr. V. K. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Law, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peck, Miss Bernice Peck, Master Sherman Peck, Captain and Mrs. John Silovich, Miss Marietta Silovich, Miss Nellie Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Schneider, Mr. Herbert Schneider, Mrs. N. Emerson, Miss Alice Schroth, Mr. W. Needham, Mrs. W. H. Daniels, Mr. R. Tompkins, Miss A. Smith, Dr. A. Rosenthal, Mr. A. T. Fletcher, Mr. George Pattberg, Mrs. George M. Gage, Mrs. Viola Kennedy, Miss Eleanor M. Schmidt, Mr. Edgar M. Stow, Mr. Joseph Rose, Mrs. Joseph Rose, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Susskind, Mrs. A. E. Rodgers, Miss M. Rodgers, Miss Y. de Ojeda, Miss T. F. Fitzgibbons, Mrs. C. Newman, Miss J. Newman, Dr. Henry Korn, Dr. A. Newman, Mrs. W. E. Travis, Mrs. George Wingfield, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Putnam, Miss B. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Johnson, Mr. L. S. Scooffy, Mr. F. L. Warner, Mr. E. Bernhard, Mr. W. H. Daniels, Miss H. Bennett, Mr. A. H. Muller, Mr. G. L. Barker, Mr. A. J. F. Henerman.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., commanding the Western Department, accompanied by Captain Herbert J. Breese, U. S. A., Cavalry, aide-de-camp, left Saturday on a tour of inspection of the troops at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, and the Presidio of Monterey.

Colonel C. W. Truitt, U. S. A., arrived in this city Wednesday. Colonel Truitt will relieve Colonel W. Van Vliet, U. S. A., as commandant of Alcatraz Military Prison.

Major Henry Page, U. S. A., Medical Corps, has been granted a leave of absence for three months.

Captain Ernest Bingham, U. S. A., Medical Corps, has been assigned to duty at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant W. T. Calhoun has been appointed inspector of ordnance at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Commander J. H. Dayton, U. S. N., who has spent the past year at the Naval Training Station at Newport, has been ordered to an Asiatic station.

Captain William G. Sills, U. S. A., First Cavalry, was granted a three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Harold S. Naylor, U. S. A., First Field Artillery, has been ordered to the Mounted Service School, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Major Abraham P. Buffington, U. S. A., has joined the Twenty-Second Infantry at Vancouver Barracks.

Rear-Admiral H. Osterhouse, U. S. N., was placed on the retired list June 15.

Captain Roger Wells, U. S. N., has been placed in command of the Naval Training Station, Newport.

Brigadier-General Ramsey D. Potts, U. S. A., returned Thursday to San Francisco and is in command of the Eighth Brigade at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel William W. Forsythe, U. S. A., Cavalry, will return to the Presidio July 1 from the Yosemite National Park.

Lieutenant-Colonel Chase W. Kennedy, U. S. A., Sixteenth Infantry, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

◆

The home in Sacramento of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Yost has been brightened by the advent of a son.

◆

The weather at Santa Cruz has been perfect and guests coming down for a day or two have found it hard to leave. Some came with the intention of staying over the week-end, but were so taken up with the climate and golf links that they have engaged rooms for the season. Enthusiastic golfers declare the Casa del Rey links to be the finest in the entire West.

◆

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Auto Grill and Garage. Special attention to auto parties. Unusually low winter rates now in effect make this the ideal place for winter residence. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE, Manager

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Rising from the ranks to battalion chief in the fire department, forty-six years continually in the service, never reprimanded, and a medal in his possession besides, John Wills will be retired on half pay, $112.50 a month, the rest of his days. Of the forty-six years in service he spent thirty-six of them in the Engine Company No. 2, on Bush Street near Kearny.

Miss Ethel Grosscup raised the New Jersey state flag over the Exposition site Tuesday afternoon, when Judge Robert T. Hudspeth, chairman of the commission, planted the American flag in the ground and took possession of the site in behalf of the State of New Jersey.

The one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated under the auspices of the Bunker Hill Association Tuesday. Special music was provided for the Golden Gate Park Band by Director Casassa, and a patriotic afternoon concert was held. At the Sequoia Club in the evening the New England Society held an old-fashioned New England dinner. A short entertainment and dancing followed. S. M. Holladay is president of the Bunker Hill Association and George Caswell secretary. Officers of the New England Society are: Ralph L. Hathorn, president; Daniel O'Connell, vice-president; Dr. George Davis, second vice-president; Horace M. Walker, treasurer; E. W. Wheeler, secretary.

The supervisors have passed an ordinance requiring that all dogs, on being taken from the premises of their owners, be on leash, and rescinding the muzzling provision.

At the second biennial "potlatch" of San Francisco Lodge, No. 26, Loyal Order of Moose, Saturday night, funds were raised to bring the supreme lodge convention of the order, with a thousand delegates, to San Francisco in 1914.

In the development of District Attorney Fickert's prosecutions six policemen pleaded guilty to conspiracy on Monday and five were sentenced to nine months in the county jail. The confessed conspirators are James McGowan, William McHugh, Joseph L. Drolette, Charles Joseph, Jack Sullivan, Frank W. Esola. Esola was taken to Folsom on Wednesday to begin his five years' imprisonment for grand larceny.

The board of public works has authorized J. B. Coryell to reclaim thirty-three blocks of land south of Islais Creek Channel, between the San Bruno Road and Railroad Avenue. The ground is to be filled and the streets graded and curbed, including Custer and Ruskin Avenues between Dundsen and Evans Avenues.

In 1856 H. J. Peters brought $127.87 worth of gold bullion to the San Francisco Mint; in 1858 Joseph Baker presented $333.27 worth, and in 1863 J. M. Souther handed over $156.96 worth. Each was given a receipt and told to come back for a gold certificate. They never returned.

The annual dinner and reunion of the officers of the Eighth California Regiment of Civil War veterans will be held the evening of July 4. The plans are in the hands of a committee consisting of Adjutant-General E. A. Forbes, Colonel D. A. Smith, Captain Howard Ford, and Lieutenant Frank S. Drady.

Earle T. Savage has been held by Police Judge Sullivan on a charge of manslaughter in running down and killing Mrs. Marie Young, June 1, at Bush and Jones Streets. Mrs. Young, who was housekeeper at the Hotel Victoria, had just alighted from a street-car.

Samuel Loverich, a theatrical manager who formerly conducted the Princess Theatre and the Greater Novelty Theatre Company in San Francisco, has filed a petition in voluntary bankruptcy, stating his liabilities at $13,460.83. There are no assets.

The contract for steel for the new city hall has been awarded to the United States Steel Products Company, whose bid of $476,283 was the lowest of five offers.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A wise wife soon learns to manage her husband, while a wise husband never tries to manage his wife.—*Life.*

"Come to our suffragette house-warming." "Whose house are you going to burn?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

She—Her husband puts the babies to sleep. *He*—That's easy; he was a prize-fighter before he married her.—*Town Topics.*

Gobe—He claims be is a descendant of a great family. *Steve*—Yes, and he is still descending.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Is he completely under his wife's dominion?" "I guess so. He wears a bathing-suit that she made for him."—*Puck.*

Griggs—Did that deal of yours turn out a paying investment? *Briggs*—Oh, yes, only I wasn't the payee.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fourthbell—Your cook has been with you a long time, has she not? *Brownstone*—We have been with her for five years.—*Puck.*

"What ever became of that woman who was married on a bet?" "She is now giving her time to a crusade against gambling."—*Judge.*

Lawyer—Do you mean to tell me the plaintiff was drunk? *Witness*—Well, no; but you couldn't call him ostentatiously sober.—*Judge.*

Boy—Quick! Bring a hambulance down to Paradise Court. *Policeman*—What for? *Boy*—Mrs. Murphy caught another lidy sneakin' 'er broom.—*Sketch.*

Young Doctor—What are you doing with that Latin dictionary? *Old Doctor*—Mr. Gotrocks has a cold and I'm looking for a name.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Suitor (in German East Africa)—So each of your ten daughters will receive 30,000 marks as dowry? H'm! Suppose I marry the eight youngest of 'em?—*Heitere Welt.*

Father—You have no sense; I'm going to cut you off with a million. *The Son*—If you do I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second-hand auto.—*New York Globe.*

The Clergyman—I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to drive a car. *His Wife*—Do you hear much of it on the road? *The Clergyman*—Why, nearly every one I bump into swears frightfully.—*Puck.*

"Didn't you feel pretty cheap sitting there with a young and innocent girl at such a shocking play?" "I did. She had to explain a good many of the innuendoes before I was able to get them."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Doesn't it humiliate you to have to go through life this way?" asked the sympathetic woman as she purchased a photograph. "Yes, mam," replied the Bearded Lady. "If it wasn't for the wife and kids I'd throw up the job today."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"I was a fool ever to marry you," sobbed Mrs. Winks. "Now, my dear," said Winks, nobly, "I can not permit you to take the blame for that. It was I who was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"So you don't approve of those London suffragettes?" "I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne; "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."—*Washington Star.*

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the poodle, and the rubber plant, while he takes the children and the graphophone." "Stop the divorce," sobbed the wife. "I'll never get another husband like that."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Clarence—As I undahstand it, me boy, old Gotrox first told you that you could have his daughter, and then went back on his word? *Willy*—That's just 'bout th' size of it, bah jove. *Clarence*—Then deuce it, old chap. I should sue him for non-support, that's all.—*Puck.*

The Vicar (to the old lady, the last of whose family has married)—You must feel lonely, Mrs. Muggins, after having such a large family. *Mrs. Muggins*—Yes, I do, sir. Sometimes I misses 'em and sometimes I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more nor I wants 'em.—*Sketch.*

"Sir," said the office boy to his employer, "as you know very well that my family is in perfect health I ask you to let me off this afternoon to go to the ball game." "Young man," replied the boss, "you are entirely too honest. I have my suspicions of you. You are fired."—*Portland Express.*

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion." "Well, aren't you?" said the editor. "No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."—*Cleveland Leader.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - Editor

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A Fatal Signature.

President Wilson has signed the sundry civil appropriation bill, and by so doing he has carried consternation to the hearts of his friends and of all lovers of good government. Upon the immediate motives that led him to this fatal step we can only speculate. He may have made some sort of tentative promise in the early stage and while he was still unawake to the game, as some Washington correspondents have suggested. He may have shrunk from the financial inconveniences of further delay. He may have allowed a moral issue to be confused with ideas of expediency. But the explanation does not matter. The fact remains that the bill has been signed in defiance of a chorus of protest from the united honor and intelligence of the country. It has been signed in face of weighty assurances that it would bring hopeless disaster to the President's reputation.

It is hardly necessary to recall the nature of a bill that was contemptuously vetoed by President Taft as "class legislation of the most vicious sort" and as a "crime against the state." It was a bill intended, among other things, to provide money for the enforcement of the Sherman Act, but with a rider to the effect that the money should not be used for the prosecution of labor unions or farmers' organizations. In other words it was a notification to the country at large that the possession of a labor-union ticket was a sort of license or indulgence to commit crimes that are punishable in all other persons. It created a caste, like the nobility and clergy of ancient France, immune against the criminal law.

That the President should commit an act of such distressing impropriety is bad enough. That he should defend it is worse. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Mr. Taft would have been forgiven for his signature to the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, but there could be no pardon for his defense of that bill. President Wilson's apology for his action—for it is an apology—leaves the matter worse than it was, for it seems to show him as indifferent to the moral aspect and the moral principle involved. He says that the rider in question is "unjustifiable"—and he then justifies it by his signature. He says that there are other funds available for the prosecution of labor unions and he thereby shows that his mind is opaque to a grave legislative principle, indeed the gravest of all legislative principles, that of equality before the law. For this is not a question whether some particular fund shall be used for some particular purpose, although the President seems to think that it is. It is wider than that, deeper than that, more momentous than that. The question is whether Congress shall or shall not be allowed to establish the precedent that labor unions are theoretically above the law that governs every one else. For that is what the bill means. That is why it was passed. It was not intended to be a direct restriction upon prosecuting powers, since there are other funds available. It was intended to establish a base, a foundation, of labor-union immunity upon which it would be possible to build in years to come. Does any one suppose that this precedent will be without its effect upon future Congresses, or that this vicious principle, now established, will be without its still more vicious fruit in years to come? That the President should actually suppose this to be a matter of expediency is the dreariest part of the whole bad business.

While this bill was still under consideration the *Argonaut* said that in its opinion the whole future career of the President was at stake. The same thing was said by *Harper's Weekly* and by many other publications of weight and influence. It must now be feared that the President has thrown the die and lost. His timorous act has placed his administration under a shadow that will not be lifted.

◆

The Governor's Veto.

In spite of the efforts of a number of interested but uninteresting orators to persuade us that the late unlamented legislature was not an assemblage of freaks it remains a fact that the governor has vetoed or ignored no less than forty per cent of the measures that were duly passed and submitted to him for approval. Never before has there been such a massacre of the innocents. The clamorous public demand for a board of apiary commissioners is to be left unsatisfied. Chiropodists are to remain unregulated in spite of the hideous evils inflicted upon us by the present system. Barbers will pursue their wild career without supervision, and we may even get married without medical inspection. Where such scant consideration has been shown for human needs we can hardly be surprised that chickens and canary birds should appeal in vain for legislation that they need. But then chickens and canary birds have no votes.

But in spite of the sorrowful fate that has befallen so many great and wise measures the governor has still profited substantially by the session. The list of new commissioners is a formidable one and the vague power of appointment accruing to the governor is more formidable still. The machine becomes noticeably stronger and better qualified than ever before to reward even the humblest political merit wherever it may be found. No legislature can be said to be altogether a failure that provides so liberally for the friends of the administration and offers such substantial inducements to those who may think of becoming its friends.

At a time when we are hearing so much of the rule of the people, and in a state where that rule is supposed to be particularly developed, it is not a little significant that forty per cent of a legislative budget should thus be obliterated by the ukase of one man. It is obvious that either the legislature itself, or the governor, does not represent public opinion. The position from the democratic standpoint becomes still more farcical when we remember that the legislative programme itself in all its main features was dictated by the governor, who thus fills the doubly autocratic rôle of saying first what the legislature shall do and second of destroying all that it does actually do over and above its assignment. This may be good democracy according to the revised rules, but it looks strangely like our old friend autocracy dressed up for stage purposes.

◆

The Resignation of McNab.

We shall more easily get the true bearings of the issue raised by the resignation of Mr. McNab if we dismiss the personal aspects of the matter and limit consideration to its essential circumstances. Mr. McNab is the United States prosecuting attorney, and in conjunction with the federal grand jury he instituted proceedings against the officers of the Western Fuel Company on one charge and against Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti on another. The cases are wholly disconnected and widely different in character. It is therefore unfortunate that, as related to the issue drawn between Prosecuting Attorney and Attorney-General, they are made to stand yoked together. By fundamental differences they lie under widely separated aspects of the law and subject to separated standards of legal and moral judgment. Explanations and considerations which not improperly apply in the Western Fuel case would be misplaced in the case of Diggs and Caminetti. It is more especially with respect to this case that what follows is written.

The charge against the Western Fuel Company is that of cheating the government by operating a system of false weights in connection with the importation of coal into the port of San Francisco. By the great sum involved—a million dollars or more is the logic of the allegation—no less than by the prominence of the men indicted, this case is made one of exceptional importance. The other case is that of two young men, both connected with the state government at Sacramento in minor ways and each the son of a family prominent in the political and social life of the state. They are charged with having induced two young women, likewise of respectable parentage and connections, to go with them from Sacramento, California, to Reno, Nevada, under conditions making the incident a violation of the white slave law. A special aggravation in the case is that both Diggs and Caminetti are men of family and that the young women are both very young. So much for the main facts of the two cases before the United States District Court which form the basis of the controversy between District Attorney McNab and Attorney-General McReynolds.

Under the organization of the Department of Justice the district attorney is a subordinate official under the authority and direction of the Attorney-General. He is independent in the sense that it is his function to institute proceedings under the United States statutes within his special jurisdiction, but he reports in detail to the Attorney-General and acts generally upon the instructions of that officer. In the immediate cases the federal grand jury had presented indictments, and this fact, with outlines of the evidence in each instance, has been duly reported to Washington. It was the declared wish of Mr. McNab to proceed at the earliest practicable moment with the trials, and in letters of instruction dated May 27 he was directed to go ahead upon his own plan. There was, so it appears, no further communication between Attorney McNab and Attorney-General McReynolds respecting these cases until June 18, when McNab was instructed to postpone action. The reason set forth in the case of the fuel company was that McReynolds had come to entertain doubts of the criminal participation of two of the persons under indictment. In the other case, that of Diggs and Caminetti, the purpose alleged was to afford opportunity for the latter's father, now Commissioner of Immigration at Washington, to personally attend the trial at his own convenience.

Mr. McNab's interpretation of this order from Washington was that somebody had effectively interposed between his office and that of the Attorney-General, and that such interposition tended to balk the processes of justice. Thereupon he addressed a telegram to the President tendering his resignation, to take effect immediately. "I am ordered," he said, "by the Attorney-General, over my protests, to postpone until autumn the trials of Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti, indicted for a hideous crime which has ruined two respectable homes and shocked the moral sense of the people of California, and this after I have advised the Department of Justice that attempts have been made to corrupt the government witnesses and the friends of the defendants have publicly boasted that the wealth and political prominence of the defendants' relatives will procure my hand to be stayed through influence at Washington. * * * On receipt of the Attorney-General's telegram I prepared my resignation, to take effect upon the conclusion of the trial of the Western Fuel directors and the J. C. Wilson stock-broker's case, both of which I had instituted and which I wish to bring to a successful conclusion. Before I could send my resignation I received another telegram from the department ordering me to postpone the cases against certain defendants of the Western Fuel Company and not to try them unless ordered by the department."

Upon this statement of facts Mr. McNab continues: "In bitter humiliation of spirit I am compelled to acknowledge what I have heretofore indignantly refused to believe, namely, that the Department of Justice is yielding to influences which cripple and destroy the usefulness of this office. I can not consent to occupy this position as a mere automaton and have the guilt or innocence of rich and powerful defendants who have been indicted by unbiased grand juries on overwhelming evidence determined in Washington on representations on behalf of the defendants without notice to me. * * * If the department is to review the findings of grand juries and nullify their indictments, then this office might as well be abolished, for its functions will have ceased to exist."

To Attorney-General McReynolds Mr. McNab likewise sent a dispatch, in which, among other things, he said: "I am profoundly convinced that the action taken will destroy the prestige and ruin the usefulness of this office and result in the ultimate escape from punishment of certain of these defendants. I have notified you that it is publicly charged in this state that the prosecution of the Diggs-Caminetti cases would be stopped by appeals to Washington. In the meantime corruption and subornation of perjury will weaken and destroy the cases long before autumn is here. If the Western Fuel directors are innocent, they need not apply to the department for protection, but should welcome the opportunity to present their defense to a jury and assert their innocence. * * * With full appreciation of the delicacy of your position in the Caminetti case and with every desire that you should not be embarrassed, I will withdraw from the office."

These statements make clear the point of difference between McNab and McReynolds, albeit as yet—we write on Tuesday—nothing has been heard from the latter excepting the very flippant remark that he was not grieved at the loss to the department of a Republican prosecuting attorney. McNab having brought about certain indictments and being ready for trial under them, wishes to go ahead in accordance with his arranged plans as they stand, or did stand, approved by the Attorney-General. He finds his hands stayed by positive orders, and he discovers in these orders signs of meddling at Washington. There have been at work, it appears, influences strong enough to undermine his credit with the department, or at least to nullify his plans. Delay, he declares, will weaken the prosecution and enable certain defendants to escape. He will be no mere "automaton." He will not be made the instrument of a procedure calculated through processes of delay to turn his indictments into nullity, and, as he plainly sets forth, to turn processes initiated in the cause of justice to dribble in farce.

The inspirations of delay in the case of Caminetti are in plain view. Caminetti, Sr., father of a defendant in the white slave case, is the Commissioner of Immigration at Washington; therefore he stands in a close and influential relationship to the administration. The natural feelings that all men have for an associate in distress has obviously been worked to its full limit. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Caminetti's department chief, declares that it was he who made the request of the Attorney-General for delay, because Caminetti, Sr., wished personally to attend the trial of his son but could not immediately be spared from his official duties. With a generosity not unfamiliar in such cases he "assumes the entire responsibility." This is easy and means just nothing at all, for it only illustrates the roundabout method by which delay in the case against Caminetti, Jr., has been brought about. Caminetti, Sr., being human and a father, would save his son from the penalty of a crime. He knows that an effective course of action is to postpone and still further postpone trial until the public shall have forgotten the incident and so have lost its sense of outrage and resentment. In the meantime witnesses may either be lost sight of or may be induced to shade down or modify their statements.

While it is perhaps not unnatural that Mr. Caminetti, Sr., should wish to participate in the defense of his son, there are distinct reasons why he ought not to do so. It so happens that it falls to the Bureau of which he is the chief to prosecute cases under the white slave law. It is therefore a manifest impropriety for him as the official charged by the government to enforce this law to take part in a procedure calculated to nullify it in the case of his own son. If Mr. Caminetti's solicitude for his son is so great as to outweigh all other motives and considerations, then his proper course would be to resign his office and so qualify himself as a private citizen to participate in the trial. But putting these considerations aside, there is no reason why an important procedure under the criminal law should be put over for several months to suit the personal convenience of a relative of one of the defendants. If this rule were to be applied universally—if the machinery of justice were to be halted to suit the convenience of members of the family of any and every person charged with crime—the result would be intolerable confusion tending to turn the whole business of court procedure into farce. Already out of courtesy and to suit the convenience of Caminetti, Sr., Mr. McNab had made two brief postponements and given reasons for denying a request for a third. Looking at it in the kindest possible spirit, it appears an impropriety on the part of Caminetti to ask for further delay; and it was an act of impertinence bordering upon affront to attempt through his influences and connections as a public official to further stay the processes of justice in behalf of his graceless son. Mr. Caminetti's position in this whole matter can not be justified upon consideration of his feelings and obligations as a father. His son is accused of a shameful crime; and now for Mr. Caminetti to seek through personal and political influence to disarrange the plans of a legitimate prosecution is little short of outrageous. Caminetti, Jr., the defendant, has no right to special consideration because his father happens to be Commissioner of Immigration in the administration and therefore upon close terms of personal intimacy with the supreme authorities at Washington. No doubt Secretary Wilson and Attorney-General McReynolds would resent the term intrigue as applied to the arrangement made between them, but we fail to find any other word that describes it. If when one Cabinet officer to accommodate a subordinate in his department induces another Cabinet officer to arbitrarily throw a brick into the machinery of justice we should like to know by what term this act is to be described if not by the word intrigue. In this connection we can not but remember that it ill becomes one who, like Mr. Caminetti, Sr., has long posed as the champion of a scrupulous purity in public affairs, one who has heaped unmeasured reproaches upon others under his own theory less holy than himself, to make traffic of his influence with administration officials to save an unworthy son.

We can but regret that Mr. McNab's attitude, which in essentials seems to us commendable, is marred at the point of method. It would have been much better if in his dispatches to the President and the Attorney-General he had limited himself to the facts and considerations alone. A man doing the obviously right thing has little need to talk about his "honor." No man, we think, ever gained anything in the way of public credit—certainly nothing of credit with discreet and sober-minded men and women—by heroic self-exploitation. Again it would have been in better form, therefore better manners, if Mr. McNab's telegrams had been given out in Washington rather than in San Francisco. The public ought not to have read Mr. McNab's telegrams of resignation before they reached the President and the Attorney-General. But these points, important though they be, are incidental. The essential thing is that Mr. McNab in his office of prosecuting attorney declines to be thwarted and hindered by arrangements made at Washington over his head and in contempt of his plans. He declines to be made the instrument of an offense to the cause and the name of orderly procedures of justice. He will not assist in the business of breaking down a case under the processes of delay and neglect and at the behest of influences working irregularly through underground channels. In brief, Mr. McNab will be no "automaton."

The *Argonaut* is in receipt of two letters which indicate that as it presents itself to the strictly legal mind, continuance of the Caminetti-Diggs case "until autumn" appears a quite trivial and incidental procedure. "What matters it," asks one correspondent, "if the case is put off a few weeks or months?" We suspect that it matters a good deal practically. Mr. McNab at least thinks it does, and he is in a position to know how delay affects the particular case in question. Time in such matters is important, since it permits the original incident to pass into forgetfulness, allows for "arrangements" in behalf of defense, and almost certainly makes for the scattering or disappearance of prosecuting witnesses. Proof that time weakens prosecution and aids defense is found in the efforts of attorneys for defense in almost every criminal action to put off and still further put off the day of trial. Practically, we repeat, delay means much; and sentimentally it means infinitely more. It is always interpreted by the public as illustrating the power of wealth or influence or other sinister agency or motive to stay the hand of justice where it presses upon persons of high as compared with persons of moderate condition in life. It creates in the popular mind a feeling, whether it be just or not, that there is one law for one class and another law for another class. It destroys the confidence of the public in the even-handed equity of the machinery of justice. It tends to the extinction of patriotic confidence in the integrity of government, which is a tremendously potential thing in government of the people, by the people, for the people.

It seems ever beyond the conception of the strictly legal mind that in matters like this there can be any other element than that purely legal and technical. Just as there is a banker's way of looking at things only as they may be measured by dollars and cents, so there seems a lawyer's way of looking at things wholly apart from moral and sentimental considerations. It is this attitude of mind on the part of lawyers that has so tended to discredit courts that whatever relates to them is subject to suspicion in the public mind. It is this technical and narrowly professional view that has filled the country with "progressives" in politics, promoted popular discontent, created a demand for the "recall," and very generally in recent years played hob with old standards and fixed traditions in government. This sort of thing, we profoundly believe, has done more harm by the creation of social and political confusion in these United States than all other influences combined.

Delay in the processes of justice is one of the fixed grievances of the American public. This it is, along with other things, which gives such power as they have to the appeals of demagogues like Theodore Roosevelt, political charlatans like Hiram Johnson, and others of their ilk. Moral sentiment, even sentiment without the inspirations of moral purpose, is a tremendous power in the world, particularly in a country of democratic or popular institutions. And they who ignore it or belittle it show small practical wisdom.

President Wilson has met the embarrassment of Mr. McNab's resignation most curiously. His telegram of acceptance is at once tart and adroit. He distinctly "gets back" at the Prosecuting Attorney. But his note to McReynolds, taken in conjunction with his order for immediate prosecution of the California cases, is a matter of contradictions. He justifies the Attorney-General in fulsome phrases, declares that his order to postpone the prosecutions was right and proper. Then without blinking an eye he declares that there must be no delay and that the trials must be carried forward promptly. In other words, the President in terms approves the course of the Attorney-General, and then discredits his action by reversing his orders. There is a scripture which declares the despair of that which satisfieth the understanding but destroyeth the spirit. Equally to the point—and even more familiar to most of us—is another passage from a profane source which defines as unworthy of belief assertions

> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope.

Words do not count as against acts. Since the President directs that the California prosecutions shall go on, he manifestly and in spite of his assurances does not approve of Attorney-General McReynolds's order that they should not go on. The President's order must be taken either one way or the other—as a confession that McReynolds was wrong in ordering postponement, or that he, the President, is impelled under pressure and against his judgment and desire to order immediate procedure. The horns of this dilemma do not meet; and judgment must seize hold of either one or the other.

It is not an important matter who shall prosecute the California cases in the place of McNab, yet it must be said that the President has made a whimsical choice. Neither Hayden nor Sullivan are men of special ability or standing, while Heney is at once a farce and a joke. It is, of course, impossible that these men could be known to the President in their precise relationships and their proper standing. Their selection merely defines the personal influence under which the President acts in matters relative to California. His counsels either immediate or indirect spring from an obvious source. Mr. James D. Phelan is plainly "it" in matters local to our state. The President appears to have discovered in Mr. Phelan a wisdom and virtue not revealed to those who have observed his career at close range. Yet it may be that the inspirations of executive faith are due to other causes. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Phelan was the largest contributor to the Wilson campaign fund in California. Of course it would be unkind to assume that a consideration of this sort should have weight with a divinely inspired President. Nevertheless the fact is worth remembering.

We have said that Mr. Heney—otherwise Wild Ass of the Desert—is a farce and a joke; but this remark hardly does the subject justice. Mr. Heney in his furious exhibitions of passion, in his lust of personal conflict, and in his insane ambition for distinction is indeed a ridiculous figure. But he is at once more and worse. He is hatred incarnate. Malevolence dominates the man. It would seem that this should now be evident to anybody familiar with men and things. It has become so even to those who have tried against every impulse of judgment and taste to support Mr. Heney in his operations here. It would seem that the President should know this. Yet it must be remembered that Mr. Wilson is not a man of worldly experience and acute discrimination with respect to men. When we put a schoolmaster in the President's chair we must not expect other than a schoolmaster's blindness in the judgment of grown-up men.

"Lobby" Practice in an Offensive Form.

An interesting aspect of the McNab resignation matter, particularly as it reflects the activities of Secretary Wilson, Mr. Caminetti's department chief, is the close relationship which it bears to the "lobbying" practice. The President has declared his disapproval of lobbying in connection with legislation. It would be interesting to know if his sentiments are equally positive with respect to lobbying in relation to executive matters. Surely it is lobbying in an aggravated form when a bureau ehief induces his department chief to go to another department chief and induce this second department chief upon considerations entirely personal to restrain the hand of prosecution in a criminal action. If it be wrong to discuss pending legislation with a member of Congress with a view to influencing his action, it is many degrees worse to seek by social, political, or official influence to interfere with the processes of justice. The President has applied very severe phrases to citizens who have recently visited Washington to counsel with their representatives in Congress. Will he now apply the rule to the members of his own official family? Consistency, if nothing else, calls for a stern rebuke from him to at least two members of his Cabinet, the one who has asked and the other who has yielded, in the matter of interference with the course of criminal procedure.

Portland's New Mayor.

It is hard to understand why any system of political procedure that calls itself democratic should plume itself on the commission form of city government. Anything less democratic, or more autocratic, it would be hard to devise, if we may take the case of Portland as at all representative of the new expedient. Portland has just elected her first mayor under her new commission charter. He will hold office for four years, and he will exercise the kind of powers usually associated with the ancient tyrannies rather than with modern ideas of free government. He stands at the head of the five departments into which the civic activities are divided, and while he controls all of them he will take exclusive charge of any one of the five that he may select. He will assign the commissioners to their various departments and he will specify their particular functions. He will transfer the commissioners from one department to another at will and without explanation. He will change the scope of the departments at any time he wishes, and if it pleases him to abolish any one of them and to organize a new one he will do so on his own initiative. In point of fact the mayor becomes a dictator with practically unlimited power, and the four commissioners are no more than advisers who have certain executive authorities delegated to them by the mayor and of which they may be stripped at any moment without cause or the right of appeal. Now it may please us to delude ourselves by giving the name of mayor to such an official as this, but the designation of unlimited monarch would be more appropriate. There is practically nothing to distinguish the authority of the mayor of Portland from that of the mediæval European governors who knew no check save that of force. There is no check upon the mayor of Portland except fear of the recall, and the recall is the equivalent to the revolutions and riots that were once used to dethrone one tyrant and to put another in his place.

Indeed we seem to be working around the circle in matters of human government. We may seek to save our self-respect by using any names we please, but the fact remains that we are returning to the old barbaric forms of government by one man. There was never a time in human history when the people did not have the right of the recall, but in more primitive and more honest days they decapitated their tyrants with a steel axe instead of with a ballot. It was more effective and it was final. We are now engaged once more in choosing tyrants and in conferring upon them a power limited only by the right to riot, or in modern language, the recall. The new mayor of Portland is a case in point. We have another illustration nearer home in the person of Governor Johnson, who uses the legislature like a rubber stamp, dictating a precise legislative programme and obliterating whatever of importance exceeds that programme. There is much to be said in favor of the old Roman system of government by an elected dictator whose head could be removed in case of misconduct, but let us at least recognize the thing for what it is instead of prating about democracy while sweeping away the débris of democratic forms.

"Vice or Charity."

When the Fresno *Republican* attempted to answer the question put by the *Argonaut* as to the fate of the girls who "drop out" from employment as the result of a minimum wage it made a sorry mess both of its economics and its humanities. With a certain easy confidence much affected by those whose chief appeal is to ignorance we were told that these evicted girls are "taken care of" out of the wages of the efficient. Seeking further information as to the precise nature of this benevolent mechanism that thus "takes care of" unemployed girls we are now informed in an article nearly a column in length that girls unable to earn a minimum wage will henceforth live at home, become dependent upon charity, or resort to vice. This might have been said in three lines, but it is reinforced by a mass of stupefying inanities intended to show that a minimum wage, by withdrawing women from the competitive labor field, will give increased employment to men, who will thus be better able to support their incompetent daughters. Moreover, those men who are unmarried will now be in a position to marry the said incompetent daughters of other men, and this will, of course, be nice for every one concerned. The arrangement reminds us of the idyllic conditions said to prevail in one of the Orkney Islands, where the inhabitants earn a good living by taking in each other's washing. What the women's clubs will have to say to all this remains to be seen. A minimum wage bill that is advocated on the ground that it will force women out of employment and from competition with men is not likely to commend itself to the feminist movement.

But it is a matter for congratulation that the *Republican* should at last be persuaded to descend to the prosaic realm of facts. At last we have a frank admission that the large number of women who will "drop out" under a general minimum wage bill must be supported in one of three ways. In the first place they can live at home if they have any homes, and their families are able to support them. In the second place they can live upon charity. Thirdly they can become prostitutes. It may be inferred that the vast majority of inefficient girls who seek employment are under the spur of actual necessity. Therefore we may somewhat narrow the answer of the *Republican* by leaving out the inconsiderable home-living class. The reply to the question put by the *Argonaut* is therefore to the effect that the girls who "drop out" must appeal to charity, or become prostitutes. At last we understand the methods by which these girls will be "taken care of." The *Republican* tells us. Using its own words they must resort to "vice or charity." Such frank and unashamed brutality is not a little startling.

But since this was the initial contention of the *Argonaut* it is hard to understand the assault. If a certain amount of vice is the product of under pay it is evident that a very much larger amount of vice must be the product of no pay at all. It was hard to suppose that even the Progressive mind should be unable to grasp a proposition so simple, and in attributing such mental opacity to the *Republican* we evidently did that newspaper an injustice. It now concedes that a minimum wage bill for women must result in an increase of vice. The concession is made coyly and it must be extracted from a veritable maze of pseudo-economic sillinesses. But there it is at last. The foremost advocate of the minimum wage in California admits that a large number of women will lose their employment and that many of these women must be "taken care of" in one of two ways—"vice or charity."

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Aked perpetrated one of his usual gaucheries when he was invited to give his reasons for becoming an American citizen. The proper and seemly reason would have been a broad sense of duty to the country that he had made his home and a desire fully to participate in its fortunes. But such an answer would have been unspectacular. It could hardly have been expanded to a newspaper column nor earned a headline display. So Mr. Aked felt himself moved to tell us how much he had always hated kings and how much he had yearned for a government where all the kings were uncrowned. That the gratification of these democratic ambitions happened to be synchronous with the offer of a lucrative position in New York was of course a mere coincidence and was not touched upon. It is to be feared that Mr. Aked's utterances may prove embarrassing should he receive a still more lucrative "call" to resume a British pastorate or to return in any other capacity to the country of his birth, where monarchy in its old autocratic form exists no more than in America.

Decoration of china has been reduced to an art in Limoges. The processes of lithographing and decalcomania have replaced all hand painting, except for rich decorations and special orders. Another process is that of applying soft underglaze colors so as to produce fine effects, and it is probable that very soon the leading styles of the best classes of goods will be decorated in this manner. The large manufacturers make their own decalcomania sheets, work out their designs, and control their decorations. They employ girls to apply the decalcomania lithographs on the china. After the paper has been removed therefrom the articles are fired in the "moufles" to set the colors.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A religious paper of San Francisco is annoyed because the *Argonaut* expressed some doubts as to the sincerity of the Chinese appeal for Christian prayers. It likens the *Argonaut* to the Gadarene swine, which is one of those little amenities that come so easily from the theological pen. But Professor Schafer, president of the British Association, seems to be of the same opinion, which doubtless proves that he also is a Gadarene swine. Professor Schafer, in the course of a lecture delivered a few weeks ago, said: "There has been much talk in the press about China having asked the prayers of Christians for its parliament. I can imagine the Celestial smiling in his sleeve." It seems a curious place to smile, but we know what the speaker meant. Every one knows. China is not a Christian country. Practically speaking, there are no Chinese Christians. Even Sun Yat Sen, who is usually a Christian in America, recently took part in a great religious ceremonial, and it was not a Christian ceremonial. Why, then, should a non-Christian nation ask for Christian prayers except for political reasons? We do not ask for Mohammedan prayers, and Mohammedans, having nothing to gain by it, do not ask for our prayers. The success of this astute piece of flattery shows how unfailing is the appeal to Caucasian vanity. By the way, Professor Schafer's lecture was on "Ignorance."

Speaking of China, it is interesting to note that neither fiction nor poetry are in demand in that country—that is to say, not the white man's fiction or poetry. The intelligent Chinaman prefers John Stuart Mill to anything else, and Adam Smith comes next. The translators have tried the Chinaman with Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and he wants none of them. But he does want science, and he prefers the student's text-book to anything else.

The London *World* explains that the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House wear an old-fashioned naval uniform, and have a good deal to do with the lighthouses round the coast. The prime minister of the day is usually a more or less honorary member of the brotherhood (Mr. Asquith was appointed last year), and the late Lord Salisbury was rather fond of appearing in the guise of an Elder Brother on state or official occasions. "Qu'est-ce que c'est donc cet uniforme que M. le Marquis de Salisbury porte ce soir?" a member of the French embassy once asked a friend at court, indicating the premier attired like a burly admiral *temp.* William IV. "Oh," replied the friend, whose French was not his strong point, "vous savez que Lord Salisbury est—est—le frère ainé de la Sainte Trinité." "Tiens, tiens," rejoined the Frenchman, too polite to display incredulity or astonishment, "mais c'est une position vraiment remarquable, ça!"

It seems that Sister Maria Benedetta Frey, who recently died in Viterbo, is to be canonized. It may be remembered that this venerable lady was stricken with spinal paralysis in 1861 and that for fifty-two years she lay on her back with her head rendered immovable by a special apparatus. But her canonization will be due not only to her extraordinary piety and beneficence, but also to her possession of prophetic powers. She predicted with detailed precision the assassination of King Humbert, but her greatest fame came during the Turkish war. She had foreseen the war itself, and during its progress she was visited by thousands of persons who asked her as to the fate of relatives and friends in Tripoli. She always gave one of two replies, either bidding the visitor to hope, in which case the soldier invariably returned home in safety, or else saying that the Lord might have called the absent one to Himself, and in this case he was always killed. She was invariably right, and an enormous amount of testimony to that effect is available. The Vatican authorities subject all such evidence of supernormal powers to the most searching tests, as witness the proceedings in reference to the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc, and if "The Holy Nun of Viterbo" emerges safely from the ordeal there need not be much doubt of the reality of her strange prevision.

The inevitable has happened in London. An ordinary criminal, sentenced to three years' imprisonment for fraud—the same sentence as that imposed on Mrs. Pankhurst—has announced that she will hunger strike and that she will be released in three weeks. Her name is Alice Hall and she has been in trouble many times before. But this will be the most painful experience of all if she persists in her resolution. For no one will care whether she feasts or fasts.

Some worthy English clergymen are agitating themselves on the subject of the religious education imparted to boys in the great schools. A speaker at the Rochester Diocesan Conference, whatever that may be, remarked that he had said to the schoolmasters: "You are turning out upright, straightforward, manly gentlemen, but they are not religious men." One might suppose that to be upright, straightforward, and manly was a pretty good sort of religion in itself. It seems to "fill the bill," but who can fathom the subtleties of the clerical mind?

That the Italian war against the Arabs is still proceeding merrily is shown by a dispatch from Rome to the effect that large reënforcements of men and artillery are being hurried forward and that the enemy is only twenty-five miles from the sea coast. The struggle, says the correspondent, will be a hard and a long one, and that it will take the Italians at least another year to make good their footing. And this is a war that was supposed to be over nearly a year ago. Mr. Carnegie ought to be told about this.

Literature is not among the professions that have been officially honored in England. It is a long way from Sir Walter Scott to Sir J. M. Barrie and there are many distinguished literary milestones upon the road, but, if a hibernicism may be allowed, most of them are knights and not baronets. Frankly we should have been better pleased if Mr. Barrie had declined an "honor" that is no longer a decoration. Possibly if he had been a great brewer he might have been rewarded with something higher than a baronetcy. If he had been a great soldier he would have been sure of a peerage with a grant of money to sustain it. As a mere "literary gent" he may feel that he has received more than his deserts. We have a renewed sympathy with the London omnibus driver who commented on Queen Victoria's offer of a title to Thomas Carlyle: "'Taint for the likes of 'er to reward the likes of 'e," with a jerk of the thumb toward the celebrated house in Chelsea.

J. M. Barrie is a man of an almost painful modesty. The New York *Evening Post* reminds us of Ralph Connor's description of a reception at Free St. George's, Edinburgh, which was given by the young people of the church in honor of the rising novelist. Coming in late, the Canadian met Henry Drummond. "Have you seen Barrie?" asked Drummond. "No, I should like to see him," was the reply. "Well," said Drummond, smiling, "look round till you find a hole, look down in the hole, and you will see Barrie." Ralph Connor found Barrie later in a quiet corner, evidently looking for his hole, and somewhat distressed at not finding it.

There seems to be a concerted movement in Europe to rob Portugal of her African possessions. Of course it is not described as robbery. It is wholly in the interests of Portugal herself, and in the still greater interests of benevolence and philanthropy, that France would receive Portuguese Guinea, England Delagoa Bay, while Angola and Portuguese East Africa would go to Germany. In return for this arrangement Portugal would receive $4,000,000 a year from the three beneficiaries, payable as a sort of rent and for just so long as it suited the powers to pay it. The excuse for this projected brigandage is the continuance of the slave trade, which is, of course, a very shocking thing and one that Europe feels called upon to terminate, no matter at what profit to herself. The London *Spectator* that puts forward this plan with some semblance of authority says that "no doubt there might be a little grumbling by Portugal," but what does a little grumbling amount to when so remunerative and pious a duty presents itself for performance. Portugal has no friends.

We are accustomed to believe that the bulk of emigration from Europe now comes from the south and east and that there is a comparatively small movement from the western countries. A recent debate in the House of Commons seems to correct this impression. Emigration from Great Britain is now five times larger than it was fifteen years ago. The present total is now 260,000 per annum, and it is likely to increase. Many reasons were advanced for this exodus as well as many remedies, but the true explanation seems to be fairly obvious. The social system, swollen armaments, and enlarged population have combined to make England a country where the poor man can not live and keep himself out of the abyss. The movement from the country to the towns depopulated the villages, and now the congestion of the towns is driving the people to emigration. A human exodus is never due to anything but the fear of starvation. In other words, we move to new countries in order to find food. And the scarcity of food all over Europe is due primarily to armaments, the diversion of energies from productive occupation, and the increases in taxation. No "back to the land" movement can possibly succeed so long as the land is an intolerable or an impossible place on which to live.

Some time ago Holland decided to fortify herself against the danger of a possible and a real Armageddon. Now Belgium is to do the same. She recognizes very wisely that the treaties that are supposed to guarantee her integrity in the event of war are not worth the paper they are written on and that in the event of a clash she would be inundated, swamped, and obliterated. So she proposes to build forts, enlarge her army, and so bring herself abreast with Christian civilization. Evidently Belgium thinks little of treaties, and it may indeed be taken as an axiom that no country will keep a treaty if it be to her interest to break it. Belgium has more people to the square mile than any other country in Europe. She has also more Clericals and more Socialists, sure signs of an undeveloped political system.

The authorities of Toulouse, who have arranged that mothers may wear masks while in the maternity hospital and so save themselves from public disgrace, were doubtless actuated by a certain gracious sympathy with misfortune that has always characterized the French people. But that disgrace should necessarily attend an untimely maternity is a reproach to humanity. The disgrace, it will be noted, is for the woman, not for the man. The man need usually wear no other mask than that of hypocrisy. The imagined spectacle of these masked women who do not happen to have secured the sanction of a few mumbled words of a magistrate or a parson is not an edifying one. G. R. Sims reminds us that the same system was tried in London in 1741, and Parliament even voted a grant of $50,000 for its support. Fifteen thousand babies were received at this hospital, but only four thousand of them lived, and the grants were ultimately withdrawn after they amounted to $2,500,000. It is evident that pious prudery was not content with so hunting down the mothers that they were compelled to wear masks in order to hide themselves. It also killed several thousand of the babies whose only offense was to be born without a due obeisance to church and state.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

Heart's Content.

"A sail! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!"
"Now wish us not so foul a wind,
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,
With canvas flowing free?
But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,
Where may that harbor be?
For we that greet you, worn of time,
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,
By sun and star, in every clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content.

"In every clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
An El Dorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before.
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
Where East and West are blent—
All these our eyes have looked upon—
But where is Heart's Content?

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,
And ere the hearths are cold,
And all the embers ashen-gray,
By which ye sat of old,
And dumb in death the loving lips
That mourned as forth ye went
To join the fleet of missing ships,
In quest of Heart's Content;

"And seek again the harbor-lights,
Which faithful fingers trim,
Ere yet alike the days and nights
Unto your eyes are dim!
For woe, alas! to those that roam
Till time and tide are spent,
And win no more the port of home—
The only Heart's Content!" —*Unknown.*

My Early Home.

Here sparrows build upon the trees,
And stockdove hides her nest;
The leaves are winnowed by the breeze
Into a calmer rest:
The black-cap's song was very sweet,
That used the rose to kiss;
It made the Paradise complete:
My early home was this.

The red-breast from the sweetbrier bush
Dropped down to pick the worm;
On the horse-chestnut sang the thrush,
O'er the house where I was born;
The moonlight, like a shower of pearls,
Fell o'er this "bower of bliss,"
And on the bench sat boys and girls:
My early home was this.

The old house stooped just like a cave,
Thatched o'er with mosses green;
Winter around the walls would rave,
But all was calm within;
The trees are here all green again,
Here bees the flowers still kiss,
But flowers and trees seemed sweeter then:
My early home was this. —*John Clare.*

Song.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
Over all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.
—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Old Home.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree;
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be:
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them and my eyes
Through tear-mists behold them beneath the oldtime skies,
'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard-lands arise.

I hear them; and heartsick with longing is my soul,
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide lulled in its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease me of my grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be:
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.
—*Madison Cawein.*

West Virginia now ranks third in the value of pottery produced, being exceeded by Ohio and New Jersey. West Virginia's product of chief value in 1912 was white ware, of which it is the second largest producer in the country. The value of the white ware made in 1912 was $2,051,987, an increase of $131,693 over the figures for 1911. This product is made principally in Hancock County, opposite East Liverpool.

DANCING FOR CHARITY.

The Fancy Dress Ball of the London Season.

Five shillings was a rather high price to pay for admission to that high-up gallery of the Albert Hall whereto one can generally gain access for a fourth of that sum, but as that was the only alternative to hiring a box at the mammoth figure of a hundred guineas the investment had to be made. Besides, it was all for the cause of sweet charity. And in the retrospect that five shillings has proved to be well spent, for, in common with the other five-shilling plebeians, it has enriched me with a memory of a singularly gorgeous spectacle. There was the off-chance, too, that the occasion might have furnished opportunity to see the members of the "upper circles" disporting themselves in the embraces of those negroid dances which have perturbed "A Peeress" so much of late that she calls upon all her prospective hostesses to declare on their invitation cards whether the "Boston," the "Bunny-hug," or other delectable dances are to be included in their programmes. For perhaps *Argonaut* readers are unaware that an animated discussion has been going on in the *Times* on the changing conventions of English ball-rooms, the decadence of which, as represented by the "Bunny-hug," the "Turkey Trot," and the "Banana Glide," is of course being ascribed to transatlantic examples.

In truth, dark stories are often told nowadays of the decadence of the "upper circles." To listen to some of the narrators one would imagine London is approaching a condition comparable to that which in Paris led to the French Revolution. Certainly the "swells" of the English capital seem to have more money to spend than ever; luxury in personal adornment, in motor and carriage and four-in-hand equipages, and in entertainment was never so pronounced as today. And behind all this is supposed to lurk an indulgence in luxuries and practices far more reprehensible. Perhaps those rumors are merely a reëcho of the Limehousing periods of Lloyd George, another phase in short of the anti-idle-rich campaign. All that the reputable historian of social London can affirm is that when Society can cover itself in the mantle of charity it disports itself without considering the expense.

Hence the resplendent scene in the Albert Hall on Thursday night. The ostensible occasion was to give a fillip to the funds of the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society; the genuine moving cause was to provide that spectacular fancy dress ball which has come to be as regular a feature of the London season as the Trooping of the Colors or the holding of Levees. The one essential for success was to hit upon an idea which should afford opportunity for the most diverse display of picturesque costume, and that excuse was duly furnished by the genius who suggested that the gathering should present a picture of the court of Louis XIV in the bravest days of Versailles.

Now in selecting such a venue everything depended upon the date. For the Versailles court of the Grand Monarque was not always exactly a model to the liking of a company of fancy dressed dancers. Among some of the inedited letters of Matthew Prior are several in which the poet-diplomat bemoans the "damned dinner" he had eaten at Versailles and the misery of being at a court where the king was at his prayers with Mme. de Maintenon. Happily the organizers of the Versailles Fête hit upon the year 1680, a date prior to that when the outworn Louis put off the sinner for the saint. And the idea of the fête was that the French monarch had arranged a gorgeous reception of the chief courts of Europe. Of course such a fête never took place even when the Roi Soleil was at the height of his greedy ambition and intolerable arrogance, but something has to be left to the imagination in a fancy dress ball.

From that high-up gallery, then, this was the scene upon which we five-shilling plebeians looked down. As far as possible the scheme of decoration disguised the fact of the hall being a hall. No attempt was made to imitate the aspect, whether exterior or interior, of the Palace of Versailles; instead, with the vast organ hidden with hangings, the semblance of a court was secured by erecting a spacious dais of blue velvet and besprinkling everything possible with a liberal decoration of fleur-de-lis. Scattered here and there, too, were orange trees in tubs, a subtle reminder that that tree was a first favorite with the whilom master of Versailles.

Although some half-hearted dancing was attempted between ten and eleven o'clock it was not until past the latter hour that the set piece of the evening was arranged. Queen Mary had promised to honor the fête with her presence, consequently the mock reception of Louis was delayed until after her arrival. Thus it was near the midnight hour before the vast floor was cleared for the marshaling and state entry of the various courts, the first to appear being naturally that of the French king himself. Preceded by the flag of his country, Louis, pompously represented by the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, passed to the dais to the music of Lulli's "Gavotte du Roi," accompanied by lords and ladies masquerading as the Dauphin, the Prince de Conde, Molière, La Fontaine, Marie Thérèse, Mme. de Sévigné, and Mlle. de Montpensier. As *Argonaut* readers have more profitable occupation for their leisure than the study of Debrett, it would be useless to name those who had been persuaded by Lady Arthur Paget to pose as this or that member of Louis's court, but they will probably be interested to learn that the novelist A. E. W. Mason assumed and looked the rôle of Molière.

Once the Grand Monarque had ascended the dais and come to the proper pose for the reception of his distinguished guests, the procession of the courts set in fast and furious. First came the group representing that court of Brandenburg for which Prussia stands today; then came in rapid succession the richly clad impersonators of the courts of Norway and Denmark, the Holy Roman Empire, Spain and Portugal, Turkey, Poland, Venice, Holland, and England. As meticulous attention had been devoted to the correctness of the flags borne by each group and the dresses worn by the monarchs and their suites, the scene was such an animated page of seventeenth-century history, glowing with life and color, that no onlooker could regret his five-shilling admission fee. To gaze down upon that glittering assembly, a radiant garden of fair women diversified with the gleaming armor of the sterner sex, was an object lesson in bygone manners far out-valuing one's contribution to the funds of the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society.

In fact the court of England alone was worth the money. Of course one may any day see the wax effigy of the Merry Monarch in the side-show of Westminster Abbey at the cost of sixpence, but no one could grudge the other four shillings and sixpence to see the amorous Charles regally impersonated in the company of Nell Gwynn, the Duchess of Portsmouth, my Lady Castlemain, and others of the frail charmers who presented their royal lover with so many pledges of their affection. Besides, the gallery included our unreticent friend, Samuel Pepys, and the doughty General Monk, who contributed so much to the "happy restoration," and the worthy Bishop Burnet of history fame, and Sir Peter Lely, without whose brush we should have been ignorant of the type of beauty affected by Charles, and Sir Christopher Wren, whose religious temples are to this day the sacred havens of the devout cockney. Fortified with a memory of Count Grammont's lively pages, the beholder of that one group might have found an ample evening's entertainment.

And then there was the dancing! No "Bunny-hug" or "Turkey Trot" or "Banana Glide" besoiled the programme; valse gave place to two-step, to be varied by the time-honored Lancers and then back to valse again, summed up the list. From that high-up five-shilling gallery the scene changed in color and motion with the bewilderment of a kaleidoscope, the mazy effect being heightened by the strains of Puccini-cum-Tschaikowski-cum-Sullivan music. And over all was spread the excusing mantle of sweet charity.

London, June 10, 1913. Henry C. Shelley.

* * *

President Wilson will soon pose for the presidential medal. When completed, a few bronze copies will be struck off and then the dies will be placed in the vaults of the Philadelphia mint, alongside the dies of medals of the twenty-six other famous Americans who have preceded Mr. Wilson as President of this nation. Since the medal made of President George Washington, it has been the custom to make the dies during the first few months of the President's term. This provides against the possible loss of his likeness for the official record. Although the presidential medals are made early in an administration, some great event or catastrophe might cause the reverse side die to be reëngraved. If a man is elected to a second term, the die for the reverse side is changed so that the dates of both inaugurations are recorded. A President's assassination also requires the reëngraving of the medal, so that the terrible deed may be handed down to posterity on the same medal as that which bears the likeness of the martyred President. The reverse side of Lincoln's medal was engraved three times—first, shortly after his second election; second, after his election for a second term, and again after his assassination and death April 14, 1865. The medals of Garfield and McKinley were also reëngraved a few weeks after their assassination to record the fact.

* * *

London's annual donkey show, held recently at the People's Palace, saw 200 donkeys on exhibition, each of which, in the opinion of its master, was worth its weight in gold. The Duchess of Albany presented the prizes, the winner of the queen's cup and set of harness being Herbert Cockerill's "Bill," a nine-year-old, valued at $50. Some of the costers attracted fully as much attention as the donkeys, owing to their costumes. One coster had 72,000 buttons sewn on his jacket, trousers, waistcoat, and cap, surely as many buttons as any coster could well carry. Another coster had 60,000 buttons, of which 45,000 were sewn on his coat. The work of attaching them had occupied his daughter nine months.

* * *

Polo has outdistanced baseball from a financial standpoint. The two recent games in New York of the international cup series drew more than $200,000, a sum greater than has ever been taken in during two days of baseball in the world's championship series. The exact figures were $95,000 at the first game, and $106,000 at the second. The expenses are understood to be about $25,000, leaving a net profit of $176,000. What the American Polo Association will do with the balance has not yet been determined. About 60,000 persons saw the two matches at prices ranging from $25 for some of the boxes to $2 for seats in the grand stand and 50 cents in the field.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. S. Daneff, who headed the peace delegation at London prior to the close of the war with Turkey, has formed a new Bulgarian cabinet, he himself taking the portfolios of prime minister and minister of foreign affairs.

Prince D'Arenberg, for many years president of the Suez Canal Council, has resigned, but his connection will not be entirely severed, as he is to be made honorary president of the council of administration, and will also remain on the directorate.

Dr. G. Kihlgren, superintendent of schools of Arvika, Sweden, has arrived in this country under special grant from his government, to visit and inspect the public school systems. He began his investigations in Boston, and expressed his enthusiasm over the schools which he saw there. The best features of the American school will be introduced into his district on his return home.

Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, who recently gained the summit of Mt. McKinley, Alaska, one of the few men in recent years who have been able to accomplish that feat, has been engaged in missionary work among the Alaska Indians for five years. Prior to his residence in the Northwest he lived in Dallas, Texas, where he was dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral. He is a member of the National Geographic Society.

Edward L. Rogers, county attorney of Cass County, Minnesota, has also been elected chief of the combined Chippewa tribes of his native state, and will lead their fight against the federal government to recover $15,000,000 alleged to have been due for many years. He is a Chippewa himself, a giant physically, and during his college career was famous as a football player at Carlisle and the University of Minnesota.

Henry Schumann-Heink, son of the world-famous contralto, recently passed the civil service examination for the position of detective in the office of the prosecutor of Passaic County, New Jersey, standing highest on the list. Mr. Schumann-Heink has been successively mechanical engineer, actor, musical-comedy singer, inventor, and writer. He has operatic ambitions and intends to keep up his musical studies while engaged in detective work.

Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, who has just retired from active service, having reached the age limit, has been commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet since 1910. He was one of the officers high in command under Evans, Thomas, and Sperry, during the memorable around-the-world voyage. He is a native of Illinois, and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy of the class of 1870. From 1905 to 1907 he was a member of the board of inspection and survey at Washington.

J. M. Fitzgerald, head of the Western Maryland Railroad, and the youngest railroad president in this country, began as office-boy for the Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking at the age of seventeen. After various experiences he went West, and put in a year in the engineering department of the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf line. Then he turned eastward, to take charge of the Virginia & Southwestern, a seemingly hopeless proposition. Within fifteen months he had it on a paying basis.

Emil Fischer, the famous basso of years ago, recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday in New York, where he has been a teacher of singing since he retired from the operatic stage. He was born in Germany, and made his first appearance at the Stadt Theatre in Gratz in 1857. His first appearance in New York was at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1885, and it was his participation in the introduction of the Wagner operas to New York which gave him his great following. Since retiring he has occasionally reappeared with the Damroseh Opera Company.

E. Irving Couse, winner of this year's first prize at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, spends eight months of the year among the ancient Taos Indians of Northern New Mexico. He has made exhaustive studies of this tribe, and among his most famous paintings are scenes of the Taos at home. Couse is a native of Michigan, has studied abroad, and began his career by painting Normandy fishing and pastoral scenes. He won honor enough at this to fix the average man in a career, including the honorable mention of the French Academy and the Shaw and Hallgarten prizes at home; but the lure of the American Indian was on him and he finally surrendered to it.

Timothy Cole, recently elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, thus constituting him one of the "immortals" of the United States, is the world's leading wood engraver, being one of the few of that craft now producing. He was born in London, in 1852, but came to this country at an early age. After the Chicago fire he returned to New York, penniless, and entered the employ of the *Century Magazine* (then *Scribner's*). In 1883 he went to England to engrave the old masters, beginning with the Italian, and two years ago was completing the last of the series, the French. At the St. Louis Exposition he won the Grand Prix, the only prize awarded for wood engraving. He is an honorary member of the Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, and has written a number of magazine articles,

THE NELL OF HIS HOPES.

A Sexton's Romance.

Nell was something of a belle, and it was the height of Mick's ambition to ring her. She was the organist; he the sexton, of a little country church in Queen's County, Ireland. The oldest church-goers shook their heads over her, grumbling and mumbling that they had never heard anything so outrageous as the flirtatious way in which Miss Code played the voluntary. But the middle-aged clergyman, Mr. Stannis, was of the humble opinion that her spirited rendering of the sacred music contributed not a little to the contribution; that her steady attendance at divine service caused many a young man to attend who might otherwise have spent his time and money in the public-house.

Mick Pellet thought Nell's playing the grandest thing, much grander nor Mr. Stannis's preaching, seeing as how it was the former, not the latter, that put the fear of God in his heart, highest praise possible.

Mick's duty it was to keep God's acre green, to plant there His immortelles; to toll His bell; to keep His house swept and garnished, well-aired in summer and warm in winter. In his way Mick was a musician. He rang the changes in such wise that far off as you could hear you could tell whether it was christening, marriage, or death he was ringing, or merely ordinary summons to church.

Just inside the church door was a place worn in the flatstone which showed where he stood, as had his father stood before him. From the belfry hung a rope, handhigh, a knot, and a few inches from the floor, a loop for the foot. Rhythmically, the toe keeping time on the flagstone, the hand pulled and the foot pushed. Like every true art, it looked so simple that a child could do it. But a child couldn't. More than once of week days, his reverence safe in Dublin, myself have tried it, and at the clanging the dead turned in their graves, and the rooks flew up from their nests cawing my failure all over creation, and Mick rushed in, his hat on, to ask me if I wanted him to lose his job.

When Miss Code came to practise I knew that I was expected to make myself scarce, and did my little best to live up to expectations. As the organ music rang out flirtatious, Mick would stop midmost of his grave-digging or what not, uncover, wipe his brow with his shirtsleeve, and stand thus lost in admiration. Never to my knowledge, and I was his confidant, did he venture up into the organ loft, though many a time Nell kept playing till the light outside grew dim and religious as that within the church, though the coast was clear, the rector in his rectory, and the rector's son to all intents and purposes scarce—scarce as curiosity would let him make himself.

In one of the organ loft windows was a common pane of glass, to replace an angel's head demolished by a naughty boy's throwing a stone at one of those birds that build them nests even about the altars of the Most High, birds which in biblical times were sold two for a farthing or five for two farthings, and whose fall was marked: all of which that boy well knew because he had perforce to go to Sunday-school, headache, backache, frontache, or pain in his big toe, to set a good example. What would people say if the—— But that would be telling tales out of Sunday-school. Mick never told who did it, told only how when he had come to close the window the glass had fallen on his hand and cut it. In the face of the awful hand Mick had wrapped up as with a whole winding sheet the rector had but to say what a blessing it was that the donor of the memorial window was in his grave.

Through this out-of-place pane Miss Code could unobserved observe Mick when by chance the music halted him just right. Then it was simply wonderful how long and how well Miss Code could play without once looking at her notes, pulling out the voix celeste or the harmonic flute, and noting the effects! Chance can hardly account for the number of times Mick was stood up, so to say, in that particular spot. In fact, were I the grass, I should have grumbled, the way he wouldn't let it grow under the feet of him.

These fits of idleness and abstraction on Mr. Pellet's part were all the more unaccountable, seeing that Mick was a worker from away back, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, the devil had long since given it up as a bad job trying to find some mischief for their hands to do. Mick thought the place for idlers was under ground, God rest them.

"Miss Code," said Mick one dusk, "that was grander nor ever. Throth and it would convert the Ould Boy himself. What's your hurry?"

"Hurry? Why, Mr. Pellet, I'd no idea it was so late, the time goes so when you're practising. It must be all hours. I wouldn't be seen here after dark if you gave me——"

"What's there to be afeared of, with me here? It's meself that knows how deep and snug they're buried. Sorra a wan of them can complain of the job I done for him, and that's more nor Tim Acres can say."

"What's the matter with Tim Acres, that you're forever Tim Acres thisin' and Tim Acres thatin'? It's yerself, Mick Pellet, that'll be ringing the bell for his weddin' one of these fine days. How'll you like that?"

"For his funeral, ye mane. I'll do me duty 'ithout makin' anny bones about it. Now, how would ye like to play Mindilssohn for my wedding?"

"I wouldn't do it for love nor money."

"No, because ye couldn't, no more nor I can ring the bell. That'll be the wan dhrawback, far as I can see, the both of us 'll have to hire chape substitutes."

"Mr. Pellet," advised Miss Code, "don't get it into your head for one moment that I'd ever marry a man with both legs in the grave!"

"Me occupation, me good girl," Mick stood up for himself, "is old and honorable. I put 'em away dacent; I don't just scratch the top of the ground, and sthop every minute to light me pipe or wet me whistle, like somebody I could name. I'll go bail he'd be afeared to go through here 'ithout wetting it good and hard."

"Mr. Acres——" Nell began.

"Mr. Acres," Mick cut her short. "Who mintioned Mr. Acres?"

"I did. Your occupation, Mr. Pellet, is the horridest in creation. How's business?"

"Picking up—I mane, purty slack, thank God."

"You'd better!" said Miss Code.

"Oh, had I? Let me tell ye wan thing, Miss Code, if I had me choice of all the jobs ever was, I'd take me pick."

"Mick Pellet, will you whisht! Aren't you afeared you'll be sthruck dead, talkin' like that. I'm going home. A churchyard is no place for jokes. You don't seem to have no sense of your situation."

"Nayther have I a thirst on me that would dhrink Lough Erne dhry, like some I know."

"If Mr. Acres chooses——"

"Acres, there you go again, Acres thisin' and Acres thatin'!"

"Mr. Acres can afford to take a drop, if he wants to, and he don't have to work if he don't want to. It's the fine tip he'll be giving you, Mick Pellet, for ringing his wedding bells for him so beautiful."

"I'll ring his neck for him, if I catch him round here, that's what I'll ring for him! I'll have no drunken blackguards coming——"

"Mick Pellet!"

"Drunken blackguards, that's what I said, coming round here, desecratin' the graves be shlapin' atop of them. If your friend, Mr. Acres, wants to come here and shlape underground where he belongs, he's more nor welcome. It's meself——"

"Hold your whisht, will you. I'm going now. Mr. Acres never did no such thing."

"Didn't he, though. Who was it, I wondher, thrun him over that hedge into the ditch last Wednesday was a week?"

"You never!"

"Didn't I, though."

"I'd 've liked to 've seen you."

"I'd 've called ye out, if I'd a known that."

"You didn't hurt him, did you, Mick?"

"Him, hurt the likes of that. Woman dear, it did him a world of good. If that warn't the first bath Tim'd had for a month of Sundays, me name aint——"

"There was water in the ditch, then?"

"Always is, this time of year. Come and let me show you."

Nell might have been born in Missouri, the way she had to be shown. Mick made a gap for her in the sacred hedge, and held her so tight that there wasn't one chance of a thousand of her falling in. The light being dim, it took Nell an unconscionable time to be convinced against her will that the dike was full of honest water that never leaves man i' the mire. And Mick, to his credit be it said, never once taunted: "Well, it's water, isn't it?" but simply stood there waiting patiently until seeing should become believing, unconcerned that it was growing darker every minute, and the water less and less distinguishable from land. Suddenly:

"And you meant to tell me that you threw Tim Acres into that? Let go of me. What——"

"I didn't mean to tell you, but it seems I did. Serves him right, anyway. Hope it sobered him up."

"I hope so, too. That's the only thing—— Wouldn't it be a joke if you were the means of removing the only objection the folks have to him. But you might have drownded him, Mick."

"Drownded him, is it? Well, maybe water might. Anyhow, I'd a risked me life to save him. I aint making no jobs for meself. I lave that to the docthors. If he don't dhrown hisself, me——"

"Ye'll dance at his wedding."

"I'll dance on his grave first."

"Ye'll ring the bells, ye'll have to."

"I won't. I'll be too sick to attind to——"

"How dark it's getting, Mick. How fearsome the headsthones look."

The headstones were indeed spectral, the virtues of the dead indecipherable. An owl hooted and circled round the belfry; bats serpentined over the graves like nocturnal swallows. The plodding Tim Acres, mere scratcher of the surface of things, had left the world to darkness and to them. Nell shuddered against Mick. "How afeared I'd be, if ye weren't here. I wouldn't go home alone if ye'd give me——"

Whatever it was Mick gave her as an inducement to go home alone, Nell gave him in return a box on his left ear, a sound box, which caused a ringing heard of him only.

"I'd give anything in the world," Miss Code panted, "if I knew where to find a gintleman to see me home!"

"If ye only wait here till I run over to Mr. Acres, I'll fetch ye wan for nothing."

"Thank you, Mr. Pellet, if you'd be so kind!"

"Ye mane it?" says Mick.

"I do that!" Nell makes answer.

Mick, bravely diminishing the civil distance he had been keeping, tried to read her eyes, but she backed away from him and sat down all of a sudden on a mossed slab, caught her breath and settled herself as if to wait. "Well?" said she, as much as to say, "What's keeping you? Why don't you go?"

Thus dismissed, Mick went. Though no plowman, he was not the sort to put his hand to the plow and turn back before he got to the end of the furrow. All night long, on a dare, he had lain awake in a grave of his own digging, and in the gray of morning assured his darers that the dead and he slept equally easy and sound. Slowly he now went, expecting every moment to be called back. Save the hoot of the owl, he heard no sound. The graveyard was silent as the grave. Every now and then until Nell became one with the headstones he looked back, but she did not beckon him. Out of sight of the church, Love and Pride had a set-to, in which Love got a black eye. Headstrong as Lucifer, Mick Pellet rushed upon his doom. As luck would have it, Timothy Acres was in and sober.

"Mr. Acres," Mick told him, "Miss Code is setting in the churchyard atop of ould Gineral Crosby, waiting for ye to see her home. Hurry up, or I'll lick the——"

Tim Acres hurried—for once in his life. Mick plodded home. "One more such victory!" gasped Pride, or words to that effect.

All this happened on a Friday, Miss Code having waited after weekday service to play over a new voluntary. Doubtless it was the thirteenth, but though I remember the day, as if it were last Friday, I can not recall the year, much less the month, still less the week.

Saturday afternoon Mick was digging a grave against a Monday morning funeral, working with as little will as if it were his own. The grave as it chanced was in the very spot where he was used to stand, leaning on his shovel, the while Miss Code made organ music that was simply gran'. Stand on a newmade grave Mick would not, not at the bidding of organist born. But what mattered that now? No more should he lean, loaf, listen.

All at once Mick heard the self-same music of yestereven. The new voluntary evidently needed more practice. Never before had Nell slipped into the church without being seen of him. Second nature bade him stop picking, and he obeyed. Fain of the grave was he as had been the Widow Wills, for whom he was digging, who for seven inconsolable years had prayed for death. "God rest her!" prayed Mick the sexton, "and forgive me for envying her."

The organ ceased. Mick's heart skipped a beat and stopped. Would Nell go without passing the time of day? If she did he would be sure, quite sure. He picked furiously the consecrated ground.

"Good-day, Mr. Pellet," Nell wished him, as if things were just as they had been. "Poor Mrs. Wills. 'Twas the most beautiful death, they say, you ever saw."

"I never saw none!" the sexton said. "And what's more, Miss Code, I don't never want to see none—excipt wan."

"Mr. Acres's, Mick?"

"Me own!"

"I suppose, Mr. Pellet, ye heard the news. Mr. Acres is going to be married."

"Yis," said Mick, "bad scran to him!"

"Aren't ye glad?"

"Shure, I'm that glad I could cry the grave full."

"And that's all ye have to say to me?"

"And what more d'ye want, Miss Code?" Mick fell to picking with a will.

"Where be your manners, Mr. Pellet? Shure and it's a grave for them ye do be digging, and not for poor Mrs. Wills at all, at all."

Mick Pellet worked on and every time the pick struck he breathed out a helping "Huh!"

"I'm not going to stir a foot from here till you tell me you'll be happy to ring the wedding bells for Mr. Acres."

"Well," Mick answered without looking up or stopping work, "be the time (huh!) I have this grave dug (huh!) you'll be afther wanting me (huh!) to go fetch ye a gintleman (huh!) to sit up all night with ye (huh!)."

"The bans," announced Miss Code, "are to be published tomorrow. Good-day, Mr. Pellet."

"Good-day, Miss Code (huh!)."

Mick finished the grave in record time. All the way home the text of last Sunday's sermon ran through his head: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, neither yield to the temptation of the evil one."

Shortly before eleven o'clock Sunday morning the church bell began to toll funerally. The people of the little parish of Lee were astonished. Mrs. Wills had died at dawning Saturday. True, she had been in a hurry to die. But was that any reason for burying her in such unseemly haste? Moreover Monday had been—— Just then the bell went on ringing in its usual Sunday, come-to-church, come-to-church way. Had Mick been drinking? Was he sick? Had he given up his job? been discharged? No, that was he, not any novice. And yet, every now and then the bell would toll as for a funeral, recover itself while the air was reëchoing solemnly, and go on with its wonted exhortation of the faithful not to be remiss in their duty of attending divine service. Something was wrong. That the parish knew, though not what. Far and near the fact was advertised that the right hand and foot of Michael Pellet had for reason or reasons unknown lost their cunning. Mr. Stannis, disturbed in the act of knotting his white tie, dispatched a stone-throwing small boy to find out what was the matter. Miss Code smiled and kept her own counsel and answered one of her folks: "Mother, how should I know?" Many who had intended to stay home and plead indisposition hurried into their go-to-meetings, and not a few who went to scoff remained to pray. The church was crowded, and but two of the crowd, Tim Acres and Nell Code, failed to ask of Mr. Pellet whatever was the trouble. Not in nine years, since the day that, when but sixteen, he had practically succeeded his father, had Mick made a misstep. To one and all, from Mr. Stannis down to Mr. Stannis's small boy, Mick answered that he had not noticed anything wrong, and his breath was as innocent as a baptized babe's, and his eyes as free of guile. They must be dreaming. He gazed at the loop, at the knot, up into the belfry through the hole the rope had enlarged, and down again to hand, foot, flagstone, and gave each and all visible and audible proof that everything was in perfect working order. "It must have been the fairies, your riverence!"

"You know very well, Mick, the fairies can't come within a mile of consecrated ground. It does seem strange, though, that you didn't hear it yourself."

Mr. Stannis went out and round the church into the vestry. The small boy who had failed to report at the rectory dodged behind a headstone.

The minister issued from the vestry, the bell ceased to toll, and for a moment there was deathly silence: Nell had failed to take up the music where Mick left it. Miss Code had a mirror on the organ through which she was supposed to see but the rector's entrance from the vestry into the chancel; but wherein she often tried to see herself as Mick saw her, not to say, Timothy Acres. The way Nell was used to catching the dying breath of the bell and mingling it with the new-born breathing of the organ was nothing short of miraculous. The unwonted silence was therefore as audible as had been the funereal tolling. Dr. Stannis as he crossed the chancel from left of the congregation to right glanced up at the organ loft to ask why for the first time during his ministry he was not greeted with music. And then on the dead air the organ broke abruptly, and Miss Code, seeing the minister waiting, cut short the piece abruptly as she had begun. The congregation tittered almost imperceptibly. Yet was there rebuke in Mr. Stannis's mild voice as he began: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

Mick took his seat far back, farthest back, and heard never a word of the service, which he could say backwards, until the minister rose to announce: "I publish the bans of marriage between Timothy Acres, of Rath, bachelor, and Ellen Hagerty, of Mount Henry, spinster. If any of you know cause——"

Here Mick half-rose, and breathed audible "Ellen Hagerty," so that Mr. Stannis, who in all his ministry had never heard any declare knowledge of just impediment why the two persons published should not be joined together in holy matrimony, hesitated, and was lost in wonder to see Mr. Pellet dodge out of church. The hesitation of the publisher and the precipitate withdrawal of the sexton did not pass unnoticed.

"What was the matter, Mick?" Dr. Odlum asked, service over.

"I was took that sick right there, docthor."

"That's your heart, man. Let me look at you. Sick? Say, Mick, I'd like to see you when you're well, just for ducks."

But Mick fooled the rest of the congregation, all except one, and the concern it showed over its sexton spoke well for it and him. Said the exception to Mick: "Well, Mr. Pellet, will you ring those bells for Tim's wedding? or will I never speak to you again?"

"Ye'll speak to me agin all right, but there's a widding coming off soon that I won't ring no bells at, only wan belle, and you won't play no Mindilssohn at it nayther, or 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.'"

"That's the first I've heard of it!" said Nell sweetly. "Who told you?"

"Never you moind. It won't be the last you'll hear of it, I'm telling ye that!"

And that's all. No, one thing more. One Friday evening, I think it must not have been Friday, the thirteenth, after all, a small boy, a broom, and a bed-sheet stood just at the entrance of Lee churchyard, with the intent to put the reputed bravery of one Michael Pellet to the test. A man, Timothy Acres by name, came panting up the road. The boy blocked the way. The man turned tail and fled. Something grabbed the boy from behind. He let an unearthly yell out of him, a hand cold as ice was clapped over his mouth and a voice he well knew and loved whispered in his ear: "Whisht, Master Henry, they're sleeping, you mustn't wake them afore their time!"

"W-w-why, M-m-miss Code, did I s-s-scare you bad?"

Nell took the boy's hand and put it against her heart, and the boy's blood thawed, grew warm, rose to boiling point. And if I say so myself as shouldn't, it was a real young gintleman-in-the-makings that saw Miss Code home that Friday night. He was anywhere from nine to twelve, and the day that Mick Pellet took the Nell of his hopes to heart that young gentleman took the knell of his very much to heart also. Now, that's all—except that after eating the wedding-cake the pain went down. HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1913.

IN HONOR OF THE KAISER.

New York's Celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Emperor Wilhelm II.

Is New York a German city? Since the Sunday just passed there are many Americans disposed to believe that it is most happily inclined that way, and ready to admit that the wish is father to the thought. Sunday was a great day for German Americans. They celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm II in every mode compatible with enduring affection for the Fatherland, and with as truly patriotic and loyal American spirit as is cherished by any native citizen. Services in the German churches were marked by remembrances of the anniversary. Later the many German societies began a celebration that continued far into the night. At the German Hospital there was a joyful ceremony that proved the warm clasp of hands across the sea. A fund of $44,000, raised by German Americans as a gift to the Kaiser in honor of his twenty-fifth anniversary, was presented to the hospital by desire of the emperor, who had let it be known that he would rather have the money used in some charitable way. Ambassador Count von Bernstorff turned the check over to President Kuttrooff of the hospital, saying that the emperor appreciated the affection that prompted the gift to him and hoped that the fund would do much good in this service. It will be expended in building a Kaiser Wilhelm pavilion in the new wing of the hospital.

At the Hotel Astor, in the big ball-room, the crowning event and closing episode of the day took place in the evening, a smoker participated in by not less than two thousand enthusiasts. On the wall above the speakers' table was an immense bas relief portrait of the Kaiser, modeled in white clay with an evergreen border. There were two hundred and forty smaller tables and every one was surrounded by a close circle. As the participants came into the room they were presented with medals bearing the Kaiser's miniature portrait, and pined them on their coat lapels. Every table bore its burden of handled deep glasses, and there were fountains of amber fluid to fill them as often as occasion required.

Christian Rebhan, president of the Association of German Societies, made the arrangements for the evening, and sat at the speakers' table between the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, and Mayor Gaynor. Others at the table were Dr. Emanuel Baruch, George von Skal, Dr. Rudolph Tombo of Columbia University, and Dr. Carl Pfister. At the smaller tables there were scores of men prominent in every walk of life, men born in Germany or sons of parents from the German empire. Herman Ridder, the publisher, Dr. George F. Kunz, Adolph Lewison, A. J. Dittenhoefer, Justice Lorenz Zeller, Herman A. Metz, Carl Lentz, Colonel Jacob Rupport, Henry Morgenthau, Dr. Louis Haupt, Dr. Gustave Scholer were among them.

Three cheers for the Kaiser, called for by President Rebhan, started the concert of honor, and the mighty roar of hochs that answered was swelled by two thousand voices. The German flag was saluted and the German anthem sung. It was not a meeting of the Song Verein, but it sounded like it, for seemingly every voice joined in the solemnly triumphant music. Dr. Pfister then proposed the health of the President of the United States, and again the glasses were lifted high and a deep-throated, lusty triple chorus of hochs came in response. Then they saluted the Stars and Stripes and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Not many have heard better singing of that much abused but truly stirring melody. I am not so fortunate as to be able to trace back my family line to the first families of Manhattan, or even to later arrivals from the Fatherland, but I drank my second glass of beer after this chorus with thirsty satisfaction.

Count von Bernstorff made the first address, speaking for some moments in German, but later in English. To those familiar with his mother tongue he said, among other declarations:

"We are looking back on twenty-five years of the most important section of the history of the German empire. The years preceding the reign of William II were years of building and constructing, of making a nest for the German eagle. Then came the years of the present emperor, who taught the German eagle how to fly over the seas. Today Americans have celebrated the rule of our emperor and have praised him as a prince of peace. Although he kept peace for twenty-five years, it is not possible for us Germans to dream a dream of eternal peace. The geographical situation of Germany for centuries was such that our country became a bloody battle ground for the nations. But for 100 years no enemy has set foot on German soil."

When he spoke in English he praised New York as a city and gave thanks on the part of the emperor for its hearty participation in the celebration.

At the close of his speech the Count introduced Mayor Gaynor, quoting the German proverb, as he bowed to the city's chief dignitary, "Many enemies, much honor." What Mayor Gaynor said in his brief address prompted this letter. I admit that I am not a fierce partisan of the mayor, but I wish he would always act as wisely as he usually talks. It would be hard to improve his remarks on this occasion for aptness and philosophy. I quote them practically in full, at the risk of overreaching my space:

"I am very glad to hear his excellency say a few good words for the city of New York," began the mayor. "It sounds strange, but awfully good. Everybody everywhere has something good to say of New York except a few people who live here. Their number, I am glad to say, is growing rapidly less. New York is the most decent and orderly city in the world—except Berlin. There are enough of you here to put the grumblers out of the city with your little fingers, but I shall not dwell on that subject. I have that with me every day.

"The Germans now circle the globe. Daniel Webster said that the British drum tap made one continuous flow around the globe, but the British nation is not all there is on the globe now. Another nation has come up, the grandmother nation, and her people have circled the globe, not by arms or violent conquest, but by commercial spirit. The phenomenal growth in population and in extension of commerce is not equaled in all history in the same length of time. Some of you will say that it was equaled or excelled here, but I would have you remember that Germany's growth was without the aid of immigration. Here we have to remember that a large part of it was due to immigration.

"The great progress of Germany is due to one thing besides the happiness of Germany in having a great ruler. The one is that they know in Germany that in order to do a thing you must first learn how. Over here we think we can do everything without learning how to do anything. The political progress of Germany is due, in my judgment, to the fact that your emperor is wise enough to know that the best he can do is to keep up with his people." The mayor added that history can't show a more remarkable period of growth than that of Germany in the past generation.

Dr. Emanuel Baruch, George von Skal, and Dr. Tombo also spoke, each in praise of Germany's great ruler and the progress of the country under his reign.

The cablegram of President Wilson in congratulation to the Kaiser, hailing him as a Prince of Peace, was often referred to with gratification. There were many other proud and happy messages telegraphed to the emperor during the day and evening. It was a great occasion. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1913.

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sick bed in the centre and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they can not agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk; but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors, and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since then attempted to settle the vexing Eastern question.

The rank of the five states producing the largest amount of iron ore—Minnesota, Michigan, Alabama, New York, and Wisconsin—remained unchanged in 1912. The Minnesota iron ranges are producing at present considerably more iron ore than is produced in all the rest of the states together, having furnished nearly 62.5 per cent of the total for the United States in 1912. The whole Lake Superior district, comprising all the mines in Minnesota and Michigan and part of those in Wisconsin, mined 46,368,878 tons in 1912, or nearly 84.08 per cent of the total.

Though tobacco is the chief product of North Borneo, the land produces but one crop of the product in seven or nine years, with the result that new fields must be cleared every year. After the jungle is cut and burned an army of Chinese coolies is turned on the land with hoes to dig it and prepare it for planting. No plows are used. The young tobacco plants are set out by hand and kept clean with hoes. It is necessary for a tobacco planter to possess thousands of acres of uncultivated land in reserve, and to employ 500 to 1000 coolies.

Westminster Abbey is now lighted with electricity, and the installation, which has just been completed, is a triumph of engineering, for one can read a prayer-book easily and yet not be conscious of an irrelevant glare. Fourteen of the electroliers of the nave are reproductions of ancient Flemish candle fittings, copied from originals in the possession of the chapter, and the other two have been converted from a candle design by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Famed for its unfailing springs of pure, sparkling water, the island of Toboga lies about ten miles from the city of Panama, in the Pacific. Here the mail steamers plying between Balboa and San Francisco lie by for their supply of fresh water, as do also the steamers that sail southward from Panama. The island is also famous for its splendid pineapples.

There are still hermits in Italy who live solitary lives in mountain caves, and they number no fewer than 990. Among these recluses there are sixteen who are over ninety-five years of age and three centenarians, while all the others have passed the age of fifty

CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT.

Ralph Stock Relates His Experiences as a Wanderer Through Many Parts of the World.

Mr. Ralph Stock, in his "true and unvarnished account of his world wanderings," says that all of us must be tenderfeet at some stage in the game of life and that the experience is often humiliating and always expensive. Nature herself is apt to force us into new and unfamiliar fields, and sometimes we force ourselves by an insatiable hunger after excitement and novelty.

Mr. Stock sought his own particular brand of excitement and novelty in Canada, lured to the new world by "unctuous gentlemen" whose enthusiasm may have been not wholly unconnected with a percentage on the passage fare. He tells us of his experiences on ranch and prairie, of how he learned to be a cowboy, and of the well-known vicissitudes of frontier life. He tells them unusually well, too, and with a good deal of the homespun philosophy that teaches how to laugh at hardship and misfortune. In British Columbia he became a restaurant waiter and held that position for nearly a day, in fact until he was "fired" for good and sufficient reasons. Then we find him in partnership with a piano tuner who confesses, "I'm no great shakes at the game reely, but down 'ere they only know 'ow ter play 'ims and the like, so I just chunes the middle register and let the rest rip." The author's share of the partnership was to take photographs with a little amateur hand camera while Bill tuned the "pianners":

> My last call was at an Indian reservation, and the chief, a wealthy and intelligent Siwash, wanted a photograph of his daughter sitting beside a table, piled with rush baskets of her own making. The picture had to be taken in his living-room, and the result—will be dealt with later.
>
> To ride about the country taking photographs was comparatively simple, but their development was quite another matter. We spent all one morning turning our bedroom into a dark-room, but still the light filtered in at the most unexpected places. We gave unearthly yells if any one came near the door, and got ourselves thoroughly disliked by borrowing pails and leaving a trail of water behind us as we carried them up the stairs.
>
> At crucial moments the red lamp caught fire or went out, and all the inevitable exasperation in connection with al fresco photography was ours to the full. But when, at last, we emerged perspiring into the light of day, we had reason to congratulate ourselves on the results obtained. Only one film was ruined beyond recall; the rest were excellent.
>
> The subsequent prints we washed in a small stream that ran through a field not far from the hotel, until one batch, with the exception of three, was consumed by a flock of ducks.
>
> The photograph of the Indian chief's daughter was first-rate, except that on one side of the picture the lady was cut in half, the baskets being similarly treated on the other side. I was about to throw away the negative, but Bill protested, and, after printing and mounting the full half-dozen, started off on his bicycle.
>
> In an hour he returned and solemnly handed me a dollar and a half.
>
> "How did he take it?" I asked.
>
> "He didn't take it till I told 'im," said Bill.
>
> "Told him what?" I demanded.
>
> "'Ow it was that the camera bein' too small you found you couldn't get in all the baskets and all 'is daughter, so you thought it best to get in 'arf of each," said Bill, without a flicker of a smile.

The author finds himself eventually in Vancouver with $130 in his pocket, and in his heart an unquenchable desire to see Australia. He broke his journey in Fiji and there witnessed a method of capturing sharks that for reckless courage seems almost incredible:

> None but natives dare engage in the work, and then only the best and pluckiest swimmers. At midday the sun is so powerful that even the shark feels the heat, and lies dormant with as much as he can get of his head and body sheltered under the overhanging coral. For some time we cruised about the coral beds searching for our quarry, and at last one of the natives who went before us in one of their quaint outrigger canoes, pointed and waved his arms excitedly, and we looked down through the clear water to see a dark object, which we knew to be a shark's tail, protruding from the reef.
>
> A native quickly caught up a rope, noosed at one end, and slid silently into the water. Down he went, his sleek brown body leaving a trail of silver bubbles in its wake. Reaching the tail, he stopped, and holding on to the reef with the hand that carried the rope, cautiously extended the other under the shark's body. He was tickling it for all the world as one tickles trout.
>
> It would have been almost ludicrous if it had not been so wildly exciting. The slightest bungle and the shark would have turned. But no, one dark arm was still extended while the other with the rope crept slowly towards the creature's tail. A quick movement and the noose was about it, and the natives in the canoe pulling on the end and shouting wildly, while their companion shot to the surface and scrambled aboard. Then they pulled, slackened and pulled again, playing with the shark as though it were some gigantic salmon, until the black tail appeared above the water and a dozen knives were at work.

[illegible]e have a good description of the Fijian [illegible]nut plantations and of the natives of India who supply the labor. The author asks one of the plantation managers how he is able to control such a crew, culled from the dregs of central India:

> "There's only one way," he answered; "strict impartiality, a fair deal to every man until he turns dog, and then—well, if we had to run things exactly on government ordinance lines we might as well shut up shop. What do I mean by that? I mean the stick. Oh, yes, we lick 'em; they know that if they do their task set down by a grandmotherly government, everything will go smoothly, and if they don't they'll get a licking that—well, isn't grandmotherly. It's all they can be made to understand, and the only possible way of handling them. Consideration of the sort employed between white men? Yes, it has been tried." The boss smiled reminiscently. "I knew a man who personally nursed and doctored a professional malingerer for a month; at the end of that time the coolie was cured—of work. He blandly informed his benefactor that since he had saved his servant's worthless life it was now at his disposal, but steadfastly declined to do a hand's tap of work. The long-suffering employer was at last aroused and, before going to bed that night, gave the coolie a bit of mind—which included a strong hint as to what would happen if another day passed without his turning to. In the morning the employer's little daughter was found in the compound with her throat cut."

Another interesting island experience was the shooting of fish with a rifle, a method so much practised that special towers are erected for the purpose:

> "Fish shooting?" I inquired wonderingly.
>
> "Yes, that's what that tower is for at the end of the landing."
>
> He brought out a couple of rifles, and calling a few "boys," without whom the white man in Fiji seems powerless to do anything, we strolled down the beach, and climbed a trellis-work tower at the end of the wharf about forty feet high. From this elevation the bed of the sea, and anything between it and the surface of the water, shows as clearly as through a clean window pane. The tide was coming in, and with it two or three semicircular dark patches that I took to be the shadows of clouds until told that they were fish. Even then I could hardly believe my eyes until they were directly beneath us, still drifting shorewards, and I could see them darting hither and thither in a packed mass.
>
> "They're ose or red mullet," my host explained; "the women will get swarms of those with the net. Look out for saqa, it's a large blue fish something like a cod—there, see him?" The words were cut short by the report of his rifle, and the cloud of fish dispersed as though by magic, leaving a saqa and several tiny ose floating on their sides and apparently dead.
>
> "But they're probably not," said my host. "It's just about fifty to one against actually hitting the fish; the concussion stuns them, that's all. And that's why our friend Johnnie will now do his marvelous diving feat." A splash sounded below us, and I looked over the side of the tower to see a sleek, brown body swimming under water towards the stunned fish. He only just reached them in time, for, as though electrified into life by the touch of his hand, the fish wriggled valiantly as the native held it above his head and whooped in triumph.

Another extraordinary method of fishing is to poison the water with a plant that has some curious quality intolerable to fish:

> By this time it seemed to me that I must have seen every method of catching fish, but here I was soon shown my mistake. Some genius of "the family" now produced what looked like a bundle of dried leaves, but what on closer investigation proved to be a few strands of the well-known tuva vine. Beckoning me with the glee of a child about to exhibit a new toy, she led the way over the reef to where a ridge of coral formed a rocky, unsubmerged pool, with a huge, water-washed boulder in its midst. Into this she flung the vine, and stood back with much the same air of pride as that shown by a vaudeville manager when introducing a new "turn."
>
> For some time nothing whatever happened, and I was beginning to suspect a practical joke, when a fair-sized fish darted from under the boulder, followed by another and still another. For a while they continued to flash about the pool, as though trying to escape some imaginary foe, then they commenced darting up to the surface of the water with greater and greater daring, until one of them leaped clean out of the pool on to the reef, where it was promptly captured between two nimble, brown hands.
>
> The mystery was made clear by my host, who explained that the tuva vine so poisons any confined water in which it is soaked, that fish are forced to leave it or die.
>
> Even then I had not seen the last of fishing on the reefs of Fiji, for the next morning we waded over the fringing reef near shore, accompanied by a medley of barking, scampering, nondescript dogs that made still further war on fish by pouncing on them in the rocky pools, and shaking them between their teeth as they would a rat.

The new democracy has of course seen to it that the Fijian natives are well supplied with the votes which, as we all know, are so essential to liberty:

> In the voting for the municipal electorate the wealthy store-keeper and land-owner who represent vested interests have the pull, as the Indian merchants vote solidly for them on account of owing them money. On one occasion that is fresh in the mind of every one in Suva, these Indian merchants were rounded up and driven to the polls like sheep, well primed beforehand to vote for—we will say Weinstein and Jacobson. These instructions had been so impressed upon them that their vocabulary for days consisted of nothing but "Weinstein and Jacobson." "Move up there," said a clerk in charge of a polling booth, on the great day, to a line of apprehensive Indians. "D'you hear? Move up!" "Weinstein and Jacobson," answered the latter as one man.

Of Australia the author seems to have a not very high opinion. He worked his passage to Sydney as a steward, and there a casual acquaintance told him that all the city jobs were given to girls, "fat-chested flappers of fifteen for the most part," who live at home and work for seven shillings a week. The author asked him how he himself had managed to live:

> "I'll be hanged if I know," he answered. "If I tried to think back how each meal for the last year has come my way, the strain would kill me outright. But take them all round—with the exception of the anti-British fraternity—Australians are a good-natured lot."
>
> "Why anti-British?"
>
> "My dear fellow, don't ask me. I don't believe they know themselves. I suppose they must be anti-something, and when their government happens to be doing precisely what suits them—reverting to socialism—they must vent their spleen on something. A certain section of the press here thinks it smart to deride British traditions and institutions which alone have kept them intact from their birth, and to them smartness and vulgarity are synonymous. The long and short of it is they're spoilt with fat and peaceful living, like some of our men at home. They want a war—with Japan for preference—to show them their obligations."

The author made a sort of partnership with this "down and out" human derelict based on the comradeship of utter destitution. But an unexpected good fortune awaited him. He still possessed about a hundred and fifty photographs taken in Canada and these, his companion assured him, were easily saleable:

> Without mentioning the name of the periodical that gave me a hearing, I may say it was one of the leading weeklies of Australia, and the editor sat in his revolving chair sorting my photographs like a pack of cards, choosing here, rejecting there, while I stood by trying not to look as though my next meal depended on his decision. The Canadian pictures especially seemed to take his fancy, and in the end he took twenty at ten shillings and six-pence apiece, asking me to supply letterpress for each.
>
> After a rather awkward pause, I informed him that I should be only too happy to do what he asked, provided I had something to live on in the meantime; whereupon he smiled understandingly, gave me a check for the photographs on the spot, and I left his office walking on air.
>
> Yates was waiting for me on the pavement, literally watering at the mouth. I am convinced he was far more pleased at my success than if he had secured work himself—but this *en passant*. We celebrated the event in a manner which met with his entire approval, and took cheap lodgings in Darlinghurst.
>
> Such was the beginning of one of the most enjoyable billets I have had the fortune to stumble into. Each morning I went out to one of the beautiful bays that nestle in the arms of Sydney Harbor, and spent the day in one of the many swimming-baths built out into the sea as a protection against sharks, where, dressed in a bathing-suit, I lay in the sun alternately writing and swimming. Yates guarded me as something exceeding precious.
>
> "Spin it out," he would urge. "This is only the beginning. For Heaven's sake spin it out, man! Where one word would do, use six—at thirty shillings a thousand."

The Japanese problem is distinctly a living one in Australia, and there are no particular efforts to hide it. Speaking of carnivals, a favorite amusement in Australia, the author says:

> At a particular carnival I witnessed, there was a lifelike representation of the invasion of Australia by the Japanese. A large raft was moored to a buoy out at sea, and this carried the invaders, who, on landing, and after a sanguinary conflict, were put to rout by an army of boy scouts. The spectacle was both well staged and well dressed, and I could not help wondering how it appealed to the Japanese visitors I saw there, especially when they are used to having the "Mikado" banned for their benefit in England.

Mr. Stock eventually bought a fruit ranch in Queensland, only to discover that it was of the "made to sell" variety. A neighboring farmer carefully and elaborately enlightened him on this point:

> "You mean this farm was 'made to sell'?" I queried as evenly as my state of mind permitted.
>
> "Why, certainly," he agreed, almost cheerfully; "made to sell to the 'new chum' who don't know anything about fruit. It's too bad; too damn bad I say. But there you are—you've bought it and——"
>
> "You mean, I suppose, that I ought to have bought yours?" I suggested with some asperity.
>
> My guest regarded me fixedly for a moment, then, "My farm isn't for sale," he said. "I don't go in for small crops."
>
> "Neither do I, solely," I protested desperately. "As I say, there are the bananas and——"
>
> The man's sniff was rapidly getting on my nerves.
>
> "I don't suppose you'll believe me," he said with exasperating coolness, "when I tell you those bananas won't bear."
>
> "In Heaven's name, why?"
>
> "They're Cavendish, and Cavendish won't grow in this soil and climate, even if they're planted right, which those weren't—but *they look pretty*."
>
> "And I suppose the pawpaws won't bear either?" I prompted.
>
> "Some of 'em will. I suppose you know there's the male and female pawpaw. You can't tell which is which till they throw out shoots. I had a look at yours a week before you bought, and eighty per cent are males."
>
> "Well, what about it?"
>
> "The males don't bear."
>
> I never felt more like kicking a man in my life.
>
> "Would you mind telling me what does bear—and pay—in the way of Queensland fruits?" I demanded.
>
> "Why, certainly, pineapples. You can't be sure of anything but pineapples."
>
> "You mean they pay because you happen to grow nothing else yourself?"
>
> "No, I grow them because nothing else pays."

It is gratifying to note that we leave the author in proud possession of a pineapple ranch and with a promise of prosperity commensurate with his hardships. And the road to that prosperity has provided the material for a book unusually full of lively incident and adventure.

The Confessions of a Tenderfoot. By Ralph Stock. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $2.75 net.

◆

The *Century Magazine* continues its "After-the-War" series in the July number with an article by Charles A. Conant on "The Return to Hard Money," which tells how the nation's credit was redeemed after the Civil War.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Old Adam.

Mr. Arnold Bennett clings faithfully to the Five Towns, although his recent visit to America enables him cautiously to send some of his characters to New York on a flying visit.

It is an extraordinarily amusing story. We feel that its hero, Edward Henry Machin, may be found without difficulty anywhere in the Five Towns. He is wealthy, virtuous, and opinionated, strongly conscious of his deserved local popularity. He is over forty-three, and vaguely disturbed by a slow realization that things are not worth while and that his life has no very visible destination. His wife refuses to look rich, is prone to wear a white apron at table, while his mother carries her costly clothing as though she had picked it up at a jumble sale. Mr. Machin is generally perplexed. He asks himself, What now?

Then comes a turn of the wheel. In a moment of recklessness he buys an option on a theatre site in London, intending to abandon it. But a great American actor tells him casually that he has a remarkably good thing. So Mr. Machin goes to London, looks over the ground, is piqued by the fact that the owners of the site have assumed the option to be dead, and so resolves to buy the ground, build the theatre, and become a manager.

Then his troubles begin. He is besieged by dramatists, theatrical people of all kinds, the hangers-on and the camp-followers of the profession. But Mr. Machin is not a fool. He is a very long way from being a fool except in small matters. In fact he has a good deal of that hard-headed genius which shows itself in a shrewd conflict with difficulties. We feel that Mr. Machin is really a man when he cuts through a dangerous net of siren influence by boldly bringing his wife and children, nurse, perambulator, and dolls to London and introducing them *en masse* to the temptress. It was worthy of the Five Towns. His fortunes once more tremble in the balance when the public shows itself strangely indifferent to the great drama in verse which its author graciously permits him to use for his opening. But Mr. Machin triumphs. There is something in the atmosphere of Five Towns that breeds a certain kind of Napoleonism only visible in crises. We leave Mr. Machin triumphantly calculating his dramatic profits and we feel that there is something appropriate in the concluding remark of his youngest son, "Isn't father a funny man?" Certainly he is, but we like him all the same.

The Olo Adam. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Vice in New York.

This volume, belonging to the Publications of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, represents the results of an investigation into commercialized prostitution in New York City that was undertaken under the direction of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. A large staff of experienced helpers was employed. They were instructed to ascertain facts, and a portion of these facts is now set forth in a large volume which is to be followed by others as soon as the necessary material has been arranged.

The facts are bad, but not unexpectedly so. They comprise nearly the whole machinery of vice, and they are displayed with a certain tabulated precision that adds to their weight. There is no hysteria, no advocated "remedies," and no sentiment. In one sense the volume is as prosaic as a bank report. Those who want the actual and detailed conditions will find them here, unadjectived.

Of course the adjectives will come later—from the readers. Probably there will also be the usual crop of idiot legislation enacting that vice will be henceforth abolished. In the meantime the actual situation may be studied, but to what advantage remains to be seen.

Commercializeo Prostitution in New York City. By George J. Kneeland. With a supplementary chapter hy Katharine Bement Davis. Introduction by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. New York: The Century Company; $1.30 net.

Human Quintessence.

We are apt to look with suspicion upon the sons of great men, but we are not at all sure that Sigurd Ibsen has not said something better worth saying than we shall find in most of the works of his father. That he is not merely a theorist is shown by the fact that he has been prime minister of Norway and Sweden.

Mr. Ibsen argues that the task of the day is not to carry humanity back to nature, but to carry it away from nature. Much of course depends upon a definition of our terms; but why is nature made always to represent something that is brutal, passionate, or sensual? The advocate of free love appeals to nature, and the great unwashed applaud him. The man who writes a filthy novel or a malodorous play calls upon nature as a defense, and it suffices him. But why are these things more "natural" than idealism, or altruism, or any of the other finer forces of the human mind? If they are actually human forces then they must be just as "natural" as lust or brutality.

Mr. Ibsen's plea seems to be for a recognition of those human attributes that belong to man alone as opposed to those other attributes that belong also to animals and things. He asks us to "bring our existences and the conditions about us into an agreement with an ideal picture we bear in our hearts." No matter what we call that ideal picture-making. We can call it divine if we like, but it must be natural or it would not be there. Passion and force ought not to be dominant in the lives of individuals or of nations. Nor ought we to call them natural to humanity, seeing that they are opposed by influences that are found only in humanity.

It is significant that Mr. Ibsen should select American affairs as an example of things as they ought not to be, of affairs that are dominated by that lower naturalism that is expressed by force. "A man," he says, "is fined if he empties water from his window into the street, but the same man, unhindered by law or established custom, can cause a bank failure, a strike, or a lock-out which brings confusion to the interests of thousands of people." Our salvation, he says, can never come from majorities, or compulsions, or force. It can come only from the surrender of all those powers which we now call natural and from the pursuit of those other powers which are no less natural because they are also divine. Mr. Ibsen has not only written a book of sound social philosophy, but also one that bears every mark of intimate acquaintance with the practical affairs of life.

Human Quintessence. By Sigurd Ibsen. Translated by Marcia Hargis Janson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.50 net.

The Bend in the Road.

Mr. Truman A. de Weese falls into the usual fallacy of the "back to the land" advocate. He assumes that the city dweller is pining to live in the country and waits only to be shown how. It is a mistake. There is still a goodly company of the elect who believe with Dr. Johnson that to have seen one green field is to take a walk down Fleet Street. All these books are written on the assumption that everything is "natural" except humanity, whereas humanity with all its congestions, even with all its sins, is the crown and the glory of nature, and therefore we so much prefer the crowded streets to pigs and birds and bugs.

But no doubt there are people who wish to live in the country, who covet "the glory of the grubbing hoe," and "the music of the swinging scythe," and the "companionship of dumb animals." If they think they like these things they ought to have them, and to be helped to have them. At least they may get that salutary sense of contrast from which will come a new appreciation of city blessings. Therefore this finely written plea will have its value. Apart from its unwarranted assumption that we all want to live in the country it is packed with real helpfulness for those who actually do want to live in the country. It will help them to the attainment of their "unnatural" ambitions.

The Bend in the Road and How a Man of the City Found It. By Truman A. de Weese. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

The Weather.

We have often wondered what regulates the weather, and have even been inclined to impute incompetence to the presiding and controlling forces. And now Mr. Edwin C. Martin tells us with authority all that is known with certainty, and although he writes delightfully it is evident that the confines of our weather knowledge are clearly in sight. Mr. Martin has something to say about the atmosphere, about land and water, about storms, winds, clouds, sunshine, dew, frost, rain, and snow. He touches upon our weather superstitions and is pleasantly tender with them. In fact his book contains all needed information up to the frontiers of guesswork, and the information is well set forth and well illustrated.

Our Own Weather. By Edwin C. Martin. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

The Conspiracy.

If we must have stories that revolve around the white slave trade—and they are inevitable—it is well that they should be written with the interest and the restraint shown in the present case. A certain nasty suggestiveness is inevitable, but at least the authors have reduced it to a minimum, diverting our attention to the more wholesome and elemental crime of murder. We are shown one of the criminal organizations of New York, a district attorney with a sense of duty, a beautiful sister who aids him, a newspaper reporter who extorts admissions like a father confessor, and a sensational story writer who has written so many stories of criminals that he has become a new edition of Sherlock Holmes. What more need be said? All the old familiar characters are on the stage with a few new ones necessitated by the march of civilization. If any detective story can be said to be good, we have a fairly good one here.

The Conspiracy. By Robert Baker and John Emerson. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews

"In the Dark," hy Donald Richberg (Forbes & Co.), is a story of modern life in some of its less desirable phases and involving the pursuit of an elusive maiden by an ardent swain. The author has many of the high virtues of the story-teller, but he might perhaps aim a little higher in his search for a plot.

The Annual Report of the United States Life-Saving Service for 1912 has been issued by the Government Printing Office at Washington.

Among recent books for boys is "The Silver Island of the Chippewa," by D. Lange (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1 net). The scene is on Lake Superior and the story relates the adventures of two boys who spend eight months in search of a mine. There is plenty of the kind of incident that boys like.

The Shakespeare Library, under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz, Litt. D., has been enlarged by the addition of "'The Troublesome Reign of King John,' being the original of Shakespeare's 'Life and Death of King John.'" It is edited by F. J. Furnivall and John Munro, and published by Duffield & Co.

"The Child," by E. Mather Sill, M. D. (Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net), "contains just the information a young mother ought to have about the feeding, clothing, airing, and exercise of infants and young children." Dr. Sill is one of the chief living authorities on infantile maladies, and his book is written with simplicity and common sense.

Anna Katharine Green is one of the few women who write good detective stories. Perhaps "The Leavenworth Case" is the best known of her already long list, but now she gives us a volume of nine short stories, all of them extraordinarily clever and well built on mysteries that are never so mysterious as to be impossible. The book is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $1.30 net.

Sherman, French & Co. have published a version of "The Book of Job," versified, with due regard to the language of the authorized version, a closer adherence to the sense of the revised versions, and a more literal translation of the Hebrew original. Dr. Homer B. Sprague contributes an introductory essay and explanatory notes. The body of the book is of much value, but the introductory essay is disappointing. The price is $1.25.

In his "Syndicalism," just issued by the Dodge Publishing Company (20 cents net), Mr. J. H. Harley, M. A., surveys somewhat critically the field of the new labor movement which is to carry the proletariat "from slavery to freedom." The philosophical mind may suppose that there is no such tyranny as that exercised by individual greeds and passions, and no conceivable freedom except from the individual subjection of those evil forces, but at present the ethical idea is too revolutionary even for revolutionists.

The Macmillan Company is to be congratulated on the latest addition to the Golden Rule series for school use. It is entitled "The Golden Deed Book," by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph. D., LL. D., George Hodges, D. D., D. C. L., and Edward Lawrence Stevens, Ph. D., L. H. D. (55 cents net). It is made up of sixty-seven selections from the world's great authors, each selection devoted to some fine deed or some lofty ideal. It would be hard to find a better school reader or one more free from trivialities and cant.

"Reflections of a Beginning Husband," by Edward Sandford Martin (Harper & Brothers; $1.20 net), is an amusing account of two young people who begin married life on $60 a week and what they made of it. Nearly one hundred millions of people in America would think $60 a week an impossible income, but so much depends on the point of view, and these particular young people consider that it involves a life of Spartan frugality. Mr. Martin writes lightly and humorously, but probably most of his readers will wonder not so much how they could live on $60 a week, hut rather how they can ever hope to earn so much.

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"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE."

Blanche Bates is a very safe star to conjure with in all theatrical matters in which San Francisco is concerned. Not only is it on account of her being a true daughter of the golden state that she is so popular here, but something live, forth-putting, and impulsive in her temperament endears her to her fellow-Californians. Besides, she is plucky. Her horsemanship as Cigarette won an enduring admiration for her physical pluck and daring, and her steady upward rise has commanded for her the respect that success always brings.

And then she has staying powers. No one of the up-rising younger stars has succeeded as yet in pushing her aside, and in "The Witness for the Defense," the play of the week at the Columbia Theatre, she has supplied an excellent reason as to the why and the wherefore of her continued drawing power. In "Nobody's Widow," the dramatic vehicle which was the occasion of her last appearance on the San Francisco stage, she was simply Blanche Bates, whirling, with untiring vivacity, through a series of superficially amusing scenes in the shallowest type of society farce.

In "The Witness for the Defense," a play written by A. E. W. Mason, the English novelist, she has a rôle that furnishes ample opportunity for the exercise of womanly charm, of drawing-room fascination, and of emotional power. She has evidently come back to us in high good humor with destiny. A very becoming increase of flesh has transformed her into "a fine figger of a woman," the art of an excellent modiste still further enhances her physical charms, and the happiness that sparkles in her eyes and irradiates her features when she steps out of character between acts shows her to possess undiminished prettiness.

I don't remember to have ever seen Blanche Bates do a really better piece of acting than her impersonation of Stella Ballantyne. In the first act, when the wretched wife of Stephen Ballantyne, an Anglo-Indian official who is assiduously engaged in cultivating delirium tremens, is obliged to submit to the indignities offered her by a tyrannical husband on the verge of insanity, Blanche Bates repressed her natural exuberance of temperament and gave a most womanly and sympathetic delineation of the distress and long-tried endurance of the wretched wife. That it bubbled out all the more effervescently during the subsequent flower-showers and the curtain calls was only proof positive that it was the same Blanche Bates, more especially when, in a thoroughly characteristic burst of confidence to the big, compositely appreciative audience-friend in front, she referred to eminently satisfactory changes in her life: "A changed management, a changed play, and," with a sudden relapse into coy laughter, "changed domestic conditions."

The audience gave a sympathetic giggle and tremendous applause in response, and everybody felt much refreshed by the episode. For if there is anything a theatre audience dearly loves it is to see a favorite player step out of rôle and afford a revelation, however brief, of real character and real sentiments.

Charles Frohman has many rivals these days in the business of theatrical production, but the old quality has not gone off. Miss Bates is supported by an excellent company. Men are very prominent in the cast, Stella Ballantyne being the only important woman character in the play.

Mr. Mason likes to depict keen men of the world in his books; men whose experiences, or travels, or adventures, or abilities, are a little or sometimes more than a little, out of the common line. These five men all have their special characteristics. The husband is an instance of the natural brute, sinking civilization and decency in the perilous solitude of a remote Indian station. Here he is a dangerous despot, secure in his isolation from all criticism by his peers, pickling his wits in alcohol, and lording it over those unrevolting subjects, his wife and his Hindoo servants.

This unpleasant rôle was played with great fidelity by Mr. H. E. Herbert, and the strong effect of this able personation, taken in conjunction with the lonely situation of the wife, the knowledge that no men dwelt in Rajputana save some few servile members of a conquered race, and the terrifying effect of the Ballantynes' huge, shadowy, Hindoo tent, haunted by the demons evolved by a dipsomaniac's imagination, excited a sense of impending peril to the highest degree, and prepared for the culminating curtain events.

In later acts the widow of Ballantyne is seen at the home of the Hazlewoods in her native village of Little Beding, Sussex, for which she had so longed during the nightmares of her Indian life. Freed from the charge of murdering her husband by the acquittal of the Bombay court that tried her, Stella Ballantyne has resumed the place in the world that is naturally given to pretty and charming women of good family.

Harold Hazlewood, an English squire suffering from a paucity of brains and an excess of unexpended energy, pours himself into championing ideas that he does not understand with pamphlets that no one reads.

Theatre-goers recognized in Ernest Stallard. who assumed this rôle, a comedian whose delicacy of touch and happy certainty in the right effect causes his personations to linger pleasantly in the memory. Mr. Stallard gave to the busily futile old squire a sort of childish fanaticism of expression, just a touch of foolishness. And at the same time he contrived to make him appear an English middle-class aristocrat of the thoroughly conventional type.

In fact one of the enjoyable elements in the play is the little drawing-room picture of a lot of English conventionals revolving uneasily around that disturbing possibility, a woman with a secret.

The character of Dick Hazlewood, the son who becomes engaged to the widow of the murdered man, contains nothing erotic or startling. It is just as a handsome, rather cool-blooded but warm-hearted young English aristocrat very heartily in love that Frank Elliott is called on to represent, and, as such, he impersonates the character most agreeably, giving to it that same well-defined suggestion of birth and breeding that Ernest Stallard bestows on the father.

An aunt and uncle of young Dick are much in evidence, the former portrayed as the somewhat bumptious British matron whose whole heart and soul and mind and strength are centred in thoughts and ideas of Family and Family Connection. In this rôle of utility Evelyn Carington fulfilled all the requirements, and was in every way a satisfactory accessory to the general idea of the family group.

The husband of this socially formidable dame turns out to be a far more potentially hostile antagonist to the happiness of the lovers. Robert Pettifer is a retired noted lawyer, and, as such, there is something in the case of the crown against Stella Ballantyne which has caused his renewed scrutiny of the case, and excited some doubts as to her real innocence of the murder charge laid at her door. These doubts are made instrumental in bringing about one of the most interesting and absorbing scenes in the play: that in which one keen and suspicious lawyer questions his peer, the latter trying by every device apt to a skilled intellect and trained wits to appear to be perfectly frank and above-board, and so to state his facts as to cover over with a garment of disarming candor the one suspicious spot.

In this scene the ability of the two protagonists shone with equal lustre. Arthur Lewis had already pleased by a perfection of ease and a suggestion of a marked individuality held in reserve; and in the duel of wits between the two men he satisfied us to the last critical fibre.

Mr. Lewis blended with such admirable art the precise, judicial air of the legal inquirer with the repressed intensity of one who was personally and keenly concerned. His gestures were so sharp and expressive; the stress with which he put a sort of unconscious reflex of his inner mental strain on incidental gestures, such as the removal of his glasses, the thumbing of his papers, or the sudden forward thrust of an emphatic forefinger.

And his antagonist, the lawyer whose name, Thresk, seemed to be a sort of curt expression of a strong, decided character, was personated with similar completeness of effect by Frank Kemble-Cooper. This player, no doubt, ranks as the leading man of the company. He gives an effect of solidity rather than subtlety of method, and is particularly well-placed in the rôle of Henry Thresk, the old friend who, on the eve of his homebound trip, was the last one to see the married couple together before the impetuously directed bullet of a rifle made Stella Ballantyne a widow.

These two, Mr. Kemble-Cooper and Miss Bates, occupied the stage a number of times together in very absorbing scenes.

Blanche Bates's art has flowered out appreciably in the ripening atmosphere of a good play. Instinctively she tends more to vivacity than to emotionalism, but her expression of Stella Ballantyne's outraged pride and dreary acceptance of untoward destiny in the first act, and of her anguished clinging to a menaced happiness in later scenes, was a carefully studied and thoroughly well-executed piece of histrionism.

Two, no, three, little bits seemed to me particularly well done, because of the effect they gave of abandonment to a sudden, irresistible tide of emotion. One, the burst of tears at the table in the first act; another, the wave of child-like despair, of pleading, and of need for sympathy that impelled Stella during the last act into the sympathetic, almost brotherly embrace of the man who knew her secret. And, third, the tenderness of her joy and gratitude in the final scene with Dick. The confession was, technically, well done; temperamentally, however, there was a falling-off, when compared with the earlier and more spontaneously expressed emotions.

In the last act Mr. Kemble-Cooper, always rather striking in his suggestion of virility and of restrained force, bore himself in a manner to excite admiration through scenes which were taxing in the extreme, on account of the variety and abrupt changes in the emotions displayed.

One point should be mentioned as characterizing the general performance, and that is the perfect elocution of the players. From Frederick Powell's familiarly perfect butler up there wasn't a syllable slighted or a phrase swallowed. When we get it that way occasionally it makes us realize how absurd and wrong and ridiculous it is that we don't get it that way always; or at least in high-priced performances.

Mr. Mason has written his play so well that it shows that composing novels with well-outlined plots is a good preparation for play-making. "The Witness for the Defense" is comfortably devoid of ulterior motives; it is written purely to entertain. The plot-interest is very strong and sustained throughout, the dialogue neat, concise, witty when necessary, and entirely free from romantic buncombe. Scene follows scene in natural, well arranged progression, and there is a certain element of decidedly keen suspense throughout the play, resulting from a clever and unexpected arrangement of the curtain climax of the first act.

And just as we enjoyed the Egyptian atmosphere in "Bella Donna," so we enjoy the Indian atmosphere in the first act of "The Witness for the Defense." The Indian servants looked like real Hindoos, the huge woolen tent represents the kind we have often read about in tales of India, and the picture of the deterioration of the mental and moral fibre of an Anglo-Indian in the dangerous isolation of a remote Indian station affords one of those instances that we often meet with in stories of life in the tropies that is all the more striking from being given dramatic expression. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

◆

Had not Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, "O. Henry," decided on a literary career, he might have won fame as a cartoonist, or even as a portrait painter, having natural talent in that direction. It is related of him that when he worked for his uncle as a clerk, a very important-acting gentleman came in one day and ordered some things which were to be charged. He assumed that the young "clerk" knew him, and Porter did not like to admit himself unknown by betraying that he could not write the customer's name. So instead he made a list of the articles sold and at the top jotted a drawing of the gentleman which enabled the uncle later to identify the purchaser.

◆

There are 750 theatres in Chicago aud seventy-six others are under construction, according to the building commissioner. Half of the amusement houses are used exclusively for moving pictures and have seating capacities of 300 each or less, but the average capacity is 400, or a total of 300,000. There will be an added seating capacity of 300,000 when the new theatres are completed in the fall. It is estimated the daily attendance is 900,000. The "movies" are as well patronized in the summer as in winter.

Good Old Days and Now

Now and then comes a cry for "the good old days," but nobody really wants to return to them. They were, according to their time, very good, indeed, and their people lived well enough, but not as well as they live now, and they possesed fewer of the little comforts which now make life easier and happier.

A slight touch of "the good old days" would suffice for the man of today, and even the oldest pioneer in the country would quickly lose all interest in life under boyhood conditions. How hard, stern, and cold it would all seem to him!

In "the good old days" the man got out of bed in a shivery room, bothered the kitchen staff for hot water for a shave, and if all history is to be believed, chopped a hole in the ice during winter for a bath. At least a few of the most heroic chopped the ice.

But the modern man lives in an electric age. Note the change. He is awakened by his electric alarm clock, and if need be, and he be luxurious, he presses a button and instantly an electric heater sends its cheerful glow throughout the room. He heats his shaving water in a neat little contrivance by means of electricity, eats his breakfast eggs cooked on the breakfast table by electricity, acompanied by toast prepared on an electric toaster, drinks coffee made in an electric percolater, is carried from his apartment to the street in an electric elevator, conveyed to his office building in an electric car, taken to his offices by an electric elevator.

Once in his offices he summons his secretary by an electric annunciator, dictates his correspondence into a phonograph run by electricity, speaks to his friends and business associates by an electric telephone, sends messages far and near by the electric telegraph, and has his luncheon brought to him by an electric waiter.

And at the end of the day he is conveyed to the street by the electric elevator and rides home in an electric car, auto or trolley. The apartment to which he goes has been swept and dusted by an electric cleaner. He turns on the electric light, sits before his electric open fireplace and reads the wireless news while his dinner is being prepared on an electric range.

After satisfying his appetite, unless he wishes to go out in the electrically lighted streets or to a moving-picture show run by electricity, or to a theatre illumined with electric lights, and where electricity plays such a prominent part in stage effects, he lights his cigar at an electric cigar lighter. If the evening is too warm he starts his electric fan; if too cool, he may wrap himself in lounging robe lined with fine wires and heated by electriicty. Before he retires for the night he may enter a cabinet and enjoy a bath of light, the full effulgence of which, says a studious writer, is projected to his body by electricity. If he likes the outside air while he is slumbering, he may cover himself with a blanket heated all night long by electricity.

"Good old days," indeed!

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"IOLANTHE' AT THE TIVOLI.

It does not matter if you are not a Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast, you will like "Iolanthe" as it is given at the Tivoli Opera House this week, and next. Some of us can remember an earlier production of the same operetta at the old Tivoli, and even recall the tones of Phil Branson and Tillie Salinger, favorites in the cast of that day, but we can not say truthfully that it was done better then—no, nor even nearly as well. The fact is, without any straining for a point, anything more delightful was never seen on the stage of the Tivoli. This on the word of one who has been a comic opera devotee since the first offering in America of the first English comic opera.

Of course the settings of the two acts are new—everything is new at the Tivoli, except two members of the cast—but they are also conspicuously attractive. The first is a woodland scene, the trees in the light green of early spring surrounding the pool which is the home of banished Iolanthe. The other is a chaste architectural design, purporting to represent the walls of the House of Parliament, an arched entrance to the right, with a handsome stained glass window above it, a sentry-box to the left, with a colonnade at the rear. Both sets have moved the audiences to applause when the rising of the curtain discloses their beauty.

From the first entrance of the fairy train that surrounds the Queen, a series of charming pictures is presented, all with a careful eye to harmony of colors, artistic balance, and grace of movement. The costumes are rich and handsome, from the diaphanous robes in pastel shades that adorn the fairies, to the more brilliant satins and velvets of the peers. There has been no enforced economy in the efforts of the management to dress the spectacle appropriately.

Singers and orchestra acquit themselves with especial credit in Sullivan's music, so delicately fitted to themes and characters. Less familiar than most of this composer's scores, because more rarely given in its entirety, even the best-known of its airs come with fresh charm to the hearer. There are twenty-four numbers named in the music programme, and every one of them holds its interest after many repetitions.

With each week's practice the new Tivoli company gains in confidence and ease of accomplishment. It is a clever and well equipped organization. With hardly an exception its members may reasonably hope to win such favor as has been given to their predecessors on the Tivoli roll of honor. Rena Vivienne is a piquant Phyllis, as captivating in her well-studied dramatic work as in her singing. It is a rôle that becomes her, and that rewards her conscientious application. Ilon Bergere is not less well fitted in the name-part. Iolanthe is a very woman-like fairy; her emotions are distinctly on the human plane, and of a wide range. Miss Bergere understands the rôle and plays it without a false note. Sarah Edwards sings the beautiful music given to the Fairy Queen with fine appreciation of its charm, and was never in better voice. Her fairy sovereignty, however, is a pretense, almost petulant sometimes, that does not even convince herself.

Henry Santry is not at ease as Strephon. He is never more a shepherd than when he dances. His voice lacks the sympathetic quality that would make it most effective. John R. Phillips, the new tenor, proves his gifts and training in the rôle of the Earl of Tolloller. The audiences like his voice, and he gets all the applause that can be given without breaking the action of the opera. Charles E. Galagher as the Earl of Mount Ararat achieves a distinction that he has hardly won in earlier appearances. He could not ask better opportunities, and they could not easily be made more advantageous.

Teddy Webb, as the Lord Chancellor, deserves a paragraph all to himself. He has never done anything better, and that is saying much, for he has sung and acted many parts, all with intelligence and sincerity. In "Iolanthe" he has been especially favored by both composer and librettist, and at the same time weighted with responsibility. He carries all with honor. He is always in tune with the phrase of the moment, and gay or grave, lively or severe, gives the shade of expression that seems most fitting.

The opening of the second act gives Oliver Le Noir as Private Willis an unequaled position. With the big stage entirely at his disposal he bravely holds its shadowed expanse, and trolls his bass solo with good effect. That he is obliged to repeat it nightly is proof that the audience is well pleased with his rendition.

There could be no more kindly wish for the Tivoli and its people than that there were an unfailing supply of operas like "Iolanthe." In such event both the public and the artists would benefit beyond all hope under present conditions. Those who miss this presentation at the Tivoli will suffer a genuine loss, musically and dramatically. They will seldom be enabled to enjoy so delightful an entertainment. Gilbert's wit and fantastic satire are still brilliantly amusing, even when directed at outworn follies.

George L. Shoals.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Everywoman" Continues at the Cort.

"Everywoman," riding on the wave of popular success, is drawing astonishingly large audiences at the Cort Theatre. Already the possibility of the necessity of extra matinées to accommodate the seat applicants is being considered by the management. The peculiar play has become the topic of the hour in the drawing-room as well as in the club and upon the street, and not to witness it deprives one from joining in the popular discussions.

It is a play whose influence is far-reaching, and it will continue being talked about long after the production has gone on to other cities. But one more week after the present week remains of the engagement, and seats are on sale at the box-office for all the remaining performances.

In the cast Adele Blood realizes the author's dream of a beautiful heroine, and the sonorous voice of H. Cooper Cliffe, in the rôle of the whimsical Nobody, is alone worth a visit to the theatre to hear. Other enjoyable characterizations are contributed by Elsie Jane Wilson, Ruby Rothnour, and Nestor Lennon.

On Sunday night, July 6, "The Passing Show of 1912" comes to the Cort Theatre for an engagement of two weeks. This will be the first of the famous Winter Garden shows to come to this city. The original organization in its entirety will be seen.

Blanche Bates at the Columbia.

Blanche Bates's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is for but one more week. "The Witness for the Defense" is a pure demonstration of human emotions, but not all the book tells can be presented on the stage. The mind turned fiendish by alcohol impelling a husband to inhuman abuse of his wife; the woman driven to the madness of murder; the eminent and upright lawyer perjuring himself and chancing the ruination of his career for love; and then the tender balancing of the woman's heart between the realization of ecstatic happiness and the shroud of suicide, make the play unique in its emotional qualities.

Miss Bates's rendition of the part is so perfect and natural that the imagination could devise nothing more adequate in meeting the requirements of her lines. Frank Kemble-Cooper, an Englishman, who plays the part of Henry Thresk, is an actor of high ability, and his masterly deportment is in keeping with the excellent standard set by Miss Bates. The acting of H. E. Herbert as Stephen Ballantyne, the inebriate husband, is powerful and sustained throughout the lurid periods of the first act. Harold Hazlewood, played by Ernest Stallard, is one of the choice rôles of the play, and the interpretation of Mr. Stallard finds a responsive chord in the audiences.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The original famous London Palace Girls, direct from the Palace Theatre, London, where they have appeared for six seasons, will head the Orpheum bill next week. They bring with them new dances, costumes, and effects, and there is reason to believe they will repeat their former success here.

Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson will appear in a homely little comedy which Miss Norton, who wrote it, styles "A Dramatic Cartoon." It shows a bit of the home life of a ribbon-counter girl and a seven-dollar-a-week department-store clerk, who are man and wife and are doing their best to make ends meet. It enables both artists to display their versatility.

Ofedo's Five Musical Gormans, a family of instrumentalists, each of whom is a soloist of more than ordinary ability, will be heard in a variety of popular numbers. Miss Katherine Gorman is a virtuoso on the cornet, and also excels on other instruments. This gifted family includes three young girls and two males, father and son.

G. S. Melvin, known as the Versatile Scot, will demonstrate that he is an entertainer of resources and ability. He sings several new and catchy songs, and besides being a dancer is an original comedian.

There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures.

Next week will be the last of Chief Caupolican, Frank Coombs, and Ernest Aldwell, the Four Rotters, and Zelda Sears and her company in "The Wardrobe Woman."

"Iolanthe" Continues at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House has made a ten-strike in the production of "Iolanthe," the Gilbert and Sullivan opera proving exactly suited to the capabilities of the company and being by far the best thing yet done at the Eddy Street home of music.

The fantastic characters of W. S. Gilbert's whimsical brain are enacted to the life by Manager W. H. Leahy's artists, and the deft touch of Stage Director Edward P. Temple, who received his early training under Gilbert and Sullivan, is apparent in every moment of the two delightful acts. It is a decided relief to listen to the bright Gilbertian lines and scholarly yet tuneful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan after the surfeit of musical comedy with which San Francisco has recently been gorged, and the large audiences nightly in attendance thoroughly appreciate the musical and intellectual feast provided.

Rena Vivienne is astonishing her warmest admirers with her characterization of Phyllis, her solos and duets with Henry Santrey, as Strephon, being artistic gems, and Ilon Bergere in the titular rôle and Sarah Edwards as the Fairy Queen receive repeated recalls for their various beautiful numbers. Teddy Webb is an ideal Lord Chancellor, making every point with telling effect and singing the difficult and amusing "nightmare" song in a breath-defying way. John R. Phillips and Charles E. Galagher fully understand the comic possibilities of the Earl of Tolloller and the Earl of Mount Ararat, and Oliver Le Noir makes a great deal out of the small part of Private Willis, invariably receiving a big encore at the opening of the second act with his bass solo.

The remaining parts are well done and the chorus of fairies and peers shows the vocal equipment of the Tivoli at its best. The delightful Sullivan instrumentation is skillfully interpreted by Hans S. Linne and his big orchestra, and the staging and costuming leave nothing to be desired.

"Iolanthe" will be given for the last times next week, but there will be no matinée on the Fourth of July.

"Princess Chic," a great comic opera success, will follow at the Tivoli.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

An appetizing vaudeville menu of eight numbers, promised by the management to eclipse any show that has played any popular-priced theatre, will be presented Pantages patrons next Sunday.

Aside from the regular circuit acts, the new bill will mark the professional début of Miss Ruth McKenzie, who is gifted with beauty, an excellently trained voice, and is an accomplished violinist and pianist. Miss McKenzie has been heard at numerous social affairs around the bay cities, and created a furor at a charity production in Oakland last winter as Dorothy in "Jappyland."

Of the regular bill there is Willie Zimmerman, the world's greatest mimic actor and musical entertainer, with his lifelike copies of great composers.

Dr. George H. Lorenz, an eminent scientist, gives one of the most baffling exhibitions of mesmerism before the public. His subjects are selected at random from the audience while he works.

A character study of the self-made merchant, one of those "show me" kind of millionaires, is the motive of Harry Holman's sketch, "A Merchant Prince."

A real new novelty even for vaudeville will be shown by the Six Ferris Wheel Girls, who do acrobatic stunts on a huge wheel.

Marks and Rosa, a society duo of entertainers, Klein and Erlanger, a pair of funny circus clowns, and Grace Nardini, one of the few lady accordeonists in vaudeville, who plays genuine music, complete the bill.

Jacob Adler at the Columbia Theatre.

The celebrated Yiddish actor, Jacob P. Adler, made his appearance at the Columbia Theatre last Sunday afternoon and night and created a furor in the plays "The Stranger" and "The Abnormal Man." His company shared with him the honors of a great success, and will be ably cast around Mr. Adler when he appears for the last two times at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon and night. Mr. Adler has selected for the afternoon performance a powerful drama patterned after Shakespeare's "King Lear" and called "The Yiddish King Lear." The story deals with modern conditions, and Adler in the title-rôle gives a tremendously fine interpretation of a superbly written part. The scenes of the play are laid in a Russian city, and the various acts are crowded with strong situations. The central figure of the story is David Moshales, and the story opens with the celebration of the feast of Purim.

On Sunday night Adler and his company will appear in a play which is sure to attract widespread attention, as Carl Gutskow's "Uriel Acosta" is announced. The story hinges upon characters of the time of the Spanish Inquisition and Adler in the title-rôle gives one of his best performances.

In order to meet the extraordinary demand for seats for "Everywoman" at the Cort Theatre it has been decided to give a special holiday matinée on Friday, July 4.

John Mason will be seen at the Cort Theatre shortly in "As a Man Thinks," Augustus Thomas's most forceful play. "As a Man Thinks" is to be presented here with every production detail that obtained at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, New York, during the year's run of the play. Mr. Mason's leading woman is Miss Julie Herne.

◆

Maclyn Arbuckle, the rotund comedian of "The Round-Up" fame, is going into musical comedy this fall.

Faversham's "Julius Caesar."

In the new Furness Variorum Edition of "Julius Cæsar" recently off the press nearly three pages in the appendix are devoted to a consideration of William Faversham's spectacular revival of this play which he will present next fall. This production and the one made by Beerbohm Tree in London more than a decade ago are discussed as the two most impressive and pictorial presentations of this Shakespearean tragedy ever made. Inasmuch as this edition of the play is the most exhaustive and scholarly edition ever printed and as it will undoubtedly be considered for many generations as the standard edition, Mr. Faversham is particularly delighted that so much consideration has been given his efforts by Mr. Furness, especially in view of the fact that this was his first Shakespearean venture. In writing to a friend recently he said: "I can't begin to tell you how this has pleased me. It's almost like having one's name in the Bible."

◆

One of the few barrel organs still in use in English places of worship is to be found in the Church of St. Thomas-a-Becket at Brightling, Sussex. This remarkable relic, says the London *Evening Standard*, was presented to the church nearly two hundred years ago. It possesses six stops and two barrels, each of which plays twelve tunes. When the organ was given the donor presented the male members of the choir with white smocks, buckskin breeches, and yellow stockings, and the girls with red cloaks, to be used during service on the day the organ was first played and afterward. The organ has survived these strange garments, for it is still in use, and its repertory includes a number of the best-known hymn tunes. The present organist at Brightling has had charge of the instrument for more than thirty years.

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VANITY FAIR.

We are not well-versed in the procedure adopted by the Vatican authorities in matters of divorce. In the days of our guileless youth, now far removed in a haze of barbarism, it was not considered necessary to teach children much about divorce. The poor little wretches of that day were left in ignorance even of sex hygiene. At that time there were still sacred and mysterious things in life, and veils that only profanity would lift. You would hardly believe it, but in those dark ages before the uplift movement it would have been easy to find little girls of ten or twelve years of age who had never heard of race suicide and who would be quite unable to give an exposition of its methods. We have changed all that now, as the doctor said to the patient who thought his heart beat on the left side of his body. The eugenists and the uplifters have attended to that.

But how we digress. We intended only to explain our ignorance of Vatican divorces and therefore our inability to define the present status of the Castellane suit. For there is a Castellane divorce suit, strange as it may seem in view of the fact that the delightful Anna is already married again. And, what is still more strange, she is vigorously opposing Count Boni's application for a Vatican divorce. Apparently she wants two husbands, and we can only commiserate with her on the fact that the august Rota Tribunal is not subject to the judicial recall. It seems too bad, but no doubt Mrs. Belmont and the Rev. Anna Shaw will get round to that later on. Any judge, clerical or otherwise, who refuses to do what a lady asks him ought to be dragged from the bench and stabbed in the stomach with a hatpin.

◆

Now we will admit frankly that we can not make head or tail of these proceedings, not having had a pious upbringing. But it is certain that Anna is now the wife of the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord. It is equally certain that she was once the wife of Count Boni de Castellane. Furthermore it is clear that Count Boni wishes for an ecclesiastical divorce and that Anna objects to the divorce. Therefore things are quite mixed up, and the only way to unravel the tangle is to discriminate between civil and religious marriages. In the eyes of the law Anna is the wife of the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord, having been legally divorced from Count Boni. In the eyes of the church she is still the wife of Count Boni and is therefore living in a state of impropriety so far as the duke is concerned, which seems absurd, considering how rich she is. Boni wishes to be divorced by the church, and for some amazing reason Anna is opposing the divorce. Why she should oppose it and thus claim tacitly to have two husbands is a matter of confidence between herself and her Maker.

It seems that at one stage of these stupefying proceedings Anna tried to persuade the Rota that she married Boni in good faith, that she was in a state of exquisite and virginal innocence, that during the first three years of her married life she never alluded to divorce, and that at the time of her marriage she was too young even to think of it. To this Count Boni—who is evidently not such a fool as he seems—aptly replies that his "wife" was twenty-one years old at the time, that divorce is not wholly unknown to the Gould family, and that as a matter of fact she did marry him with the intention to divorce him if she wished to do so, and that she frequently mentioned such a possibility in the early days of their idyllic life. And now the judges of the Rota are angry. In point of fact they say that Anna has lied to them.

No one knows what the judges will do in the matter. They, and the parties to the suit, and Satan, are the only ones who have followed the savory details of the case. But why does Anna oppose Count Boni's desire to be divorced ecclesiastically? We have heard of people who wish a civil as well as a religious marriage, but then it is usually to the same person. To desire a civil husband, so to speak, as well as a religious husband is quite a novelty. Most women are satisfied if their husbands are decently civil to them, and are quite willing to waive the religion. But Anna seems to want two separate establishments, with the duke to represent civility and the count to bear the burden of piety. But perhaps our ignorance of such matters has led to a confusion of terms.

◆

Judge Aspinall of New York is in a fair way to get himself disliked. It seems to us that we have seen his name in the newspapers more than once, and always in reference to some judicial decision that appears to be unconstitutional. He seems unaware of the now well-established rule that the sexes are to enjoy entire legal equality with invariable preference for the woman's side. The thing is simple enough, but these hidebound jurists invariably allow their vision to be obscured by [illegible] sense of justice and a recognition of [illegible]

Take the case of Mrs. G. G. Heye, who merely asks for a little alimony to keep the wolf from the door. It's a hard, cold, cruel world for women at the best of times, and the woman who is unprotected by the vote is in a truly parlous state. It will hardly be believed that human nature can sink to such degradation, but it seems to be a fact that this poor woman—more truly a widow than many of the sex whose husbands are with the other angels in heaven where there is no marriage—is compelled to live on a niggardly allowance of $2000 a month, which is about $3 an hour. And she has two children. With a touching but misguided faith in the justice of her countrymen the poor creature crept into Judge Aspinall's court and lodged her modest demand for $6500 a month. Naturally she thought that her application was a mere formality and that she would be sent home with the money in her pocket. Little she knew of the brutal tyranny of men, or that her picture of the social position that must be maintained at all costs would make so slight an impression upon that stony-hearted judge.

"This talk of women needing fortunes to maintain their positions is bosh," said Judge Aspinall. "Lots of women have not any station until they marry rich men. They marry to get all they can out of their husbands, and when the husbands put on the brake they go to the court and demand a divorce and alimony. Society women in New York make me tired. They go to the fashionable restaurants or their clubs, drink high-balls and smoke cigarettes, instead of being at home making their husbands happy. They ride up Fifth Avenue in motor cars with poodle dogs in their laps, and when a suit is brought against the poor man who is unfortunate enough to be a millionaire they come into court and talk about their social position."

Now what do you think of that? What ought to be done to a judge who will talk in that way to a poor woman who did no more than ask for her rights, her inalienable rights, to have whatever she wanted? He ought to be boiled in oil.

◆

While we are thanking God for Mr. Roosevelt, who drinks so little, and for Mr. Bryan, who does not drink at all, let us be mindful of the fact that some of the degenerate monarchs of Europe are equally abstemious, although a certain sinister and furtive reticence causes them to hold their tongues about it. They have none of the manly candor of our own royalties, a candor that scorns to conceal a virtue and that insists upon the utmost possible publicity for even the smallest evidences of integrity. What we may call the alcoholic diplomacy is our own patented invention.

The New York *Sun* tells us that King Alfonso of Spain is a total abstainer. So is King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, although his thirst for blood is considerable. The Queen of Holland habitually shuns the flowing bowl, the two Queens and the King of Sweden do the same, and the Crown Prince of Germany not only refuses all alcoholic drinks, but is apt to denounce those who are less rigid than himself. As for King George, we are told that sometimes he drinks a little wine, but that "at one time in his youth he was a hard drinker."

Now we wonder how that admission escaped the editorial eye. The *Sun* used to make a special feature of a weekly letter from its London correspondent denying the supposed alcoholic proclivities of King George. The very idea was offensive and absurd. Ill-natured people persisted in whispering and winking, but the *Sun* correspondent could assure a tremulous public that King George was a model of abstemious virtues. And he always had been. Whatever might be the topic of the London letter it would slowly but surely work around to King George and the evil rumors that evil people were circulating. No London letter could be considered complete without the usual vindication of the King of England from the malicious gossip of scandal-mongers. And now here is this placid admission that "of course at one time in his youth he was a hard drinker; in fact it was not until he married Queen Mary that he mended his ways and settled down to milder beverages."

◆

SOME BRIDE.

The bride is a woman of wondrous fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odors of flowers, and spirits as joyous as the carolings of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter, and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, where the heaven-toned harp of marriage with its chords of love and devotion and fond endearments sent forth the sweetest strains of felicity that ever thrilled the senses with the rhythmic pulsings of ecstatic rapture.—*Charlottesville (Kentucky) Chronicle.*

◆

Mr. Gazip—That romantic Miss Passé says there is a secret connected with her birth. *Miss Pickles*—So I've heard. It's the date.—*New York Globe.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A veteran, talking to his great-grandson, a little lad of eight or nine years, remarked: "Nearly a generatiou and a half ago my head was grazed by a hullet at the battle of Chickamauga." The little boy looked at the old man's head thoughtfully and said: "There isn't much grazing there now, is there, sir?"

◆

George the Fourth became convinced, by dint of long imagining and saying so, that he had led the Life Guards at Waterloo. "Did I not, Arthur?" he said, at a court dinner, to the Duke of Wellington. Most men would have been embarrassed. Not so the Iron Duke. He simply answered: "I have often heard your majesty say so."

◆

A tourist, stopping at a small country hotel in England, seeing the hostler expert and tractable, inquired how long he had lived there and what countryman he was. "I'se Yorkshire," said the fellow, "and ha' lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a period so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the hotel yourself." "Aye," answered the hostler, "but maister's Yorkshire, too."

◆

A wealthy land-owner in England, affected with the craze for Japanese gardening, invited the Japanese ambassador to luncheon and afterward showed him round the gardens and greenhouses, keeping the Japanese garden till the last as a delightful surprise. When, after admiring the beauty of all the other gardens, the ambassador was at last taken to the imitation of the gardens of his own flowery land, he held up his hands in enthusiastic delight. "Ah," he exclaimed, "this is wonderful! We have nothing like this in Japan!"

◆

A young fellow who drank much more than was good for him was advised by his friends to take the gold cure, but he refused. "But," protested his friends, "your physician says that if you keep on drinking you will surely go blind. Now, the question is simply this: Do you prefer being cured of the drink habit and retaining your sight, or do you prefer to keep on drinking and go blind?" The young man paced the floor for some time, and was in a brown study. Finally he turned to his friends, and, with a resigned expression ot countenance, replied: "Well, I guess I've seen about everything."

◆

Oscar Wilde's last epigram, before his reputation suffered so profound an eclipse, was uttered in a London Turkish bath. "It is strange," he remarked, "how, as one grows older, his philosophy of life becomes so simple as to be capable of reduction to three or four elementary principles. Now, my philosophy, for instance, is all summed up in three fundamental axioms." "And what are they?" he was asked. "Well," said Wilde, musingly, "the first of them is this: 'Never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones.'" "And the other two?" "Oh, the other two don't really matter if you only observe the first."

◆

After his first great success, W. E. Penley, the English comedian, had to act in many plays, which somehow did not seem to please the public. Some of these he just kept alive by his "gagging." On one occasion, when a wretched play had been going for some weeks in this manner, the conceited young author came behind and asked Mr. Penley why he "gagged" so much. "The play will be all right," he said, "if you will only speak my lines quietly and wait for the laugh." To this Mr. Penley replied promptly: "That's all very well for you, old man—you live in town; but, you see, I live in the country, and have to catch the 12:15 from Waterloo!"

◆

Mr. Justice Maule once went on circuit with Judge Coleridge in a part of the country where the high sheriff was a shy and modest man and very much alarmed at having to entertain his cynical lordship. Coming home in his coach with the two judges, he thought it his duty to make conversation for them. He observed that he hoped there would be better weather, as the moon had changed. "And are you such a fool, Mr. Jones, as to imagine that the moon has any effect on the weather?" said Maule. "Really, Brother Maule," said Coleridge, who was politeness itself, "you are very hard upon our friend. For my part I think the moon has considerable effect upon the weather." [illegible] said Maule, "you are as great [illegible] as Jones is." After which, conversation [illegible] the sheriff's carriage languished.

◆

[illegible] political meeting in a certain New [illegible] Wales gold-mining district the chair [illegible] taken by an athletic miner. The candidate during his speech was much interrupted [illegible]ings and rough chaff, and his chairman was soon in a state of boiling indignation. Smothering his wrath, however, he pacified the "boys" by assuring them that at the end of the candidate's speech they should be at liberty to put any question they chose. Accordingly, at the end of the harangue he arose and inquired in stentorian tones and in a rich Irish brogue: "Has inny gintleman a questhion to airsk?" A stout little Welsh miner, who had been a conspicuous disturber of the peace of the evening, shuffled slowly up the steps of the platform. But at the top he was met by the chairman, who, without the slightest warning, delivered a terrific left-and-righter, and sent the Welshman sprawling on his back. "Now," roared the chairman, "has inny other gintleman a questhion to airsk?"—and there was no response.

◆

Jones, a Boston manufacturer, employed Hobbs as a salesman. Hobbs was a hustler who brought business when he worked, but who had a habit of sacrificing two or three days a month getting drunk and sobering up directly after getting his pay. He was always in debt. One day Jones called Hobbs in and said that he would keep him in his employ only on one condition. "What's that?" asked Hobbs. "It's this," said Jones. "Every week I shall take $5 of your pay and put it aside. Every month I shall deposit the money in a coöperative bank. You are not to touch that money as long as you remain unmarried and work for me." "But my debts—how can I spare——" "Pay 'em somehow—and let me see that bankbook every month." That was all—no lecture on the evils of drinking, no aphorisms. The other day Hobbs brought the bankbook to Jones and showed $800 on deposit. And his only comment was: "And I don't even get thirsty when I look at it."

◆

A well-known musician who writes a very illegible hand once sent an unusually hopeless scrawl to a friend. The latter studied it a minute, gave it up in despair, and then sat down and wrote in reply, "I shall be most happy to dine with you tomorrow at six. Kind regards to your wife. Yours, etc." In less than half an hour his friend appeared, breathless, at his door. "There's some misunderstanding," said he, anxiously. "I wrote you a note asking if you could play the piano part of the trio at Brown's recital, and here you've sent me an acceptance of a dinner invitation; I'm sorry, but I didn't invite you to dinner!" "Well," returned the other blandly, "I didn't suppose you'd really sent me an invitation to dinner. But I couldn't read a word of your note, and in that case hereafter I mean always to take it for granted that you're asking me to dine." For one of his correspondents, at least, the offender now writes legibly.

◆

THE MERRY MUSE.

Hobbies.

Though prone to dodge all labor
That tries to come his way,
Man always works the hardest
At things that never pay. —*Judge.*

◆

The Suburban Philanthropist.

"Why in the crowded city dwell?" said Smith to Jones. "My friend,
Come to the suburbs—that's where health and thrift and pleasure blend.

"Our village is the very pearl of all the region round;
Search where you will, no choicer spot could possibly be found.

"Mosquitoes or malaria—we know of no such pest;
Life in our pure and bracing air is full of joy and zest.

"Our drinking water's crystal clear, our streets well paved and clean;
No smoking factory chimneys, no foul slums, are to be seen.

"Our schools are said to rank as high as any in the state;
Our churches have good preachers, and are strictly up to date.

"We're not too near the city, and we're not too far away;
Two lines of rail in easy reach, with thirty trains a day.

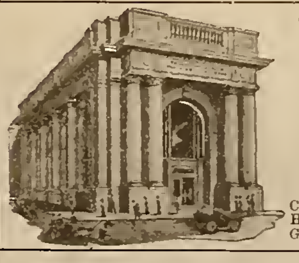
"'Tis simply an ideal place for healthful outdoor sports;
We've boating clubs and country clubs, golf links and tennis courts.

"The stores are wonderfully good, the cost of living low;
The people, too, are friendly folk—they'd welcome you, I know."

"Why, 'tis a paradise!" said Jones. "To live there would be fine;
But could a stranger enter it? Where all these joys combine
A vacant house must be unknown!" Said Smith: "I'll sell you mine!"
—*R. H. Titherington, in Life.*

◆

Two negro girls occupied a seat on an interurban car. Their conversation was sufficiently loud to be heard for several seats around. "Yes," said one of them. "'Liza left this mornin' for the normal school. She's goin' to make a teacher out of herself." "She is?" said the other. "What's she goin' ter teach?" "Well," answered the first one, looking about to see if the conversation was being fully appreciated by the other passengers, "she's thinkin' about spiritualizin' in mathmatics!"



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Ruth Goodman and Mr. Robert Van Sant, Jr. Mrs. Goodman is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Goodman, formerly of Napa. Mr. Van Sant is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Sant of Berkeley. The wedding will take place some time this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys of Los Angeles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Annis Van Nuys, to Mr. Jewett Schweppe. Mr. Schweppe is a cousin of Mr. William Garland of Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Anna Miller Wood and Mr. Frederic Hall Harvey took place Thursday, June 26, at All Souls' Church, Berkeley, the Rev. W. R. H. Hodgkins officiating, before the immediate relatives and a few close friends. The bride's brother, Mr. Williard Wood, gave her away and Miss Mary Pierce was her only attendant. Mr. Murray Warner of Shanghai, China, was Mr. Harvey's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will make their home at Galt, California.

The wedding of Miss Janet Painter and Dr. Philip Bliss took place Monday, June 23, in Christ Church, Alameda. Miss Pauline Painter was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Vera Talbot, Aimee Raisch, Frances Ramsey, Mildred Breuner, Marguerite Durney, and Freda Wright. Dr. Vance Bliss attended his brother as best man. The ushers were Dr. Edward Morgan, Dr. Herbert Allen, Dr. E. Howard Bush, Mr. Charles Gibbs, Mr. Allan Hamilton, and Mr. Ralph Palmer. Upon the return from their wedding trip Dr. Bliss and Mrs. Bliss will reside in Santa Cruz.

The wedding of Miss Helen Otis and Mr. Daniel N. Burnham, Jr., took place Saturday in Barrington, Illinois. Miss Otis is the daughter of Mr. Spencer Otis. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham will spend their honeymoon traveling in Europe.

The wedding of Miss Enid Valentine and Captain Charles Bundel, U. S. A., took place June 2 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Clay Valentine, in Omaha. After a wedding trip through Canada and Alaska, Captain Bundel and Mrs. Bundel will reside at the Presidio.

The wedding of Miss Elisa Partridge and Dr. Thomas Addis took place Wednesday evening at Grace Pro-Cathedral. Miss Dorothy Partridge was her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Katherine Partridge and Mary Post. Mr. John Partridge, Jr., attended Dr. Addis as best man. The ushers were Dr. Chauncey Boardman and the Messrs. John Lowe and Clement Gray.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Señor Frederick Alfonso Pezet, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Peru to the United States, and Señora Pezet.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dance at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding entertained a number of friends recently at a tea in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley.

Miss Dorothy Allen gave a tea Wednesday in honor of Miss Margaret Carrigan, whose engagement to Mr. James Alden Thompson was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Dorothy Allen was the complimented guest at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. William S. Tevis was hostess recently at a bridge party at her home in San Mateo.

Captain Francis Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln entertained a number of friends recently at a progressive dinner at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel James D. Glenmore, U. S. A., was the guest of honor Saturday evening at a dinner at the Bohemian Club.

Lieutenant William Hall, U. S. A., was host recently at a bridge party at his quarters at Fort Winfield Scott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, Miss Agnes Tillmann, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., have closed their house on Washington Street and are established in their country home in Aptos.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Le Boyteaux and the Misses Elizabeth and Mary Stuart Le Boyteaux are established at Hotel Vendome for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beckley sailed Saturday for their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. William C. Van Fleet and Miss Julia Van Fleet returned Saturday from Europe, where they spent the past six months in travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston arrived Thursday from the East and will spend the summer with Mrs. Preston's parents, General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray at their home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Stewart-Hooker of Washington, D. C., is spending a few weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and their infant son will spend the remainder of the summer in Burlingame with Mrs. Chesebrough's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Miss Alma Thane left Wednesday for Juneau, Alaska to remain several weeks.

Miss Alice Warner has returned to her home in Monterey after spending a week in Oakland with Miss Josephine Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King recently purchased a country place near Saratoga.

Miss Louise Boyd returned Wednesday from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting for the past two weeks.

Miss Marguerite Doe has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Philip Young (formerly Miss Ella Bender) has arrived from Boston and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender, at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Jr., and their infant daughter will leave Tuesday for Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they will occupy the home of Mrs. von Schrader's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy and their little daughter were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin at Stag's Leap, Napa County.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau spent the week-end as the guest of Judge James Cooper and Mrs. Cooper at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne are spending the summer in Burlingame, where they have taken apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., will spend the summer in Europe.

Dr. Edward Perrin and Mrs. Perrin have returned to their home in Colorado, after having spent the winter with Mrs. Perrin's mother, Mrs. John McMullin, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles Brigham was recently the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Kempff, at her home in Mare Island.

Mrs. M. P. Jones is established in Monterey for the month of July.

Mr. William Mintzer has returned from Pottstown and has joined his sister and brother, Miss Mauricia Mintzer and Mr. Lucio Mintzer, at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin left Friday for Napa to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook will spend the next few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and their three children have gone to Lake Tahoe to open their house for the summer.

Mrs. Stewart Hooker spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have returned from a two weeks' visit in Santa Barbara.

Miss Marie Louise Black, who recently graduated from Miss Spence's school in New York City, has returned to San Francisco. With her father, Mr. Charles Black, she is established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels and their three children will spend the next two months at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Miss Dora Winn, and Miss Ethel McAllister will leave Wednesday for Kern County, where they will spend a month camping.

Miss Ysabel Chase was recently the guest of Miss Lee Girvin at her home in Atherton.

Miss Elizabeth Livermore has joined her family at their home in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Arthur Reddington and her children will leave shortly for Santa Cruz.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and Miss Agnes Hayne are at present in Budapest.

Mrs. Samuel E. Simmons, Mrs. Bradford Marshall, and their children will spend the summer at Inverness.

Mrs. James Parker (formerly Miss Julia Langhorne), who has been spending the past few weeks in Washington, D. C., has joined her husband at Newport, Virginia.

Mrs. Obed Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey have returned to their home in Galt after having spent several days in town.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs and her niece, Miss Virginia Gibbs, have returned from a visit to Witter Springs.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page is spending a few weeks at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her four children left last week for Castle Crag.

Mrs. Marmaduke Kellogg and Miss Louise Kellogg have returned from a visit with friends in Auburn.

Princess David Kawananakoa will sail this week for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean left Wednesday for Lake Tahoe to remain several weeks.

Mrs. Robert Irvine is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink, at their home on Lyon Street.

Mrs. H. M. Yerrington and Mrs. William S. Wood have returned from a six months' trip through the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin have taken a cottage at Newport for the summer.

Mr. Paul Verdier, who is at present in Paris, will return to San Francisco the first of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, from last accounts, were traveling in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn will spend the summer in Ireland with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mrs. Marie McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, are spending the summer at their home in Aspen, Colorado. They will be joined later by Miss Grace Potter, who is coming out from New York to visit them.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ormsby of Los Angeles are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden in Ross.

Mrs. Homer S. King has returned from Seattle, where she has been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Brown.

Mrs. Emil Bruguière and her son, Mr. Louis Bruguière, who have lived in Paris for the past five years, have returned to America and are occupying their home, Castlewood, at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey are established at the Hotel Peninsula for the summer.

Mrs. Marie Wilson Stoney and her sisters, the Misses Grace and Madge Wilson, have opened their cottage in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Manson Weeks and her mother, Mrs. Harcus, returned Thursday from Europe.

Miss Harriet Jolliffe has decided to postpone her trip to Europe.

Miss Virginia Vassault of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker, and Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., have returned to their home, New Place, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., and Mr. Henry Howard will spend the Fourth of July at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and their children have gone to Castle Crag for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sabin will leave next week for England to visit Mr. Sabin's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Symmes in Brooklyn, have returned to their home in Mill Valley.

Miss Grace Gibson left Friday for Coronado to join her mother, Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson.

Mrs. Frank Nicoll will spend the summer in San Mateo with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Miss Isabel Percy of Oakland is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon at their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Kalkhorst will spend the summer on Lake Tahoe.

Among recent arrivals at Casa del Rey, Santa Cruz, from San Francisco, were Miss Hazel Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Armuth, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cole. Mr. and Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, Mrs. George Wingfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Cain, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Ferguson, Mr. C. H. Holdsworth, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bowman, Mr. Washington Dodge and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Creamer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mrs. L. E. Wood, Mrs. R. Caglieri, Mrs. M. Arata, Mrs. M. H. Warren, Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hopper. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Leland, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Woods, Miss Marion Woods, Mrs. F. D. Mitchell, Mrs. R. W. Schmidt, Miss R. D. Stradling, Miss S. Dunn, Mrs. Stanley W. Morshead, Master Merrill Morshead, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson.

Major J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson are established in their new quarters at Fort Miley. Major Johnson has been stationed at the Presidio and Fort Winfield Scott for the past few years.

Lieutenant William B. Hardigg, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps. Fort Winfield Scott, has been granted a leave of absence, at the conclusion of which he begins a four-year detail in the ordnance department.

Rear-Admiral G. B. Ransome, U. S. N., has been placed on the retired list.

Captain G. W. Kline, U. S. N., who has been the commandant at the naval station of Guantanamo, Cuba, has been placed in command of the U. S. S. *Idaho*.

Commander J. R. P. Pringle, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Major William J. Lyster, U. S. A., Medical Corps, has been relieved from duty at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and has been appointed professor of military hygiene at the army medical school.

Lieutenant William N. Haskell, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth to the Seventh Cavalry.

Lieutenant Isaac E. Titus. U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, has been detailed for general recruiting service at Fort Logan, Colorado.

Captain Charles A. Romrin, U. S. A., Second Cavalry, has been ordered to Fort Allen, Vermont.

Lieutenant George C. Beach, Jr., U. S. A., Medical Reserve Corps, has been ordered to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Lieutenant Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan have returned from Bremerton and are stationed at Mare Island.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Twelfth Infantry, has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Upton Birnie, Jr., U. S. A., has been transferred from the Sixth to the Second Field Artillery.

Captain Edwin S. Hartshorn, U. S. A., Fourteenth Infantry, has been detailed for instruction at Army Staff College.

Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgin (formerly Miss Winona Derby), who have been stationed at Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, for the past year, arrived in San Francisco Monday en route to their new post in the Philippine Islands.

Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, Jr., U. S. N., has been transferred from the navy yard at Washington, D. C., to the U. S. S. *California*.

Lieutenant C. S. Joyce, U. S. N., has been transferred from the U. S. S. *Wyoming* to command the U. S. S. *Perry*.

* * *

Why Lady Constance Succeeds.

A triumph of nature over art, is the phrase chosen by the New York *Sun* reporter in describing briefly the first public appearance of Lady Constance Richardson in the metropolis. His story is worth while, though he pays little attention to the symbolism of her dances, and it is given herewith, complete:

"William Hammerstein's unfailing hospitality to the indigent aristocracy of Great Britain brought another titled Scot to the stage of the Victoria Theatre yesterday afternoon. This was Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who appeared in the more appropriate atmosphere of the roof garden; for it was very, very warm while "the titled dancer," as the programme described her, showed her skill.

"Lady Constance, to drop some of her names, is tall and well modeled, with a physical beauty of the long-legged Trilby type. She wears diaphanous draperies of gray, green, and blue over fleshings that are used only where they must be. Her long, strong arms, her slender white legs, and her shoulders with their melting curves are luckily unencumbered by any but the occasional fluttering ends of her transparent hangings. The harmless but necessary fleshings are occasionally seen elsewhere. But the new dancer is in every sense of the word barefooted.

"It is undoubtedly due to this freedom that she is able to move with so much natural grace and to dance with such a sense of physical delight in the diversion. Lady Constance is beating no new paths. She is following in the unstockinged way of Isadora Duncan and her numerous imitators. If she dances perhaps with less technical skill than the most experienced of them, she at least possesses a natural medium which none of the others controlled. If some have been more expert in their transitions from one rhythm to another none expressed more strikingly the joy of living with which every muscle in Lady Constance's body seemed imbued when she moved to the music supposed to accompany her illustration of the first sense of day's coming in the animal world.

"There was some sort of an explanation as to the symbolism contained in the dances which moved even the hard-shell Monday afternoon gathering at the Victoria to expressions of approval. But it was quite impossible, watching the manœuvres of this graceful, youthful figure, to read into her motions any triumph of comely young womanhood manifesting itself through the outward and visible forms of the flesh. The liquid curve of her arms, the encompassing sweep of her finely modeled legs, and the general sense of physical happiness which her dances impart are enough in themselves to explain the success of Lady Constance's dances.

"Then who would not delight in a triumph of nature over art—even when nature was handicapped by the most incompetent orchestra that ever failed to distinguish in the least between one tempo or another? Frequently it seemed on the point of breaking down altogether. Then the audience wished it would stop and let Lady Constance go to her triumphs unaccompanied."

* * *

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald (formerly Miss Anita Davis) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

In the United States District Court Wednesday morning United States Attorney John L. McNab announced the acceptance of his resignation by President Wilson and formally retired from the office to which he was appointed by President Taft on May 1, 1912, for a term of four years. Former Judge Clayton Herrington, special prosecutor of the Department of Justice, has been suspended by special order from Washington, following his telegram to President Wilson upholding United States Attorney McNab in his resignation for cause.

The Geary Street municipal street-car line began to operate cars from the ferry through to the ocean beach on Wednesday, June 25. A big demonstration was made as the first car to make the trip proceeded along the way.

The finance committee of the supervisors has authorized the construction of two public schools at cost of $159,000, on the understanding that the contractors will accept school bonds as payment for the work. The contracts for the construction of the Columbus School at $74,500 and the Glen Park School at $84,500 have been awarded in accordance.

The finance committee of the supervisors has recommended a salary for policewomen of $100 per month, although the fixed salary of policemen is $122 a month.

Captain H. L. E. Meyer, a pioneer navigator and one of the oldest of San Francisco shipping merchants, died at his home in this city on June 21, aged seventy-three. Captain Meyer in the early 'fifties was master, part owner, and manager of the *Gazelle*, a sailing vessel, and in her brought the first cargo of wheat down the Columbia River. He was one of the founders of the shipping firm of Rodgers, Meyer & Co., the name later being changed to Meyer, Wilson & Co. here and to Wilson, Meyer & Co. in Liverpool. Captain Meyer, with his elder brother, William, was among the founders of the Union Club and an original member of the Pacific Union Club. He was a native of Germany, and leaves a widow and eight children.

Mrs. Serpelle Goldsborough, better known to San Franciscans as Susan Watkins, one of the foremost women artists of America, died last week at her home in Norfolk, Virginia, where her husband is a banker. She was born in San Francisco and spent her girlhood here.

The late Henry J. Crocker left an estate valued at $638,760, according to an inventory filed in the probate court. At the time of his death, a year ago, he had cash in bank, $4448. His shares in the H. S. Crocker Company are valued at $87,900 and in the H. S. Crocker Realty Company, $62,500. The remainder of the personal property consists of stocks and bonds in banks and dividend-paying corporations, local and foreign. The worth of the stocks and bonds is set down at $325,000. He possessed personal property the appraisers estimate to be worth $100,000. This latter includes the Crocker collection of postage stamps. The Solano ranch, where decedent spent much of his time, is valued at $15,000.

Search is being made by the police for an autoist who ran down and painfully injured Miss Edith Kelly of 1128 McAllister Street, Thursday evening, and disappeared after he had promised to provide medical attention for her.

◆

The home in Mill Valley of Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Jenkins was formerly Miss Dolly Cushing, daughter of Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Pringle was formerly Miss Kathleen Bull.

◆

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, born June 18.

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GOLF TOURNAMENT, May 30-June 2
E. S. deWolfe, Manager

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I like to wander in the park." "The birds sing sweetly." "Yes; and they never sing ragtime."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Stude—Don't you ever sweep under the carpet? *Janitor*—Yessuh; I always sweeps everything under the carpet.—*Yale Record.*

"A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fogy. "I know a lot of men who never intend to," added the Grouch.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"John, those burglars are in the pantry, at my pies and cake. 'Phone for a policeman quick!" "I'll 'phone for a doctor—they won't need a policeman."—*Life.*

His Daughter—This paper says that Mr. Millions died intestate. *Her Pa*—I expected it the minnit I heerd them doctors was goin' to operate on him.—*Puck.*

Mrs. Grammercy—You can't judge a man by what he was before you married him. *Mrs. Park*—Indeed you can't! My husband used to spend his evenings with me.—*Judge.*

Mrs. Wellment (bestowing a dime)—Poor fellow! You say your wife and family are starving—where are they? *Weary Willie*—Dey are boardin' at a summer hotel, lady.—*Puck.*

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults." "How did it work?" "We haven't spoken for nine years."—*Chicago Record.*

"It seems strange that he could plunder a great corporation like that for years without being found out." "Well, you see, the corporation was pretty busy itself."—*Chicago Journal.*

Hubbard—Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration. *Pease*—How can you tell? *Hubbard*—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow twenty dollars.—*Puck.*

"We had to let our glass-eater go." "What was the matter?" "Somebody got him to sign the pledge, and he got so stuck up he wouldn't eat anything but mineral-water bottles."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild-mannered citizen. "No," replied the keen observer; "they may think they do, but they don't."—*Washington Star.*

"So you are going away, Mrs. Rusher?" "Yes; we are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."—*Chicago Record.*

"I suppose classical music is all right in its place," said Maud. "I'm sure it is," replied Mamie; "I don't care to listen to it myself, but sometimes you have to play it in order to get a man to go home."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Wickmire—Don't you ever make even the slightest attempt at manual labor? *Dismal Dawson*—Mum, I am livin' the way I am on a bet. I got a wager of fifty thousand dollars up that I kin live eighty years without workin'.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Miss Ancient Wantiman (suddenly awakening)—I see you have my pocket-book; but there's very little money in that compared with what I have in the bank. *Burglar (gruffly)*—Well, there aint no way to git that! *Miss Ancient Wantiman*—H'm! Are you a single man?—*Puck.*

"Why," asked the curious person, "do you managers always take your shows out of town for their first performances?" "Because," said the manager, "we know that if an outside town will stand a show without killing the company, New York will be perfectly delighted with it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"You have been very generous in buying Mabel new gowns," remarked Mrs. Cumrox. "Yes," was the reply; "I don't like that man who pays her so much attention." "I don't see what that has to do with it." "I desire to give him something to think about when I ask him if he can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."—*Washington Star.*

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